PILOT LIBRARY™ IIa

Teacher's Handbook

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Teachers have long been aware of the wide range of reading abilities to be found within a single classroom, and of the need for individualized reading programs specifically tailored to provide for these differences.

The SRA Reading Laboratories, developed by Dr. Don H. Parker and published by Science Research Associates, have made a major contribution through their programs of individualized developmental reading instruction. Based upon the acknowledged fact that significant differences exist among students—both in learning rate and learning capacity—the Reading Laboratories have made available materials at several levels for use in a single classroom. Directed toward the acquisition of specific reading skills and designed to fit the needs of each child, these multilevel materials of instruction rapidly gained wide acceptance by both teachers and pupils.

Soon, however, there was an expressed need for reading selections of greater length—for "little books" that could be read in about half an hour. Organized in a range of reading levels correspondent with those in the Reading Laboratories, these little books would enable children to exercise skills developed in the Laboratories and would, at the same time, broaden their acquaintance with the world of books.

Science Research Associates responded to this demand with the Pilot Libraries.

Drawing by Polly Bolian for LINA AND THE STORKS, *from the book* THE WHEEL ON THE SCHOOL *by Meindert DeJong*

1 The World of Books

To the child who has not yet discovered the joys of reading, the "world of books" is sometimes formidable. It is a long step from the relatively short and carefully controlled matter of textbooks and classroom readers to the all-too-often uninviting shelves of the public library. Confronted with row upon row of regimental buckram, the young reader may feel bewildered and depressed. He may become frustrated by attempts to read books that are either too difficult or too mature for his age and ability; worse, he may become bored with books that are significantly below his level of achievement and comprehension. A haphazard transition from the classroom to the library may permanently blunt the child's reading appetites.

Even initial success with a particular style or type of book may prove restrictive. All children who read to any extent will of course go through stages of enthusiasm for animal stories, mysteries, science books, or some other type of literature. Certainly any book that a child is able to read, and that he enjoys, is useful in building his reading confidence; but a continuing effort must be made to widen the child's reading horizon to include other potentially interesting and worthwhile books.

The final goal of a reading program—any reading program—is the development of highly sensitive, knowledgeable, and discriminating readers. Once a pupil has achieved even a minimal proficiency

with the rudimentary techniques of reading, it is time to begin the transition to independent reading. For if the child is ever to realize his vast written heritage, and if he is to function efficiently in an increasingly complex world, the transition must be made.

The Pilot Library provides the means for such a transition.

THE PILOT LIBRARIES

The Pilot Libraries are supplementary reading programs designed for use in the elementary grades and junior high school. Each Pilot Library consists of 72 selections from the best of children's literature. The books are self-contained excerpts from published works that have been warmly received both by specialists in children's literature and by children themselves. Fiction as well as nonfiction is represented. The contents range from poetry to biography, from humor to history, from adventure to science to fantasy. Each title has been carefully chosen for its intrinsic literary value and high interest quotient, graded for its reading difficulty, and placed within a multilevel structure.

Because each Pilot Book has its own organic unity, with a distinct beginning and conclusion, the child experiences a measure of satisfaction at having completed a "whole book," usually at a single sitting. And because Pilot Books are not adaptations—the author's style and the reading level of the original are unchanged—the child has complete assurance that he can read the book from which the selection is taken. These books are currently in print and generally available through libraries. The Pilot Books are therefore a bridge between the relatively short materials of a basal reading program and the full-length book toward which every reading program aims.

A variety of types of literature—fiction, biography, poetry, drama, humor, to name only a few—has been included.Thus the student is afforded an opportunity to follow his interests as far afield as they may lead. In addition, there are many selections from the broader

areas of the social and physical sciences. These books lend themselves to use as supplementary readings in other areas of the school curriculum (see p. 84 ff.).

Each Pilot Library may be used either in conjunction with the SRA Reading Laboratory to which it corresponds (see p. 12) or as a discrete, supplementary reading program. The three Pilot Libraries—IIa, IIc, and IIIb—are designed primarily for use in the fourth, sixth, and eighth grades respectively. Each library contains selections in a range of reading levels which follows a normal classroom distribution curve, so that there are sufficient books at each reading level to meet the needs of an average class. Great care has been taken to insure that there will be a variety of selections for even the least proficient reader in a given class, and, at the same time, that no child, however advanced, will be without challenge. The chart below indicates the range of reading levels for each of the three libraries, as well as the overlap between libraries.

Because of the wide range of reading levels, each Pilot Library may be used in either a slower or a more advanced class than that for which it was specifically intended. Pilot Library IIa, for example, may profitably be used in a fifth grade class composed of children reading slightly below their grade level, while Pilot Library IIc may be used in an advanced fifth grade class.

Number of Pilot Books at Each Reading Level

PILOT LIBRARY	PRIMARY 2	3	INTERMEDIATE 4	5	6	JUNIOR HIGH 7	8	9	SENIOR HIGH 10	11	12
IIa	3	16	21	16	10	6					
IIc			10	16	18	16	7	5			
IIIb				7	11	14	15	12	7	4	2
	3	16	31	39	39	36	22	17	7	4	2
	Total: 19		*Total:* 109			*Total:* 75			*Total:* 13		

PILOT LIBRARY IIa

Pilot Library IIa is designed primarily for use in the fourth grade. It contains 72 books ranging from reading level two through seven. In this respect it parallels Reading Laboratory IIa and may be used in conjunction with that Laboratory (see p. 12).

In addition to the 72 Pilot Books, Pilot Library IIa includes one copy of the Student Record Book, 20 Answer Key Booklets, and this Teacher's Handbook.

The Pilot Books

The Pilot Books, numbered 1 through 72, are arranged in six Reading Groups, each of which contains books at either two or three reading levels. This wide range of reading levels establishes a continuum of challenge: each pupil may begin at that point at which he meets with a reasonable amount of success, and can then proceed as far and as fast as his increasing ability permits. The overlap of reading levels between consecutive Groups allows for both reinforcement and growth in terms of a child's reading ability at each stage in his progress through the library.

The chart on the facing page shows the number of Pilot Books within each Reading Group at each level. If a pupil begins reading within Group Three, level three, for example, he can progress through level five material within the same Group. When he moves to Group Four, he will normally drop back to level four; that is, he will encounter slightly easier material before moving ahead to level five and, eventually, level six.

It will be seen that there are 40 Pilot Books at or below the average fourth grade reading level, and 32 above that level. Also, within each Reading Group, the majority of selections fall at the mid-level

PILOT LIBRARY READING GROUP	PILOT BOOK NUMBERS	NUMBER OF PILOT BOOKS AT EACH READING LEVEL						TOTAL NUMBER OF PILOT BOOKS
		2	3	4	5	6	7	
Six	67-72					2	4	6
Five	57-66				2	6	2	10
Four	41-56			5	9	2		16
Three	21-40		4	11	5			20
Two	9-20		7	5				12
One	1-8	3	5					8
Total Pilot Books:		3	16	21	16	10	6	72

for that particular Group. It is the rare child who will read all 72 Pilot Books in the course of a year's school work; both time and his interests will be limited. Nor is it to be expected that the slowest readers will progress from selections at level two to those at level seven. Each child should be encouraged to set his own pace, and to advance as rapidly as his interest and ability permit.

The chart facing page 9 gives complete information on the reading level of each Pilot Book. It also shows the gradual increase in the number of words from one Reading Group to the next. In addition, Power Builders in Reading Laboratory IIa that are related to the Pilot Books are listed in the chart for teachers wishing to use these materials as part of a unified program (see p. 12).

The Pilot Book numbers, which appear on the pilot wheel colophon on the back cover and inside front cover of each book, serve as a key to the library's organization and assist in keeping the books in order. The 72 Pilot Book titles are listed by number on the last page of this handbook.

On the inside front cover of each Pilot Book is a "lead-in," calculated to arouse the child's interest without revealing information that might spoil his reading enjoyment. In appearance, this is much like

PILOT LIBRARY IIa

Arranged by Reading Groups

Reading Group One

PILOT BOOK NO.	AVERAGE READING LEVEL	APPROX. NO. OF WORDS	MATCHES POWER BUILDER
1	2	2500	Blue 3
2	2	—	None
3	2	2450	Orange 7
4	3	3100	None
5	3	2400	Olive 11
6	3	3500	Olive 8
7	3	2200	Orange 9
8	3	2300	Orange 1

Reading Group Two

PILOT BOOK NO.	AVERAGE READING LEVEL	APPROX. NO. OF WORDS	MATCHES POWER BUILDER
9	3	3600	Brown 4
10	3	3800	Green 8
11	3	4200	None
12	3	3500	Brown 9
13	3	4300	Brown 4
14	3	2700	Brown 8
15	3	3500	Green 1
16	4	3400	Brown 7
17	4	4500	Brown 2
18	4	3100	Brown 6
19	4	3600	Brown 11
20	4	3600	Brown 9

Reading Group Three

PILOT BOOK NO.	AVERAGE READING LEVEL	APPROX. NO. OF WORDS	MATCHES POWER BUILDER
21	3	3000	Red 1
22	3	4300	Red 2
23	3	4000	Tan 11
24	3	—	None
25	4	3600	None
26	4	5000	Red 8
27	4	4900	Tan 2
28	4	4700	Tan 5
29	4	4400	Tan 1
30	4	4500	Red 9
31	4	4400	None
32	4	4800	Red 7
33	4	4500	Tan 9
34	4	3900	Tan 8
35	4	5000	Red 5
36	5	3600	None
37	5	3300	Red 10
38	5	4500	Red 2
39	5	3800	Red 12
40	5	4600	Red 4

Reading Group Four

PILOT BOOK NO.	AVERAGE READING LEVEL	APPROX. NO. OF WORDS	MATCHES POWER BUILDER
41	4	4000	Gold 3
42	4	5000	None
43	4	5300	None
44	4	5900	None
45	4	5000	Gold 10
46	5	5500	None
47	5	5400	Gold 10
48	5	5400	Gold 5
49	5	5600	Gold 12
50	5	5800	Aqua 1
51	5	5000	Aqua 8
52	5	6000	Aqua 2
53	5	5900	Aqua 1
54	5	4800	Aqua 5
55	6	5500	Aqua 12
56	6	5300	None

Reading Group Five

PILOT BOOK NO.	AVERAGE READING LEVEL	APPROX. NO. OF WORDS	MATCHES POWER BUILDER
57	5	6400	Rose 5
58	5	6000	Purple 3
59	6	6000	Purple 12
60	6	5700	Purple 3
61	6	6300	Rose 10
62	6	5500	Rose 9
63	6	5500	None
64	6	6000	Rose 2
65	7	4800	Purple 2
66	7	6000	None

Reading Group Six

PILOT BOOK NO.	AVERAGE READING LEVEL	APPROX. NO. OF WORDS	MATCHES POWER BUILDER
67	6	6500	Silver 3
68	6	6000	Silver 5
69	7	7200	Silver 1
70	7	7800	Silver 11
71	7	5400	Silver 4
72	7	7500	None

the publisher's descriptive copy on the jacket of a trade book. The purpose of the "lead-in" is to encourage the child to evaluate a selection before he begins to read it. Once he becomes accustomed to using this tool, he will be able to approach all books with greater confidence. The "lead-on," on the inside back cover, encourages the pupil to read the book from which the excerpt is taken. The full title, author, publisher, and date of publication are also indicated. Following this is a list of related books that the child may wish to read. Each of these books is generally accessible and is at or near the reading level of the book from which the Pilot excerpt is taken.

For easy reference, these recommended children's books have been listed on pages 104-109 of this handbook. The number in parentheses following the title is the number of the Pilot Book to which it is related, and thus serves as a general index to the book's reading level and subject matter. A list of the books from which the Pilot Book excerpts are taken is given on pages 110 and 111.

The illustrations accompanying the texts, and the full-color covers of the Pilot Books, represent the work of 44 artists. Each book has been individually designed, and an artist selected whose style most faithfully reflects the author's intent. In general, there are more illustrations in books at the lower reading levels than at the upper levels. For the child with reading difficulties, the frequent illustrations serve not only to stimulate his interest in the text; they also help to explain what is happening and to reinforce the story line.

◀ *The word range of Pilot Library IIa extends from a low of approximately 2,200 in Group One to a high of about 8,000 in Group Six. The pupil who has read one or more Pilot Books at level five in Group Three will want to pass on to Group Four. There, he will first encounter materials at level four—that is, books that are easier than those he has just completed. However, these level four books will be somewhat longer than books at the same level in Group Three. Thus the pupil is encouraged to enlarge his reading capacity even while reinforcing skills he has already mastered.*

Student Record Book

The Student Record Book contains exercises designed to measure the pupil's comprehension of the material covered in each of the Pilot Books. These exercises, which are self-administered and self-scored, should be taken immediately after reading the Pilot Book. When the pupil has completed an exercise, he checks his results against the answers in the Answer Key Booklet and enters his score at the bottom of the page. He may then circle the Pilot Book number on the inside front cover of his Record Book so that he has an easily accessible list of the books he has read.

There are two additional lists in the Student Record Book which the pupil will find useful. One is an interest chart to be used for selecting Pilot Books for free-time reading. Here the titles are arranged under general subject headings (irrespective of the reading level, though the lower numbers will generally be easier than the higher

Drawing by Charles Walker for ABE LINCOLN'S CHANCE, *from the book* ABE LINCOLN GETS HIS CHANCE, *by Frances Cavanah*

ones), with a brief story clue for each. Given the full range of books from which to choose, the pupil will sometimes select a Pilot Book above his normal reading ability. Motivation will play an important role here, however, and a keen interest in subject matter will often help the child over the hurdles.

The second list indicates the Power Builders in Reading Laboratory IIa for which there are related Pilot Books (see p. 12). The pupil looks down the list for the Power Builder with which he is working, or in which he is particularly interested, and then reads across for the related Pilot Book. The Pilot Book will always be within one reading level of the Power Builder.

The Pilot Library includes a sample copy of the Student Record Book. By using the SRA catalogue to place your order, you can secure from Science Research Associates enough additional copies of the Record Book to meet the requirements of your class. Reorder information for all of the components of Pilot Library IIa will be found in the section on reading and literature. Since the Student Record Book and the Pilot Books form a coordinated and self-administered reading program, each child should have his own copy.

Answer Key Booklet

Included in the Pilot Library are twenty copies of the Answer Key Booklet, which contains the answers to the questions in the Student Record Book. The booklets are used by the pupils to check their own work. The twenty copies should be sufficient to meet the needs of any class.

Divider Cards

To assist in keeping the books in order, and to facilitate rapid location of any selection within the library, the six Reading Groups are separated by divider cards. Each card lists the Pilot Books contained within that Group by number, title, and author.

USING PILOT LIBRARY IIa WITH READING LABORATORY IIa

Pilot Library IIa may be used in conjunction with Reading Laboratory IIa, as a part of a unified reading program. The Pilot Books provide reading at approximately the same levels of difficulty as the corresponding Laboratory, capitalizing on the interests discovered through the Power Builders in the Reading Laboratory and affording the child an opportunity to deepen and broaden his interests at his reading level. Similarly, the Reading Laboratory may serve as a key to the use of the Pilot Library, indicating those areas that are likely to appeal to particular children, and establishing the reading level at which they should begin work in the Library.

The six Reading Groups of the Pilot Library correspond to the Power Builder color groups in the Laboratory. The listing at the back of the Student Record Book indicates the Power Builders for which there are related Pilot Books; the Curriculum Correlation Chart on pages 86-103 and the chart on page 8 of this handbook also provide this information.

When a child has shown satisfactory progress at a given Power Builder level, he should be encouraged to select a Pilot Book that matches one of the Power Builders he has especially enjoyed. For example, Power Builder Green 1, "Indian Fighter" (which has a reading level of 3.5), tells of some of Daniel Boone's frontier experiences. The related Pilot Book, *Young Kit Carson* (whose average reading level is 3), is an incident from the early life of another Indian fighter and scout.

The Pilot Book will always be at the same level as, or one level above or below, the corresponding Power Builder. It should be noted, however, that when using the Reading Laboratory and the Pilot Library together, the pupil should always progress from the Power Builder to the Pilot Book. The procedure is not reversible.

2 Teaching Plan for Pilot Library IIa

Pilot Library IIa, with its 72 Pilot Books, comprehensive exercises in the Student Record Book, and suggestions in this handbook for related activities, forms a complete and balanced recreational and instructional reading program for the fourth grade. The Library can also be used with advanced readers in lower grades and slower readers in higher grades.

Used with any reading program, the Pilot Library strengthens reading skills, enriches vocabulary, and helps to develop an appreciation for good literature. The following section of this handbook contains suggestions for each Pilot Book which may serve as a basis for the teacher's presentation of the material. These are suggestions only, however; they can, and indeed should, be modified in the light of the interests, needs, and capabilities of a particular group of students. By its nature, the Pilot Library is individualistic: no two children will read the same selection at the same time; consequently, the teaching suggestions focus on the individual reader's experience and attempt to foster a heightened awareness of that experience. Group-oriented discussion, debate, and creative activity may follow.

Because of the wide variety of subject matter in the Pilot Books, the Library may be used in conjunction with other areas of the school curriculum. The final section of this handbook is therefore

devoted to a brief examination of this relationship, and contains a Curriculum Correlation Chart indicating the peripheral values of each Pilot Book.

TEACHING SUGGESTIONS

On pages 20-83 there are suggestions for the presentation of each Pilot Book. A brief description of the book is provided for the teacher, followed by the teaching suggestions. These are grouped under three headings: Motivation; Questions for Discussion or Writing; and Related Activities for the Pupil.

Motivation

Among the Pilot Books a student may select any one of a number of subjects, authors, and types of literature, both fiction and non-fiction. There are stories of real and imaginary people; stories about animals; myths and tall tales; adventure; humor; science; and even poetry. Consequently a child's reading—both in the classroom and in his free time—can be rich and varied. There are Pilot Books that will appeal to children with even the most restricted interests, and motivation will not normally be a problem.

Since one of the major goals of the Pilot Library is a widening of the children's literary tastes, it is hoped that each pupil will be encouraged to sample areas with which he is not familiar. To assist the teacher in her presentation of the books, suggestions are offered for each selection. These "motivational paragraphs" usually take one of the following forms:

A direct question may be used to arouse a child's curiosity, so that he is eager to discover the answer:

If you could go back in time—thousands of years ago—to a period known as the Ice Age, what would you expect the world to be like?

Often a desire for reading is created by relating the story to the child's own experiences and feelings:

Have you ever been homesick? If you have, you may understand the feelings of Victoria North, who had to leave home when she was only eight and go off to boarding school.

Several introductory sentences may be presented, telling a bit of an exciting story, so that the child is eager to read the outcome:

When Miss Price injured her ankle, the grownups in the neighborhood thought that she had fallen from her bicycle; but Paul, Charles, and Carey knew better. You see, they had discovered the most amazing thing about Miss Price. They agreed not to give away the secret, though.

Pictures or concrete objects may sometimes be used:

You are probably familiar with this famous painting. It is called "The Spirit of '76." For almost 100 years people have admired it, although at the time it was first painted, it was not considered fine enough to be hung in a gallery in Philadelphia.

Questions for Discussion or Writing

Although each Pilot Book, with its accompanying exercise in the Student Record Book, is a self-contained reading activity for the child, it is recommended that it be followed occasionally by discussion or writing. Reading is fullest and most satisfying when it can be shared with others. It needs to flow over into other areas of the language arts so that speaking, listening, reading, writing, and spelling are interrelated. The Pilot Library is a distinct aid in synthesizing the total language arts program.

ORAL EFFECTIVENESS

Children enjoy talking. They like to recount personal experiences, or retell a favorite story, or create pure fantasy from their imagina-

tions. In the history of mankind, as in the growth and development of children, the spoken word has always preceded the written. The teacher who wishes to make the widest possible application of the Pilot Library should not overlook the advantages of using the books to stimulate oral expression.

Children may be asked to read favorite passages aloud; they may select the most exciting incident, the funniest, or the one with the most colorful word pictures. Again, if a sufficient number of children have read the same selection, stories can be presented in dramatic form or acted out in pantomime. Creative storytelling should be encouraged by suggesting that the children tell of adventures they have had similar to those in the Pilot Books.

Story sharing is a reciprocal experience, involving listening as well as speaking skills. A group of children may compare or contrast books they have read. When several children are familiar with a particular book, a panel discussion could give rise to a spirited exchange of ideas or opinions.

The possibilities for thoughtful and imaginative oral expression are virtually unlimited.

WRITTEN ENGLISH SKILLS

If a child is to become proficient in written language, he must write frequently and meaningfully. Formal lessons in spelling, punctuation, capitalization, and syntax, when taught in isolation, are often ineffective as well as dull. But when a child writes because he has something to say, he is experiencing the joys of self-expression, and at the same time he is gaining valuable practice in the mechanics of writing.

Two basic concerns of writing are (1) freedom of expression and (2) clear sentence structure and correct spelling. Students can acquire skill in both by practicing three basic steps:

Step One, Writing The student writes freely as ideas come to him.

Step Two, Editing The student carefully reads his work, correct-

ing spelling and punctuation and rewriting sentences for greater clarity as needed. Using the dictionary to correct spelling should be encouraged.

Step Three, Rewriting The student copies his composition on a fresh sheet of paper, writing carefully so that his work can easily be read and enjoyed by others.

The teaching suggestions for each Pilot Book may serve as the basis for writing that is factual, or imaginative, or the expression of a personal opinion. These are merely suggestions, however. The child should be permitted some freedom in choosing both a topic and a means of expression so that the writing of a paragraph or story results in personal satisfaction.

The questions for discussion or writing are not basically intended to test the pupil's comprehension of story plots or factual material; the activities in the Student Record Book have already served such a purpose. The questions here aim toward extending and enriching the reading experience by means of:

1. Understanding the story characters.

Why do you think Lina and Grandmother Sibble became friends so quickly?

How does Miss Price remind you of other storybook witches? How does she seem different?

2. Appreciating the mood and style of writing.

The story *Bruno Finds a Friend* contains lovely descriptive passages. Select and read aloud parts which you think make pictures with words.

How are the stories in *The Fairy Tale Tree* different from the stories you usually call fairy tales?

3. Relating the reading to one's own feelings and experiences.

What decision would *you* have made if you had been in Tom Benn's place?

How did you find Little Pear's way of living different from your own? In what ways did you find Little Pear much like yourself?

4. *Stimulating imaginative thinking and doing.*

Can you think of other names the children might have given their new drink besides raspberryade?

Do you suppose paleontologists have discovered all there is to know about dinosaurs? Explain your answer.

5. *Seeing relationships.*

Compare Master Crawford's "blab" school with a present-day school.

In what ways do the cougar kittens remind you of human children?

6. *Making judgments and expressing opinions.*

Do you think that being a poor boy was an advantage, or a disadvantage, to George Washington Carver? Explain your answer.

In John Wise's day, many people believed that if God had meant for men to fly, He would have given them wings. What do you think of this belief?

7. *Interpreting ideas.*

What did Tim's father mean when he said, "Down inside, most people are brave. If they try hard enough, they get brave on the outside, too"?

After Brad and his Indian friend had run down and killed the moose, Sabattis said, "It was his fear that made him lose the race." In what way might you apply this bit of wisdom to your own life?

Related Activities for the Pupil

When a child reads with understanding and appreciation he is certain to become personally involved in his reading. He may be moved emotionally to sympathize or rejoice with a character. His response may be one of self-identification in which he actually "becomes" the explorer crossing vast expanses of polar ice or laboring through steaming jungles. He may be stimulated intellectually to learn more about a strange plant or animal, or an interesting person from history or legend.

WORD MEANINGS

The Pilot Books aim primarily toward reading for enjoyment and appreciation. As the child reads, he should be concerned with the flow of the story, the experiences and feelings of the story characters, and the mood and style of the selection. It would be unwise to impede the fluency of this kind of reading with undue emphasis on word recognition. The child who is ready for independent reading is expected to have mastered basic word-attack skills and the ability to unlock words by means of context clues. However, since reading necessarily involves the interpretation of words as symbols, a pupil should not be frustrated by words that form stumbling blocks. He should be encouraged to look up words that are not familiar to him, and feel free to ask the teacher's help.

Impression needs to be followed by expression. Often "talking it over" with his classmates will provide a satisfactory outlet for the child. Sometimes a reader's reaction may be better interpreted by drawing or painting, dramatization, construction, creative writing, or research and reporting. How the child chooses to express himself will depend upon his particular interests and aptitudes. These expressions may be carried out in class or at home, as research or just "pure fun" activities.

Although all of the suggestions given relate directly to a particular Pilot Book, the various activities need not be visualized as pertaining only to that book, nor even as a part of the reading program alone. Suggested uses of the Pilot Books in other areas of the school curriculum begin on page 86.

The teaching suggestions follow.

1 TOM BENN AND BLACKBEARD

Le Grand

The life of a pirate seems to hold a special appeal for boys. Tom Benn, who lived back in the days of real pirates, thought that life aboard a pirate ship would be much more fun than life on a farm. But after serving as cabin boy for Blackbeard, Tom decided that hoeing beans and corn was not so bad after all.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever wished you could sail on a pirate ship? That was what Tom Benn wanted to do most of all. Tom lived along the seacoast of North Carolina in the days when Blackbeard was the scourge of the seas. One day, quite suddenly, Tom Benn got his wish. You can find out what pirating was really like by reading this story.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What kinds of work did Tom Benn have to do at home? What did he have to do on the pirate ship? Which would you prefer to do? Why?
2. What sort of person does it take to be a successful pirate? Why do you think Tom would not have made a very good one?
3. This is only the beginning of Tom Benn's story. How do you think things are going to turn out?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. There were other famous pirates besides Blackbeard. Look up something about Blackbeard and these other pirates, and tell the class about them.
2. Draw a picture of a pirate ship.

2 WHO CAN IT BE?

John Ciardi

John Ciardi wrote this book of whimsical verses primarily for children of lesser reading ability, but practically anyone can enjoy their rhyme, rhythm, and bubbling sense of fun. These selections

may help young readers develop a "feel" for language and an enjoyment of words for their own sake. The book includes both humorous verses and riddles.

MOTIVATION

Do you sometimes like to be silly? Here are some silly verses which you will especially like if you read them aloud. Some of them are riddles. Try to guess each riddle as you read it.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What is a rhyme? Point out some rhymes in these verses.
2. What makes these selections funny?
3. Which riddle did you like best? Why?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Write a silly poem of your own. Several of you may like to write a silly poem together, each person writing a line and then folding the paper so the next person won't see. When you've finished, you'll all be surprised!
2. Find some other nonsense poems and riddles, and read them to the class.

3 MR. MEEKER HEADS WEST

Miriam E. Mason

A favorite story setting for children is the Old West, and an ever popular theme is the journey of a wagon train. This tale is told from a fresh point of view, with a young baby as the hero. The incident of young Mr. Meeker's encounter with an Indian makes surprising and satisfying reading.

MOTIVATION

Do you have a baby brother? If so, you may not think that he can do very much. Well, Mr. Meeker was only one month old, but already he was a pioneer, heading west with his family on the Oregon Trail. What's more, he helped to save the expedition! How do you think Mr. Meeker did it?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What facts does this story tell you about the way people traveled to the West in the early days of our country?
2. Explain how each member of the wagon train helped the expedition in his own special way.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Find a map of the famous Oregon Trail. Locate Council Bluffs on it. Try to figure out how far young Mr. Meeker had to go before he reached Oregon.
2. If you have made a trip out West, tell the class about it. Compare your journey with the one described in this story.

4 FOR SALE: RAZBURYAIDE

Carolyn Haywood

This story, which is mostly for fun, tells about two children who decide to make lemonade, then improvise a concoction so unusual they are not sure what it should be called. The "razbury-aide" proves so unpalatable that the children can neither sell it nor feed it to a horse. As a last resort, they use it to water flowers.

MOTIVATION

If you were going to make lemonade, what ingredients would you use? You may be surprised to learn what Billy and Betsy put into their lemonade. When it was all finished, it was not exactly brown, and it was not exactly lavender, and you couldn't say it was exactly gray. It was a mixture of all three colors. Do you think they had many customers at their lemonade stand?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Does Betsy's mother remind you of your own mother? In what ways?
2. Which part of the story did you think was funniest? Why?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

Tell about a time you experimented with a new recipe. The incident may be either real or imaginary.

5 THE WORLD OF ROCKS

Anne Terry White

Children are generally curious about the origins of things. They are usually interested in rocks, and fascinated by volcanoes. This story contains information about all these things. It can help answer many of their questions. Where did rocks come from? What is it like deep inside the earth? Why are there so many different kinds of rocks?

MOTIVATION

The teacher may like to begin by showing the child an actual specimen—a volcanic rock, some sand or soil. Then she may say, "This rock has a story to tell. Once it was froth on a boiling-hot flow of lava pouring from a volcano. This sand long ago may have been part of a great rocky cliff near the sea. From rocks, scientists can read stories that are written no other place in the world. Rocks can even tell us about the very beginnings of the earth and of the life on it. The selection you are about to read will explain how all this is possible."

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Make a list of the various ways men use rock today.
2. Explain how we are indebted to rocks for each of the following: the food we eat; the dishes we use; heat for our homes; the clothes we wear; the glass in our windows; the airplanes we travel in.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Bring a variety of rocks to school. Try to read the story each tells. You may wish to mount them on cardboard, then classify and label them by name.
2. Visit a museum to see a rock and mineral collection.
3. You may like to read some folk legends about the origin of the earth. Compare these primitive tales with the theories of modern scientists.

6 THE LAST LITTLE CAT

Meindert DeJong

This is a poetic story, written with deep feeling, about a kitten too small and weak to compete with the others in the litter for his mother's attention. Ironically, he is raised in a kennel, and finally receives food and affection from an old blind dog. One day he is accidentally locked out of the kennel. Only after a surprising encounter with a bulldog is he rescued by the master of the house.

Smaller children will find it easy to identify with the helpless little kitten, and everyone will feel protective toward him in his attempts to survive in a seemingly indifferent world.

MOTIVATION

Dogs and cats are not usually friendly toward each other, but sometimes they get along well. Maybe you have known a kitten who made friends with a dog. How did it happen? It was a lucky accident that helped the last little cat in this story meet a dog who was to become a good and loyal friend.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why was this unusual friendship a good thing for both the little cat and the blind dog?
2. Describe your feelings for the last little cat; the old dog; the mother cat.
3. The author's way of writing may have reminded you a little of poetry. Can you explain why? Read aloud some parts of the story that you liked.

7 WHY?

Irving and Ruth Adler

This is a book of reasons. It will answer some questions children frequently ask: How can a fly walk upside down on the ceiling? Why do we sometimes get "goose pimples"? It may prompt the readers to go searching for answers to other questions that perplex them. It may stimulate group discussions or oral and written reports.

MOTIVATION

How do you suppose a fly can hang from the ceiling by his feet? Have you ever noticed, when you first come into a room from the bright outdoors, that you cannot see things very clearly? Why do you think this is so? The answers to these, and to many other riddles, are to be found in this book.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. How are the "riddles" in this book different from the riddles we frequently ask just in fun?
2. Select one of the questions in this book to ask the class. Then, explain the answer clearly and completely so that others can understand it.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Look at a section of a tree trunk and try to determine the age of the tree.
2. Make a list of questions to which you would like to find the answers. When you can answer them, make a report to the class.

8 DISCOVERING DINOSAURS

Glenn O. Blough

Most children are curious about the earth of prehistoric times and fascinated by the strange reptiles that inhabited the world before the coming of man. This selection presents interesting facts about dinosaurs as well as information about paleontologists, who read the records these creatures left behind them.

MOTIVATION

Do you think a dinosaur would fit in this schoolroom? Do you think a dinosaur would fit inside a shoe box? You may be surprised when you read this book to discover that some dinosaurs were no larger than cats, while others were as big as six elephants put together.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Name three kinds of clues that help scientists learn about prehistoric animals.
2. Do you think that paleontologists have discovered all there is to know about dinosaurs? Explain your answer.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Model in clay some different kinds of dinosaurs and label each.
2. Look for some fossils of plants and animals and collect them for a science table display.

9 PIRATE WATERS *Clyde Robert Bulla*

Pirate stories seem to have universal appeal. Readers are certain to admire Tom Pippin, a kidnapped boy who places a high value on personal freedom, and who swears he will never become a slave. When the ship on which he is being transported to the Colonies is attacked by pirates, Tom chooses to cast his lot uncertainly with the buccaneers, rather than to face certain bondage.

MOTIVATION

Suppose you were suddenly to find yourself on a ship, bound for a distant land, where you knew you were to be sold into seven years of forced labor! What would you do under these circumstances? If you would like to know what twelve-year-old Tom Pippin did, you can find out by reading this tale of adventure and excitement.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Which man did you admire more, Captain Land or Captain Tooker? Explain your choice.
2. What did Tom mean when he said, "You may buy and sell me a hundred times, but I'll not be a slave to anyone"?
3. Comment on Nancy's advice to Tom: "It is well to be brave, but do not be foolish."
4. What decision would you have made in Tom's place?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

Find some laws in our country today that prevent a person from being sold into slavery or from being forced to work against his will.

10 EDDIE AND HIS CATS

Carolyn Haywood

You can't relax when you're trying to give cats away, Eddie discovers. They just keep reappearing. And Eddie has to have all his strays disposed of before his father comes home. Eddie succeeds (the local fishmonger proves understanding), but one cat turns out to be valuable, and getting it back is almost as much of a problem as giving it away. Eddie collects his reward—and uses his money to buy a kitten, naturally.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever tried to give a cat away? If you have, you must know that it's sometimes quite a problem. Well, Eddie had four cats to find new homes for, and just as he'd thought he'd done it, they all came back again. How do you think Eddie finally managed to get rid of his cats?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Do you think Eddie's parents were unreasonable in making him give away his cats? Explain your answer.
2. Why is it often difficult to give cats away?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. If you have ever brought a cat or a dog home, tell the class what happened.
2. Collect some poems about cats and pictures of them, and make a class scrapbook. Or perhaps you would like to draw your own pictures, or model a cat out of clay.
3. Did you know that Siamese cats have blue eyes and queer voices, and that Manx cats have short tails? Look up something about these and other unusual cats and tell the class.

11 SUDDEN MARY *Emma L. Brock*

When Sudden Mary tried to stop being sudden, her parents knew that something unusual was about to happen. Sure enough, Sudden Mary was getting ready to become a ballerina. But the transformation was not easy. Besides learning all sorts of things that ballerinas do, Mary had to forget all sorts of things that clumsy little girls do. Children will enjoy reading about how Mary tried to become the prima ballerina of her dreams.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever seen a ballet? If you have, you know that ballet dancers must be very graceful. When Sudden Mary decided that she wanted to become a ballet dancer, her parents wondered how their clumsy daughter could ever hope to achieve her goal. As you read the story, you may wonder too.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why do you think Mary wanted to study ballet?
2. What do you think made Mary so "sudden"?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. If there are students in the class who have taken ballet lessons, they might act out Mary's dancing lesson, demonstrating the steps that Mary learned, and some others.
2. Make a bulletin board or scrap book of pictures and articles on ballet collected from magazines and newspapers.

12 KICKAPOO *Miska Miles*

The theme of loyalty to a pet is common enough, but it is not common to find that the pet is a mule. Children will enjoy the story of Howdie's mule, Kickapoo, who is smart, stubborn, and a natural-born clown. Howdie almost sells Kickapoo so that he can raise money to buy a pony. Children will be relieved when Howdie changes his mind and decides that he would rather own Kickapoo than any pony that ever lived.

MOTIVATION

Suppose you wanted very much to ride a pony in a race, but you didn't have a pony; you had only a mule. Would you keep the mule or sell him? Howdie couldn't make up his mind for awhile, but Kickapoo, the mule, helped Howdie decide.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. When we talk about stubborn people, we often say, "as stubborn as a mule." What things in this story make you think the saying may be a good one?
2. Do you think Howdie will ride Kickapoo in the race? If Kickapoo does not win the race, do you think Howdie will be sorry he did not sell his mule and buy a pony? Explain.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Find out something about the Kickapoo Indians, from whom the mule in the story got his name.
2. Look up some stories about the Pony Express. When did it exist, and why? Why was it discontinued?

13 CRAZY ABOUT BOATS *Neil Anderson*

Buzz Baker has one consuming interest—boats. His room is filled with all kinds of models that he has made. When his parents talk of moving to a new home, Buzz is reluctant to leave his familiar neighborhood until he discovers that the new house will be situated close to a boat yard. Although Buzz does not actually get a boat, he is soon making plans to earn money to buy one.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever moved to a new house in a new neighborhood? How did you feel about leaving your old friends and your old school? At first, Buzz Baker didn't want to move. Then suddenly he couldn't wait for the new house to be built. Buzz, who was crazy about boats, discovered something about the location of the new home. Can you guess what it was?

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Do you think Buzz will ever have a boat of his own? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Do you think it was a good thing for Buzz that his father could not buy him a boat? Why?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Make a picture collection of different kinds of boats. Include some mentioned in this story.
2. If you have ever moved to a new neighborhood, tell the class how you felt.

14 BILLY'S RACCOON *Marion Holland*

It is not easy to dispose of a pet raccoon. Billy found this out when his parents refused to let him keep his pet. He finally found a temporary home for Racky in Mr. Zinnen's pet shop, but Racky's appetite for rare tropical fish almost cost Billy $22.50. Fortunately, Mr. Zinnen had a special fondness for raccoons and was willing to settle the debt by keeping Racky as a pet.

MOTIVATION

If you owned a pet raccoon, what would you expect to feed him? The raccoon in this story was named Racky, and he did like the usual raccoon foods—nuts, fruits, and vegetables—but he liked more expensive things, too. In a few minutes he consumed a midnight snack that almost cost Billy a lot of money. What do you think his snack was? This story will tell you about it.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What facts about raccoons have you learned from this story?
2. Which parts of the story did you think were funny? Why?
3. Is Mr. Zinnen a man you would like to know? Give reasons.

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

Find out more about the characteristics and habits of wild raccoons and report them to the class.

15 YOUNG KIT CARSON *Augusta Stevenson*

The exploits of the adult Kit Carson are well known to nearly every child. This story, however, is about a terrifying adventure Kit had when he was only eight years old. From his earliest years he knew the dangers of Indian raids; but he also knew that Indians could be friendly, and as a boy he had Indian playmates. In this exciting episode Kit is saved by one of these friends.

MOTIVATION

All the settlers had been warned of the Indian war party on its way to attack the settlement, and everyone was hurrying to the safety of the fort. Eight-year-old Kit Carson thought his mother had forgotten something and went back to the cabin. Suddenly there he was, his face terrible with war paint—an Indian! What do you think Kit did then? This book will tell you about it.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. How had the Carson family prepared ahead of time for Indian raids? What did they do when the warning came?
2. Why is it a good thing Kit went back to get the sugar?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. You may like to act out this story in two scenes: (1) At the Carsons' cabin, and (2) inside the stockade.
2. Following the description in the story, build or draw a model fort. Explain why forts were built as they were.

16 THE SNAKE THAT WENT TO SCHOOL *Lilian Moore*

When Hank Jenkins informed his mother that he was bringing a surprise home from summer camp, he neglected to mention that the surprise was a twenty-four-inch hog-nosed snake. Puffy was enthusiastically received by Hank's young friends, but he was less popular with the grownups. After several unsuccessful attempts to give Puffy away, Hank finally found a home for him in his school's Science Room.

MOTIVATION

What would you do if you had a pet snake and your mother wouldn't let you keep it? Why do you think it would not be easy to give a snake away? Read about Hank's problem with his pet snake, and find out how he solved it.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Do you think Hank's mother was reasonable or unreasonable when she refused to let Hank keep Puffy? Explain your answer.
2. Give at least two reasons why you might like being a pupil in Miss Tucker's room.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Of the many snakes in the United States, only four kinds are poisonous. Try to discover which ones they are. Another book in the Pilot Library, *Meet Mr. Snake,* will help you.
2. Find out something about snake charmers and the way they handle snakes. Tell the class about it.
3. Write a story about an unusual pet you once brought home. The story may be either real or imaginary.

17 MEET MR. SNAKE *Bessie M. Hecht*

This selection will help children understand why it is both unreasonable and unfair to fear and dislike snakes. The story contains interesting information about the body structure of snakes, their habits and characteristics, and their value to man. There is also a section devoted to the prevention and treatment of snake bites, and one that tells in detail how to care for a pet snake.

MOTIVATION

Most of us are inclined to be afraid of something we know very little about. Perhaps this is why so many people fear snakes and are ready to kill a snake on sight. After reading this story, you may change your opinion of snakes and realize that many people judge them unfairly.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. How do snakes breathe? Smell? Hear? Mention at least four ways in which snakes are useful to man.
2. Would you like having a snake as a pet? Why, or why not?
3. Did this story make you feel differently about snakes? In what ways did it change your feelings?

18 CHRISTMAS IN THE LITTLE HOUSE

Laura Ingalls Wilder

Children love Christmas stories of any kind. This one is an especially nice description of an old-fashioned Christmas, complete with homemade presents, a deep snowfall, and sleigh bells.

MOTIVATION

What do you like most about Christmas? Getting a tree, gathering the family together, exchanging gifts? Do you like to bake Christmas goodies and play in the snow? You will enjoy this story about a family Christmas of many years ago.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Have you ever made pictures in the snow the way the children in the story did? What are some other things that are fun to do in the snow?
2. Why did Prince bark and snap at Aunt Eliza? Can you tell any other stories about animals saving the lives of people?
3. What was the present that the father made? Tell about a Christmas present that you have made or one that you would like to make for someone.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Make a report on a Christmas custom or tradition that interests you.
2. Compare Christmas at Laura's house with Christmas at your own house.
3. Write a story or a poem about Christmas.

19 PLANT WIZARD *May McNeer & Lynd Ward*

From an orphaned childhood in Missouri, George Washington Carver rose to become a promising botanist at Iowa State College. Throughout his struggle for an education—sleeping in barns, washing dishes, picking fruit, chopping wood—his story is one of unusual courage and persistence. But it was in choosing to go to Tuskegee and help his race, rather than to further his own academic and scientific career, that Dr. Carver revealed his true greatness. The humility and selflessness of this remarkable man can serve as an example and an inspiration to children.

MOTIVATION

Almost 100 years ago in Missouri, a little Negro boy started out to seek his fortune. He was poor, tired, and hungry. He had no money, no home, not even parents. This small boy was one day to become one of our country's most creative scientists. How could a boy start with so little and yet achieve such greatness? As you will discover when you read about George Washington Carver, he was a most unusual person.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why did Dr. Carver choose to leave Iowa and go to Tuskegee? What does this show you about the kind of man he was?
2. It is said of Dr. Carver that he was able to make something out of nothing. Give at least three examples to prove this.
3. Do you think that being a poor boy was an advantage or a disadvantage to George Washington Carver? Explain.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Tell how developing better plants, and finding new uses for plants, can help people.
2. Find out more about the work of Booker T. Washington and report your findings to the class.
3. A man named Luther Burbank has also been called a plant wizard. Find out something about his accomplishments.

20 WHITEY ROPES AND RIDES

Glen Rounds

This is the story of two small children with big dreams. Josie, in spite of being a girl, dreams of competing in the Boys' Calf Riding Contest at Cheyenne next year. Whitey, who is still too small to saddle his horse without climbing on a fence, aspires to enter the Steer Riding Contest for grown-up cowboys. Children will laugh good-naturedly at the account of Whitey practicing roping with a real steer. In the process, he loses his horse, his saddle, and his lunch, but not once does he lose his nerve.

MOTIVATION

When Whitey and his cousin, Josie, found an old rodeo handbill, they had a bright idea. Perhaps, they thought, if they began to practice early, they could compete in next year's contests at the big rodeo in Cheyenne. Whitey decides to try his skill at roping a live steer. When Josie cautions him against it, he assures her, "We won't get into any trouble we can't handle!" As you will see, Whitey does get into trouble, but with Josie's help, all turns out well.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What is there about Whitey and Josie that makes you admire them?
2. Tell why you think living on a ranch in the West would be fun.

21 SQUANTO: FRIEND OF THE WHITE MEN

Clyde Robert Bulla

Some children will already be familiar with Squanto, the Indian who befriended the English settlers and helped them survive the first hard winter at Plymouth. In this selection they will become acquainted with Squanto as a boy and read a less well-known account of a friendship established twenty years before the coming of the Pilgrims.

MOTIVATION

Is Squanto a familiar name to you? What do you know about this Indian who is mentioned in many of your history books? When Squanto came with other Indian braves to the first Thanksgiving feast, he was a grown man, but in this story you will meet him as a boy. How do you suppose this Indian boy felt when he caught his first glimpse of white men in their great white-sailed ships, bigger than a hundred canoes?

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Often white men landing in America were met by savage and hostile Indians. Give several reasons why the Patuxet tribe welcomed these visitors from England.
2. Explain this statement of Squanto's mother: "The white men have strange magic." Name some things used by the Englishmen that would seem magic to the Indians.
3. In what ways does the boy, Squanto, seem very much like boys today?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Imagine that you are Squanto, returning to your home after a trip to England. Describe the sights you saw there—the king, queen, the streets, houses, and people of London—as they would appear to an Indian boy seeing them for the first time.
2. Pretend that you are an Indian and that one of your classmates is a white man. Neither of you speaks the other's language. Try to communicate with one another. How would you say, "I am your friend"? "I am hungry"? "Come with me"?

22 HORSE SENSE

Anita Feagles

Casey is a talking horse, and a completely unique creation. The tables are turned in this hilarious story. Mike, the boy in the story, is *Casey's* pet, and Casey's demands keep Mike and his

sister, Gloria, on the verge of nervous collapse. Casey thinks he would look just great in a pair of striped pajamas, and so striped pajamas he must have. Then he shows up—pajamas and all—at a birthday party and decides he would like a peanut butter sandwich, two carrot sticks, and a piece of cake. These are only a few of Casey's whimsically eccentric antics. Children will be delighted with his insolent manner and bizarre tastes.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever wondered what a horse would say if it could talk? Casey *can* talk, but you'd never imagine that horses would think like this—until you've met Casey. In the first place, Casey thinks that Mike is his pet boy, rather than the other way around. As for some of the other things that Casey thinks, you would find them hard to believe. You'll just have to read the story.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Do you think the term "utterly impossible" is a good one to describe Casey? Explain why.
2. In what ways does Casey remind you of a spoiled child?
3. What makes this a very funny story?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Where do you think Casey came from? Make up a story about his life before he arrived at the Bradford's house.
2. Tell why you would, or would not, like to have Casey for a pet.

23 LITTLE PEAR *Eleanor Frances Lattimore*

Children frequently have the mistaken impression that people of foreign lands are strange and quite unlike themselves. This charming story about a little Chinese boy and his family may help to broaden the young readers' understanding of other cultures. They will discover that human beings, the world over, can be very much alike in their feelings toward home, family, and friends, even though they are different in dress and customs.

MOTIVATION

This story is about a Chinese family, and especially about the youngest member, a boy named Little Pear. His sisters said that he was naughty; his father said that he was a bad boy. As you read the story, try to decide whether you agree with what they said about Little Pear.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. How did you find Little Pear's way of living different from your own? In what ways did you find him much like yourself?
2. What story incident shows you that Little Pear was curious? Kind-hearted? Not easily frightened?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Imagine that you are Little Pear hidden in the wheelbarrow. You are not able to see at all, but you can tell what is going on about you by hearing, feeling, and smelling. Tell about your trip to the fair.
2. Draw or paint a picture of a Chinese village fair. Read carefully the description in this story before planning your picture.
3. On a world map, locate China. Find some pictures of some Chinese children, homes, or cities.

24 A POCKETFUL OF POEMS

Selected by Hazel Wilson

The verses in this selection are among the most delightful poems of some of our best-loved writers. A. A. Milne, Ogden Nash, and Edward Lear are just a few of the poets whose works are represented here. The verses are simple and so much fun that many children will want to memorize them.

MOTIVATION

Some poems in this book make sense. Some of them are pure nonsense. But all of them are happy adventures of the imagination which you will want to read again and again.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Which of these poems did you like best? Why?
2. What is a limerick? Which of these poems are limericks? Do you know any others that you can recite?
3. If you had written the poem "My Inside Self," how would you picture your "inside-self" and your "outside-self"?
4. Who do you think was right in "The Quarrel"? Why?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. "Adventures of Isabel" is the type of poem that could go on forever. Make up some more funny verses beginning "Isabel met . . ."
2. "Poor Old Lady" (also called "I Know an Old Lady") has been set to music. See if you can find a recording or someone who knows the tune, and have the class sing it.
3. What other verses might be added to "Stately Verse"? Have a contest to see who can think up verses for the most states.
4. Have someone read "Jonathan Bing" aloud while other students pantomime the actions of the characters in the poem.

25 RIBSY AND THE P.T.A. *Beverly Cleary*

Henry Huggins had worry enough keeping his dog Ribsy out of trouble. He didn't need the P.T.A. and Ramona Quimby to complicate matters. But when the mothers of the P.T.A. found little Ramona stranded atop the jungle gym with Ribsy barking emphatically at her from below, they drew their own conclusions.

MOTIVATION

Henry Huggins was trying very hard to keep his dog, Ribsy, out of mischief. Henry's father had promised to take his son salmon fishing on one condition—that he keep Ribsy from annoying the neighbors. Everything went well until little Ramona Quimby swiped Ribsy's bone. This is a very funny story which, fortunately for Henry, ends happily.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why did Beezus say that Ramona had a lot of imagination?
2. One of the mothers said that Ramona was "too young to have established acceptable behavior patterns." What did she mean? Do you think she was right?
3. At the end of the story Ramona has made Mrs. Wisser look very silly in two ways. How?

26 THE MAYFLOWER

Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft

This is a fictionalized account of the voyage of the *Mayflower,* with emphasis on the experiences of the younger members of the Pilgrim band. It is hard to imagine how 102 passengers, plus the crew, could have succeeded in this hazardous journey to a strange continent. As children read this story, they will discover that success was largely the result of courage and an ability to keep faith, even under the most trying circumstances.

MOTIVATION

Display a picture of the *Mayflower.* Talk briefly about the trip —the crowded quarters; the hazards of primitive navigation; the hostile Indians and cruel weather that awaited the newcomers in America. Explain that this story tells how the Pilgrims probably felt and acted throughout the exciting voyage. Mention the fact that there were several children on board.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What were some problems faced by the Pilgrims aboard ship during the long voyage?
2. Where had the Pilgrims planned to settle at first? How, and for what reasons, did they change their minds?
3. What do you think of some of the first names of the Pilgrims? Can you think of reasons for naming children such curious and unusual names as Love and Wrestling?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. At first, the Indians seemed hostile. Find out about later relations between the Pilgrims and the Indians. How were the Indians to prove helpful and friendly to the white settlers?
2. Find some information on the famous replica of the *Mayflower,* built in 1954, and report to the class on its crossing from England to America.

27 FREDDY THE DETECTIVE

Walter R. Brooks

This is a "talking animal" story with some very believable characters: a skeptical, matter-of-fact cat, two rather scatterbrained ducks, and Freddy, the pretentious but lovable pig. Freddy has recently discovered Sherlock Holmes, and sets out to solve a barnyard mystery by the analytical method—which he does with surprising ease. The dialogue supplies most of the humor in this light, breezy fantasy.

MOTIVATION

You have probably never met a pig who was a detective, but Freddy, the pig in this story, was a pretty good one. He discovered who stole a toy train. Even more important, he found out that some nasty characters had come back to the barnyard in spite of Jinx, the cat. Read this story to find who the criminals were.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. How does a detective go about solving a crime? In what ways do you think Freddy was a good detective?
2. Why was Jinx upset when old Simon and his gang came back?
3. How do you think the war between Jinx and old Simon will end? Explain your answer.

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

Find out something about Sherlock Holmes, and tell the class about him.

28 INDIAN BROTHER *Hazel Wilson*

This is a story of warm friendship and healthy competition between an Indian boy and a white boy. Readers will admire Sabattis, who is skilled at hunting, trapping, and fishing, and who shares his knowledge—in a somewhat superior manner—with his white friend. They will admire and sympathize with Brad as he works hard to prove that he can do things as well as an Indian.

MOTIVATION

Can you imagine what it would be like to find yourself alone in the heart of the Maine woods, fifty miles from the nearest town, with almost no food and with a sprained ankle? Brad Porter was in just such a predicament when, luckily for him, he found an Indian brother.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Explain to the class simply and clearly the proper way to do each of the following, Indian fashion: make your own fishing equipment; lure and catch a muskrat; run down a moose.
2. After the boys had killed the moose, Sabattis said, "It was his fear that made him lose the race." In what way could you apply this bit of wisdom to your own life?
3. Tell why you admired both boys in this story.

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

Indian folklore is filled with legends similar to the moose story that Sabattis told Brad. Find other Indian tales about how certain things came to be, and read or tell them to the class.

29 FIERY FURNACE *Robert Irving*

Volcanoes are usually fascinating to children because they are exciting and dramatic. The first part of this book presents a good deal of fundamental geology while explaining the workings of a volcano. The second part reviews the most important volcanic activity, ancient and recent, including spectacular descriptions of the eruptions of Vesuvius and Mt. Etna.

MOTIVATION

You have heard about volcanoes but you may never have seen an active one. There is not much chance that one will ever start in your back yard. However, this book tells a true story about a volcano that did grow in a farmer's cornfield. This selection will acquaint you with a number of famous volcanoes of the world and will explain something of the workings of a volcano.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Explain how a volcano builds a mountain around itself.
2. Are all mountains and islands made by volcanoes? Explain your answer.
3. If you lived near a volcano, what signs of danger would you watch for?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. If you have ever visited any of our national parks where there is an inactive volcano (Mt. Rainier, Mt. Lassen, or Crater Lake, for example), write or tell what you saw.
2. Pretend you were one of the people who escaped from Pompeii. Make up a story describing the eruption, and tell how you and your family got away.

30 PEDDLER'S BOY *Julie Forsyth Batchelor*

Tim is a little boy with fears. He is apprehensive about strange people and new places; about dark woods, wild animals, and noises at night. When Tim has an opportunity to become a peddler's boy and travel far from home, he panics briefly and thinks, "If only I wasn't such a scare-cat!" As a going-away present, Tim's father presents him with a tin whistle with these instructions: "Blow your whistle only when you're very much frightened. Some day you won't need it any more."

This story will be reassuring to any child who has fears of his own.

MOTIVATION

Have you heard the expression "whistling in the dark"? Can you explain what it means? This story is about a little boy who lived many years ago and about a tin whistle that was to help him when he became frightened. In at least one instance, Tim was to find the whistle very useful.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why was the peddler's job an important one in 1790? What could a peddler offer besides his wares?
2. What did Tim's father mean when he said, "Down inside, most people are brave. If they try hard enough, they get brave on the outside, too"?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

As Mr. Allen told his son, "Many people are afraid of things, even grownups." Tell about a time when you were afraid of something.

31 THE FAIRY TALE TREE

Retold by Vladislav Stanovsky & Jan Vladislav

Nine widely different countries are represented in this international collection of folk stories. Since lesser-known tales are emphasized, readers are not likely to have heard these selections before. Each story is rich in the sly humor and subtle wisdom, sifted and improved through centuries of reinterpretation, that is the source of folk literature's profound appeal.

MOTIVATION

Do you like to make believe? This book has ten different "make believe" stories that people in nine different countries have been telling for centuries. Some of the tales are about magicians and giants, and some are silly stories about foolish people. Some of them are about clever people who outwit just about everybody. You will find these stories fun to read and fun to tell.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Which of these stories did you most enjoy? Why?
2. What is there about the title "The Six Wise Neighbors" that makes you laugh?
3. How are these tales different from the stories you usually call fairy tales?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Retell the story you liked best to others in the class.
2. Choose other pupils to help you act out one of the tales.

32 LONG HUNTER *William O. Steele*

Nine-year-old Andrew Clark longs to follow in the footsteps of his Uncle Az, the Long Hunter, and he dreams of tracking wild game and fighting Indians. Andrew is inclined to be venturesome and to disregard the advice of his father. On a journey by flatboat down the Tennessee River, Andrew learns two things: shooting an Indian can be more distasteful than heroic; failure to heed sound advice can result in near tragedy.

MOTIVATION

Andrew Clark was only nine years old, but he dreamed of being a great hunter and Indian fighter. He could scarcely wait to start on a long, dangerous journey down the river by flatboat to his new home. Before he and his family reached their destination, Andrew ran into more adventure and excitement than he had expected. You will find what it was as you read this story.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. In what two instances did Andy not heed his father's warnings? Why was it very important for a pioneer child to obey his parents?
2. How did Andy and Isaac differ in their views about the trip to the French Salt Lick? If you had lived at the time this story took place, how would you have felt about making the journey?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Choose the story incident you found most exciting and illustrate it with crayons or paints.
2. Andy admired his Uncle Az and wanted to be like him. If there is someone you admire very much, tell about him or her.

33 SMALL BUT WIRY *Eleanor Estes*

Janey Moffat had never played basketball before, but she was sure it would be just as easy as tiddlywinks. She had no idea what a great player she was, however, until she walked into a basketball game one day and won it. Children will love Janey's combination of naivete and natural talent—or was it luck?

MOTIVATION

Do you like to play basketball? Have you ever wished that you could make a basket every time you tried? Janey Moffat could. You will enjoy reading how Janey discovered that making baskets is not all there is to the game of basketball.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What was Janey doing when she was "darting in and out like an eel"?
2. Do you think Janey's success in her first game of basketball was due to beginner's luck or to real ability?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

If you have ever played an exciting game of basketball, tell the class about it. Or tell of an experience you had when playing another game that was new to you.

34 OWLS IN THE FAMILY *Farley Mowat*

This amusing story is about two pet owls, Wol and Weeps, who are more human than owl-like. Children will be delighted to read about Wol, who likes to join in a game of can-the-can with the neighborhood boys; who climbs a tree, then cries to be helped down, because he does not know how to fly.

MOTIVATION

According to things you have heard or read about owls, what would you say are some of their chief characteristics? You will find the behavior of the two pet owls in this story very surprising for owls, and also extremely amusing.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. In what ways were Wol and Weeps more like people than owls? In what ways did they continue to behave like owls?
2. Describe Wol's experiences with: gophers; cats; dogs.
3. Explain this sentence: "Weeps didn't believe he could fly, and that was that."
4. Retell the story incident that you consider funniest.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Wol and Weeps are not exactly typical of wild horned owls. Find out about horned owls in their natural state—what they eat, the nests they build, etc. Share what you learn with the class.
2. According to myth and folklore, owls are very wise birds. You may like to check on the accuracy of this belief. Athena, the Greek goddess of wisdom, owned an owl. Read and retell some stories about Athena.

35 BRAVE JIMMY STONE *Elliott Arnold*

Jimmy and his father were on a winter hunting trip, and Jimmy's father had broken his leg. He lay in pain in a small clearing with no protection but a small fire. Jimmy had to get out of the woods and to the highway to find help.

This is the story of Jimmy's frantic journey—blinded by darkness, confused by falling snow, his feet half frozen, nearly out of food. Despite unusual courage, clear thinking, and faith, Jimmy collapses just as he reaches the highway, when he fails to flag down a car. The excerpt ends with his rescue.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever been in a really tight spot? Perhaps you have noticed that at such times you were able to do things you would not have thought possible. In this story, Jimmy has to get help for his father, who has broken his leg. This means a desperate trip through the woods, at night, with snow falling, and Jimmy has to be braver and more cool-headed than he ever was before. As you read this thrilling story, try to imagine that you are in his place, and decide whether you could do as well as Jimmy.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Jimmy set out on a journey that seemed almost impossible for a boy. Why do you think Jimmy was finally able to reach the highway? Give several reasons.
2. Sometimes, when we endure hardships, we are better able to appreciate the small comforts of everyday life. How does this statement apply to Jimmy Stone?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Have you ever faced a dangerous or frightening situation? Write or tell the class the story of your adventure.
2. If you were alone in the wilderness, what are some things it would be helpful to know? How could you tell which direction is north? What are some foods you might be able to find? How could you send out signals for help?

36 STUART LITTLE *E. B. White*

Stuart Little is an amusing fantasy about a mouse who is born to a human family. Although Stuart is different, his family accepts him with understanding and affection. It is not easy for a mouse to live in a home where everything is built to human proportions and where there is an unfriendly cat. The story of Stuart, and of how he adapts to his unique circumstances, is told with imagination, wit, and sympathy.

MOTIVATION

When Mrs. Little had a son who turned out to be a mouse she was, of course, surprised; but everybody got used to the idea and liked Stuart just the same. Stuart lived a happy life with his family, and you will be interested to find how they all managed, in spite of Stuart's tiny size.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Which parts of this story show you that Stuart was kind and helpful?
2. Why did Mr. Little caution his family against talking about mice whenever Stuart was around? Mention two things the family did to avoid embarrassing Stuart in this respect.
3. What do you think Snowbell's feelings were toward Stuart? Give reasons for your answer.
4. What special tasks could Stuart do, because of his size, that no one else could do? Can you think of other jobs that he might be able to do that couldn't be done *except* by someone two inches high?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

Use cardboard or clay to construct some furniture that would be the right size for Stuart.

37 MAN ON THE MOON *James Throneburg*

A story about a trip to the moon is certain to appeal to today's space-minded children. This account makes the experience seem real. It begins with the countdown and the blast of the rocket engines that launch the spaceship, and continues with a vivid description of activities inside the ship as it travels toward its destination almost 24,000 miles away.

This selection should be presented as only one of several proposed plans for a moon flight. When an actual launching is made, the details may be quite different from those described here.

MOTIVATION

How would you like to go on a flight to the moon? The trip will be an imaginary one, of course. As you read the story, pretend that you are getting into a space capsule with five other astronauts. Dozens of floodlights are trained on the gigantic rocket that is about to blast you into space. Have you fastened the belt that holds you to your seat? Are you ready?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What would be the duties of each of these men during a trip to the moon: the radioman; the pilot; the copilot; the navigator; the chief engineer; the assistant engineer?
2. Would you volunteer for the first moon trip? Why, or why not?
3. Do you think it is important for man to attempt to reach the moon? Give reasons for your answer.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Draw or paint a picture of a moon landscape as you imagine it.
2. With the help of another member of your class, dramatize the following scene: You have just returned from a trip to the moon. You are being interviewed by a newspaper reporter. Be ready to describe your experiences in detail.
3. This story tells of one plan for a moon flight, but other methods are being considered. Try to find what they are.

38 BRUNO FINDS A FRIEND

Michel-Aimé Baudouy

Children will feel a genuine sympathy for Bruno, a tiny bear cub who is the only one of his family to escape death or capture by bear hunters. They are certain to admire Nieve, the girl with a warm concern for animals, who rescues and cares for the motherless cub. The story of how Bruno wins the affection of Nieve's household is told with humor and sensitivity.

MOTIVATION

Early one spring morning, a mother bear and her three cubs wakened from their long winter's sleep in a mountain cave and stepped out into the warm sunshine. They splashed in the cool mountain stream and feasted on acorns, insects, and new buds, not realizing that they were about to meet great danger. Can you guess what it might have been? This is an exciting story that ended happily for one little bear cub and one girl.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What have you learned, from reading this story, about the characteristics and habits of bears?
2. In what ways do the bear cubs remind you of human children?
3. What does this story tell you about the kind of girl Nieve was?
4. This story contains lovely descriptive passages. Select and read aloud some parts of the story which you think make pictures with words.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Locate the Pyrenees on a map. Try to find out what other animals live in this mountain region.
2. If you have ever had a pet that created a problem, tell the class about it.

39 BALLOONS FLY HIGH

Lynn and Gray Poole

Modern children are quite familiar with heavier-than-air craft. Many of them may even have traveled by airplane. They know about rockets, space capsules, and orbital flights. But they may know little about man's first balloon ascension attempts. This story will explain the scientific principles involved in flying lighter-than-air craft. It will also acquaint readers with some of the courageous and enterprising men and women who pioneered in this early field of air travel.

MOTIVATION

Almost 200 years ago men were trying to discover a way to fly in the air. Since they were familiar with balloons, they naturally thought of rising above the earth using large balloons to carry them. There were, however, problems to be solved. How could a balloon be made to rise and travel in air? How could it be brought down to earth again? You will find answers as you read this story. You will learn, too, of some daring men and women who made the earliest flights in balloons.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. How did early balloonists use each of the following: *valves, weights, wood fires, hydrogen, gondolas, altimeters, ropes?*
2. Why was hydrogen better than warm air for carrying up balloons?
3. Explain why it took great courage for men and women to make ascents in balloons 150 years ago.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Carry out some of the experiments suggested in this selection. Demonstrate and explain them to the class.
2. Find out about some kinds of lighter-than-air craft that have been developed and used by man. (Look under *dirigible* and *zeppelin* in an encyclopedia.) Why are these airships no longer widely used?
3. In what ways are balloons useful to scientists today?

40 THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN

Elizabeth Coatsworth

This charming story is a lesson in compassion. The artist took pity on the little cat who wanted to be in his sacred picture of Buddha; and then the great Buddha himself took pity on both the artist and the cat. The story is as light and delicate as a Japanese painting; and the feelings are true and good.

MOTIVATION

Did you know that years ago, in Japan, people thought that cats were goblins? They believed that the cat, unlike all the other animals, had never been blessed by the great Lord Buddha. But there was once a little cat who wished to go to heaven and be near Buddha. This story tells what happened to her.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Do you think Good Fortune was a suitable name for the little cat? Why?
2. Why did the artist sit and think for three days before he started to paint his picture?
3. Does Good Fortune remind you of cats you have known? Explain your answer.

Drawing by Ed Young for THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN, *by Elizabeth Coatsworth*

4. What have you learned about the customs of the Japanese people from reading this story?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Read Rudyard Kipling's story called "The Cat Who Walked by Himself," and tell the class about it.
2. Find out more about the life of Buddha and share the information with your class.

41 BATTER UP! *Matt Christopher*

This is a baseball story with plenty of action, described in baseball's own language. Bobby is worried about his older brother, Kirby, who despite his love of baseball, just cannot seem to hit the ball. By the end of the excerpt Kirby has almost solved his hitting problem, but not until many exciting innings have been played. Young baseball devotees will appreciate the author's fast-paced style and attention to detail.

MOTIVATION

Bobby sympathized with his brother, Kirby, because he had trouble hitting a baseball. Bobby had no trouble at all. Yet Kirby was older and he was taller than Bobby. Besides, he liked baseball better than anything else—and if he didn't improve his hitting, he wouldn't be chosen to play on the All-Star team. You will be interested to find out how, with his brother's help, Kirby identified and solved his problem.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why did Kirby swing too hard? Do you think Bobby's being a good hitter had anything to do with it?
2. Why do you admire Bobby? Why do you admire Kirby?
3. Do you think that being on the winning side is the most important part of a game? Explain your answer.
4. Which part of the story did you enjoy most? Do you like the author's style of writing? Give reasons for your answers.

42 PETE'S DOG

Molly Cone

This is the story of Pete, a rather shy boy, and of Mishmash, a very friendly dog. Many children know what it is like to have misgivings about going to a new school, and readers are certain to sympathize with Pete, who faces just such a situation. When Mishmash comes to live with Pete, the boy is convinced that he will have at least one good friend—his dog.

MOTIVATION

The first day of school can be exciting and fun, if you are looking forward to being reunited with your friends from last year. Sometimes the first day of school can be frightening, especially when the school is a new one and when everybody is strange and unfamiliar. Pete found a friend the first day, and you will be interested to discover who that friend was.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. If you have had the experience of going to a new school and having to make new friends, describe your feelings.
2. Why do you think it will be good for Pete to have a dog?
3. Would you like to have Miss Patch for a teacher?

43 LINA AND THE STORKS

Meindert DeJong

Lina, a very little girl, and Grandmother Sibble, a very old lady, share the same dream. They envision beautiful, long-legged storks nesting on every roof in the village of Shora. It was Lina who brought up the subject of storks at school. It was the schoolteacher who started all the children wondering why storks never came to Shora. For, as he told them, "When we wonder, we can make things begin to happen." Although the problem of the storks is not resolved in this excerpt, the mood of the story hints at the fulfillment of the dream. This selection offers children a taste of beautifully written prose and sensitive character portrayal.

MOTIVATION

Storks are frequently found in Holland. But there was one village in Holland where storks never came to nest. The children at school wondered why, and then a little girl named Lina discovered the reason. Can you guess what it was?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Would you like to have been in Lina's class at school? Give reasons for your answer.
2. Why do you think Lina and Grandmother Sibble became friends so quickly?
3. What did the schoolteacher mean when he said that wondering can make things begin to happen?
4. Both Lina and Grandmother Sibble had habits that helped them to think better. What were they? If you have a special habit that helps you to think, tell about it.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Lina liked the happy noises that storks make when they clap their bills. What are some happy noises that you like?
2. Make a drawing or painting of a Dutch scene showing some things mentioned in this story—dikes, canals, a canalboat, a bridge, seagulls, and so on.
3. Act out the scene in the schoolroom when Lina reads her story and the children talk about storks.

44 THE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL

Mary & Conrad Buff

Children have probably heard of the Swiss archer William Tell, who shot an apple from his son's head. They may not realize, however, that behind this familiar episode is the tale of a simple, freedom-loving people revolting against tyranny and injustice. This is an inspirational story which says, essentially, that men of conviction will often risk their lives for what they believe to be right.

MOTIVATION

There is a famous story about an apple and an arrow. Can you name the hero of the story? Can you guess why a father would risk his son's life like this? It took a great deal of courage for a poor mountain hunter to defy a soldier of the governor. This story will tell you why he did it.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why do you admire William Tell? Walter Tell? Why do you think Gessler was a coward?
2. What did Hedwig mean when she said that Rudolph was a good king, as kings go?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. With the help of one or more of your classmates, debate this question: Should men be willing to die for their beliefs?
2. There is an opera based on the story of William Tell. Find a record and play part of the music for the class.

45 MOONEYED HOUND *Billy C. Clark*

This is a story of suspense and excitement with warm, emotional overtones. The account of how Mooneye, the half-blind hound dog, tracks down and battles his first coon is packed with adventure. The characters, simple hill people of Kentucky, are portrayed with sensitivity. Children will surely be moved by Jeb's devotion to his mongrel dog, and by Grandma Quildy's genuine and abiding faith in the Lord.

MOTIVATION

Can you imagine a dog that is half hound and half bulldog? Just suppose this dog had red fur, a thick chest, a bobtail, and one blind eye. This is a description of Mooneye, Jeb's dog, who was certainly not beautiful. But Mooneye proved to be one of the cleverest and bravest dogs in the Kentucky hills, and Jeb wouldn't have traded him for the most beautiful pedigreed dog in the world.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What did Grandma Quildy mean when she said, "Just remember, Jeb, when the Lord takes away he will give back twofold, if you should have enough faith"? How did this apply to Mooneye?
2. What was the comparison Uncle Jeptha made between Mooneye and a short-butted oak? Explain this in your own words.
3. What have you learned about the hill people of Kentucky from reading this story?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Find out more about these characters from the Old Testament who are mentioned in this story: blind Samson, Job.
2. As this story suggests, raccoons are known to be clever. They have outwitted hunters as well as dogs. Find out more about the habits of these intelligent animals and report to the class.

46 THE CRICKET IN TIMES SQUARE

George Selden

It is not necessary to be a New Yorker in order to enjoy this story setting, but to children who are familiar with the Times Square subway station, with all its sights, smells, and noises, it should have a special appeal. Putting fanciful animals—Chester the cricket, Tucker the mouse, and Harry the cat—into a realistic background may help the more literal-minded children stretch their imaginations.

MOTIVATION

Chester the Cricket hopped into a picnic basket in Connecticut one day and fell asleep. Almost the next thing he knew, he was in the Times Square subway station in New York City. Lost and bewildered and hungry, Chester drew one cricket wing mournfully across the other. Mario, the boy in the newsstand, heard the sound, and so did Tucker Mouse from his home in the drainpipe. Fortunately for Chester, they both proved to be valuable friends.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Mario insisted that crickets are good luck. Can you imagine how the cricket may help Mario and his family?
2. What does this story tell you about the kind of man Papa Bellini was?
3. Select and read aloud sections of the story that describe the many sounds of New York City.
4. Which parts of this story could really happen? Which parts could not?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. If you have ever been in the New York Times Square subway station, tell the class about it. If you haven't been there, in what ways does this story make you want to see it?
2. Pretend that you are Chester Cricket back home in Connecticut after your visit to New York. Describe Times Square—its sights, sounds, and smells—to another country cricket who has never seen the city.

47 KEO THE CAVE BOY

Lois Hamilton Fuller

A Stone Age setting adds interest to this story of a boy's growth into manhood. Keo proves his courage by hurling a blazing brand into the face of a lurking hyena, but fails his next test by falling asleep while on watch. His father patiently teaches him to make and throw a spear, and thus Keo comes to realize that he can join the men on the hunt only by practice and hard work.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever wondered what it would have been like to live in a cave, long before there were houses? Keo lived in one, in those days when life was a constant battle with wild animals and hunger. In order to become a man, Keo had to prove that he was able to join in the hunt. Would he be brave and strong enough?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why do you think cave people chose to live in groups and to work and hunt together? How might cities and governments have grown out of this organization?
2. Describe the work of cave men; the tasks performed by women.
3. How was Keo's way of living different from yours? How does this story show that Keo was very much like you in the way he felt about things?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Some of the cave men were wonderful artists. Find pictures, in magazines or books, of the animals they drew, and show the pictures to the class.
2. Have you ever been disappointed, like Keo, because you were considered too small for a grown-up responsibility? Tell about your experience and your feelings.
3. Find and read the poem "The Cave Boy" by Laura Richards.

48 A SHORT BOOK OF TALL TALES

Irwin Shapiro

The hilariously funny legend of Pecos Bill and the true, though slightly exaggerated, account of Johnny Appleseed are combined in this book to make delightful and entertaining reading.

MOTIVATION

What is a tall tale? Why is a tall tale usually very funny? In this book you will meet two characters: Pecos Bill and Johnny Appleseed. Do you know which one actually lived and which one is only a legendary figure?

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Compare the two selections in this book. How are they different? How are they alike?
2. Mention at least three things that make "Pecos Bill" a very funny story.

3. Who were each of the following: High Pockets; Widow Maker; Slue Foot Sue? Comment on their names.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. You may like to sing together or listen to records of the cowboy songs mentioned in this book: "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," "Cowboy's Lament," and "The Chisholm Trail."
2. Find some stories about Paul Bunyan, John Henry, or other figures from American folklore. Read or tell them to the class.

49 CAPE COD ADVENTURE

Elizabeth Coatsworth

When Lydia, Jean, and Mark came to Cape Cod they began a summer full of adventure. They swam in the sea and explored oyster beds. Best of all, they found a lighthouse tower to play in. Before the summer was over the lighthouse saved their lives. Surprised by a hurricane, the children ran to the lighthouse for shelter and weathered the storm in true Robinson Crusoe fashion.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever spent a summer at the seashore? If you have, you know how much fun you can have—swimming, hunting for sea shells, and building sand castles. The seashore can be a good place to have fun, but it can also be a dangerous place. The children in this story found out that Cape Cod was a good place for sun and sand—and storms.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why did the flight of Mr. and Mrs. Major make the children feel uneasy, that last day at the beach? What other danger signals were there?
2. What is there about Jean that makes you admire her?
3. If you have ever been in a hurricane or a big storm, tell what it was like.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. If you have a shell collection, you may like to bring it to show the class. Can you explain what shells are?
2. Make up a story about the large chair on the beach. Where did it come from? Could it really make wishes come true?

50 COUGAR *Rutherford Montgomery*

Often the mountain lion, or cougar, is portrayed as the villain of a story, as a savage beast that preys indiscriminately on less fortunate animals. This selection may help children to view the cougar in a new light. The story of a she-cat that cares tenderly and unselfishly for her fatherless kittens is told in detail, with realism and warmth.

MOTIVATION

A pair of hungry cougars were out early on the mountain, eager for a good meal after a two-day fast. The male cat loped off toward the sheep range in search of food. His mate remained close to the den. As she waited, intent and motionless, she heard the sharp crack of a rifle. Away she bounded toward the cave, where very soon she was to give birth to two kittens. Could these babies survive with only one parent to feed, protect, and train them? This story will tell you.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. The state hunter regretted having to shoot the male cougar because, in doing so, he had upset the "balance of nature." Explain what this means.
2. Why was the pack rat called a stubborn fellow? Did you find him amusing? Why?
3. What does this story tell you about: a wild animal's feelings toward her young; the intelligence of mountain lions; the way in which wild cougar babies are trained?
4. Retell the part of the story you found the most exciting.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Illustrate a scene described in the story. Reread carefully before planning and drawing your picture.
2. Perhaps you have watched a mother cat training her babies. If you have, tell the class about it.

51 MR. POPPER'S PENGUIN

Richard and Florence Atwater

Although Mr. Popper is resigned to his uneventful life as a house painter, he has always really longed to be an explorer and go adventuring—particularly to the Antarctic regions. One day a penguin arrives at the Popper house, and suddenly Mr. Popper's wish for adventure and excitement begins to come true.

MOTIVATION

What would you do if someone sent you a penguin for a pet? Where do you think a penguin would like to sleep? What foods would he eat? These were some problems faced by the Popper family when Captain Cook came to live with them.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. In what ways did a pet penguin change the lives of the Poppers?
2. If Captain Cook seemed strange to the Poppers, you can imagine that the Poppers and their house in Stillwater seemed equally surprising to a penguin from the Antarctic. Pretend that you are Captain Cook and tell about your impressions of your new home and new family.
3. Retell the story incident that you found the funniest; the most surprising.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Draw or paint a penguin, or model one out of clay.
2. Use a reference book to find information about the polar regions. In what ways is the Arctic different from the Antarctic? Why do you think there are no penguins in the Arctic?

52 HENRY FORD'S DREAM *Miriam Gilbert*

William Ford was disappointed when his son, Henry, failed to share his own enthusiasm for farming. Henry had one consuming interest—machinery. When he should have been helping with the planting and cultivating, he was patching up broken farm equipment or repairing the neighbors' watches. Fortunately for the automobile industry, Henry Ford decided to leave the farm and to learn the machinist's trade.

MOTIVATION

This is the story of a boy named Henry, who lived on a farm in Michigan. Henry wanted to be a machinist and not a farmer. "Some day I'm going to build a machine!" he told his father. When Henry grew up, he *did* build machines—many of them. He became a pioneer in this country's automobile industry. Can you guess his name?

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Henry's mother advised him, "Stick to your job, no matter how much you dislike it. Life will give you many unpleasant tasks to do." How may these words have influenced Henry Ford in later life? In what ways can you apply this advice to yourself?
2. Which story incidents prove that Henry was: intelligent; inventive; patient; persistent?
3. How have machines helped lighten the farmer's work load since the days of Henry Ford's boyhood?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Find out something about the "assembly line" method of manufacturing. What part did Henry Ford play in developing this method?
2. Collect pictures of some early Ford automobiles and make a classroom display.

53 SIMBA OF THE WHITE MANE

Jocelyn Arundel

Toki is a small and very persistent African boy. Determined to accompany the big-game hunter in his quest for the white-maned lion, Toki joins the safari by stowing away in a supply truck. As children follow the adventures of Toki, they will develop a better understanding of African culture and learn a great deal about the grasslands and about the fascinating animals that live there.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever been told that you were too little to do something you wanted very much to do? Toki, a small African boy, wanted to join the big-game hunters on a safari, but he knew they would think he was too young. Toki had a secret plan, and if his plan worked, the hunters would *have* to let him go with them. Can you guess what his plan was? Do you suppose it will work? This exciting story will tell you all about it.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. On a map of Africa locate the regions where this story takes place.
2. What is there about Toki that makes you admire him?
3. Do you think it was Toki's fault that he was left behind when the hunters moved camp? Explain your answer.
4. This story contains many descriptions that help you see the plains of Africa and the wild animals living there. Select and read aloud several paragraphs that make pictures with words.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Collect and display pictures of some of the animals mentioned in this selection.
2. Use paints to illustrate an incident in the story.
3. Write an imaginary account of your own adventures on a safari.

54 THE STORY OF THE ICE AGE

Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames

This is the story of strange and wonderful animals that roamed the earth in prehistoric times and of the primitive people who hunted them for food and clothing. It is also the story of scientists and their methods of studying relics to unlock secrets of the past. Children will be fascinated to learn that right in their own country, and during recent years, discoveries have been made that shed new light on the mysteries of the Ice Age.

MOTIVATION

If you could go back in time—thousands of years ago—to a period known as the Ice Age, what would you expect the world to be like? Do you think you would find animals and people as we know them today? This exciting story will take you on an imaginary visit to the world of prehistoric times.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Scientists, like detectives, must learn to read clues. What have scientists learned about ancient man by studying skeletons? Primitive tools? Cave paintings?
2. Describe three methods used by the Great Hunters for killing animals for food and clothing. What do these methods tell you about the intelligence of these people?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Imagine that you are one of the Great Hunters. Describe in detail a big game drive you took part in.
2. Reread the description of the mysterious cave ceremony. Then choose others in the class to help act out this scene.
3. Make a large picture map, with drawings or pictures cut from magazines, showing some prehistoric animals and the regions in which they lived.
4. Visit a museum to see exhibits of prehistoric relics.

55 LADY WITH A LAMP *Margaret Leighton*

This selection shows that women, as well as men, have served their country with courage and honor. The story tells of the hardships and obstacles faced by Florence Nightingale and her small group of nurses in field hospitals during the Crimean War. Girls, in particular, will find this story inspirational, but there is enough adventure in it to interest boys as well.

MOTIVATION

One day, over a hundred years ago, a group of nurses, led by Florence Nightingale, set out for Crimea to care for wounded British soldiers at the battlefront. Women nurses had never before served near the front lines. These brave women expected the task to be difficult, but they did not know *how* difficult. You will admire Miss Nightingale when you find how well she succeeded in her work in spite of the dreadful conditions that she found in the hospital.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What was the difference between Florence Nightingale's send-off in London and her reception in Scutari? Why were the Army doctors so unfriendly?
2. How did Miss Nightingale win the respect of the doctors? The affection of the soldiers?
3. Do you think that she was right in sometimes disregarding written orders and military rules? Explain your answer.
4. How do you think the work of Florence Nightingale has helped the nursing profession?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Invite a nurse, preferably one who has served during wartime, to visit your class and describe some of her experiences.
2. Read Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem "The Charge of the Light Brigade" to the class.

56 PINOCCHIO *Carlo Collodi*

Most children are familiar with the classic story of Geppetto's marionette, and many of them may have seen the motion picture. This familiarity will only enhance the enjoyment of reading it on their own. Pinocchio is a lovable rogue who does many naughty things which children would probably like to do themselves.

MOTIVATION

Once upon a time there was a piece of wood. A carpenter named Mastro Antonio started to make it into a table leg. All at once the block of wood began to do some astonishing things. Antonio was glad to get rid of this troublesome piece of wood by giving it to his friend Geppetto, who would make a marionette out of it. Soon Geppetto began having problems, as you will see.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What makes the scene between Antonio and Geppetto a very funny one?
2. What do you think of the advice Pinocchio received from the Talking Cricket?
3. What story incidents show you that Pinocchio was a thoughtless marionette? That Geppetto is a kindhearted man?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

With crayons or paints, illustrate an event from the story which you especially liked.

57 ABE LINCOLN'S CHANCE *Frances Cavanah*

This chapter from the life of Abraham Lincoln deals with Abe's boyhood in Kentucky and Indiana. It tells of his family and friends, his early schooling, and his relationship with Sarah Lincoln, his stepmother. The story is both informative and fresh in its telling. It describes with realism the hardships of pioneer life, and its portrayal of the boy, Abe, is warm and convincing.

MOTIVATION

On February 12, 1809, a baby was born in a log cabin in Kentucky who would grow up to become one of our country's best-loved Presidents. Can you guess his name? As you read about young Abe, you will find that his way of living was quite different from yours. However, you may be surprised to discover that Abe was a boy whose actions and feelings were very much like those of children today.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What kind of shelter did the Lincoln family have when they first went to Pigeon Creek? Write a description of the cabin their neighbors helped them build.
2. Compare Master Crawford's "blab" school with a present-day school.
3. What kind of person was Sarah Lincoln? Explain your answer. Why do you think she will be a good influence on young Abe?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

The "talking animal" book Abe liked best was *Aesop's Fables.* You may enjoy reading some of the stories and telling them to the class.

58 "AWKWARD" ARCHIBALD

Ethelyn M. Parkinson

When Archibald Brewster, with his shiny, chauffeur-driven car, his fine clothes, and his precise speech, enrolls at Brookfield School, he seems quite out of place to the other boys. They make a rather half-hearted effort to accept his differences, and Archibald tries to understand the strange ways of his classmates. Readers are sure to sympathize with Archibald, and they will rejoice when he displays his newly acquired wrestling skills and earns the admiration of his peers.

MOTIVATION

When good old Ralph Jackson left Brookfield School, everyone was sad. For one thing, he was the best runner and hitter on the Bumblebees baseball team. It was pretty disappointing to have a new pupil like Archibald Brewster take Ralph's seat in the classroom. Archibald not only couldn't play baseball; he didn't even seem to have a sense of humor. Then, surprisingly, the boys discovered something Archibald could do better than any of them.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What is amusing about the title of this story?
2. Which home would you prefer to visit, Trent's or Archibald's? Why?
3. Do you think Archibald will ever learn to play baseball? Give reasons for your answer.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Have you known a new classmate who at first seemed out of place? How did he manage to become one of the group?
2. Imagine that you are Archibald Brewster telling your aunt about your first day at Brookfield School. How would you describe the other pupils and their behavior? How would you describe your first visit to the Conway's house?
3. Act out the classroom scene on Archibald's first day at school.

59 AVALANCHE! *A. Rutgers van der Loeff*

This thrilling skiing story is a fine evocation of village life in the Swiss alps. Heavy snow has fallen in the mountains, and the tiny Alpine village is to be evacuated because of the danger of avalanches. But Hans and his son Werner, the best skiers in town, remember the youthful skiing party high in the mountains. They climb up to warn them of the danger, and lead them back by a safer route—but not before the youngest member of the skiing party and Werner are each buried and rescued.

MOTIVATION

Do you know what an avalanche is? Tons of falling snow come thundering down the mountainside, sometimes enough to wipe out a whole town. This story is about a tiny Swiss village threatened by avalanches. Werner and his father have to warn a group of boy skiers, who are staying in a mountain cabin high above the village. Will they be able to lead the boys back safely? This story will tell you all about their exciting skiing adventure.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What have you learned about the Swiss people and their way of living from reading this story?
2. What parts of this story prove each of the following statements? Werner was a brave boy; Werner's father thought of others before himself; Aunt Augusta considered new ideas "fancy nonsense."
3. Explain this remark made by Old John: "A man must work or else he starts thinking too much."

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Write a story, either real or imaginary, about an adventure you had in a snowstorm.
2. Draw or paint a snow scene showing a Swiss village in the Alps.

60 THE NEW GIRL *Ursula Nordstrom*

Many children know what it is like to be forced to adjust to a new school situation and to new friends. It was especially difficult for eight-year-old Victoria North when she first arrived at boarding school—at least, until she made friends with Martha. This is a story that will have special appeal for girls. It may help children understand that feelings of loneliness, homesickness, and apprehension about unfamiliar people and places are emotions common to many children.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever been homesick? If you have, you may understand the feelings of Victoria North, who had to leave home when she was only eight and go off to boarding school. Victoria thought that the first day at school was the worst she had ever lived through, and she dreaded having tomorrow come. But soon she was to find a very special friend. As you read this story, you will discover who it was.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Would you like to have Ann Spear as a friend? Give reasons for your answer.
2. What qualities did Martha have that make you like her? What incidents in the story tell you that Martha may have been lonely?
3. Do you agree with Ann that Victoria was "an awful crybaby"? Why or why not?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. If you have ever been homesick, you may like to talk about it. What was the occasion? How did you feel inside?
2. Do you know a secret language? Make up some special words of your own like "ick-en-spick." Let others try to guess their meanings.

61 INNER SPACE

Helen Wolff Vogel & Mary Leonard Caruso

In the depths of our world's oceans there are not only many kinds of fish to provide food for man, but valuable oil wells and rich deposits of minerals (salt, bromine, magnesium, even uranium). Man is just beginning to explore this "inner space" of the earth and to reap the ocean harvest. The development of better diving equipment, new measuring devices, and special machinery is making this exploration possible.

MOTIVATION

Did you know that some fishes glow in the dark? That others are completely blind? These and many other strange creatures live in the depths of the ocean where there is no light. This story will tell you about them and about the daring men who explore the mysterious underwater world. It will also tell you about the many useful things we are learning to mine from the sea.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why does the author call the oceans "inner space"?
2. What are some difficulties man encounters when he tries to explore the ocean's depths? Describe some new developments that are helping him to overcome some of these difficulties.
3. Mention at least four ways that minerals got into the ocean.
4. Tell why you would, or would not, like to be a diver exploring the underwater world. What qualities would a man need for work of this kind?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Make a picture display showing unusual plants and animals that live deep in the ocean.
2. Find out something about the Loch Ness monster that is reported to live in a lake in Scotland. Do you think that such a creature could possibly exist? Give reasons for your answer.

62 THE YOUNG BALLOONIST

Esther M. Douty

Over 100 years ago, a young boy in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, was experimenting with paper balloons and crude, home-made parachutes. John Wise, whose boyhood dream was to fly, grew up to devote his life to the science of aerostatics and to be called "The Father of American Ballooning." Children will find young John a very likable and believable boy and one they are sure to admire.

MOTIVATION

John Wise was a boy who lived many years ago, long before airplanes were invented. John was convinced that man was made to fly, and he set about trying to prove it. Some of his experiments were pretty exciting. He set fire to a house roof. He gave his cat a frightening parachute ride. He spent a great deal of his time flying kites. Many people thought John Wise a bit odd, but John was not easily discouraged.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Tell whether you agree or disagree with this statement: "It took as much courage to go up in a balloon 200 years ago as it takes to go up in a spaceship today." Give your reasons.
2. In John Wise's day many people believed that if God had meant for men to fly, He would have given them wings. What do you think of this belief?
3. Contrast the reception given John Glenn after his venture into space with that given Pierre Blanchard in 1793. How can you explain the difference?

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

Find out more about the accomplishments of John Wise and tell the class about them.

63 REMARKABLE PIPPI *Astrid Lindgren*

Things were never dull when Pippi Longstocking was around. Just looking at her was an adventure. A freckle-faced redhead with a potato-shaped nose, Pippi added to her natural uniqueness by wearing a patched dress, long stockings, big shoes, and a monkey on her shoulder. Because she had no mother or father to tell her what to do, Pippi could do just about anything she had a mind to—and she had a mind to do plenty. Children will love Pippi because she had more fun with life than any other nine-year-old has ever dared to have.

MOTIVATION

Have you ever known anyone who could lift a horse? Pippi Longstocking could. But that isn't all Pippi could do. She wiggled her toes while she slept and beat pancake batter with a bath-brush. Once she even found a wooden leg in the jungles of Borneo. She also told some pretty tall tales—as you will see when you read this story.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Pippi liked to say that she would always come out on top. What did she mean? Do you think she really will? Why?
2. In what ways was Pippi unusual? Would you like to have her for a friend? Why?
3. What is a Thing-finder? Do you think that Pippi hid the notebook and necklace that Tommy and Annika found? What reason would she have had?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. What were some of the things that Pippi found? Pretend that you are a Thing-finder and make up some stories about your adventures.
2. Tell about the things you would do if you lived all alone as Pippi did.

64 NORTHWEST ADVENTURE

Jerry Seibert

Meriwether Lewis and William Clark are perhaps the most famous pioneers of America's westward movement. Most children are already acquainted with the names of these men who opened the Louisiana Territory to future settlement and development. They may even recognize the name of Sacajawea, the Indian girl who acted as guide for the expedition. The historical background, the personalities of Lewis, Clark, and Sacajawea, and the detailed descriptions of their experiences are woven into an exciting and often humorous adventure story.

MOTIVATION

Imagine what it would be like to explore an area that had been seen only by wild animals and Indians. When Lewis and Clark set out to explore the Louisiana Territory, they embarked on just such an adventure. They encountered dangers—storms and floods, grizzly bears and rattlesnakes—but they met these dangers with determination, courage, and the expert guidance of an Indian girl named Sacajawea.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What were the two "secret reasons" for the Lewis and Clark trip? Which of these two things do you think the expedition succeeded in doing? Why was the other impossible?
2. Tell how the exploring party spent the first winter; the second winter. Why did it take them a whole year to go 1600 miles? Find out how long it would take to make this same trip today by car; by train; by airplane.
3. Which character in this story did you admire most? Explain your answer.

RELATED ACTIVITY FOR THE PUPIL

It is said of the men in this expedition: "They learned to think and act as a team." Explain this sentence in your own words. Give examples from the story to prove that this was true.

65 RIVER OF LIFE *Anne Terry White*

Without the Nile and its great annual flood, Egypt would be a barren desert. But because of the Nile's astonishing length, no one knew why this flood occurred until relatively recently. This is the fascinating account of the explorations that led to the discovery of the Nile's sources, and an explanation of the flood. Furthermore, the problems raised by the periodic flooding of the great river are shown to be largely responsible for the flowering of the ancient Egyptian civilization, one of the "cradles" of Western culture.

MOTIVATION

For thousands of years the Nile River in Egypt was a great puzzle to geographers. Can you imagine a river so long that no one knew where it came from? Less than a hundred years ago, parties of explorers pushed deep into Africa to find the answer. In this book you will go with them across deserts, through steaming jungles and vast swamps, and around huge falls.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Describe the findings of each of the following in their search for the source of the Nile: Diogenes, James Bruce, John Speke, Captain Samuel Baker.
2. What is the significance of the title, *River of Life*?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Draw a large map of the Nile River and the regions through which it flows. Locate the places mentioned in this book.
2. Make a report to the class on the Great Pyramids of Egypt. How were they built, and why?
3. If possible, visit a museum to view some relics of ancient Egyptian civilization.

66 THE SPIRIT OF '76 *Anne Colver*

The story behind this famous painting is a typical American success story. Archibald Willard, once a small-town carriage painter, created a painting that was exhibited at the Centennial celebration in Philadelphia, admired by President Grant, and is still loved by the American people almost a century later.

MOTIVATION

You are probably familiar with the painting, "The Spirit of '76." For almost 100 years people have admired it, although at the time it was first painted it was not considered fine enough to be hung in a gallery in Philadelphia. You can find how the artist won recognition as you read this story.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why is the title of this picture a good one? What is the story the painting tells?
2. Uncle Arch refers to a quotation by an American author named Emerson, who said that if a man builds a better mousetrap, the world will beat a path to his door. Explain this in your own words. How does the saying apply to Archibald Willard's picture?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. "The Spirit of '76" was not hung in Memorial Hall, but paintings by Thomas Gainsborough, Sir Joshua Reynolds, and Benjamin West were shown there. Try to find copies of pictures by these artists and compare them with "The Spirit of '76."
2. At the Centennial, Will heard a woman say that there wasn't much use in boys wanting to be inventors, because everything had already been invented. What do you think of her remark? What are some things that have been invented since 1876?

67 THE SENSATIONAL SCENT AND THE COSMIC COMIC *Robert McCloskey*

This selection contains two hilarious episodes in the life of a boy named Homer Price. The first tells how Homer and his pet skunk, Aroma, stage a dramatic capture of four bandits. The second is a good-natured spoof on the Superman myth. Homer and his friends discover with disillusionment that the invincible Super-Duper of comic books is quite vulnerable in real life.

MOTIVATION

What would you do if you walked into your kitchen one evening to get a snack and found a skunk standing by the icebox? That is exactly what happened to Homer Price. It is a good thing Homer decided to keep the skunk as a pet, because the skunk proved to be useful in catching robbers. This book contains two very funny stories which you are sure to enjoy.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Why is "Aroma" a good name for a pet skunk?
2. What is there about the robbers that made you laugh? Why is the sheriff funny?
3. How did Homer prove that he was both clever and brave?
4. Explain why Freddy did not want Homer to tell his friends about the incident of Super-Duper and the automobile.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. According to Homer, all of Super-Duper's great feats were done by means of trick photography. Try to find out something about these camera tricks used in movies.
2. Write an imaginary story about a skunk, or another strange pet, which you once owned.

68 THE SPACE SHIP UNDER THE APPLE TREE *Louis Slobodkin*

In this story the science-fiction formula of the landing of a flying saucer is treated with a whimsical humor bordering on the tongue-in-cheek. Despite his seeming self-importance, the stiff little man from outer space turns out to be exactly the same age as the young hero—and doesn't impress the boy's grandmother at all! This is mostly for fun, but there is meaning in it too: an affirmation of the virtues of friendship and human warmth.

MOTIVATION

Imagine having a funny little man from outer space as a friend! Eddie first saw him standing on the bottom side of a tree limb and that was only one of the amazing things the peculiar little space traveler could do. You will find out all about him in this story.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What does the word *astral* mean? Describe the Astral Rocket Disk. Explain how it worked.

2. Why do you think the little man could not find the word *friend* in his box? How may he be able to learn the meaning of the word?
3. In what ways do people on Martinea seem different from people on earth?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Tell why you would, or would not, like to live on the planet Martinea.
2. Make a drawing of some part of the planet Martinea.

69 PIONEERS IN MEDICINE

Ruth Fox Hume

The stories of Edward Jenner and Louis Pasteur are two of the greatest success stories in the history of medicine. They are the accounts of the country doctor and of the "mere chemist" who brought to medical practice the revolutionary concepts of preventive medicine and the germ theory of disease.

MOTIVATION

So long as you receive a periodic smallpox vaccination, you may be sure that you will never get smallpox. Most of us today do not even know what smallpox is. But until two hundred years ago it was one of the world's most dreaded diseases. In this story you will learn how Edward Jenner discovered a way to prevent smallpox and how Louis Pasteur used much the same principle to protect the world against many other deadly diseases.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. What was the difference between "true" and "false" cowpox?
2. What do you think about the advice John Hunter gave to Jenner?
3. In Pasteur's search for the causes of human diseases it is said that his "principal obstacle was the medical profession itself." Explain this in your own words. Why did Pasteur prefer to present his new ideas to young doctors?

4. Explain Pasteur's theory of fermentation. How was it different from what most people believed about fermentation?
5. What is pasteurization? How did this process save the wine industry of France?

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Make a report to the class on the Salk polio vaccine and compare it to the vaccines developed by Jenner and Pasteur.
2. Make a report on Joseph Lister and tell what he meant when he wrote that Pasteur's work had revolutionized his own thinking on surgery and surgical procedure.

70 I. S. A. A. C. *Elizabeth Enright*

This is a wonderfully warm story about a family of four lively youngsters, an understanding father, and a comfortably dependable housekeeper. One rainy day the Melendy children organize a unique club. They plan to pool their allowances and thus enable one of their members to attend the theater, the opera, or an art exhibit, each to his own tastes. The characters are convincingly portrayed. The writing is witty, imaginative, richly descriptive.

MOTIVATION

What is there about a rainy day that you like or dislike? The Melendy children had a playroom and plenty of things to do, but they were bored one rainy day until Randy thought up the idea of the I.S.A.A.C. club. Would you like to guess what the letters stand for? This was to be a most unusual club, as you will see.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Does the Melendy family impress you as being a happy one?
2. If you belonged to the I.S.A.A.C. club, and it was your turn to have the allowance money, how would you spend it?
3. This story contains excellent descriptions of a rainy day, a large city during a blizzard, and others. Read aloud a descriptive paragraph that you especially liked.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. If you have attended an opera or a concert, share your experience with the class.
2. Draw a picture illustrating one of the scenes from *Siegfried* described in this story.
3. Write or tell a story about a time when, as the old man predicted, all the machines came alive.

71 SUBMARINES *Edward C. Stephens*

This selection describes in detail the operating principles of submarines. It tells how men are selected and trained as members of the crew and how a commanding officer must be equipped to handle all possible assignments and emergencies. Boys, in particular, will enjoy learning how crew members dress, how they amuse themselves, and what submarine "chow" is like.

MOTIVATION

A submarine, like a surface craft, must be able to float on the surface of the water. It must also be able to submerge and cruise beneath the water at various depths. How do you think this is done? This story will tell you.

TOPICS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. Explain why submarine crew members and officers must be carefully selected and trained.
2. Describe in detail how submarines provide for each of the following: adequate oxygen; fresh water; disposal of waste.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Read about the United States submarine trip under the arctic ice pack. Share what you learn with the class.
2. Give reasons why you would, or would not, like to serve as a member of a submarine crew.
3. Dramatize taking a submarine on a dive. Use the description in the book to help you give the proper orders to the crew.

72 THE MAGIC BED KNOB *Mary Norton*

This is an amusing fantasy about a witch, a flying bed, and three delightful children. The most literal-minded reader will find the witch in this story almost credible. Miss Price is outwardly much like any other neighbor. She is just learning the art of witchcraft and is still not quite confident of her magic powers. When she casts a spell of enchantment on Paul's bed knob, however, it actually does work, and the children make a flying trip to London and back.

MOTIVATION

When Miss Price injured her ankle, the grownups in the neighborhood thought that she had fallen from her bicycle, but Paul, Charles, and Carey knew better. You see, they had discovered the most amazing truth about Miss Price. They agreed not to give away the secret, though. In return, Miss Price gave them a very special kind of magic. It had something to do with a bed knob. You will be surprised when you find what it was.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION OR WRITING

1. How does Miss Price remind you of other storybook witches? How does she seem different?
2. Tell why you do, or do not, like make-believe stories like this one.

RELATED ACTIVITIES FOR THE PUPIL

1. Make up a story about an adventure the children had when the magic bed knob took them on a journey into the past.
2. Imagine that you could go flying away in a magic bed. Where would you choose to go? What would you like to see?
3. Find another good witch story and read or tell it to the class.

3 The Pilot Library and the School Curriculum

The selections in the Pilot Library were chosen primarily for their literary values and for their appeal to young readers. But because of the wide variety of subject matter in the Pilot Books, the Library also lends itself to use in other areas of the school curriculum. Teachers of science and social studies, for example, may wish to assign certain of the books for supplementary or background reading and research relating to some aspect of their subject.

The Social Studies Program

In the selection of the titles for the Pilot Libraries, an effort was made to span the myriad cultures of the world, both past and present, with special emphasis on the relationships between the individual and his environment. Many books deal with famous historical figures, while others explore today's family and community life. Exotic and distant civilizations are placed beside regional studies of the United States and its people.

A number of selections are devoted to exploration and the westward movement across the North American continent, while others treat such topics as practical invention, education, the evolution of culture—to name only a few. Through the Pilot Library, a student may cover a period from the Stone Age to the Space Age.

The Science Program

Many of the Pilot Books deal with science. The selections devoted to space travel, ballooning, and submarines, for example, offer informative and readable material in areas of interest to young students of astronomy, aerodynamics, and nuclear propulsion. There are general introductions to geology, paleontology, and oceanography; biographical sketches of famous scientists; and selections that help to develop an increased awareness of the scientific approach to problem-solving. As reference materials, as a basis for individual reports and projects, or as motivation for study in any of several scientific fields, the Pilot Books will be a valuable addition to the school's science program.

The Correlation Chart

The chart that follows this section shows the correlation between the Pilot Books and the Power Builders in Reading Laboratory IIa, as well as with wider areas of the school curriculum.

In the first column each Pilot Book is listed by number, title, and author. Next, the related Power Builders in Reading Laboratory IIa are given by color, number, and title. The starred title is the one to which the Pilot Book is specifically matched for subject or theme and reading level. The other Power Builders have a similar, though sometimes less immediate, subject and reading level relationship.

On the facing page, under the headings "Literature," "Social Studies," and "Science," a key word or phrase indicates the relationship of the Pilot Books with an area of the curriculum. Thus Pilot Book No. 3, *Mr. Meeker Heads West,* is a humorous adventure story; it also deals in a lighthearted fashion with some of the hardships faced by the pioneers of the American West. Pilot Book No. 5, *The World of Rocks,* is a colorful introduction to basic geology, with special attention to man's dependence upon minerals. It is therefore easy to select Pilot Books that will extend and reinforce lessons learned in the social studies and science classes.

Pilot Library IIa

CORRELATION WITH POWER BUILDERS

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
1 TOM BENN AND BLACKBEARD by Le Grand	**Blue 3* *Orange 12* *Brown 4*	Blackbeard the Pirate Stubborn Captain Cook Around the World in Three Years
2 WHO CAN IT BE? by John Ciardi		
3 MR. MEEKER HEADS WEST by Miriam E. Mason	**Orange 7* *Orange 5* *Olive 4*	Take the House, Too! The Great Feast How Our Mail Began
4 FOR SALE: RAZBURYAIDE by Carolyn Haywood		
5 THE WORLD OF ROCKS by Anne Terry White	**Olive 11* *Olive 2* *Tan 1* *Aqua 5*	Heat Under Your Feet Life on Other Planets? In Less Than Two Seconds The Power of Rocks
6 THE LAST LITTLE CAT by Meindert DeJong	**Olive 8* *Orange 10* *Green 8*	Warning! Robbers, Beware! Simba, the Pet Lion His Highness, the Cat
7 WHY? by Irving and Ruth Adler	**Orange 9* *Brown 3* *Brown 10* *Green 12*	How Big Is Big? Lost? Space Problems What Is Sound?

**Indicates Power Builders to which Pilot Books are specifically matched.*

Correlation Chart

CORRELATION WITH CURRICULUM

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Pirate adventure Humor	American colonial life Pirates of the Atlantic coast	
Poetry Humor		
Pioneer adventure Humor	Westward movement: Indians/Oregon Trail/ wagon trains	
Humorous family story	Earning money	
Nonfiction: geology		Geology Rocks: origins/ formation/uses
Animal story: cat		
Nonfiction: general science		Everyday applications of basic science concepts

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
8 DISCOVERING DINOSAURS by Glenn O. Blough	*Orange 1 Orange 6 Blue 4	Large Animals of Long Ago A Baby Elephant Giant Killers!
9 PIRATE WATERS by Clyde Robert Bulla	*Brown 4 Blue 3 Brown 5	Around the World in Three Years Blackbeard the Pirate The Room of Gold
10 EDDIE AND HIS CATS by Carolyn Haywood	*Green 8 Olive 8 Brown 8	His Highness, the Cat Warning! Robbers, Beware! Mr. Possum Goes to Town
11 SUDDEN MARY by Emma L. Brock		
12 KICKAPOO by Miska Miles	*Brown 9 Olive 5 Red 2	Bob's Brand There's No Place Like Home The Fox Who Thought He Was a Dog
13 CRAZY ABOUT BOATS by Neil Anderson	*Brown 4 Blue 2 Red 8	Around the World in Three Years The Surprising Mr. Fulton The Mayflower Did It Again
14 BILLY'S RACCOON by Marion Holland	*Brown 8 Olive 6 Red 11	Mr. Possum Goes to Town Crazy 'Coon? When Fish Go Fishing
15 YOUNG KIT CARSON by Augusta Stevenson	*Green 1 Blue 1 Red 7 Tan 5	Indian Fighter Davy Crockett Buffalo Bill The Run of the Spear

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Nonfiction: paleontology	Career: paleontologist	Paleontology Dinosaurs: descriptions/fossils
Sea adventure	Bond servitude in American colonies Life aboard a sailing ship Value of personal freedom	
Humorous family story Animal story: cats		
Family story Ballet	Working to achieve a goal Self-improvement	
Humorous family story Animal story: mule		
Family story	Working to achieve a goal	
Humorous family story Animal story: raccoon		Raccoons: habits and characteristics
Biography: Kit Carson Frontier adventure	Life in a frontier settlement Cooperation in the family and community	

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
16 THE SNAKE THAT WENT TO SCHOOL by Lilian Moore	*Brown 7 Brown 2 Green 4	Bill Milks Cobras Look Out for Mr. Rattlesnake Clowns of the Animal World
17 MEET MR. SNAKE by Bessie M. Hecht	*Brown 2 Brown 7 Tan 8	Look Out for Mr. Rattlesnake Bill Milks Cobras A Natural Radar System
18 CHRISTMAS IN THE LITTLE HOUSE by Laura Ingalls Wilder	*Brown 6 Red 6 Tan 6	Living at the South Pole Wolf on the Prowl When Christmas Went Outdoors
19 PLANT WIZARD by May McNeer and Lynd Ward	*Brown 11 Red 3 Gold 2 Gold 9	Booker T. Washington Millions of Grasshoppers The Man Who Disobeyed Thomas Edison Irrigation—the Hard Way!
20 WHITEY ROPES AND RIDES by Glen Rounds	*Brown 9 Tan 4	Bob's Brand No Cowboys Allowed
21 SQUANTO: FRIEND OF THE WHITE MEN by Clyde Robert Bulla	*Red 1 Brown 5 Green 11	Thanks to the Indians The Room of Gold Making Friends with Japan
22 HORSE SENSE by Anita Feagles	*Red 2 Brown 9	The Fox Who Thought He Was a Dog Bob's Brand
23 LITTLE PEAR by Eleanor Frances Lattimore	*Tan 11 Tan 7	Adventure on Ice Whirly to the Rescue

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Humorous family story Animal story: snake		
Nonfiction: herpetology	Career: herpetologist	Herpetology Snakes: general characteristics/ suitability as pets
Family story Christmas story	Wisconsin wilderness Family relationships Christmas customs	
Biography: George Washington Carver	Value of education South during the Reconstruction Career: horticulturist	Horticulture
Humorous western story		
Biography: Squanto Indian adventure	Exploration and settlement of North America	
Fanciful horse story		
Family story	China: people and customs Family relationships	

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
24 A POCKETFUL OF POEMS selected by Hazel Wilson		
25 RIBSY AND THE P.T.A. by Beverly Cleary	*Brown 8* *Red 4* *Tan 2*	Mr. Possum Goes to Town He Never Gave Up Four-Legged Detective
26 THE MAYFLOWER by Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft	**Red 8* *Brown 4* *Aqua 9*	The Mayflower Did It Again Around the World in Three Years We're on Our Way to the Moon!
27 FREDDY THE DETECTIVE by Walter R. Brooks	**Tan 2* *Olive 8*	Four-Legged Detective Warning! Robbers, Beware!
28 INDIAN BROTHER by Hazel Wilson	**Tan 5* *Red 1* *Red 6* *Gold 10*	The Run of the Spear Thanks to the Indians Wolf on the Prowl Boy or Man
29 FIERY FURNACE by Robert Irving	**Tan 1* *Purple 9*	In Less Than Two Seconds Our World—Forever Changing
30 PEDDLER'S BOY by Julie Forsyth Batchelor	**Red 9* *Red 6* *Gold 10*	The Story of Money Wolf on the Prowl Boy or Man
31 THE FAIRY TALE TREE by Vladislav Stanovsky and Jan Vladislav		

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Poetry collection		
Humorous dog story		
Historical adventure	Voyage of the Mayflower The Pilgrims	
Fanciful animal story		
Indian adventure	Maine wilderness: hunting and survival Relationships with others	Survival in the wilderness
Nonfiction: volcanoes	Effects of volcanoes on ancient and modern cities	Volcanoes: formation/ types/characteristics/ Famous active volcanoes
Adventure story	Colonial America: daily life/commerce	
Folk and fairy tales	Humor and morality in other lands	

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
32 LONG HUNTER by William O. Steele	*Red 7 Green 1 Gold 10	Buffalo Bill Indian Fighter Boy or Man
33 SMALL BUT WIRY by Eleanor Estes	*Tan 9 Purple 3	The Indian Whiz A Great Moment
34 OWLS IN THE FAMILY by Farley Mowat	*Tan 8 Green 4 Aqua 8	A Natural Radar System Clowns of the Animal World No Two Are Alike
35 BRAVE JIMMY STONE by Elliott Arnold	*Red 5 Brown 3 Tan 7 Tan 11	Lost in the Antarctic Lost? Whirly to the Rescue Adventure on Ice
36 STUART LITTLE by E. B. White		
37 MAN ON THE MOON by James Throneburg	*Red 10 Gold 1 Gold 4 Aqua 6 Aqua 9	Snooper Eighteen Thousand Miles An Hour All Aboard for the Space Station Pioneers of Space Flight We're on Our Way to the Moon!
38 BRUNO FINDS A FRIEND by Michael-Aimé Baudouy	*Red 2 Green 7	The Fox Who Thought He Was a Dog "Grizzly" Adams
39 BALLOONS FLY HIGH by Lynn and Gray Poole	*Red 12 Green 5 Red 10 Tan 10	The Early Birds 100,000 Feet Straight Up! Snooper Uncle Sam's Smoke Jumpers

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Frontier adventure Indian adventure	Life on the western frontier Choosing a career	
Humorous sports story	Good sportsmanship	
Humorous family story Animal story: owls		Owls: characteristics/ habits/diet
Adventure story	Learning the meaning of courage and responsibility	Survival in the wilderness
Fanciful mouse story Family story		
Nonfiction: space travel	Problems of space travel Career: astronaut	Space travel: rockets/ survival in space/ landing on the moon
Animal story: bear		Bears: habits and characteristics
Nonfiction: ballooning Biography: pioneer aeronauts		History of balloon flights Construction and operation of lighter-than-air craft Air currents

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
40 THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN by Elizabeth Coatsworth	*Red 4 Tan 11	He Never Gave Up Adventure on Ice
41 BATTER UP! by Matt Christopher	*Gold 3 Tan 9 Gold 6 Purple 3	Baseball's One-Day Wonders The Indian Whiz Explosion at Yankee Stadium A Great Moment
42 PETE'S DOG by Molly Cone	Brown 8 Red 4 Tan 2	Mr. Possum Goes to Town He Never Gave Up Four-Legged Detective
43 LINA AND THE STORKS by Meindert DeJong	Green 10	Traffic on the Flyways
44 THE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL by Mary and Conrad Buff	Olive 1 Brown 5 Tan 5	William Tell Retold The Room of Gold The Run of the Spear
45 MOONEYED HOUND by Billy C. Clark	*Gold 10 Red 4 Aqua 1	Boy or Man He Never Gave Up Almost One Second Too Late
46 THE CRICKET IN TIMES SQUARE by George Selden		
47 KEO THE CAVE BOY by Lois Hamilton Fuller	*Gold 10 Gold 9 Rose 7	Boy or Man Irrigation—the Hard Way! The Mysterious Sky

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Morality tale Animal story: cat	Buddhist religion Japan: beliefs/customs/ social relationships Value of piety	
Sports story: baseball	Helping others achieve a goal	
Humorous dog story Family story		
Fiction: Storks bring friendship	Holland: people and customs	Nesting habits of storks
Historical adventure Biography: William and Walter Tell	Switzerland in the Middle Ages: government/ customs/family life Swiss fight for freedom	
Animal story: dog	Meaning and value of faith Kentucky: hill life/ hunting/family relationships	
Fanciful animal story	City and country life New York City	
Prehistoric adventure	Prehistoric cave life: hunting/family relationships/community cooperation	

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
48 A SHORT BOOK OF TALL TALES by Irwin Shapiro	*Gold 5 Purple 8 Rose 8	The Kid with Asbestos Feet Unbelievable Feats Fact or Fancy
49 CAPE COD ADVENTURE by Elizabeth Coatsworth	*Gold 12 Gold 7 Aqua 10	What Makes the Wind Blow? Adventure in the Sky Trip to the Ocean Floor
50 COUGAR by Rutherford Montgomery	*Aqua 1 Aqua 8 Rose 1	Almost One Second Too Late No Two Are Alike Do Animals Think?
51 MR. POPPER'S PENGUIN by Richard and Florence Atwater	*Aqua 8 Rose 1	No Two Are Alike Do Animals Think?
52 HENRY FORD'S DREAM by Miriam Gilbert	*Aqua 2 Gold 2 Purple 7 Rose 12	Floating on Air The Man Who Disobeyed Thomas Edison Pioneers of the Atomic Age There's a Job in Your Future
53 SIMBA OF THE WHITE MANE by Jocelyn Arundel	*Aqua 1 Orange 10 Gold 10	Almost One Second Too Late Simba, the Pet Lion Boy or Man
54 THE STORY OF THE ICE AGE by Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames	*Aqua 5 Gold 9 Purple 9	The Power of Rocks Irrigation—the Hard Way! Our World—Forever Changing
55 LADY WITH A LAMP by Margaret Leighton	*Aqua 12 Rose 3 Silver 1	Angel of the Battlefield Wings for a Girl Tom Dooley's "Morning"

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Tall tales	Westward expansion	
Adventure story	Cooperation in time of danger	
Animal story: cougar		Cougar: breeding habits/hunting/ caring for the young
Humorous family story Animal story: penguin		Penguins: characteristics and habits
Biography: Henry Ford	Choosing a career Working toward a goal Michigan farm life Career: Inventor	Early machinery Mass production Automobile industry
African adventure story Animal story: lion	Africa: people/customs/ terrain	Animals of the African plains
Nonfiction: geology anthropology paleontology	Prehistoric communities Cave paintings	Animals of the ice ages Glacial action
Biography: Florence Nightingale	Crimean War Organization of British Army Nurse Corps Career: nursing	

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
56 PINOCCHIO by Carlo Collodi		
57 ABE LINCOLN'S CHANCE by Frances Cavanah	*Rose 5 Purple 3 Silver 12	New Eye for the News A Great Moment What Is Civilization?
58 "AWKWARD" ARCHIBALD by Ethelyn M. Parkinson	*Purple 3	A Great Moment
59 AVALANCHE! by A. Rutgers van der Loeff	*Purple 12 Purple 4	Superhuman Courage Rain—When You Want It?
60 THE NEW GIRL by Ursula Nordstrom	*Purple 3	A Great Moment
61 INNER SPACE by Helen Wolff Vogel and Mary L. Caruso	*Rose 10 Purple 6 Rose 11 Silver 7	The Secret World Into the Deep Water Around Us The Pearl of Allah
62 THE YOUNG BALLOONIST by Esther M. Douty	*Rose 9 Purple 11 Silver 10	Flying Gasbags Only Nine Days Overdue The First Sailor
63 REMARKABLE PIPPI by Astrid Lindgren		
64 NORTHWEST ADVENTURE by Jerry Seibert	*Rose 2 Purple 12 Silver 4	John Muir, Fighter for Nature Superhuman Courage Under the Arctic Ice

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Fanciful tale		
Biography: Abraham Lincoln	Frontier life and education Learning responsibility Adapting to others	
Humorous family story	Relationships with others	
Adventure story	Swiss Alps Relationships with others	Avalanches
Fiction: Boarding school adventures	Homesickness Relationships with others	
Nonfiction: oceanography skin diving	Conservation	Oceanography Inhabitants of the sea Obtaining minerals from the sea
Biography: John Wise	Public resistance to new ideas Working to achieve a goal	Early days of ballooning
Fanciful humor		
Biography: Meriwether Lewis William Clark Sacajawea	Exploration of the Louisiana Purchase Indians of the northwest plains	

Pilot Book	Power Builders	
65 RIVER OF LIFE by Anne Terry White	*Purple 2 Silver 10 Silver 12	Junks of the Yangtze The First Sailor What Is Civilization?
66 THE SPIRIT OF '76 by Anne Colver	*Silver 11	The Fabulous "Mr. Blues"
67 THE SENSATIONAL SCENT AND THE COSMIC COMIC by Robert McCloskey	*Silver 3 Aqua 8	The Mighty Kono No Two Are Alike
68 THE SPACE SHIP UNDER THE APPLE TREE by Louis Slobodkin	*Silver 5 Silver 8 Silver 9	Amateur Astronomers Tools—Yesterday, Today, Tomorrow Project Mercury
69 PIONEERS IN MEDICINE by Ruth Fox Hume	*Silver 1 Rose 6 Silver 2	Tom Dooley's "Morning" Your Future in Science Superstition—or Science?
70 I.S.A.A.C. by Elizabeth Enright	*Silver 11	The Fabulous "Mr. Blues"
71 SUBMARINES by Edward C. Stephens	*Silver 4 Rose 4 Silver 10	Under the Arctic Ice Sailing in Modern Times The First Sailor
72 THE MAGIC BED KNOB by Mary Norton		

Literature	Social Studies	Science
Nonfiction: anthropology archaeology	Ancient Egyptian Civilization: origins/ people/science/ dependence upon Nile	Ancient Egyptian sciences
Biography: Archibald Willard William Colver	The painting of "The Spirit of '76" Philadelphia Centennial Exhibition	
Humor Animal story: skunk		
Humorous science fiction		
Biography: William Jenner Louis Pasteur	Public resistance to new ideas	Medicine: smallpox vaccination/ bacteriology Nineteenth century medical theories
Family story	Family relationships	
Nonfiction: submarines	Career: U.S. Navy	Nuclear submarines Submarine operating principles
Fantasy Humor		

APPENDIX I

Recommended Books

The following books are suggested as additional reading for children eight to ten years of age. The number in parentheses following the title is the number of the Pilot Book to which it is related by subject matter and average reading level.

Abraham Lincoln: Friend of the People (57)
Clara Judson

Adopted Jane (60)
Helen F. Daringer

All About Strange Beasts of the Past (54)
Roy Chapman Andrews

All About Volcanoes and Earthquakes (29)
Frederick H. Pough

All Alone (64)
Claire Huchet Bishop

All-Of-A-Kind Family (70)
Sydney Taylor

Away Goes Sally (30)
Elizabeth Coatsworth

Ballet Shoes (11)
Noel Streatfeild

Bambi (38)
Felix Salten

Baseball for Young Champions (41)
Robert J. Antonacci and Jene Barr

Baseball Pals (41)
Matt Christopher

A Bear Called Padington (22)
Michael Bond

Beezus and Ramona (25)
Beverly Cleary

Before and After Dinosaurs (8)
Lois and Louis Darling

The Bells of Bleecker Street (58, 70)
Valenti Angelo

Ben and Me (36, 46)
Robert Lawson

Betsy-Tacy (4)
Maud H. Lovelace

The Big Cats (53)
Herbert S. Zim

Billy and Blaze (22)
C. W. Anderson

Black Within and Red Without (2)
edited by Lillian Morrison

Blanche of the Blueberry Barrens (49)
Anne Molloy

Boomerang Hunter (47)
Jim Kjelgaard

The Borrowers (72)
Mary Norton

Bright April (33)
Marguerite de Angeli

Brighty of the Grand Canyon (20)
Marguerite Henry

Bubo: the Great Horned Owl (34)
John and Jean George

Buffalo Bill (15)
Mary R. Davidson

Burma Boy (53)
Willis Lindquist

Buzztail: The Story of a Rattlesnake (17)
Robert McClung

The Cabin Faced West (18)
Jean Fritz

Caddie Woodlawn (18)
Carol Ryrie Brink

Call Me Charley (58)
Jesse Jackson

Carcajou (50)
Rutherford Montgomery

Carver's George (19)
Florence Crannell Means

Castaways in Lilliput (63)
Henry Winterfeld

Cats for Kansas (10)
LeGrand

The Cats Stand Accused (27)
J. David Townsend

Cavalcade of Young Americans (19)
edited by Carl Carmer

The Cave of Spears (47)
Lester del Rey

Centerburg Tales (67)
Robert McCloskey

The Cheerful Heart (43)
Elizabeth Gray

The Children of Green Knowe (63, 72)
L. M. Boston

Children of the Covered Wagon (3)
Mary Carr

Christmas on the Mayflower (26)
Wilma Pitchford

Christopher Goes to the Castle (44)
Janice Holland

Cinders (36, 56)
Katherine Gibson

The City Under the Back Steps (68)
Evelyn S. Lampman

The Civil War (57)
Fletcher Pratt

Clara Barton (55)
Helen D. Boylston

Clarence, the TV Dog (42)
Patricia Lauber

Clown Dog (22, 42)
Lavina Davis

The Courage of Dr. Lister (69)
Iris Noble

Crictor (16)
Tomi Ungerer

Dancing Cloud (15)
Mary and Conrad Buff

Daniel Boone (64)
James Daugherty

Daughter of the Mountains (40)
Louise Rankin

Depend on Katie John (33)
Mary Calhoun

DeSoto: Finder of the Mississippi (64)
Ronald Syme

Dinosaurs (8)
Marie Halun Bloch

The Door in the Wall (44)
Marguerite de Angeli

The Early Days of Automobiles (52)
Elizabeth Janeway

Eddie and Gardenia (14)
Carolyn Haywood

Eddie and His Big Deals (4, 25)
Carolyn Haywood

Elf Owl (34)
Mary and Conrad Buff

Eli Whitney and the Machine Age (52)
Wilma P. Hays

Elin's Amerika (26)
Marguerite de Angeli

Ellen Tebbits (4, 60)
Beverly Cleary

Elsa (6, 53)
Joy Adamson

Emil and the Detective (27)
Erich Kastner

The Expandable Browns (33, 58)
Adele and Cateau De Leeuw

Exploring under the Sea (61)
Marie Neurath

The Fabulous Firework Family (23)
James Flora

Family Grandstand (70)
Carol Ryrie Brink

First Adventure (26)
Elizabeth Coatsworth

First Book of Baseball (41)
Benjamin Brewster

The First Book of Early Settlers (15, 21)
Louise Dickinson Rich

The First Book of Ships (13)
Jeanne Bendick

The First Book of Snakes (17)
John Hoke

The First Book of Submarines (71)
Captain J. B. Icenhower

The First Book of the Earth (29)
Irene O. Sevrey

First Steps in Ballet (11)
Thalia Mara and Lee Wyndham

The First 3,000 Years (65)
C. B. Falls

First under the North Pole (71)
William R. Anderson

Five Boys in a Cave (49)
Richard Church

Five Chinese Brothers (23)
Claire H. Bishop

Flaming Arrows (32)
William O. Steele

Flights That Made History (62)
David C. Cooke

Freddy Goes to Florida (27)
Walter R. Brooks

Frederick Douglass (57)
Arna Bontemps

Frédou (6)
Mary Stolz

Freedom Train (57)
Dorothy Sterling

Frosty (25)
Clare Turlay Newberry

Fun with Ballet (11)
Mae Freeman

Gift of the Forest (40)
R. Lal Singh and Eloise Lownsbery

The Gift of the River (65)
Enid L. Meadowcroft

The Golden Book of Aviation (39, 62)
John Lewellen and Irwin Shapiro

The Golden Book of Science (7)
Bertha M. Parker

Gone-Away Lake (49)
Elizabeth Enright

The Good Master (43)
Kate Seredy

Grishka and the Bear (38)
René Guillot

Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates (43)
Mary Mapes Dodge

The Happy Days (43)
Yong-ik Kim

Hari: The Jungle Lad (53)
Dhan Gopal Mukerji

Hat for a Hero (35)
Laura Bannon

Haunt Fox (45, 50)
Jim Kjelgaard

The Helen Keller Story (55)
Catherine O. Peare

Henry Huggins (14)
Beverly Cleary

Herbert (14)
Hazel Wilson

Here Comes Kristie (20)
Emma L. Brock

Hitty: Her First Hundred Years (26)
Rachel Field

Holding the Fort with Daniel Boone (15)
Enid L. Meadowcroft

Hominy and His Blunt-Nosed Arrow (28)
Miriam Mason

Honk, the Moose (38)
Phil Stong

Hoof-Beats of Freedom (44)
Helen Fuller Orton

Horses, Horses, Horses (20)
edited by Phyllis R. Fenner

How Atomic Submarines Are Made (71)
David C. Cooke

The Hundred and One Dalmatians (63)
Dodie Smith

The Hundred Dresses (60)
Eleanor Estes

In Woods and Fields (16)
Margaret Waring Buck

Indian Picture Writing (28)
Robert Hofsinde

The Indians Knew (21)
Tillie S. Pine

John Billington, Friend of Squanto (21, 26)
Clyde Robert Bulla

Journey Cake (3)
Isabel McMeekin

Junket (45)
Anne H. White

Kashtanka (45)
Anton Chekhov

Keep the Wagons Moving (3)
West Lathrop

The Land We Live On (29, 54)
Carroll and Mildred A. Fenton

Leatherneck (71)
C. B. Colby

Lee and Grant at Appomattox (57)
MacKinlay Kantor

A Lemon and a Star (33, 67)
E. C. Spykman

Leonardo Da Vinci (66)
Elizabeth Ripley

Let's Give a Show (11)
Bill and Sue Severn

Life in the Ancient World (65)
Bart Winer

A Likely Story (56)
Mary Lavin

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe (72)
C. S. Lewis

Lions on the Hunt (50)
Theodore J. Waldeck

Little House on the Prairie (18)
Laura Ingalls Wilder

Little League Champions (41)
Joseph Olgin

Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain (1, 9)
Edward Ardizzone

The Lone Hunt (47)
William O. Steele

Lost Worlds (65)
Anne Terry White

The Magic Chalk (56)
Zinken Hopp

The Magician's Nephew (56)
C. S. Lewis

Marshmallow (6)
Clare Turlay Newberry

Mary Jane (60)
Dorothy Sterling

Mary Poppins (72)
Pamela L. Travers

Matchlock Gun (32)
Walter D. Edmonds

Matthew Looney's Voyage to the Earth (68)
Jerome Beatty

Meadows in the Sea (61)
Alida Malkus

Meg of Heron's Neck (13)
Elizabeth Ladd

Mei Li (23)
Thomas Handforth

Men of Medicine (69)
Katherine B. Shippen

Michelangelo (66)
Elizabeth Ripley

Miss Hickory (56)
Carolyn Sherwin Bailey

Miss Pickerell Goes to Mars (68)
Ellen MacGregor

Mr. Bell Invents the Telephone (66)
Katherine B. Shippen

The Mountain Door (63)
Rosalie Fry

Mouse House (22)
Rumer Godden

The Mousewife (36)
Rumer Godden

My Father's Dragon (51)
Ruth S. Gannett

My Village in Switzerland (64)
Sonia and Tim Gidal

Mystery of Eel Island (49)
Irene Bowen

Nate and the Traveling Store (30)
Elizabeth Holden

New Tall Tales of Pecos Bill (48)
Harold Felton

Now I Know (7)
Julius Schwartz

Off into Space! (37)
Margaret O. Hyde

Ol' Paul the Mighty Logger (48)
Glen Rounds

Old Mrs. Billups and the Black Cats (6)
Ruth Carroll

Old One-Toe (38)
Michel-Aimé Baudouy

The Ordeal of the Young Hunter (28, 35)
Jonreed Lauritzen

Padre Porko (27)
Robert Davis

Pagoo (61)
Holling C. Holling

The Peg-Legged Pirate of Sulu (1, 9)
Cora Cheney

Penguins (51)
Louis Darling

Penguins on Parade (51)
Patricia Lauber

Pet of the Met (16)
Lydia and Don Freeman

Peter Pan (9)
James Barrie

Pictures to Live With (66)
edited by Bryan Holme

A Place for Peter (35)
Elizabeth Yates

Plug-Horse Derby (12)
Emma L. Brock

Pocahontas (21)
Ingri and Edgar P. d'Aulaire

Prehistoric World (54)
Carroll Fenton

Queen Victoria (55)
Noel Streatfeild

Rabbit Hill (51)
Robert Lawson

The Red Balloon (23)
Albert Lamorisse

Riding the Pony Express (12)
Clyde R. Bulla

Ring-A-Round (2)
edited by Mildred P. Harrington

River Dragon (32)
Carl D. Lane

Rockets into Space (37)
Alexander L. Crosby and Nancy Larrick

Rocks, Rivers, and the Changing Earth (5)
Herman and Nina Schneider

The Rooster Crows (2)
edited by Maud and Miska Petersham

Rufus M. (10)
Eleanor Estes

Schoolroom Zoo (16)
Catherine Woolley

Science Can Be Fun (7)
Munro Leaf

Scottish Folk-Tales and Legends (48)
Barbara K. Wilson

Secret of the Andes (64)
Ann Nolan Clark

Sensible Kate (33)
Doris Gates

The Seven Special Cats (40, 46)
Richard Koenig

Simpson (12)
Lee Jones

Sitting Bull: Dakota Boy (64)
Augusta Stevenson

Slim Green (17)
Louise and Norman Harris
Snow (54)
Thelma Bell
Snow Treasure (64)
Marie McSwigan
Space Cat (40)
Ruthven Todd
Space Ship: The Story of the X-15 (37)
Irwin Stambler
Spider Web for Two (70)
Elizabeth Enright
Story of Ferdinand (27)
Munro Leaf
The Story of People (65)
May Edel
The Storybook of Science (7)
Earl Schenck Miers
The Sword in the Tree (44)
Clyde Robert Bulla
Tales from Silver Lands (48)
Charles J. Finger
That Jud! (58)
Elspeth Bragdon
That Summer on Catalpa Street (58)
Louise Pliss
They Were Strong and Good (19, 44)
Robert Lawson
Throw Stone: The First American Boy (47, 54)
E. B. Sayles and Mary E. Stevens
Tom Edison: Boy Inventor (52)
Sue Guthridge
The Tough Winter (46)
Robert Lawson
Trigger John's Son (67)
Tom Robinson
The Troublemaker (13)
Irma S. Black
The True Book of Dinosaurs (8)
Mary Lou Clark
Twenty-One Balloons (39)
Williame Pène du Bois
Underwater and Sea Adventure (61)
Patrick Ellam
The Uninvited Donkey (12)
Anne H. White
Voyage of the Sea Wind (1, 9)
Hetty B. Beatty
The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle (46)
Hugh Lofting
Wee Gillis (23)
Munro Leaf
The Well-Wishers (63)
Edward Eager
What's Inside of Engines? (52)
Herbert S. Zim
Whirlybirds: The Story of Helicopters (39)
Edwin P. Hoyt
The White Panther (50, 53)
Theodore Waldeck
Whitey and the Wild Horse (20)
Glen Rounds
The Wild Goose Tale (34)
Wilson Gage
Wings Against the Wind (43)
Natalie Carlson
Winning of the West (64)
Harold McCracken
The Wonderful Egg (8)
Ipcar Dahlov
The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet (68)
Eleanor Cameron
Wonders of the Human Body (69)
Anthony Ravielli
Wonders of the World between the Tides (49)
Norman H. Wakeman
The Wright Brothers (52, 62)
Quentin Reynolds
Yankee Doodle's Cousins (66)
Anne Malcolmson

APPENDIX II

Books and Authors Represented in Pilot Library IIa

Listed by Pilot Book Number

1 Tom Benn and Blackbeard the Pirate
Le Grand

2 I Met a Man
John Ciardi

3 Young Mr. Meeker and His Exciting Journey to Oregon
Miriam E. Mason

4 Betsy's Busy Summer
Carolyn Haywood

5 Rocks All Around Us
Anne Terry White

6 The Last Little Cat
Meindert DeJong

7 Why? A Book of Reasons
Irving and Ruth Adler

8 Discovering Dinosaurs
Glenn O. Blough

9 Pirate's Promise
Clyde Robert Bulla

10 Little Eddie
Carolyn Haywood

11 Ballet for Mary
Emma L. Brock

12 Kickapoo
Miska Miles

13 Buzz Wants a Boat
Neil Anderson

14 Billy Had a System
Marion Holland

15 Kit Carson: Boy Trapper
Augusta Stevenson

16 The Snake That Went to School
Lilian Moore

17 All About Snakes
Bessie M. Hecht

18 Little House in the Big Woods
Laura Ingalls Wilder

19 Armed with Courage
May McNeer and Lynd Ward

20 Whitey Ropes and Rides
Glen Rounds

21 Squanto: Friend of the White Men
Clyde Robert Bulla

22 Casey, The Utterly Impossible Horse
Anita Feagles

23 Little Pear
Eleanor Frances Lattimore

24 An original poetry anthology
edited by Hazel Wilson

25 Henry and Ribsy
Beverly Cleary

26 The First Year
Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft

27 Freddy the Detective
Walter R. Brooks

28 His Indian Brother
Hazel Wilson

29 Volcanoes and Earthquakes
Robert Irving

30 Tim and the Purple Whistle
Julie Forsyth Batchelor

31 The Fairy Tale Tree
retold by Vladislav Stanovsky and Jan Vladislav

32 The Buffalo Knife
William O. Steele

33 The Middle Moffat
Eleanor Estes

34 Owls in the Family
Farley Mowat

35 Brave Jimmy Stone
Elliott Arnold
36 Stuart Little
E. B. White
37 Man on the Moon
James Throneburg
38 Bruno, King of the Mountain
Michel-Aimé Baudouy
39 Balloons Fly High
Lynn and Gray Poole
40 The Cat Who Went to Heaven
Elizabeth Coatsworth
41 Long Stretch at First Base
Matt Christopher
42 Mishmash
Molly Cone
43 The Wheel on the School
Meindert DeJong
44 The Apple and the Arrow
Mary and Conrad Buff
45 The Mooneyed Hound
Billy C. Clark
46 The Cricket in Times Square
George Selden
47 Keo the Cave Boy
Lois Hamilton Fuller
48 Tall Tales of America
Irwin Shapiro
49 Plum Daffy Adventure
Elizabeth Coatsworth
50 Cougar
Rutherford Montgomery
51 Mr. Popper's Penguins
Richard and Florence Atwater
52 Henry Ford: Maker of the Model T
Miriam Gilbert
53 Simba of the White Mane
Jocelyn Arundel
54 The Story of the Ice Age
Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames
55 The Story of Florence Nightingale
Margaret Leighton
56 Adventures of Pinocchio
Carlo Collodi
57 Abe Lincoln Gets His Chance
Frances Cavanah
58 Good Old Archibald
Ethelyn M. Parkinson
59 Avalanche!
A. Rutgers van der Loeff
60 The Secret Language
Ursula Nordstrom
61 Ocean Harvest
Helen Wolff Vogel and Mary L. Caruso
62 Ball in the Sky
Esther M. Douty
63 Pippi Longstocking
Astrid Lindgren
64 Sacajawea: Guide to Lewis and Clark
Jerry Seibert
65 All About Great Rivers of the World
Anne Terry White
66 Yankee Doodle Painter
Anne Colver
67 Homer Price
Robert McCloskey
68 The Space Ship under the Apple Tree
Louis Slobodkin
69 Great Men of Medicine
Ruth Fox Hume
70 The Saturdays
Elizabeth Enright
71 Submarines
Edward C. Stephens
72 The Magic Bed-Knob
Mary Norton

APPENDIX III

List of Pilot Books

1 Tom Benn and Blackbeard
2 Who Can It Be?
3 Mr. Meeker Heads West
4 For Sale: Razburyaide
5 The World of Rocks
6 The Last Little Cat
7 Why?
8 Discovering Dinosaurs
9 Pirate Waters
10 Eddie and His Cats
11 Sudden Mary
12 Kickapoo
13 Crazy About Boats
14 Billy's Raccoon
15 Young Kit Carson
16 The Snake That Went to School
17 Meet Mr. Snake
18 Christmas in the Little House
19 Plant Wizard
20 Whitey Ropes and Rides
21 Squanto: Friend of the White Men
22 Horse Sense
23 Little Pear
24 A Pocketful of Poems
25 Ribsy and the P.T.A.
26 The Mayflower
27 Freddy the Detective
28 Indian Brother
29 Fiery Furnace
30 Peddler's Boy
31 The Fairy Tale Tree
32 Long Hunter
33 Small but Wiry
34 Owls in the Family
35 Brave Jimmy Stone
36 Stuart Little
37 Man on the Moon
38 Bruno Finds a Friend
39 Balloons Fly High
40 The Cat Who Went to Heaven
41 Batter Up!
42 Pete's Dog
43 Lina and the Storks
44 The Tale of William Tell
45 Mooneyed Hound
46 The Cricket in Times Square
47 Keo the Cave Boy
48 A Short Book of Tall Tales
49 Cape Cod Adventure
50 Cougar
51 Mr. Popper's Penguin
52 Henry Ford's Dream
53 Simba of the White Mane
54 The Story of the Ice Age
55 Lady with a Lamp
56 Pinocchio
57 Abe Lincoln's Chance
58 "Awkward" Archibald
59 Avalanche!
60 The New Girl
61 Inner Space
62 The Young Balloonist
63 Remarkable Pippi
64 Northwest Adventure
65 River of Life
66 The Spirit of '76
67 The Sensational Scent and The Cosmic Comic
68 The Space Ship under the Apple Tree
69 Pioneers in Medicine
70 I.S.A.A.C.
71 Submarines
72 The Magic Bed Knob

ANSWER KEY BOOKLET

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You should not be discouraged if you do not make a perfect score. The questions are to help you develop good reading habits, and to point out things you may have missed in the stories. But the most important thing about reading the Pilot Books is that you find them interesting, informative, and enjoyable.

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1 Tom Benn and Blackbeard

I. 2

II. 1. xx
2. x
3. xx
4. x
5. x
6. xx

III. 1. b
2. c
3. a
4. c

2 Who Can It Be?

I. 1. Mr. Yoyo
2. A brand new penny
3. Mr. Traffic Light
4. Mr. Clam
5. Mr. Balloon

II. 1. b
2. a
3. c
4. b

3 Mr. Meeker Heads West

I. 1. c
2. b
3. c
4. b
5. a
6. b

4 For Sale: Razburyaide

I. 1. c
2. b
3. c
4. a
5. b
6. a

5 The World of Rocks

I. 1. b
2. b
3. a
4. a
5. c

II. 1. (2)
2. (4)
3. (3)
4. (1)

6 The Last Little Cat

I. 1. b
2. c
3. b
4. b
5. a
6. c

7 Why?

I.
1. c
2. b
3. a
4. c
5. b
6. c
7. a

8 Discovering Dinosaurs

I.
1. (4)
2. (1)
3. (2)
4. (3)

II.
1. Tyrannosaurus
2. Allosaurus
3. Brontosaurus
4. Stegosaurus

III.
1. no
2. yes
3. no
4. yes
5. yes
6. yes

9 Pirate Waters

I. 2, 5

II.
1. b
2. c
3. b
4. b
5. c
6. b

10 Eddie and His Cats

I.
1. a
2. c
3. b
4. b
5. a
6. b

11 Sudden Mary

I.
1. (3)
2. (4)
3. (5)
4. (2)
5. (1)
6. (6)

II.
1. b
2. a
3. b
4. c

12 Kickapoo

I. 2

II.
a. 2
b. 3
c. 4
d. 5
e. 1
f. 6
g. 7

III.
1. a
2. b
3. b
4. c

13 Crazy About Boats

I. 1. b
2. c
3. b
4. a
5. b
6. b
7. c
8. a

14 Billy's Raccoon

I. 1. b
2. c
3. c
4. b

II. 1. horrified
2. worried
3. relieved
4. amused

15 Young Kit Carson

I. 1. c
2. b
3. b
4. a
5. b
6. c

16 The Snake That Went to School

I. 1. (4)
2. (6)
3. (1)
4. (5)
5. (2)
6. (3)

II. a. 5
b. 3
c. 2
d. 6
e. 1
f. 4

III. 1. b, c, d, f
2. a, b, d, e

17 Meet Mr. Snake

I. 1. c
2. b
3. a
4. a
5. b

II. 1. no
2. no
3. yes
4. no
5. no
6. yes
7. no
8. yes
9. no
10. yes

18 Christmas in the Little House

I. 1. a
2. c
3. b
4. a
5. a
6. a

II. 3, 4, 6, 8

19 Plant Wizard

I. 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 10, 12

II. 1. a
2. c

20 Whitey Ropes and Rides

I. 1. c
2. b
3. b
4. a
5. b
6. c

21 Squanto: Friend of the White Men

I. 1, 3, 4, 7, 9

II. 1. excited
2. curious
3. amused
4. unfriendly
5. pleased
6. sad

22 Horse Sense

I. 1, 3, 4, 6, 9, 10

II. 1. b
2. b
3. c
4. c
5. b
6. a

23 Little Pear

I. 1. a
2. b
3. b
4. c
5. c
6. b

II. 2, 4, 5, 7, 9, 11

24 A Pocketful of Poems

I. 1. b
2. b
3. a
4. c

II. 1. c
2. b

25 Ribsy and the P.T.A.

I. 1. b
2. a
3. c
4. b
5. c
6. a

II. 1. (5)
2. (1)
3. (2)
4. (4)
5. (3)

26 The Mayflower

I. 1. (3)
2. (1)
3. (6)
4. (2)
5. (4)
6. (5)

II. 1. c
2. b
3. b
4. c
5. c
6. a

27 Freddy the Detective

I. 1. b
2. c
3. c
4. a

II. 1. x
2. xx
3. xx
4. x
5. xx
6. x

28 Indian Brother

I. 1. S
2. B
3. S
4. B
5. B
6. B
7. S
8. B
9. S
10. B

II. 1, 4, 5, 6

29 Fiery Furnace

I. a. 4
b. 1
c. 3
d. 2
e. 5

II. 1. b
2. c
3. b
4. b
5. c
6. c

30 Peddler's Boy

I. 1. b
2. c
3. b
4. a
5. b
6. c
7. b

31 The Fairy Tale Tree

I. 4

II. 1. *The Borrowed Egg*
2. *Santuram and Anturam*
3. *The Weaver and The Monster*
4. *The Long Day*

III. 1. (2) 3. (1)
2. (4) 4. (3)

32 Long Hunter

I. 1. Isaac Brown
2. Uncle Aswell
3. Mr. Clark
4. Andrew Clark

II. 1. no 4. no 7. yes
2. yes 5. no 8. yes
3. yes 6. yes

III. 1. (2) 3. (4) 5. (3)
2. (1) 4. (6) 6. (5)

33 Small but Wiry

I. 1, 3, 5

II. 1. b 4. b
2. b 5. c
3. b 6. c

34 Owls in the Family

I. a. 5 e. 2
b. 3 f. 7
c. 1 g. 6
d. 4

II. 1. xx 4. xx 7. x
2. x 5. x 8. xx
3. x 6. xx 9. x

35 Brave Jimmy Stone

I. 1, 2, 4, 7, 8

II. 1. b 3. c
2. a 4. c

36 Stuart Little

I. 1. c 4. a
2. a 5. c
3. b 6. b

II. 1, 4, 5, 7

37 Man on the Moon

I. a. 7
b. 1
c. 2
d. 3
e. 6
f. 8
g. 4
h. 5
i. 9

II. 2, 3, 5, 7

38 Bruno Finds a Friend

I. 1. xx
2. x
3. x
4. xx
5. x
6. xx
7. x

II. 1. c
2. a
3. a
4. b
5. c
6. c

39 Balloons Fly High

I. 1. (3)
2. (2)
3. (1)
4. (5)
5. (4)

II. 1. b
2. a
3. c
4. b

40 The Cat Who Went to Heaven

I. 1. b
2. b
3. a
4. b
5. b

II. 2

41 Batter Up!

I. 2

II. 2, 3, 5, 6

III. 1. c
2. b
3. c
4. a

42 Pete's Dog

I. 2, 4, 6

II. 1. c
2. b
3. b
4. c
5. a
6. c

43 Lina and the Storks

I. 2, 4, 5, 7, 8

II.
1. kind
2. pleasant
3. husky
4. thoughtful

III.
1. c
2. c
3. b
4. c

44 The Tale of William Tell

I.
1. b
2. c
3. b
4. a
5. b
6. c
7. b
8. a

45 Mooneyed Hound

I. 2, 3, 5, 7, 8

II.
1. c
2. a
3. c
4. b
5. c

III.
1. (2)
2. (4)
3. (1)
4. (3)

46 The Cricket in Times Square

I.
1. b
2. a
3. c
4. b
5. a
6. b

II. 2, 3, 5, 6

47 Keo the Cave Boy

I.
1. xx
2. x
3. x
4. x
5. xx
6. xx
7. x
8. x
9. xx
10. x
11. x

II.
1. b
2. c
3. b
4. c

48 A Short Book of Tall Tales

I.
1. P
2. J
3. J
4. J
5. P
6. P
7. J
8. J
9. P
10. J
11. P
12. P
13. J

II.
1. (4)
2. (5)
3. (6)
4. (1)
5. (3)
6. (2)

49 Cape Cod Adventure

I. 1. a
2. b
3. c
4. c
5. c

50 Cougar

I. 1. x
2. xx
3. xx
4. x
5. xx
6. xx
7. x

II. 1. b
2. c
3. b
4. a

51 Mr. Popper's Penguin

I. 1. b
2. b
3. a
4. b
5. a
6. c

52 Henry Ford's Dream

I. 1. b
2. a
3. c
4. a
5. a
6. c

53 Simba of the White Mane

I. 1. (3)
2. (5)
3. (4)
4. (2)
5. (6)
6. (1)

II. 1. excited
2. troubled
3. unfriendly
4. angry
5. pleased
6. bewildered
7. admiration
8. relieved

54 The Story of the Ice Age

I. 1. a
2. b
3. c
4. b
5. a
6. c

55 Lady With a Lamp

I. 1. a
2. b
3. c
4. a
5. c

56 Pinocchio

I. 2, 3, 5, 6, 8

II. 1. b
2. b
3. c
4. c
5. a
6. c

57 Abe Lincoln's Chance

I. 1. a
2. a
3. b
4. c
5. a

58 "Awkward" Archibald

I. 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10

II. 1. c
2. a
3. b
4. b
5. c

59 Avalanche!

I. 2, 5, 6, 8

II. 1. b
2. c
3. b
4. a

60 The New Girl

I. 1. (3)
2. (4)
3. (1)
4. (2)

II. 1. a
2. b
3. c
4. b and c

55 Lady With a Lamp

I. 1. a
2. b
3. c
4. a
5. c

56 Pinocchio

I. 2, 3, 5, 6, 8

II. 1. b
2. b
3. c
4. c
5. a
6. c

57 Abe Lincoln's Chance

I. 1. a
2. a
3. b
4. c
5. a

58 "Awkward" Archibald

I. 2, 3, 4, 7, 8, 10

II. 1. c
2. a
3. b
4. b
5. c

59 Avalanche!

I. 2, 5, 6, 8

II. 1. b
2. c
3. b
4. a

60 The New Girl

I. 1. (3)
2. (4)
3. (1)
4. (2)

II. 1. a
2. b
3. c
4. b and c

61 Inner Space

I. 1. (2)
2. (4)
3. (5)
4. (1)
5. (3)
6. (7)
7. (6)

II. 1. b
2. c
3. c
4. b

62 The Young Balloonist

I. 1. c
2. b
3. a
4. c
5. c
6. b

63 Remarkable Pippi

I. 1. b
2. c
3. a
4. a
5. a

II. a, c, d, f

III. a, d, e

64 Northwest Adventure

I. 1. (5)
2. (3)
3. (7)
4. (6)
5. (8)
6. (2)
7. (1)
8. (4)

II. 1. c
2. a
3. a

65 River of Life

I. 1. a
2. c
3. a
4. b

II. a. 4
b. 1
c. 2
d. 5
e. 3
f. 6

66 The Spirit of '76

I. 3

II. 1. c
2. a
3. b
4. b
5. c
6. c

67 The Sensational Scent and the Cosmic Comic

I.
1. c
2. c
3. b
4. b
5. c
6. a
7. a
8. b

68 The Space Ship Under the Apple Tree

I.
1. c
2. c
3. b
4. a
5. c
6. b

69 Pioneers in Medicine

I.
1. P
2. J
3. P
4. J
5. P

II.
1. (3)
2. (7)
3. (1)
4. (4)
5. (5)
6. (6)
7. (2)

70 I.S.A.A.C.

I.
1. Mona
2. Miranda
3. Cuffy
4. Oliver
5. Randy
6. Father

II. 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, 8, 12, 13

71 Submarines

I.
1. c
2. a
3. c
4. b
5. c
6. b
7. a
8. c

72 The Magic Bed Knob

I.
1. pleased
2. shy
3. shocked
4. suprised

II.
1. b
2. c
3. b
4. c

SRA
IIa
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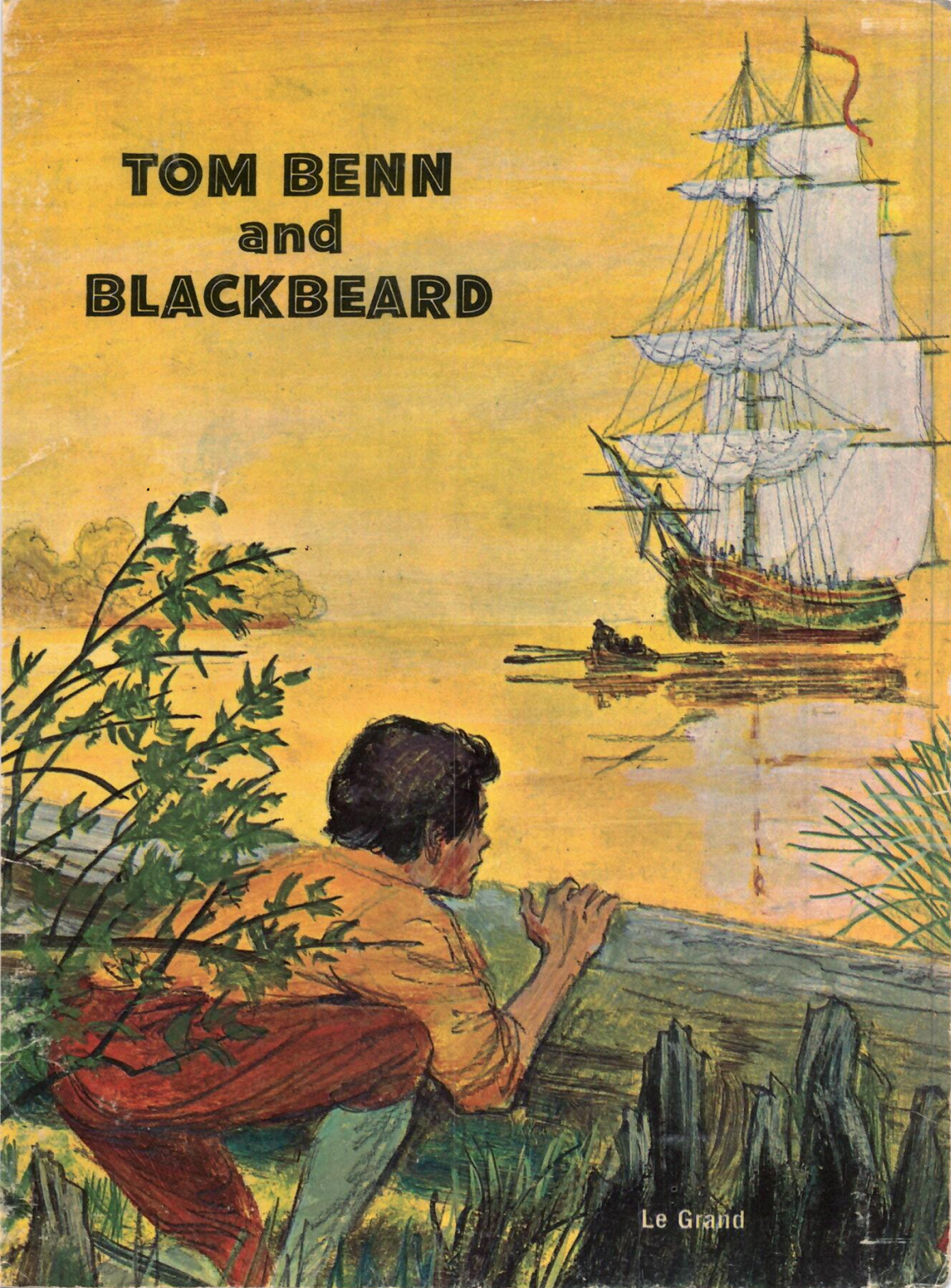
TOM BENN and BLACKBEARD



Le Grand

TOM BENN AND BLACKBEARD

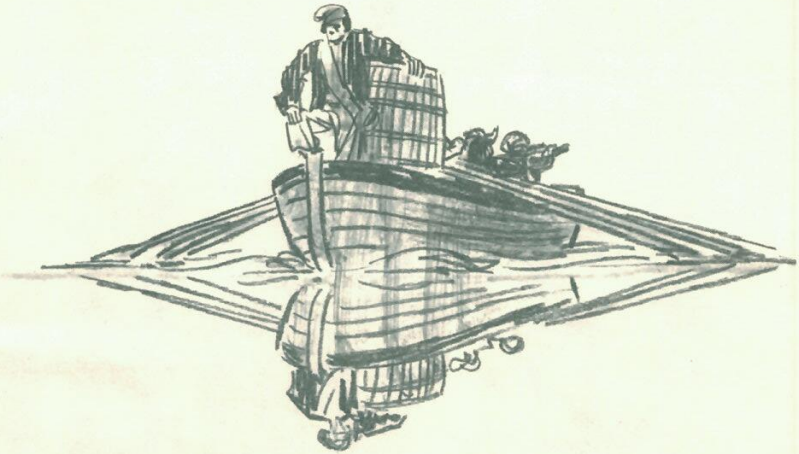
by Le Grand

Have you ever wanted to be a pirate? Tom Benn did. He was tired of hoeing beans on his father's farm. He was tired of toting bath water. He wanted to sail over the water, not take baths in it. And there were no beans at sea. Yes, Tom wanted to sail the sea and wear gold rings in his ears.

When the strange ship anchored in the inlet, Tom thought he would like to talk to the sailors. They might have seen a pirate or two. The sailors might even have seen the most famous pirate of all—Blackbeard!

Tom Benn and Blackbeard

TOM BENN and BLACKBEARD



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1 *The Ship*

"Beans!" said Tom Benn, and he said it loudly. "Beans! Sometimes I get very tired of hoeing beans."

He laid down his hoe, and he straightened his back, and he looked at his older brother, Amos. "You act as if you like to hoe beans," Tom Benn said to his brother.

"Oh," Amos said. "You mean you *don't* like to hoe beans. Is that it?"

"That's it," Tom Benn said.

"Well," Amos told him, "that's all right then, because we'll be through with the beans pretty soon. Then we'll move over and hoe the corn."

"Corn!" Tom Benn said. "Beans! Corn! Peas! Potatoes! Turnips! Cabbages! I get very tired of them. Especially of hoeing them. And that's about all we do around here."

"Well, what do you want to do?" Amos Benn asked him. And Amos went on with his hoeing.

Tom Benn turned toward the sea. The sea touched the sand below their father's farm near Ocracoke in North Carolina. The sea was wide and blue and bright. And far out on the sea the tall white sails of a ship drifted across the blueness and the brightness.

"There are no beans on the sea," Tom Benn said. "No corn, or peas, or potatoes, or turnips, or cabbages. And no hoes. I think I'd like to sail a ship. And be a pirate. A pirate like Blackbeard."

"Oh," said Amos Benn. "Well, you're only eleven. You'll get over those ideas when you're sixteen, like me. A hoe is not such a bad thing." And Amos went on with his hoeing.

"I will never learn to like a hoe," Tom Benn said. "I will always like the sea. And I want to be a pirate."

Amos stopped his hoeing for a minute. "Well," he said, "if you like water so much, you can go down to the spring and help Pa tote the water to fill the bathtub. This is Saturday, you know. And you know how Ma is about baths."

"Yes," Tom Benn said. "And that's another thing I don't like. Baths! Pirates sail *over* the water. They don't get down *in* it."

He wrinkled up his short nose with the twenty-eight freckles across the middle of it. But he went to help tote the water for the big wooden bathtub.

"I had funny ideas when I was his age," Amos said to himself. "He'll get over them when he's a little older." And Amos went on with his hoeing as Tom started down to the spring.

"You act as if you don't like water much," Pa Benn said when Tom picked up a pail.

"I like it all right," Tom said. "But I like *salt* water. Sea water. Water to sail over."

"But you can't bathe in sea water," Pa told him. "The soap won't lather up in it."

And Pa Benn said, "Now that you're here, I'll go on up and feed the hogs and split some wood to heat the bath water."

"Toting water for bathtubs," Tom said to himself. "Hoeing beans. That's all we do around here."

He turned and looked out to sea again, and the white sails of the ship were closer. "Maybe it's a pirate ship," Tom said.

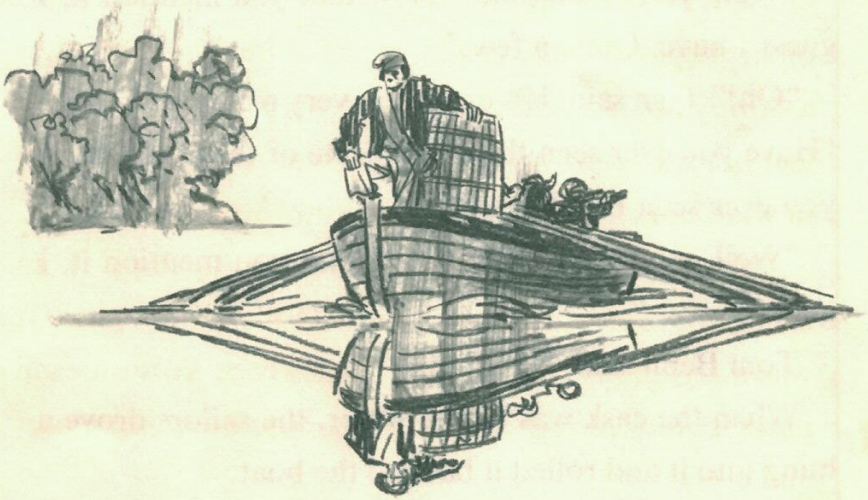
Suddenly he could see himself sailing on a pirate ship. He was wearing red and blue and purple clothes, and he was a pirate captain. "Like Blackbeard," he told himself. He had gold rings in his ears and diamond rings on his fingers. And a bright sword at his side instead of a drippy old bucket for toting water. He stood with his feet braced against the roll of the sea. And his feet were in wide-topped boots, such as pirates wear.

"Maybe that ship out there *is* a pirate ship," Tom Benn said. He watched the ship, and it came closer. It was a big ship with three masts and four sails on each mast. It looked like a high white cloud coming closer and closer.

"I think it's coming into Ocracoke Inlet," Tom said, and he ran down to the beach. He stood with his feet in the water, because he wanted to be as close to the ship as he could get.

The ship came into Ocracoke Inlet. It sailed in until it was opposite the place where Tom Benn stood. Then its anchor dropped with a splash, and it stopped. Tom Benn had never been so close to a big ship before.

Sailors lowered a small boat from the ship. They rowed it ashore. They landed right where Tom Benn stood. There was a big wooden cask in the boat.



Some of the sailors had gold rings in their ears. And one of them had diamond rings on his fingers. That was the one who spoke to Tom Benn.

"We are looking for fresh water," he said. "We heard there is a spring here."

"Oh, yes, sir," Tom said. "I'll show you where it is."

The sailors carried the water cask to the spring. Tom Benn talked to the one with the rings on his fingers. The others called him Gale.

"Mr. Gale," Tom asked, "have you ever seen any pirates?"

"Well, yes," Gale said. "Now that you mention it, I guess I have. Quite a few."

"Oh!" Tom said. His eyes were very round and shiny. "Have you ever seen the chief pirate of them all? Have you ever seen Blackbeard?"

"Well, yes," Gale said. "Now that you mention it, I guess I have."

Tom Benn said, "Ohhhhhh."

When the cask was full of water, the sailors drove a bung into it and rolled it back to the boat.

"I tell you what," Gale said to Tom Benn. "You're a strong-looking boy. I think our captain would like to talk to you. He knows a lot about Blackbeard."

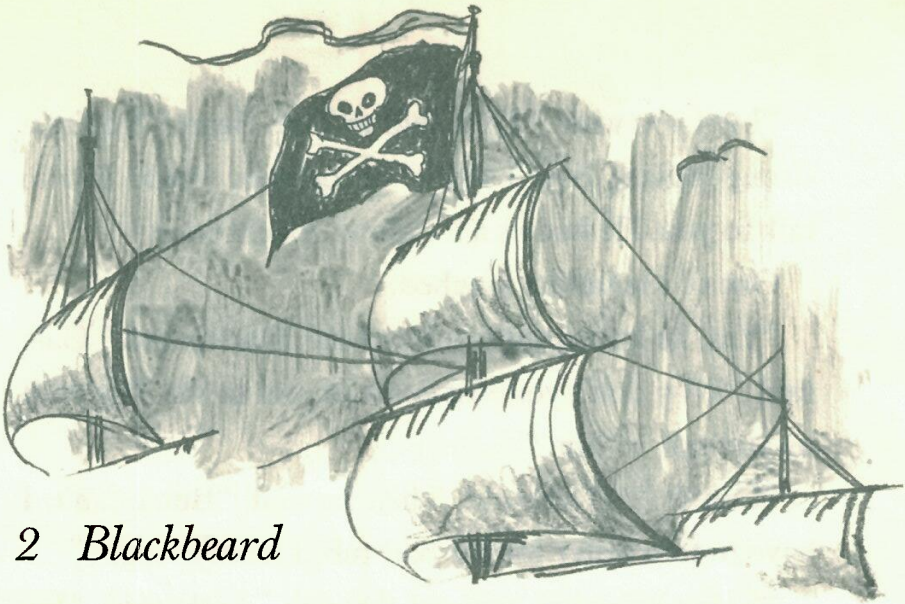
One of the sailors laughed.

"Yes, he knows quite a lot about Blackbeard," Gale said. "Why don't you just come on out to the ship with us and talk to him?"

"Could I?" Tom said. Then he said, "But I can't. I have to tote water for the bathtub. I nearly forgot."

"Come out when you get through," Gale said. "We have to fill a lot of these water casks. We'll be rowing back and forth until late tonight."

Tom Benn made a promise to himself. He promised that he would go out and see the captain before the ship left. Then he toted bath water. He toted it faster than he ever had before.



2 *Blackbeard*

At supper Pa Benn said, "I don't like the looks of that ship. It was flying no flag when it came into Ocracoke Inlet."

Ma Benn said, "Tom, I saw you talking to those sailors. You keep away from them. They're mighty rough-looking men. They might even be pirates."

"Yes'm," Tom said. But he had a strange look in his eyes.

His brother saw the look. "Don't you go getting any of your funny ideas," Amos whispered. "You do what Ma says."

"Aw, what do you think?" Tom said.

When his turn came, Tom took his bath in the big wooden bathtub. But all the time he was doing it, he kept saying, "Pirates sail *over* the water. They don't have to get down *in* it."

When everyone else was asleep, Tom heard the sailors rowing back for another cask of water. "I could go out and talk to that captain for just a little while," Tom told himself. "No one would ever know."

He slipped out of bed and down the back stairs, and ran to the spring. "Here I am, Mr. Gale," he said. "Can I go out to the ship and talk to the captain?"

It was dark and mysterious and exciting, rowing out to the ship. The stars were out, and the wind kept whispering about far-off places on the sea. There was a rope ladder hanging over the ship's side. Tom climbed up, and over the rail, and then he was on the deck.

"I'm on a ship," he told himself. "I'm almost a sailor."

Gale led him back to the stern and knocked on a cabin door.

"Captain," Gale said, "here's the strong-looking boy I told you about. The one that wants to talk about Blackbeard."

The door opened. Tom Benn heard a laugh. It was a big laugh. A loud one. It sounded like the blast of a winter storm. There was no fun back of that laugh.

"Go on in," Gale said.

Tom went in. He saw a man sitting at a table. A big man. He had a dark face. He had black eyes that were not kind. And he had a beard. It was a big, bushy beard. And it was black. Very black.

Tom Benn stared at the beard. He wrinkled up his short nose with the twenty-eight freckles across the middle of it. "You," he said. "You *are* Blackbeard."

He heard the laugh that sounded like a winter storm.

"Yes," the man said. "That's right. And now that you're smart enough to know who *I* am, let's see how smart you really are. Let's see if you're smart enough to know who *you* are."

"Me?" Tom said. "Why, I'm Tom Benn."

"Wrong," Blackbeard said. "That's who you were.

You're my new cabin boy now. That's who you are. And I've been needing one for a long time. Get busy and clean up this cabin. Take that boot out of the butter. Pick my hat up off the floor, and brush the beans off it. Wipe the gravy off my eating sword. And when you're through with the cabin, tote some hot water in and fill my bathtub. I want a nice hot bath."

"Bath water!" Tom Benn said. "But pirates sail *over* the water. They don't get down *in* it."

"This one does," said Blackbeard. "There's nothing I like better than a nice hot bath. Now get busy."

"Well," Tom Benn said. "If that's the way pirates do, why, maybe I don't want to be a pirate."

"Nobody asked what *you* want," Blackbeard said. "What *I* want is the only thing that matters around here. Now get busy."

Blackbeard squinted up his black eyes. His black beard bristled. He picked up his sword. And Tom Benn got busy.

When he finished, Tom was so tired that he fell asleep. When he woke, it was morning. The pirate ship

was far out to sea. Blackbeard was shouting, "Where's that cabin boy? Tell him to bring my breakfast."

There was a lot of work for a cabin boy. When Tom Benn wasn't waiting on Blackbeard or cleaning up his cabin, he was polishing up the brass cannon or the brass ship's bell, or Blackbeard's boots or his swords. (He had several swords besides the one he ate with.) And then there was the bath water to tote. Blackbeard took many baths in the big wooden bathtub.

And Blackbeard was a very mean man. Some days he wore his left boot on his right foot, and his right boot on his left foot. He did that on purpose—because it hurt, and that helped him to be mean.

But once in a while he was in a pretty good humor. One time when that happened Tom Benn said, "Now that I am a pirate, I should have gold rings to wear in my ears and diamond rings to wear on my fingers. When will I get them?"

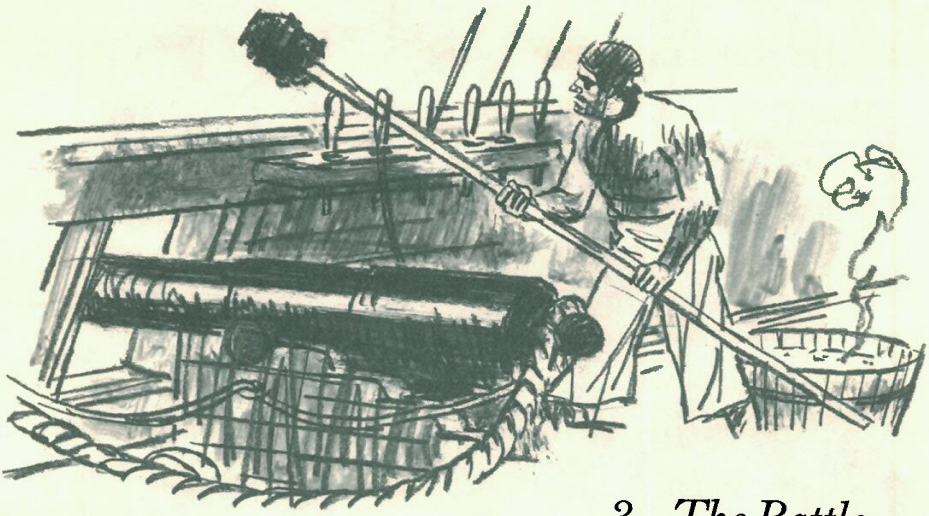
Blackbeard laughed the laugh that was like a storm in January. "You get them when you are able to steal them," he said.

He pulled at the gold rings in his ears. "You see these?" he said. "Well, the man who owned them didn't want to give them up. I had to cut off his ears to get them. That is how you get rings for your ears and your fingers."

"Oh," Tom Benn said. "I don't think I'd like to do things like that."

"Nobody asked what *you* like," Blackbeard told him.

Tom Benn went on cleaning and scrubbing and scouring and polishing. And toting bath water. It wasn't much fun. It wasn't any more fun than hoeing beans and corn and peas and potatoes and turnips and cabbages and toting bath water, at home.



3 *The Battle*

Blackbeard sailed south. He sailed farther and farther south, looking for ships to rob. He didn't find any ships, and he grew meaner and meaner.

Then one day he saw a ship. "Run out the cannon," he ordered. "Bring up the gunpowder and the cannon balls. Clear the decks for action. At last we've got a ship to rob."

Tom Benn had to work harder than ever, then. He toted sacks of gunpowder. He toted heavy cannon balls. And all the time he was thinking: Oh, my! Blackbeard

is going to shoot these cannon balls at the people on that ship. Oh, my! I don't like that.

Blackbeard ran up the black pirate flag with the white skull and crossbones on it. He braided his black beard in dozens of braids and tied a different colored ribbon on each one. He stuck cannon matches under his hat and lighted the ends of them. The smoke curled up around his face, and it made him look very fierce and ugly. He laughed the laugh that was like the sound of a winter storm.

"Oh, my!" Tom Benn said. "He is going to be very mean to the people on that ship. I wish I could help them."

But there was nothing Tom Benn could do.

The people on the other ship saw the black pirate flag and they tried to get away. But Blackbeard's ship was faster.

"We're close enough now," Blackbeard said. "Start shooting."

The cannon roared, and thick black smoke came out and covered the pirate ship. The smoke hurt Tom

Benn's eyes and made him cough. When he opened his eyes again, he saw that the other ship had taken its sails down and surrendered.

Blackbeard sailed up to it and bound the two ships together with grappling irons. He jumped over onto the other ship with his pirates. And Tom Benn followed.

Blackbeard went up to the captain of the ship he had captured. He laughed the laugh that had the sound of winter in it. "Give me all the gold and diamonds and silks and all the other treasures on this ship," he said.

But the other captain said, "I don't have any treasures. This ship is carrying stones to build a sea wall in the town of Saint George's on the island of Grenada in the Caribbean Sea."

"Stones?" Blackbeard roared. "Just stones?"

"Stones," the other captain said. "Just stones."

Blackbeard and his pirates looked in the ship's hold. And there was nothing there but stones. Just stones.

Blackbeard howled. He put his left boot on his right foot, and his right boot on his left foot, and he stamped up and down and bellowed. He went back aboard his own ship and bit a big piece out of a cannon.

The other ship got its sails up and went away very fast.

"Stones!" Blackbeard roared. "I should have sunk that ship and everyone on it. I must be getting forgetful."

Then he said, "Just wait till I capture another ship. I'll sink it twice, just to get even for this one."

"Oh, my!" Tom Benn said. He let out a deep sigh. He was very glad that the ship had got away.

When Blackbeard decides to go ashore and steal food from the farmers around Ocracoke Inlet, Tom really gets worried. He must do something. But what? In his book *Tom Benn and Blackbeard, the Pirate* (Abingdon Press, 1954), Le Grand shows that a bathtub can be used for more things than one.

You may also want to read:

The Peg-legged Pirate of Sulu
by Cora Cheney (Alfred Knopf, 1960)

Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain
by Edward Ardizzone (Henry Z. Walck, 1936, 1955)

Voyage of the Sea Wind
by Hetty B. Beatty (Houghton, Mifflin, 1959)

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WHO CAN IT BE?

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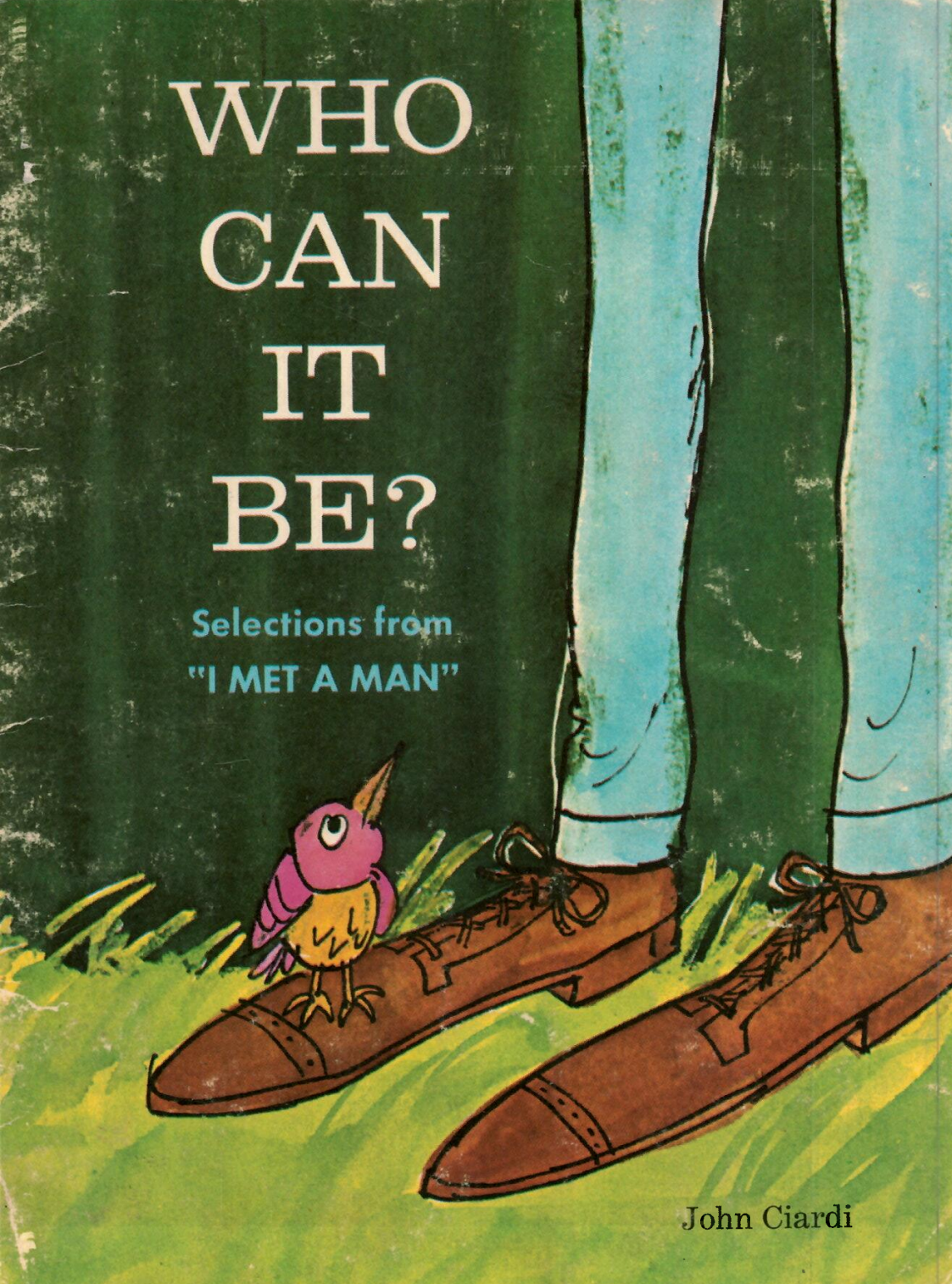


John Ciardi

WHO CAN IT BE?

by John Ciardi

"I met a man that was all mine.
He was round and thin and all
a-shine.
He had no feet, but he came to me.
He had one eye, but he couldn't see.
He had no fingers, he had no thumb,
But still he gave me a stick of gum."

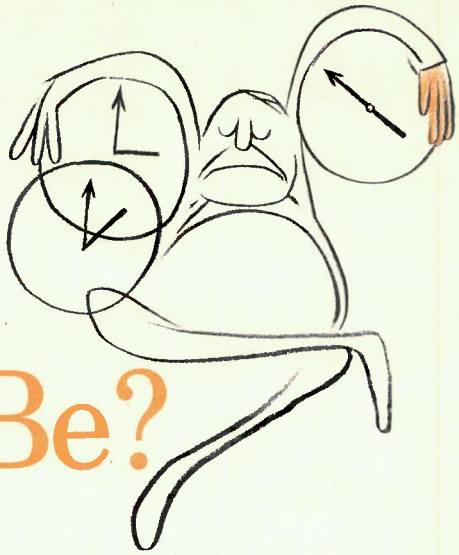
Can you guess who this man is? You will meet him in this book.* You will also meet many other riddle-men. See how many names you can guess before you read the answers.

*ANSWER: A brand-new penny.

Who Can It Be?

Selections from I MET A MAN

Who Can It Be?



by **JOHN CIARDI**

illustrated by **ROBERT OSBORN**

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NOTE: Omissions from the original book have been indicated by two asterisks (**).

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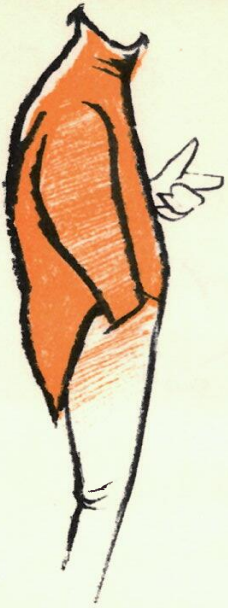
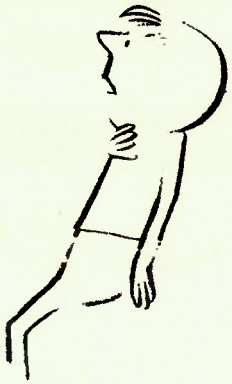


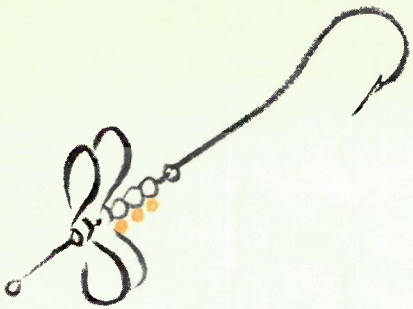


* *

The Man That Had No Hat

I met a man that had no hat,
And when I asked him, "Why is that?"
He looked at me (I think) and said,
"Where should I put it? I have no head."

With that he bowed and went away.
I'm just as glad he didn't stay.
What fun do you think it would be to play
With someone that had no head and no hat?
What fun do you think there could be in that?



A Man in the Woods Said:

Fish with a spinner, fish with a fly,
Fish when the water is low or high,
But don't try to fish when the lake runs dry.

The Sleepy Man

I met a man that looked about
As sleepy as he could be without
Falling over and starting to snore.

If he ever wakes up, I'll tell you some more.

* *

The Man That Had Little to Say

I met a man at one o'clock who said "Hello"
at two.
At three o'clock he looked at me and said,
"How do you do?"
At ten-to-four he said "Good-by" and started
on his way.
I'm glad he came to see me but he hadn't
much to say.

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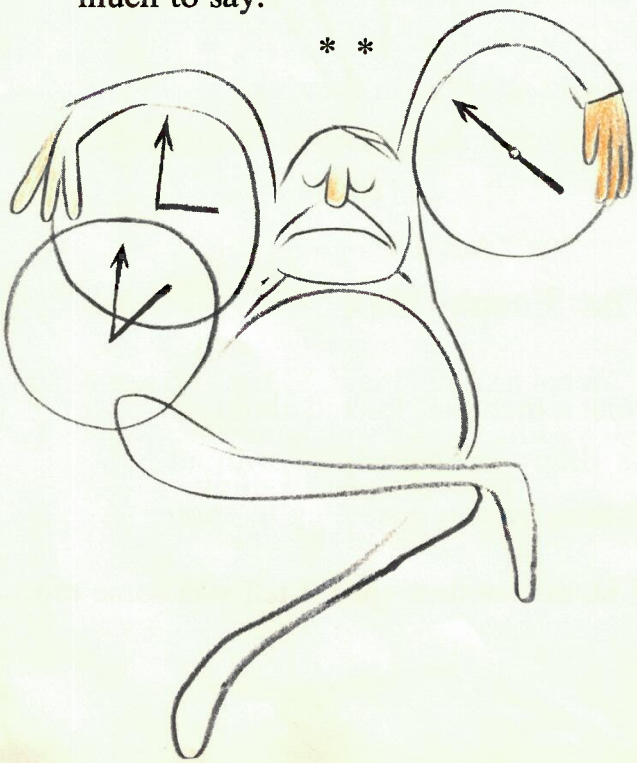

When I Went to Get a Drink

I said to a bug in the sink,
"Are you taking a swim or a drink?"
"I," said the bug,
"Am a sea-going tug.
Am I headed for land, do you think?"

"What a silly!" I said. "That's no sea—
It's a sink!"—"A sink it may be.
But I'd sooner I think
Be at sea in the sink
Than sink in the sea, sir," said he.

Have You Met This Man?

Have you met this man? He has no head.
He has no house, but he stays in bed.
He is not too small, he is not too big.
He has no arms, but he knows how to dig.
He cannot swim, yet he goes to sea
Without a boat. Who can he be?

If he knew how, he would say, "I am
No other, sir, than MR. CLAM."

* *

This Man Went Away

I met a man that was all mine.
He was round and thin and all a-shine.
He had no feet, but he came to me.
He had one eye, but he couldn't see.
He had no fingers, he had no thumb,
But still he gave me a stick of gum.

And then he was gone. He was mine no more,
And I went home alone from the store.

If you want to know who he is, ask Jenny:
She gave him to me.

—Yes, A BRAND NEW PENNY!

I Met a Man with Three Eyes

I met a man that was very wise.
He had no hands, but he had three eyes,
One green, one yellow, and one red.
He had nothing at all but eyes in his head.
He looked at me and kept winking and winking
As if to say, "Guess what I'm thinking."

—You're making it up! It isn't so!

—Oh, yes it is. He is someone you know.
He lives on my street, and he can't talk
But he knows how to say STOP, GO, and WALK.
And that's all he says, all day and all night.

—Oh, now I know!—MR. TRAFFIC LIGHT!

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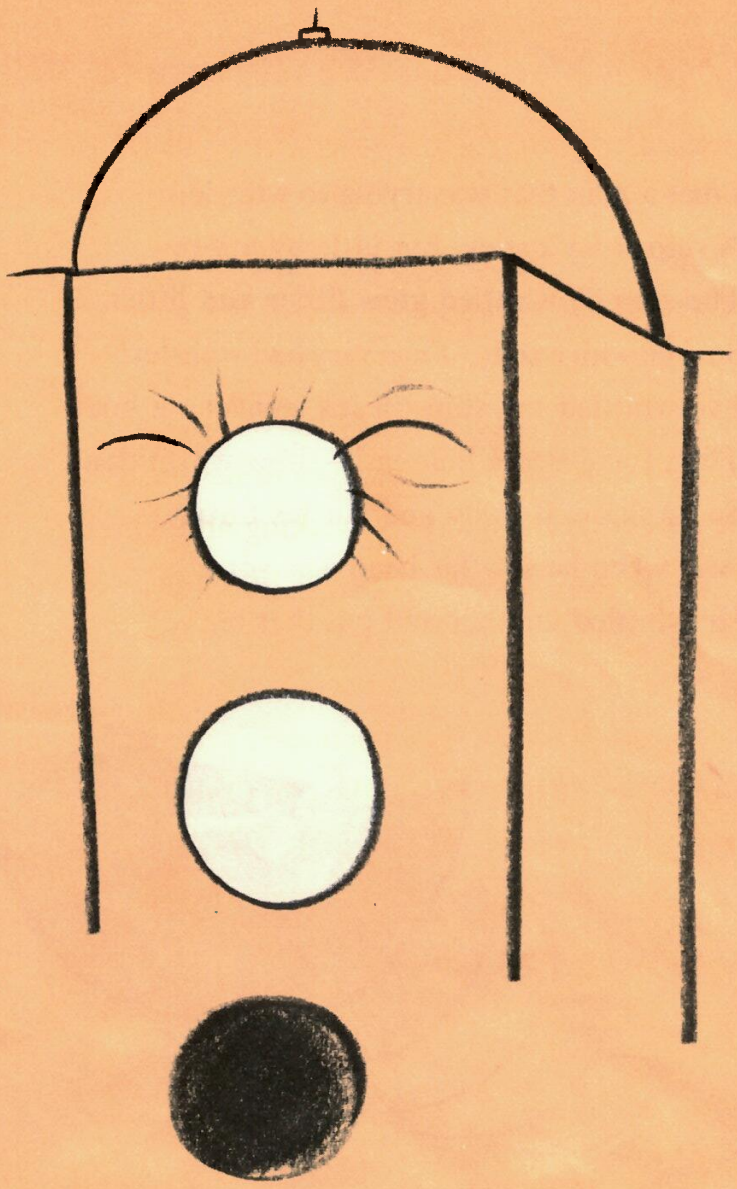

I Met a Man That Was Trying to Whittle

I met a man that was trying to whittle
A ship from a stick, but little by little
The ship he whittled grew littler and littler.
Said he with a sigh, "I'm a very bad whittler!
I've whittled my ship till it's small as a boat.
Then I whittled a hole in it—how will it float?"
So he threw it away and cut his throat.
And when he saw his head was gone,
He whittled another and put that on.

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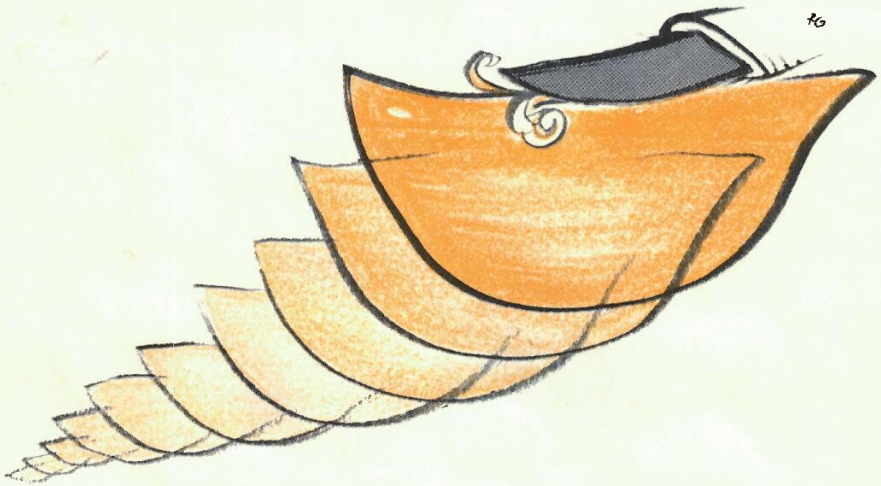


The Cat Heard the Cat-Bird

One day, a fine day, a high-flying-sky day,
A cat-bird, a fat bird, a fine fat cat-bird
Was sitting and singing on a stump by the highway.
Just sitting. And singing. Just that. But a cat heard.

A thin cat, a grin-cat, a long thin grin-cat
Came creeping the sly way by the highway to the stump.
"O cat-bird, the cat heard! O cat-bird scat!
The grin-cat is creeping! He's going to jump!"

—One day, a fine day, a high-flying-sky day
A fat cat, yes, that cat we met as a thin cat
Was napping, cat-napping, on a stump by the highway,
And even in his sleep you could see he was a grin-cat.

Why was he grinning? —He must have had a dream.
What made him fat? —A pan full of cream.
What about the cat-bird? —What bird, dear?
I don't see any cat-bird here.

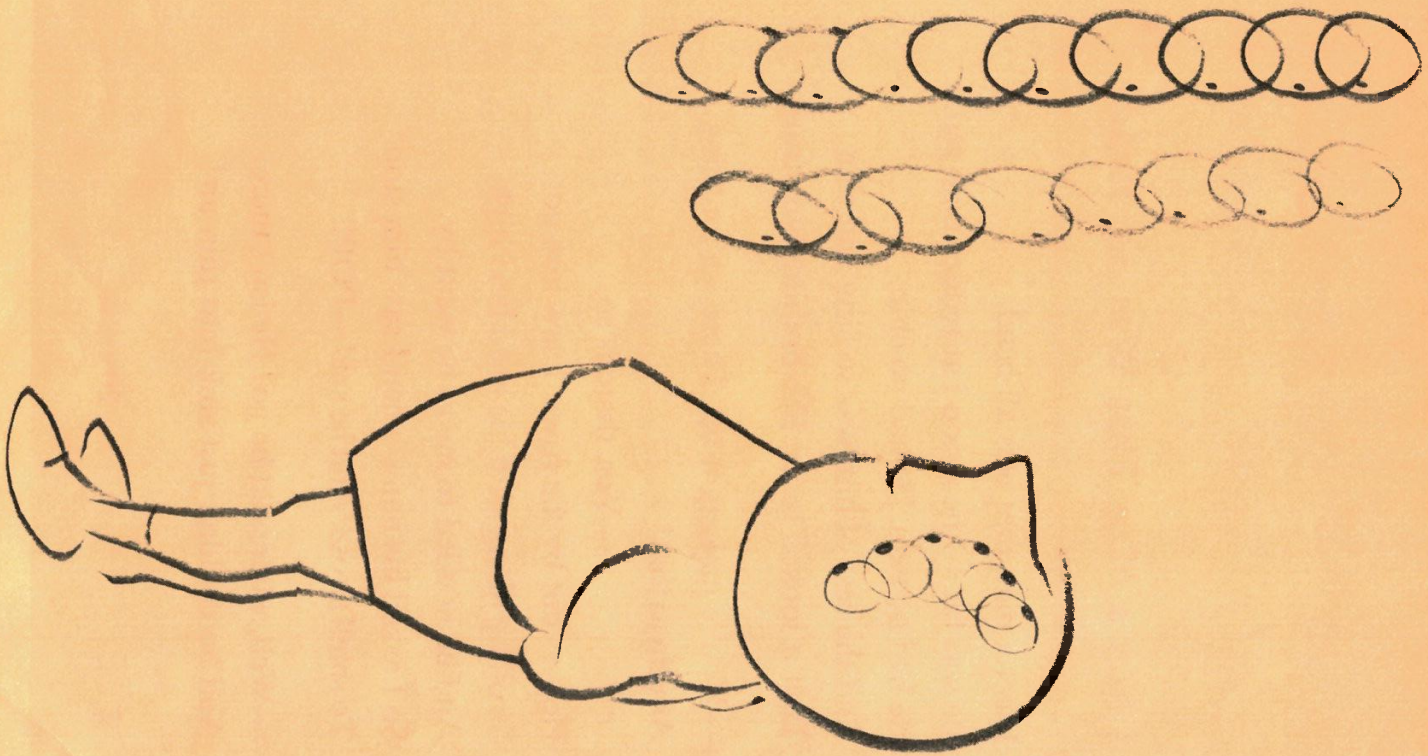
This Man Lives at My House Now

I met a man on my way to town.
He was spinning up, he was spinning down.
He was twice as red as the nose of a clown.

He took my hand as soon as we met,
And he said to me: "Now don't forget:
I'll spin and I'll spin and I'll spin for you.
I'll spin as fast as you want me to.
For I can spin up and I can spin down.
I can spin all the way to town."

And that's what he did till I told him to stop.
Can you guess his name?
—Is it MR. TOP?
He's a good spinner.
—Well, yes, so-so.
But he can't spin up and down. Oh no.
The man I met is called—MR. YOYO!

* *

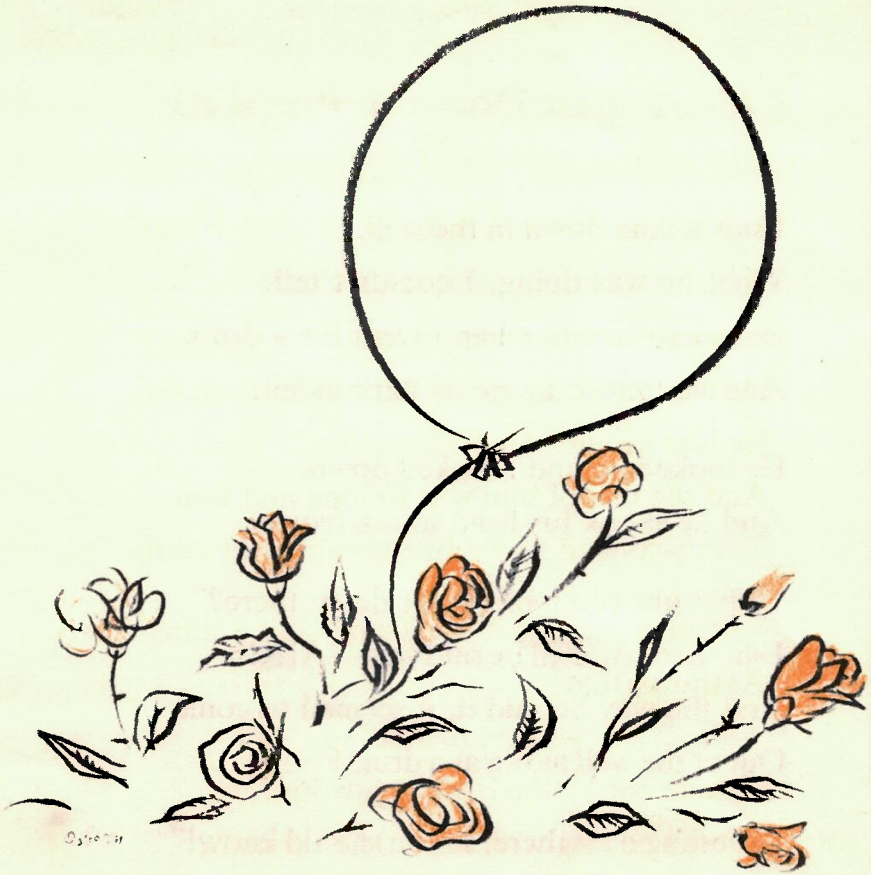


I Met a Man That Was All Head

I met a man that was all head.
He was fat as the moon but redder than red.
He had no ears. He had no chin.
And the rest of him was so long and thin
That it looked to me like nothing but string.

—You're making it up. There isn't a thing
As thin as that!
—Yes, there is so.
He was out by the roses. I saw him go
Strolling along with his head held high,
And he nodded to me as he went by.
So I asked his name when I saw him stop
To smell a rose. And he said—POP!

—Well, where did he go? He isn't there.
And he couldn't just sink into thin air!



—Oh, yes he could! as you may see
If you guess his name. What could it be?
I'll give you three hints: he was fat as the moon,
And red as a yoyo, and bright as a spoon.
Now do you know? He was MR. BALLOON!

* *

I Met a Man Down in the Well

I saw a man down in the well.
What he was doing, I couldn't tell.
But there he was when I went for a drink,
And he looked at me as dark as ink.

He looked up and I looked down,
And he shook his head into a frown.

"What are you looking for down there?"
I shouted. And all he said was—AIR!
And the way he said it, it seemed to come
Out of the well as big as a drum!

"There's no air there, as you should know!"
But all he said to that was—NO!

"Then what do you want? You needn't shout!"
And that time all he said was—OUT!
"Come on then. Shall I give you a hand?"
He grinned at me and shouted—AND!

"And what?" I said. "I wish I knew!"
He shook and he shook and he shouted—YOU!

It was loud as a gun, and I jumped for fear,
But I shouted back: "Now you see here—

I'll bet you think you gave me a fright!"
And up from the well he shouted—RIGHT!

"I'll call my daddy," I said, "and he—"
He shook three times and said—HE! HE! HE!

So I dumped a stone down on his head.
And the very last thing he ever said

As the stone came down on him with a crash
Was————————————SPLASH!

* *

If you have enjoyed these word games, you will want to meet some other men in John Ciardi's *I Met a Man* (Houghton Mifflin, 1961).

You may also want to read:

Black Within and Red Without
edited by Lillian Morrison
(Crowell, 1953)

The Rooster Crows
edited by Maud and Miska Petersham
(Macmillan, 1945)

Ring-a-Round
edited by Mildred P. Harrington
(Macmillan, 1930)

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Mr. Meeker Heads West

Miriam E. Mason

MR. MEEKER HEADS WEST

by Miriam E. Mason

Young Mr. Meeker was a pioneer. He left his home in Iowa and set out in a covered wagon for faraway Oregon. The wagon train would have to cross deserts and mountains. There would be wild animals. There would even be Indians. But Mr. Meeker was not afraid. In fact, when he met an Indian warrior face to face, he just laughed.

This was not very surprising. You see, Mr. Meeker was only a little baby!

Of course, he took his parents and some other people along with him.

MR. MEEKER HEADS WEST

MR. MEEKER HEADS WEST

BY MIRIAM E. MASON

Illustrated by
JUNE GOLDSBOROUGH

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Off to Oregon

"What a fine day for Mr. Meeker's birthday party!" cried Eliza Jane as she looked about at her friends.

"What a fine day for a journey!" her husband Ezra said, laughing.

It was April. Young Mr. Meeker was one month old. Now that he had grown big and strong, the trip to Oregon could begin. Everybody in town had

come to say good-by to young Mr. Meeker and the others who would travel with him to Oregon. All the friends and neighbors had brought gifts for the young pioneer to take with him.

There were blankets and quilts to keep the brave young man warm. There were knitted shoes for his feet and knitted caps for his head. There were a wooden horse, a rag doll, and a fine black lamb made of real wool.

The wagon was packed and ready. Two strong, faithful oxen were hitched to it, ready to draw the wagon over the long miles from Iowa to Oregon. The oxen were named Fine and Dandy. Fine was a white ox with black ears and a rather sad face. Dandy was black, with spotted ears and a gay, friendly expression.

Three cows were going along to Oregon because young Mr. Meeker was very fond of milk and Ezra wished to be sure to have enough for his pioneer son. Jersey was the favorite cow. She gave the most milk and was willing to walk behind the wagon.

The friends sang a farewell song for the travelers. Most of the ladies wiped tears from their eyes while they sang.

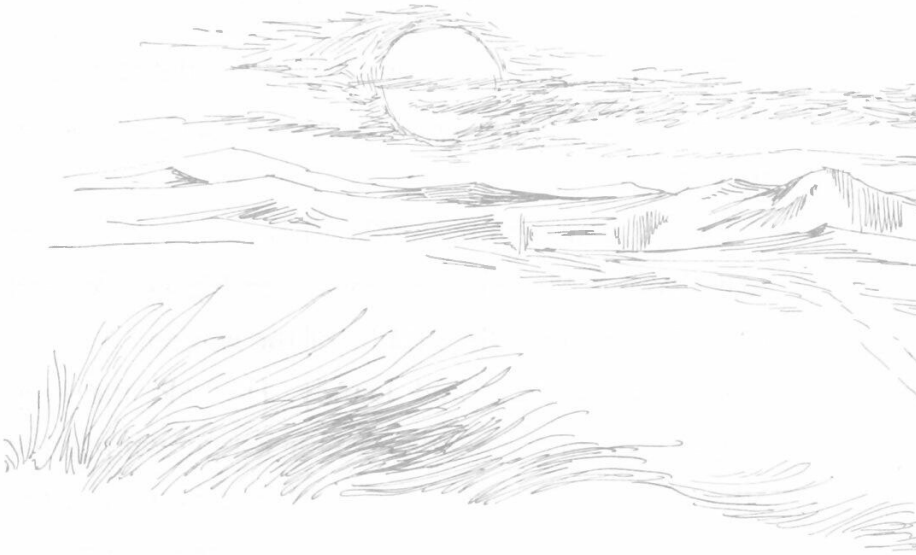
Ezra and his best friend, William, sat in the wagon seat. Young Mr. Meeker, in a nice big cradle, and Eliza Jane rode in the middle of the wagon.

Ezra drove Fine and Dandy. He held the long leather reins in one hand and a big leather whip in the other. He did not whip the oxen, but he waved the whip in the air and it made a loud, cracking sound. It was like a starting whistle to the oxen. It said, "Go!"

"Hup!" Ezra cried in a loud voice. He swung the whip in the air, and it made an exciting sound. Off went the oxen on their big, slow feet. The big wagon wheels rolled slowly.

The ladies sobbed and wiped their eyes on their aprons. Then men waved their hands and called out good advice.

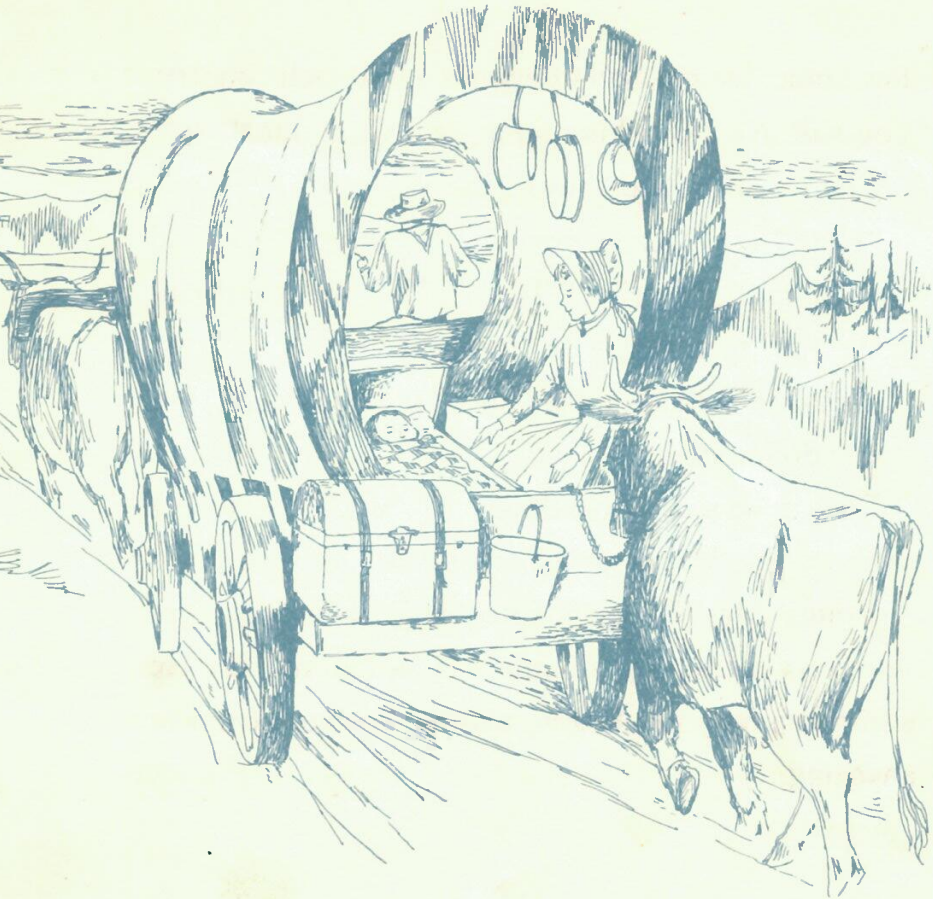
"Watch out for the bears!" one called. "Beware of buffaloes!" another shouted. "Don't be afraid of the jack rabbits," said another, who liked to make jokes.



On went the oxen. Ezra and William were cheerful, now that they were on their way to a new home where they would be like kings. They sang in thundering voices:

"To O—, to O—, to O—,
To Oregon we go!
So fare thee well to Ioway,
With its sundogs and its snow!"

Inside the wagon Eliza Jane and young Mr.



Meeker took naps. The big wagon rolled along slowly, swinging a little as it rolled.

"Do not be afraid," whispered Eliza Jane to young Mr. Meeker. "Your mother is here. Your father is here, too. We are going on a long journey to a fine

new home. Do not cry! Oregon is a fine, rich country. You will live like a king on a great farm out there!"

The wagon rolled toward the West.

"Hup!" cried Ezra, cracking his whip. Now and then he cried, "Gee" or "Haw." That was oxen language for "turn right" or "turn left."

Ezra and William talked about the fine things they would do in Oregon.

Eliza Jane said brave things to young Mr. Meeker so he would not feel afraid or homesick or lonely.

Young Mr. Meeker slept quietly. His eyes were shut very tight. His thumb was in his mouth. He was on his way to Oregon, and he was not afraid of anything.

Friends on the Trip

The young pioneer enjoyed his travel. Most of the time he slept. Often he kept his thumb in his mouth.

"It helps him to think," said Ezra. At night Ezra and William smoked their pipes around the campfire. As they drove along they smoked their pipes. The oxen and cows chewed.

But young Mr. Meeker just sucked his thumb in a quiet way.

After traveling a good while the wagon train reached a place above the river on some bluffs. Indians often met at that spot to talk about things, and the town built here was called Council Bluffs.

At Council Bluffs four more wagons waited to go with young Mr. Meeker's party. Uncle Oliver and three of his friends had packed wagons to go along. After a pleasant picnic and a good rest the five wagons were ready to go.

Young Mr. Meeker rode in his swinging bed in the front wagon. The others followed.

Most pioneers are much older and bigger than young Mr. Meeker was. He was the youngest and smallest traveler in the train. Uncle Oliver and Aunt Minnie were astonished when they saw him leading the way to Oregon.

"He is much too small to help with the work," said Uncle Oliver. "On a wagon train like this everybody ought to do his share."

"Young Mr. Meeker will help in his own way," said Eliza Jane.

She smiled when Aunt Minnie talked of how dangerous the trip might be for a small young man like young Mr. Meeker.

"We are ready for anything that comes," said Eliza Jane. "We have a rabbit's foot for a good-luck charm and a buckeye to keep off trouble."

A buckeye is a shiny brown nut like an acorn. Some people think it is magic and will bring good health and good fortune to the one who carries it.

Tom and Margaret rode in the wagon right behind Uncle Oliver's. Their last name was McAuley, and they were brother and sister. They were somewhat old, but were smart and helpful. Tom had once been a storekeeper in a town in Indiana called Indianapolis. That made him a good person to look after the supplies in the wagon train.

Margaret had been a schoolteacher. She was a thin woman with a sharp way of speaking, but she was a big help. She had read and studied dozens of books. When some new, hard problem came up, she knew what to do because she had read so much.

Margaret knew many songs which she had taught her pupils in Indianapolis. In the evenings around the campfire she taught the songs to the pioneers. The cows listened and seemed more contented.

Young Mr. Meeker enjoyed the singing, too. He would listen quietly with his thumb in his mouth and a peaceful expression on his round, pink face.

In the wagon behind Tom and Margaret were the Sumner brothers and Aunt Cecie. Aunt Cecie had brought along some large notebooks. In them she intended to write her adventures and tell about the things she saw on her travels.

The wagons, with young Mr. Meeker in the head wagon, traveled on. Soon the way became lonely looking. There were no more towns, no more stores, no more houses. At last they reached a place where they must cross the river.

Some people called the name of this little place "Last Chance." It gave travelers a last chance to buy things they needed, to write letters, or to change their minds and go back away from Oregon.

"When you cross this river, you are in wild country," said the owner of the small store. "You will see only jack rabbits and buffaloes, Indians and horseflies."

Several travelers had an idea about young Mr. Meeker and Eliza Jane. "He is so small and young. Why not let Eliza Jane stay here until he is older? The others could go on to Oregon and get the new home ready. Then Mr. Meeker and his mother could come on with another wagon."

Mr. Meeker cried out in a loud, angry voice. He seemed almost brokenhearted.

"Perhaps he needs catnip tea," said Margaret.

But Eliza Jane understood the young man better.

"He cannot bear the thought of being left behind. He wants to go to Oregon. He wants to help build his new home."

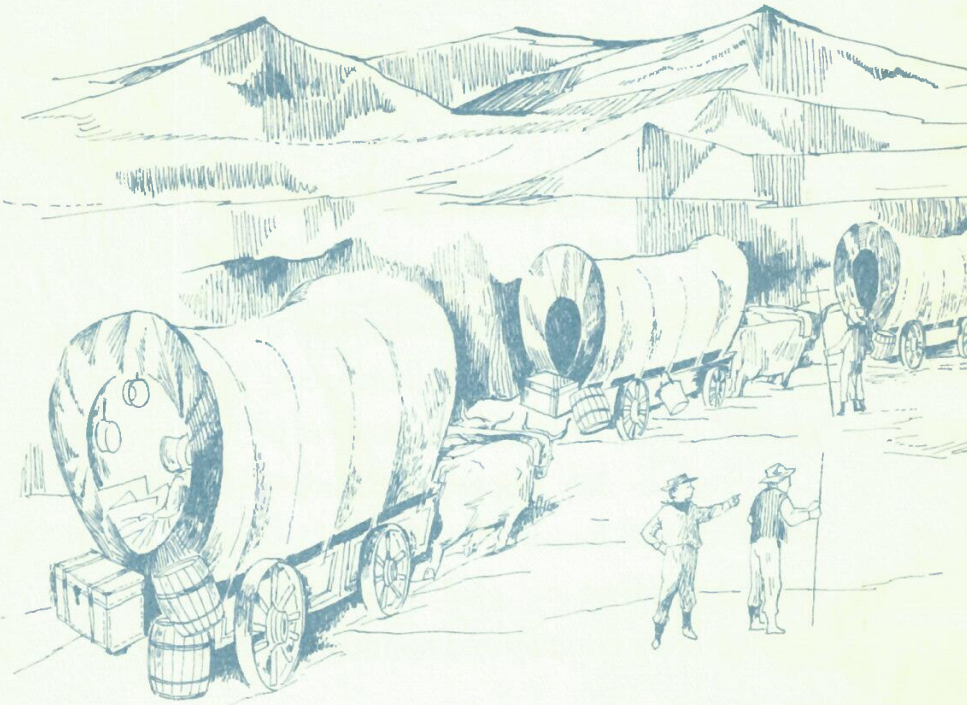
Indian Country

As the wagons went on, there were more and more Indians along the way. Indians rode past on their spotted ponies wearing long feathers in their top hair.

Sometimes they stopped and looked at the train of white-covered wagons. Their faces had a cross, dark look. They were not glad to see the pioneers going through their country and hunting their buffaloes.

The Indians did not bother the travelers, however, because there were too many wagons and each wagon had guns in it.

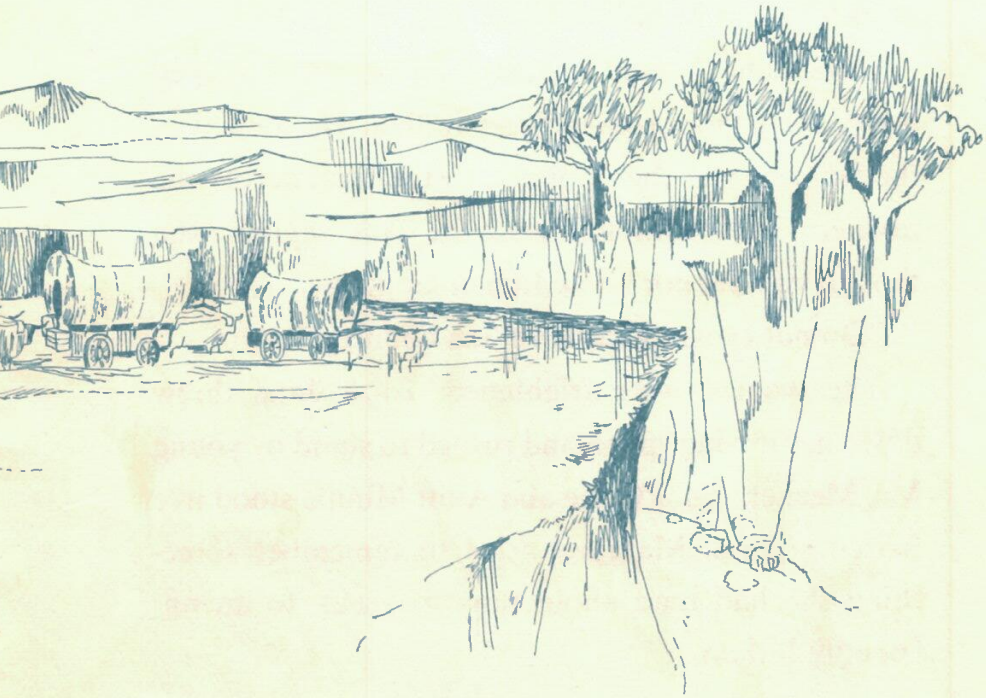
The land became wilder as they traveled. More and more Indians appeared, looking cross. At night, sometimes, a thundering sound would be heard. It was a great mob of buffaloes, hundreds and thousands of them, all rushing together somewhere.



One day the travelers came to a great deep ditch. "How shall we cross it?" the men wondered. If it were a river with water, they might ferry or swim. But you need wings or a bridge to cross a big, deep ravine.

"Whoa!" the men commanded. The oxen stopped. The men went to find something they could use for a bridge.

Eliza Jane brought young Mr. Meeker out from



the wagon and let him lie on the ground. She gave him a rattle in each hand. The young pioneer had a good time shaking the rattles and trying to kick them with his feet.

The cows lay down to take naps. The women went about mixing johnnycake for dinner. Suddenly one of the cows gave a loud, disagreeable moo.

"She is trying to scare us and keep the baby awake," Aunt Minnie said.

Eliza Jane looked around. There, on a striped pony, sat a tall, cross-looking Indian. He looked at the women, and then pointed to the land across the ravine. You could tell what he was saying even though you did not know Indian language.

"Do not cross! That is Indian country!"

The women were frightened. Eliza Jane threw down her mixing spoon and rushed to stand by young Mr. Meeker. Aunt Cecie and Aunt Minnie stood like frozen statues. Margaret tried to remember something she had read about how to speak to an unfriendly Indian.

Only young Mr. Meeker was not at all frightened by the Indian. He kept on kicking his heels, waving his hands, and shaking his gourd rattles. He was pleased by the jingling sound the gourds made.

The gourd rattles were interesting to look at. They were painted to look like dolls. One was smiling, and one was frowning. Each had a red face and black hair.

Eliza Jane and the Indian kept looking at each other. Each tried to look longer and crosser than the other. Each seemed to be saying to the other: "Don't come any closer!"

Mr. Meeker kept kicking his heels and waving his hands. Suddenly he gave a loud, happy call.

"O-o-o-o-ga!" he called.

Perhaps this was Indian language. The Indian looked down at the young man. He looked at the bright rattles with their painted faces. He got off his pony and came to young Mr. Meeker, smiling and pointing and making signs.

"No!" cried Eliza Jane. She stood in front of Mr. Meeker and tried to look very dangerous. "Though

you may kill me and scalp me and carry me off, you may not have Mr. Meeker!"

Margaret spoke. Teaching school had helped her to understand what people meant. "The Indian does not wish to take the baby," she said. "He wants the rattles. Perhaps he thinks they would make pretty decorations or bring him good luck!"

"Mr. Meeker will be glad to give him the rattles," said Eliza Jane.

The Indian and the young pioneer looked at each other. "O-o-o-o-ga!" cried young Mr. Meeker.

The Indian answered, "Ugh!"

Eliza Jane took the rattles and handed them to the Indian. The Indian took a feather from his hair and put it in the young man's hand. Then he waved his hand toward the ravine and seemed to be saying, "You may cross."

Just then the men came hurrying up. They had not found anything with which to make a bridge. But the Indian spoke strange words in a friendly manner. He seemed to be saying, "Follow me!"

He led the party to a place where a bridge had been built across the ravine. Then he made friendly sounds. He galloped away on his striped pony, waving both rattles in one hand.

Young Mr. Meeker's party crossed the deep ravine on the Indian bridge. All were excited, and they wondered what would have happened if the Indian had wanted to fight.

All said over and over, "What a lucky, lucky thing that young Mr. Meeker came along! He is a wonderful leader. He knows how to trade with the Indians!"

Young Mr. Meeker listened for a while to these praises. Then he put his thumb in his mouth and went to sleep.

This is just one of Mr. Meeker's adventures from the book *Young Mr. Meeker and His Exciting Journey to Oregon,* by Miriam E. Mason (Bobbs-Merrill, 1952). Would you expect a baby to save his mother from a mountain lion? Mr. Meeker did. In reading the complete book, you will see that the wagon train might never have gotten to Oregon at all without the help of the young pioneer.

You may also want to read:

Keep the Wagons Moving
by West Lathrop (Random House, 1949)

Children of the Covered Wagon
by Mary Carr (T. Y. Crowell, 1957)

Journey Cake
by Isabel McMeekin (Julian Messner, 1942)

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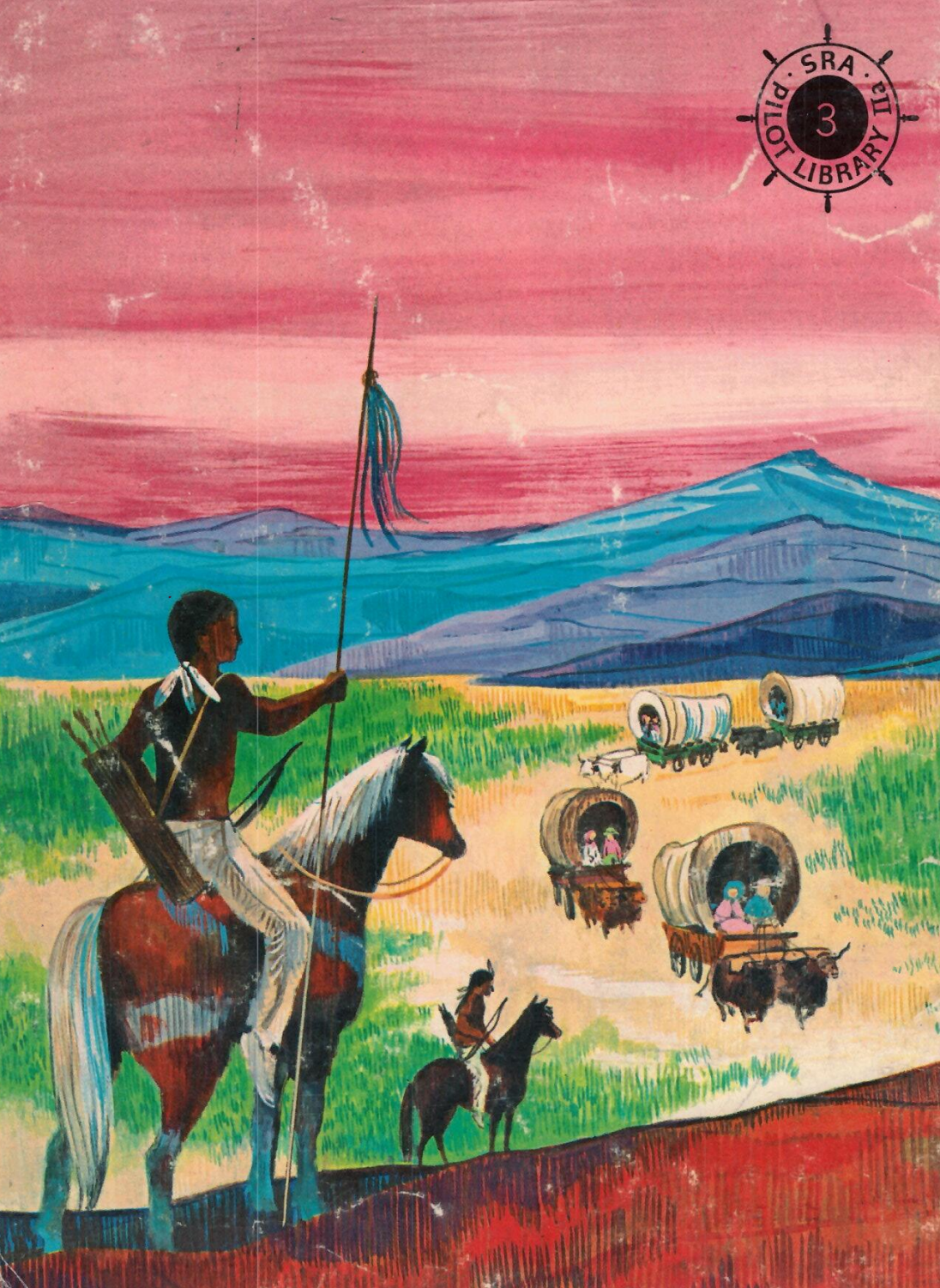
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Carolyn Haywood

FOR SALE: RAZBURYAIDE

by Carolyn Haywood

Have you ever made lemonade on a hot summer day? Do you remember how you made it? Or what you put into it?

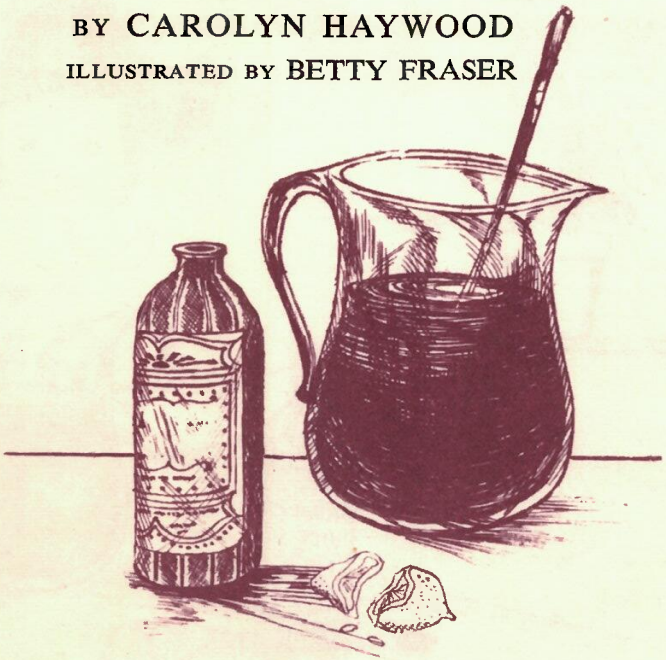
Betsy and Billy made some lemonade. Only it did not turn out to be lemonade. It turned out to be—uh, well, something else. They called it raspberryade. It was some drink!

COVER BY POLLY BOLIAN

FOR SALE: RAZBURYAIDE

BY CAROLYN HAYWOOD

ILLUSTRATED BY BETTY FRASER



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Lemonade Plus

It was a hot July day. Billy Porter, one of Betsy's friends from school, had come to spend the afternoon with her. "What do you want to do?" Betsy asked, when Billy arrived.

"I don't know," said Billy. "What do *you* want to do?"

"We could play checkers in the summerhouse," said Betsy.

"We played checkers the last time I came," replied

Billy. "Let's do something different. Couldn't we make something?"

"Like what?" said Betsy.

"Fudge," said Billy.

"You mean cook?" said Betsy.

"Yes," said Billy. "I like to cook." He smacked his lips. "I like to eat."

"I can't cook," said Betsy's little sister Star. "I'm too little."

"Well, you're big enough to eat," said Billy, "and fudge is good."

"Let's ask Mother," said Betsy.

The three children ran into the house. "Mother!" Betsy called. "Mother!"

"I'm talking on the telephone," her mother called back from the front hall.

"Oh! Excuse me, Mother," said Betsy. "Can we make some fudge?"

Mother turned away from the telephone. "Not today," she said. "It's too hot. Make some lemonade."

"Oh, good!" said Betsy. "How many lemons shall we use?"

"Two," said her mother, and turned back to the telephone.

"How much water?" said Betsy.

Mother turned to her again. "The pitcher full," she said.

The children ran back to the kitchen. Betsy opened the refrigerator door and took out two lemons. "Here, Billy," she said, "you can squeeze the lemons."

"They have to be rolled first," said Billy. "That makes them soft and juicy."

"I want to roll them," said Star. "I can roll them."

"Let her roll them, Billy," said Betsy.

"Well, I'll show you a good way," said Billy. "Look, you put the lemon on the floor and do it with your foot!"

He put the two lemons on the floor and began rolling one of them under his foot. Star watched him for a moment and then she put her foot on the other lemon.

"Mine's getting nice and soft," said Billy.

"It will be nice and dirty," said Betsy.

"I'll wash it," said Billy. "It's almost ready." And then *pop!* The lemon burst. The juice and seeds flew out on the clean kitchen floor.

"Oops!" said Billy, looking down at the mess.

"Now look!" said Betsy. "Billy, you always make a mess of things."

"No, I don't," said Billy. "It was just an accident. I'll wipe it up."

Betsy stooped down and picked up the other lemon that Star had been rolling. "Now we only have one lemon," she said.

Betsy ran into the hall. Her mother was still talking on the telephone.

Betsy tapped her on the shoulder, and Mother looked up.

"Where's a rag?" Betsy whispered.

"What for?" asked her mother.

"To wipe up the floor," Betsy said. "Billy made a mess with the lemon."

"In the cupboard under the sink," said her mother.

Betsy found the rag and gave it to Billy. While he cleaned up the floor, Betsy squeezed the remaining lemon and poured the juice into the pitcher. "This won't be very good lemonade," she said, filling the pitcher with water.

Billy threw the rag into the sink. "Aren't there any more lemons?" he asked.

"I didn't see any more," Betsy replied. "You look in the refrigerator."

Billy opened the refrigerator door. He looked on all the shelves and in the storage bins. "I don't see any," he said, "but here's some prune juice. Maybe it would be good with some prune juice."

Betsy ran back to the hall. She waved her hand at her mother, who was still busily talking, and caught her eye. "Now what?" said Mother.

"May we have some prune juice?" Betsy asked.

"Yes, yes," said her mother.

Betsy ran back to the kitchen. "We can have it," she said to Billy.

Billy brought out the prune juice. He poured it into the pitcher until the pitcher was full. Betsy stirred it and then tasted it. "It tastes awful," she said.

"Well, here's a big jar of raspberry jam," said Billy. "Bet that would make it good."

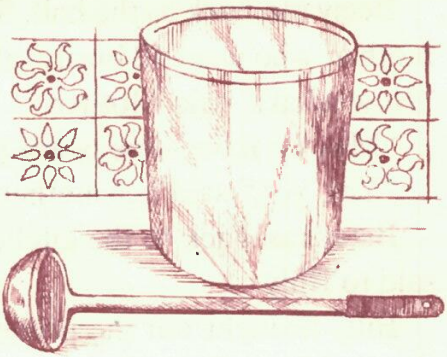
Betsy ran to her mother again. This time she waved both hands. "Mother! Mother!" she said.

Her mother took the receiver from her ear again. "What is it, Betsy?"

"May we have some raspberry jam?"

"Yes," said her mother.

"Okay," said Betsy, returning to the kitchen. "Bring the jar," she said to Billy. "This is going to be some lemonade!"



Taste Test

Billy picked up the big jar of jam. It was very cold, and the warm air of the kitchen made drops of water form on it. It was very slippery. Billy decided to carry it with both hands. He landed it safely on the table.

"Take the lid off," said Betsy.

Billy tried to unscrew it. "It's tight," he said. "You try."

Betsy tried with all her strength, but the lid wouldn't budge. "Take it to Mother," she said. "She can get it off."

Billy carried the jar into the hall, holding it tight against his chest with both hands. He stood in front of Betsy's mother at the telephone. He bumped his chin on the lid of the jar, and shook his head. Betsy's mother went right on talking. He bumped his chin on the lid again, and shook his head.

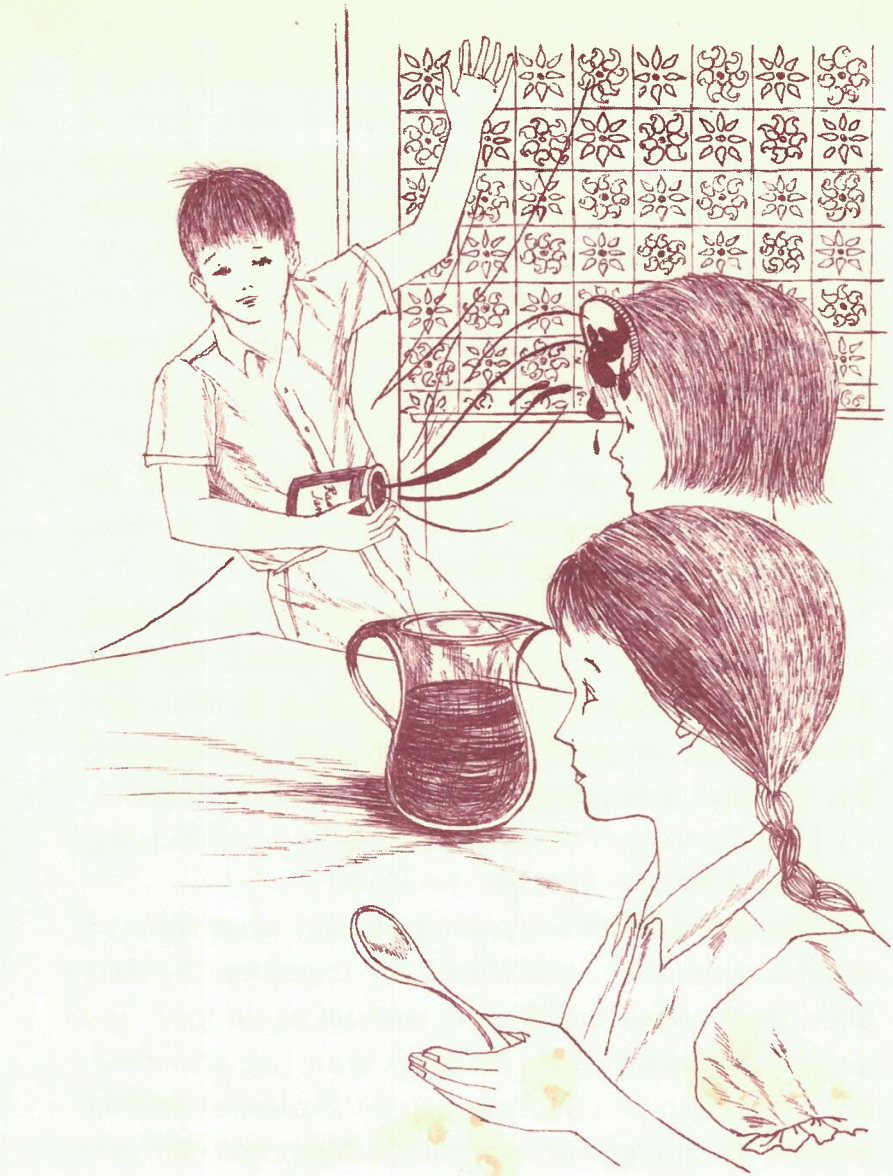
Betsy's mother removed the receiver from her ear. "Whatever do you want, Billy?"

"Can't get the lid off," replied Billy.

Betsy's mother put the receiver down and took the jar in her hands. She gave the lid a twist and off it came. Then she set the lid back, loosely.

"Thanks," said Billy, and started back to the kitchen. As he crossed the dining room, Star opened the back door to let Thumpy, the cocker spaniel, in. Billy and Thumpy reached the open door from the dining room into the kitchen at the same moment. Neither one waited for the other to go through, and as Billy was much bigger than Thumpy, he tripped over him.

Billy stumbled into the kitchen, and went right on stumbling until he crashed into the screen on the back door. But the door was locked, so there he stopped. The jar of jam was still clutched in his arms like a football, but the lid had flown off during his journey across the kitchen. To Star's great surprise it landed right on top of



her head. There it sat like a round hat. Raspberry jam trickled down her forehead.

Billy recovered his balance. He put the jar on the table with a sigh and said, "I'll bet you thought I was going to drop it."

"It's a good thing you didn't," said Betsy, as she spooned up some jam.

"Wait a minute!" Billy cried out. "Haven't you got any sense? That pitcher is going to spill over if you put that much jam in."

Billy looked around the kitchen. "Here!" he said, picking up a plastic bucket that Betsy's mother had bought the day before. "Let's pour it into this."

Betsy emptied the pitcher into the bucket. Suddenly Billy's face brightened. "Say, Betsy!" he said. "Why don't we have a lemonade stand and sell this lemonade? Bet we could make some money, and it would be fun."

"In the summerhouse?" said Betsy.

"No, we'd have to sell it out front," said Billy. "Bet cars would stop. Hot day like this, everybody is thirsty."

"Oh, Billy, let's!" said Betsy, stirring more raspberry jam into the bucket. Then she tasted it again.

"Let me taste it," said Billy.

Betsy washed off the spoon, and Billy tasted the mixture. "Not very good, is it?" said Betsy.

"Just needs sugar," said Billy. "Lots of sugar, and it will be dandy. Where's the sugar?" Billy ran to the closet and opened the door.

"I'll get it," cried Betsy. "I'll get it." Betsy pushed Billy aside and picked up the can marked SUGAR.

"What's the matter with you, Betsy?" Billy exclaimed. "You act as if I couldn't carry a can of sugar!"

Betsy added sugar to the bucket, while Billy brought ice cubes from the refrigerator and dropped them into the pail one by one. "You know what, Betsy?" he said. "This was a wonderful idea. We'll make money sure."

Betsy looked inside the can of sugar. "There isn't very much sugar left," she said, and emptied the can into the lemonade.

They tasted the drink again. "It's not sweet enough," said Billy. "It doesn't taste like anything."

"Well, there isn't any more sugar," said Betsy.

Billy opened the closet door and looked on the shelves. "Here's some molasses," he said. "That's sweet."

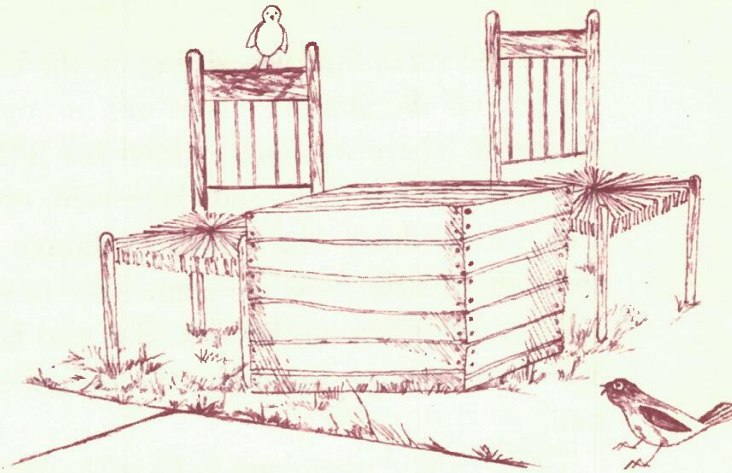
Betsy lifted down the jar of molasses and poured some of it into the bucket. "Now let's try it," she said.

After several tastes, they both agreed that the drink was sweet enough, and Billy went off to the garage to get a wooden box to use as a table.

All this time, Star was sitting on the back step, licking jam off the jam lid. There was not only jam on her forehead. There was jam all over her little button of a nose and on her chin, and there were spots down the front of her dress. She looked as though she had been through a battle. Now she came into the house and put the jam lid down on the sink. She had licked it clean. She went through the dining room and into the front hall.

Betsy picked up a soup ladle with one hand and the bucket with the other. As she carried them out the kitchen door she heard her mother cry out, "Oh, Star's cut her head! I'll have to hang up. Good-by, good-by! The child is covered with blood!"

Betsy went right on out to the street with the bucket. She knew that her mother would soon find out that Star was covered with jam.



Razburyaide

Billy placed the wooden box on the sidewalk, right beside the curb. "See!" he said. "Cars can stop right here. We'll give 'em curb service."

Betsy lifted the bucket up onto the box. "Get two chairs out of the summerhouse," she said. "I'll get some glasses."

They both ran off but were soon back by the stand. "We have to have a sign," said Billy. "Have to tack it on the box."

"Oh, yes!" said Betsy, and she went to get a piece of paper. She found a large piece of white wrapping paper

and picked out a bright green crayon from her crayon box. Then she went back to Billy.

"What do you think we should call it?" she asked, as she spread the paper out on the box beside the bucket.

"Why, lemonade," Billy answered.

"But it doesn't look like lemonade," said Betsy.

Billy looked into the bucket. "Well, call it raspberryade," he said. "It looks like raspberryade. You can see seeds floating around."

"I don't know how to spell raspberryade," said Betsy. "Do you know how to spell it?"

"Sure," said Billy.

"Well, how?" Betsy made a big green *R* on the paper.

"Uh," said Billy, "well, er, maybe we'd better call it pruneade."

"But I've made an *R*," said Betsy.

"Put a *P* in front of it," Billy suggested.

Betsy laid down her crayon. "Nobody is going to stop and buy pruneade," she said. "Nobody ever heard of it."

"Well, call it lemonade," said Billy. "Everybody will stop if it says lemonade."

"I told you I have an *R* on the paper," said Betsy. "And there isn't any *R* in lemonade. You said you knew how to spell raspberryade. Go ahead and spell it."

"Okay, okay," said Billy. "But I don't think we'll be able to sell it if we call it raspberryade."

"Yes, we will," Betsy insisted. "Go ahead and spell it."

"Okay," said Billy "R-a-z-b-u-r-y-a-i-d."

"Slowly," said Betsy.

Billy spelled it out again slowly, and Betsy carefully made the letters. "Are you sure that's right?" she asked, when she had finished.

Billy looked over Betsy's shoulder. "Looks right to me," he said. Then he added, "Maybe it needs an *E* on the end. An awful lot of words have *E* on the end. Better put an *E* on the end."

Betsy added an *E* and underneath the word she wrote *5 Cents a Glass*. Then she said, "Have you any thumbtacks, Billy?"

Billy went through his pockets and came up with three thumbtacks. He fastened the sign to the front of the wooden box. Then the two children sat down to wait for customers. They watched each car as it drove toward them, and looked disappointed as it drove by without stopping.

After a while they each drank a glass of raspberryade to cheer themselves up. The ice had melted, but it was still cold.

"It's terribly sweet," said Betsy. "I don't think we should have put the molasses in it."

"Nothing can be too sweet," said Billy. "I think it's super."

Finally a car stopped. Two men were in the front seat. "Just what I want," said the driver, "a good cold drink. Fill up two glasses. The biggest ones you have there."

"Here's a quarter," said the other man, handing a coin to Billy. "Keep the change."

"Thanks!" said Billy, his face beaming.

Betsy dipped up the raspberryade and poured it into a glass. The drink showed through the glass. It was not exactly brown and it was not exactly lavender and you couldn't say it was exactly gray. It was a mixture of all three colors.

The men in the car looked surprised when Billy handed them the glasses. The man at the wheel looked at his glass and then he looked at the children. They were busy admiring the quarter, so he quietly emptied the glass out of the window of the car. Then he took the glass from the other man's hand and poured it out of the window, too.

"Hope it won't take the paint off the car," said his companion. Then he handed the empty glasses to Billy.

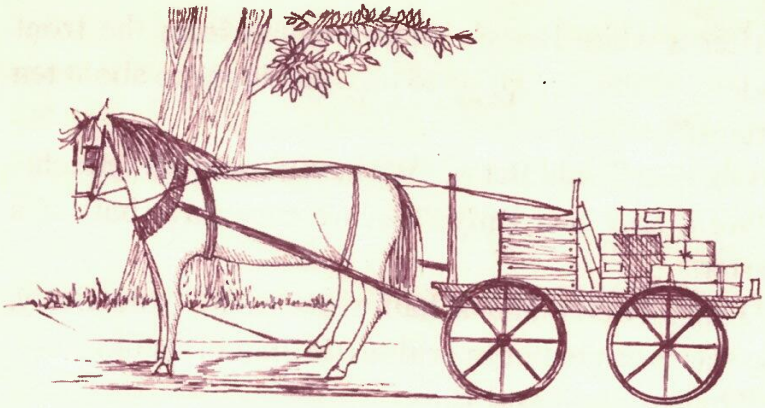
"Did you like it?" Billy asked.

"Remarkable stuff," said the man. "Too bad you haven't any ice cream to put in it."

"So long!" the driver called out, as he started the car. "Wish you luck."

"Good-by," the children called back. "Thanks!"

"Now we're making money," said Billy.



A Knockout Drink

Billy and Betsy sat beside their stand all afternoon, but no more cars stopped. Several people walking by stopped and looked into the bucket, but they didn't buy any raspberryade. Finally Billy said to Betsy, "Do you want another glass, Betsy?"

"I don't think so," Betsy answered.

"Don't you like it?" Billy asked.

"Oh, sure I like it," said Betsy. "*You* have some more."

Billy looked into the bucket. "No, I don't think I want any more," he said.

After a while Betsy's mother called from the front window, "Billy, I'm going to take you home in about ten minutes."

"Oh, dear!" said Betsy. "We haven't sold very much."

"Well, no," said Billy, "but we each have half of a quarter."

"That's twelve and a half cents each," said Betsy, who was much better in arithmetic than in spelling.

"That's right," said Billy.

"How are we going to divide it?" Betsy asked.

"Well, you take twelve cents and I'll take twelve cents and we'll buy one cent's worth of jelly beans and divide 'em between us," said Billy.

"But you get thirteen jelly beans for a penny," said Betsy. "That would be six and a half jelly beans apiece."

"Well, what's the matter with that? You can cut a jelly bean in half."

"I tell you what," said Betsy. "Let's give the penny to Star. Then she'll feel that she earned something."

"But she didn't do anything," Billy protested. "She just licked the jam off the lid."

"Let's give it to her anyway," said Betsy.

"Okay," said Billy.

Just at that moment, the only horse and wagon in town came around the corner. It was the parcel post

wagon. When Billy saw it he called out, "Here comes Dolly and Mr. Fisher!" All the children knew Dolly, the horse. She was a gentle old horse with a white star between her kind eyes. "Oh, let's give some raspberryade to Mr. Fisher," Billy added.

"Yes, let's," said Betsy. "We'll give it to him for nothing, because he's so nice."

Dolly came toward them. *Clop! Clop! Clop!*

"Hello, Mr. Fisher!" Billy called out.

"Hello!" Mr. Fisher replied. He drew up beside the stand. "What's this?" he asked.

"It's raspberryade," said Betsy, "and we want to give you some."

"You don't have to pay anything, Mr. Fisher," said Billy. "We want to give it to you free."

Mr. Fisher jumped down. He looked into the bucket. "Oh, thanks," he said. "That's very kind of you, but I couldn't drink a thing. Just couldn't drink a thing." Then when he saw the disappointment on their faces, he said, "Had watermelon for my lunch. Filled me up."

"Oh, that's too bad," said Billy.

"Maybe Dolly would like some," Betsy suggested hopefully.

"I'll bet she would," Billy cried. "Here, Mr. Fisher, give her the bucket. We have to close up now, anyway."

Billy handed the bucket to Mr. Fisher, who held it under Dolly's nose. She put her head into the bucket and sucked up some of the raspberryade. Then she lifted her head and let out a long neigh.

"She likes it, doesn't she?" said Billy.

But Dolly wouldn't come back for more. She shook her head, and Mr. Fisher thought that Dolly's eyes did not look as kind as they usually did.

"Guess she's had enough," he said, and he handed the bucket back to Billy. Dolly clopped off down the street, while Mr. Fisher delivered a parcel next door.

"Well," said Billy, "guess we might as well put the rest on the flower bed."

"Guess so," said Betsy.

Billy emptied the bucket on the flower bed. "Maybe raspberries will come up," he said hopefully.

Betsy laughed. "Or prunes," she added.

Star came out the front door. She had a clean face and a clean dress, and her hair was still wet because her

mother had washed it. "Betsy," she said, "I didn't have any lemonade at all. Where's the lemonade?"

"We just watered the flowers with it," said Billy. "But we're going to give you a penny."

"Oh!" said Star. "Where is it?"

"In this quarter," said Billy. "I'll ask your mother to change it. Then you can have the penny."

The three children walked, one behind the other, to the back of the house. Billy carried the wooden box. Betsy carried the bucket, filled with empty glasses, and Star carried the ladle.

The sign *Razburyaide, 5 Cents a Glass* blew down the street, and Betsy's father picked it up as he came home from the office. "Whee!" he said. "I'll bet that was a knockout drink!"

It was a busy summer for Betsy and her friends. Whether they were trying to fry an egg on the sidewalk or eating watermelon in the summerhouse, they had a good time. So will you, when you read *Betsy's Busy Summer,* by Carolyn Haywood (William Morrow, 1956).

You may also want to read:

Eddie and His Big Deals
by Carolyn Haywood (William Morrow, 1955)

Ellen Tebbits
by Beverly Cleary (William Morrow, 1951)

Betsy-Tacy
by Maud H. Lovelace (T. Y. Crowell, 1942)

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THE WORLD OF ROCKS

Anne Terry White

THE WORLD OF ROCKS

by Anne Terry White

There is a story behind every rock. You may sometimes stop to pick up a rock just because it is pretty. The rock you picked up may have been made from plants that grew on the earth millions of years ago. Or your rock could have come from a volcano.

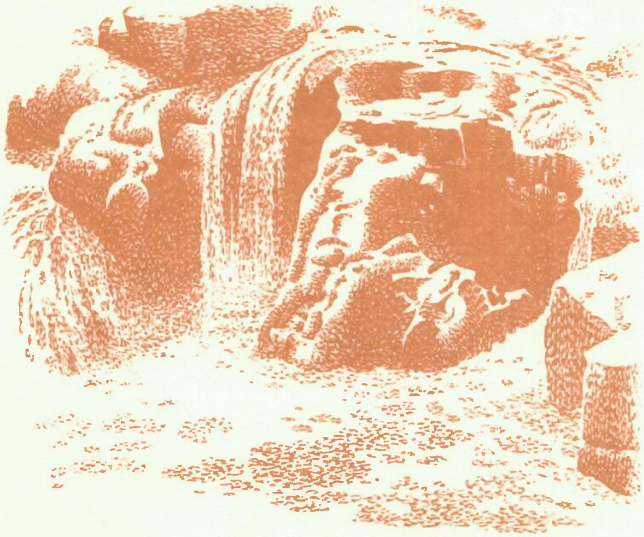
Would you ever guess that salt is a rock? Or chalk? Or glass? Did you know that the earth itself is a big ball of rock, thinly covered with water and soil? And that even this soil is a kind of rock?

Every rock has a story to tell for those who can read it.

ADULT BASIC EDUCATION
Highland Community College

THE WORLD OF ROCKS

THE WORLD OF ROCKS



BY ANNE TERRY WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY NINO CARBE

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Chicago, Illinois

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1

The Most Valuable Thing in the World

"I wonder what kind of rock this is!"

You may have said this many times. Stooping, you picked up a stone and turned it over in your hand. "Where did it come from?" you thought. "How was it made? Out of what?"

You may be sure that bit of rock had a story to tell. For every rock in the world has had its adventures.

Probably you tossed it away as a thing of no value. And you were right—rock is the commonest thing there is.

Yet it is the most valuable, too.

Perhaps you think that air and water are more valuable. We couldn't live without them.

Yes. But much of our air and water came out of the rocks. And what is soil? Soil is crumbled rock

with bits of dead plants in it. Without rock there could be no trees or grass. There could be no grain, no vegetables or fruit, no animals and no people.

Think how we depend on rocks! Look at the buildings made of stone. See the piers and bridges. A gravel driveway is rock. The glass in your windows comes from rock. Bricks and cement and plaster go back to rock. The dishes on your table were once rock. Coal is a rock. Oil comes out of the rocks.

And metals. There's your bicycle. There are the cars, trucks, buses, trains, planes. All these come out of rock. So do rails and telephone wires. So do tools. And you can add lots more.

We live on a ball of rock. We forget that because so much of it is out of sight. It is covered with water, with soil, grass, and forest. But under all this is rock. The deepest ocean is just a scratch on top. Under it lie thousands of miles of rock.

2

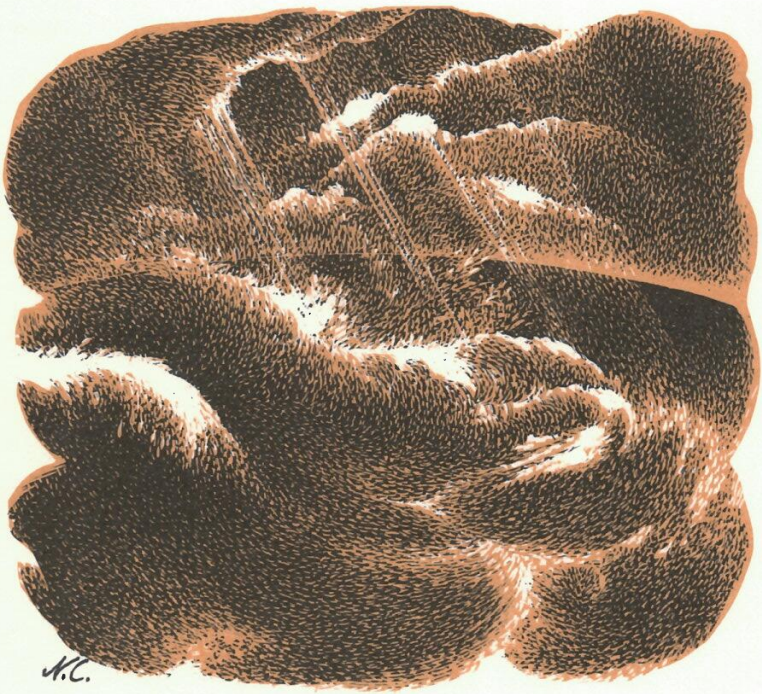
The First Rocks

Long ago the ball of rock on which we live was very hot. It was so hot that all the rock was melted. And for millions of years it stayed that way.

Then little by little the outside of the ball cooled off. A thin crust formed. It was stiff and solid. In some places it was wrinkled. Those wrinkles were the first mountains.

There were cracks in the crust. Steam and air shot out of the cracks. The steam made thick clouds that hung all around the earth. The clouds wouldn't let the sun through even for a minute.

Then it began to rain. Never has there been such a rainstorm since. It rained and it rained, day and night, without letup. It rained for years. It rained for



centuries. For the earth was still sizzling hot. As soon as the rain touched the earth, the water turned to steam. The steam would go up in clouds and come right down again as rain.

By and by the outside of our rock ball really cooled off. It got so cool that the rain stopped turning into steam. Between rains the sun came out. The rain water ran off the rocks. It flowed into the low places of the earth's rock crust. Those low places became seas and lakes. The lowest place of all was what we now call the Pacific Ocean.

Everybody knows where the Pacific Ocean lies. But where are those first mountains?

3

The Rocks Come Down

Many people have looked for traces of those early mountains. They have never found any. Those first mountains are all gone. Sun and rain and frost and air and wind and streams wore them away.

For all these worked to tear the rocks down then as they work to tear them down now. The work goes on

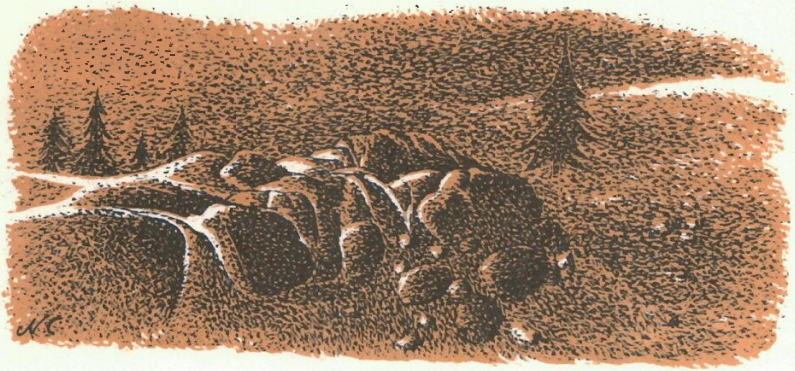
very, very slowly. Some of the changes are so slow that you cannot see them. You cannot see the mountains grow smaller. When you are eighty, they will look the same to you as they do now. But you may be sure they will not be the same. Nothing in Nature stays the same even for two minutes. The wearing and the tearing go on all the time. They never stop.

The proof of that is all around you. The proof is in the fallen rocks at the foot of the hill. It is in the pebbles of the brook. It is in the sand of the seashore.

But how does the change take place? How is rock torn down and broken up?

Perhaps you already know that some things get a little bit bigger when they are heated. That's the way it is with rock. In the daytime the sun heats the outside of the rock, and it gets a little bigger. You can't see this happen. But you can see the results. For when the rock cools off, it shrinks a little bit. And when it shrinks, it cracks.

Air gets into the cracks. It eats away the rock, widening the cracks.



Rain gets in. Up on the mountain it is cold at night. The water in the cracks freezes.

Now water doesn't act the same way as rock. Water gets a little bit bigger when it turns to ice. Then it has great power. You have seen it at work. You may have taken a bottle of milk—which is mostly water—into the house on a freezing day. The milk had pushed the cap right off and squeezed itself out of the bottle.

Well, the water in the cracks can't push up a cap and get out. But it must have room to freeze. So it pushes against the rock and cracks it. Big pieces and small pieces break off. The pieces of rock come tumbling down the mountain. If there is a road near

Nino Carbé

by, people in cars have to be warned: "Look out for fallen rocks."

Mountain streams run fast. In the spring they rush madly downhill. For then they are full of rain and melted snow. They pick up rocks that the sun and air and frost have broken off.

The rocks grind and scrape against the bed of the stream. They file it. They cut deeper and deeper into the rock. They wear it down. Sometimes stones get caught in an eddy. Then they swirl around and around. They scour out a great round hole in the bedrock. You may have gone swimming in such a hole. You may have caught fish in it.

The rocks in the stream grind and scrape against one another, too. Pieces get broken off. The smaller pieces break into still smaller ones. The rough edges become smooth. The chips break up into sand and clay. If you pick up a pebble from a brook, you can feel how smooth and round it is on all sides. It has no sharp edges at all.

Perhaps you have picked up a stone like that. If

you did, those smooth edges told you a piece of its story right there. That stone had traveled a long way by water. All its roughness had been knocked off, and scraped off, and scoured off.

Where is the mountain stream going?

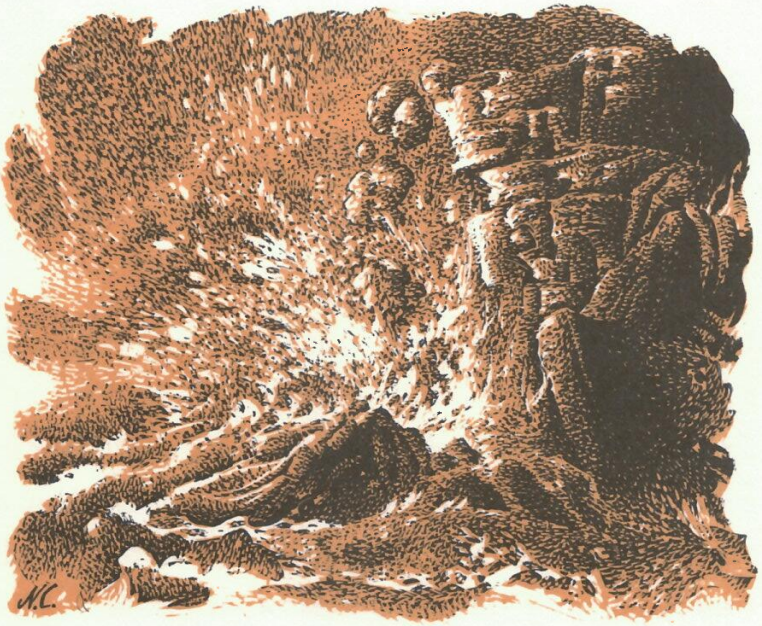
Most streams end in the sea. Big or small, fast or slow, they carry their load down to the river's mouth and dump it. In the spring the rivers dump huge loads of *sediment* in the sea. That is what we call the pebbles and sand and clay that rivers carry.

All along the edge of the sea something else has been hard at work. The waves have been battering the cliffs. The waves are never still.

They pick up sand and pebbles and blast the rocks with them. They pound away. Hour after hour, day after day they pound. After a while they wear a hollow at the base of the cliff. The upper part juts out like a shelf. As time goes on, there is less and less to hold up that shelf. Then along comes a storm. The wind blows up giant waves. They blast the shelf with sand and pebbles and rocks.

The shelf comes crashing down. It breaks into a thousand pieces. The sandy surf thunders over the pieces. It scours the boulders and files them down. By and by there are no boulders left. There isn't even a pebble. All is sand.

Next time you are at the seashore and dig your toes into the sand, remember. All of this was once a cliff.



4

Up from Below

Is there a cellar being dug near you? Then you have a fine chance to see what lies under the soil. You will find a second layer under the first. It will be lighter in color because there are no dead plants in it. It is just crumbled, rotted rock. Under this lies bedrock. Bedrock is the unbroken rock crust of the earth.

What is that crust like? Do we measure it in feet or miles?

We don't know a great deal about the crust of our rock ball. We think it is only about fifty miles thick. But, of course, nobody has been down to see. The deepest mine is only two miles deep. The deepest hole we have ever dug is only four miles deep.

Yet we do know this: the crust gets hotter and hotter as we go down. Our deepest mines have to be air-cooled. Surely fifty miles under our feet it is hot enough to melt rock.

Is all the rest of our rock ball melted, then?

Strangely, no. Tests show that for about halfway to the center of the earth the rock is rigid. Though it is hot enough to melt, it doesn't melt. For if it melts, it must get bigger. And there is no room for it to get bigger. It can't get out and spread. The miles and miles of rock above won't let it move.

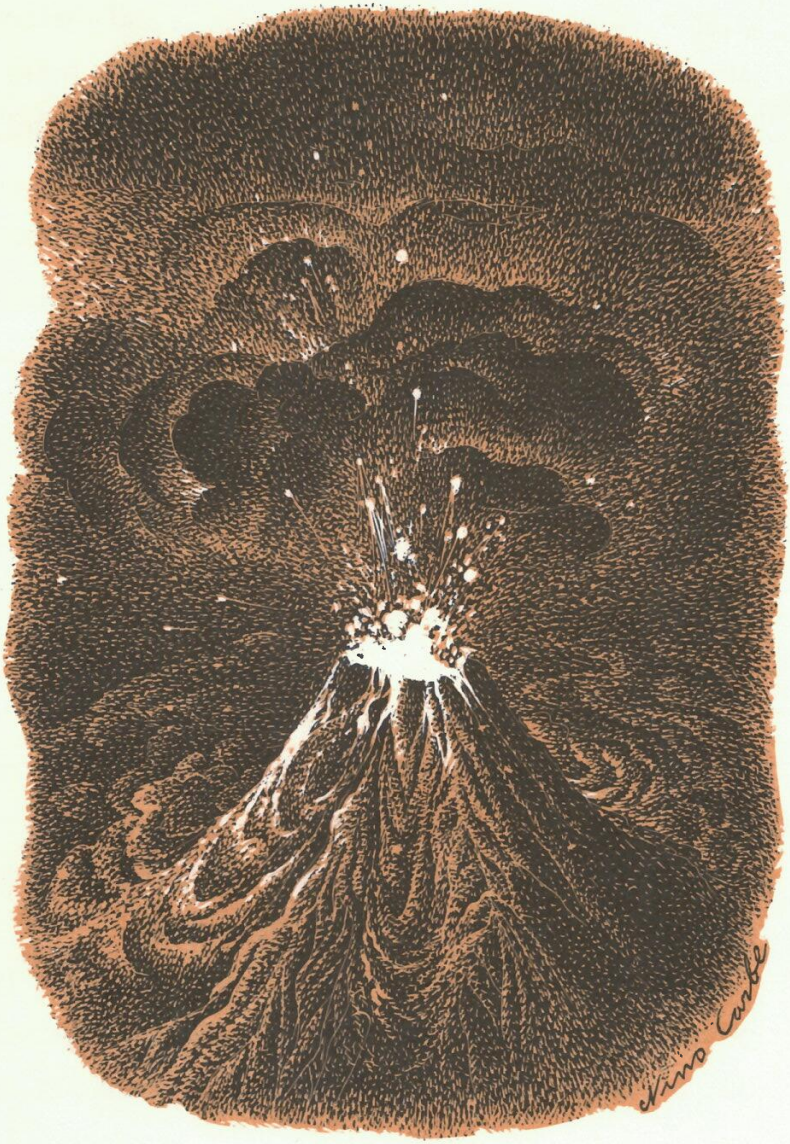
Yet once in a while we get a hint of what's going on below. Somehow or other a little of the deep rock does melt. It eats its way through the rocks above. It

finds a weak place in the crust. And with a roar of steam and gas it breaks out. Then we see what it is like down under the crust. For the *lava,* or melted rock, that comes pouring out of a volcano is bubbling hot.

You may not have heard that we have volcanoes in this country. But we do. Counting big ones and small ones, we have hundreds. Most of them are dead, to be sure. We don't expect lava to come gushing out of them any more. But Mount Lassen in California blew up in 1915. Mount Hood in Oregon and Mount Rainier in Washington are still warm in spots. We may see fireworks out of them yet.

For we can never be sure about a volcano. There is one in Italy that people thought was dead. But it was only sleeping. After a thousand years it woke up. The lava and gases that poured out of that volcano killed eighteen thousand people. The ash buried two cities.

It is scary to watch a volcano that is acting up. The earth shakes and rumbles. Clouds of steam pour out



21

of an opening in the earth. Red-hot rocks and cinders shoot high. They curve out and fall back down, building a round hill about the opening. They build the hill higher and higher. Then melted rock gushes out. It flows down the hill, or cone as it is called. Sometimes it flows on for miles. Everything in the lava's path is lost.

This is one of the few things Nature does fast. A few years ago a new volcano started up in a cornfield in Mexico. The very first day the cone grew 200 feet tall. In nine years it rose to 1,600 feet. It spread melted rock over 100 square miles all around the cone. In many places that lava was 300 feet deep.

Have you ever broken open a stone? Did it have a velvety look inside? Were the grains so fine that you couldn't see them? Then perhaps your stone was a piece of lava rock. And most likely it was basalt. For basalt is the commonest lava rock there is.

Most of our basalt didn't come out of volcanoes. It poured out of great cracks in the earth and spread like a blanket. Our biggest stretch of basalt is in

Washington, Oregon, and Idaho. If you live in one of those states, you have seen it a thousand times on the roads. Crushed basalt makes a fine hard top for roads.

There are basalt quarries in New Jersey. There are some in the Connecticut Valley, too. Roads often pass right through basalt. On either side you see a wall of rock. It is reddish-orange. For the air has changed the outside color. Inside it is dark gray or even black.

It is a thrill to pass a wall of basalt. For this rock was once boiling hot. It came pouring out of the earth. You can be very sure of this. For you can see at once that this isn't sedimentary rock. There are no layers. No, this rock was not laid down by water. It came up fiery hot from far down under the crust of our rock ball.

There may be some lava rock closer to you than you think. For your dentist uses a *pumice* powder to clean your teeth. There may be pumice, too, in the scouring powder by your sink.

Pumice is one of the strangest rocks there is. It is a rock foam. It formed on top of lava spurting out of a volcano just the way foam forms on top of boiling jam.

In olden days you would have found a piece of this odd rock in many a kitchen. Your great-grandmother scoured her pots with it. It was handy when you got ink on your fingers, too. Lying on the soap dish, the rock looked just like a sponge full of tiny holes. You were surprised when it didn't soften up in water.

Those holes had gas in them once, but it got out when the rock hardened. There are air pockets in pumice still. They make pumice so light that it will float. It is the lightest rock in the world.

If Anne Terry White has interested you in the subject of rocks, you may want to finish reading the book from which this story is taken. Why is granite the king of rocks? Are some rocks really made from fish shells? The answers to these and many other questions can be found in *Rocks All Around Us* (Random House, 1959).

You may also want to read:

The First Book of Stones
by Maribelle Cormack (Franklin Watts, 1950)

Rocks, Rivers, and the Changing Earth
by Herman and Nina Schneider (W. R. Scott, 1952)

What's Inside the Earth
by Herbert S. Zim (William Morrow, 1953)

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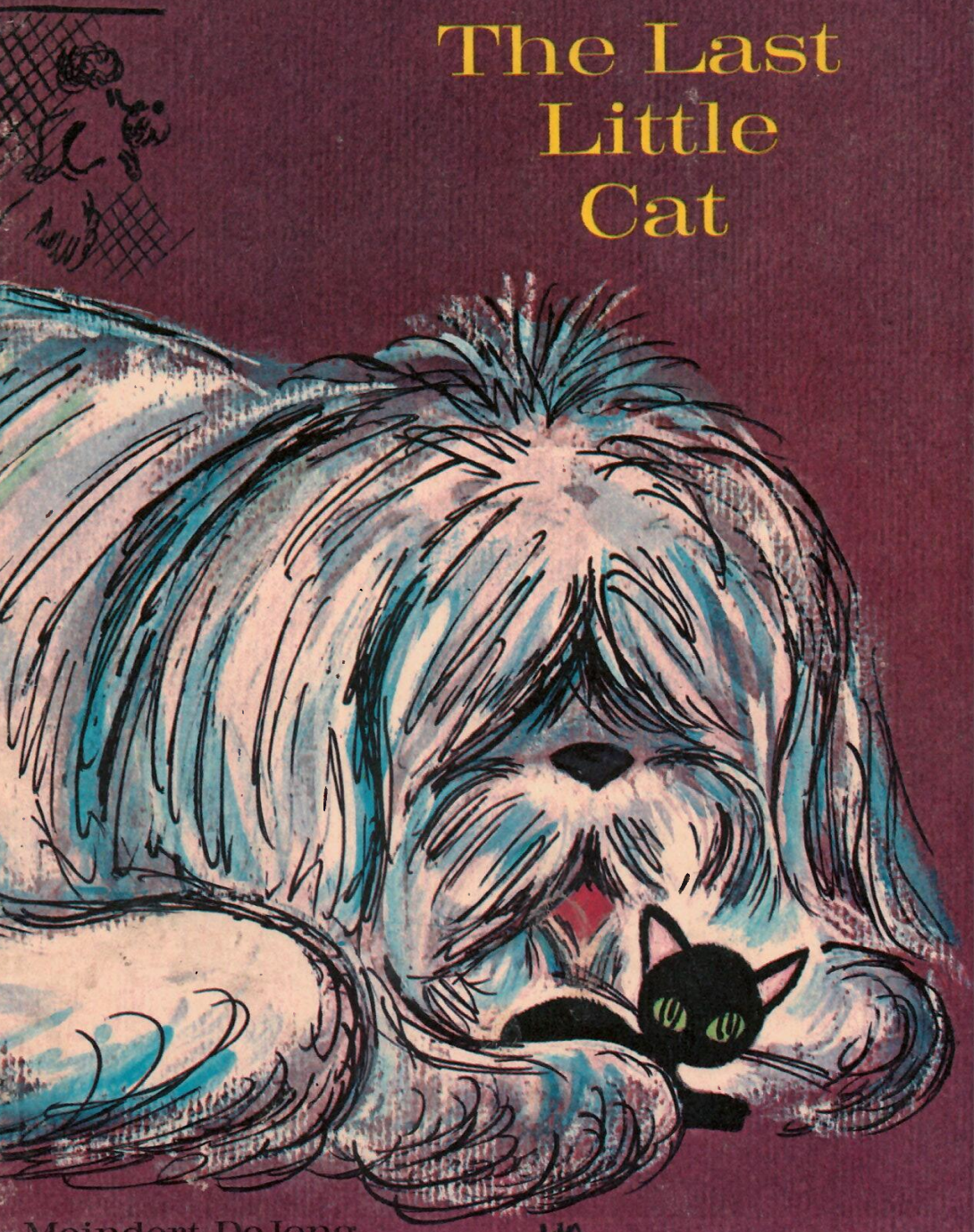
The Last Little Cat



Meindert DeJong

THE LAST LITTLE CAT

by Meindert DeJong

The last little cat was born in a kennel. All around were dogs and dog cages and dog noises. The little kitten was the last of a whole litter of kittens. And there was not enough room in the nest for the last little cat.

Then one day the little cat fell from the crowded nest into the cage with the old blind dog. From that day on the old dog and the little cat lived together, drank their bowl of milk together, and slept together. For the first time, there was warmth enough and milk enough and love enough for the last little cat.

Then came a day when the little cat could not find the cage of the old blind dog. The sun went down and the world grew dark, and the last little cat was lonely and afraid.

The Last Little Cat

by MEINDERT DeJONG

illustrated by
ROSALIND WELCHER

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1
The Last Little Cat

Believe it! It would seem that the last little cat was born in the last place a cat should be born—even a last little cat. The little black kitten was born in a kennel! And it was the last kitten of a whole litter of kittens—six kittens had been born, after that the last little cat still was born. Born in a nest—mind you—in a chicken nest in a barn that was now a dog kennel.

The barn had once been a chicken barn, but now it was full of dogs and dog cages, and dog noises and dog din. Up from the floor of the barn rose the cages—rows and rows of cages, cages above cages—floor-low and man-high. And in each and every cage—floor-low, man-high—was a barking dog.

There were dogs in all the cages—all kinds of dogs. But all of them were barking dogs. There were no quiet dogs. Not in any of the cages—floor-low, man-high—any quiet dogs.

Except one!

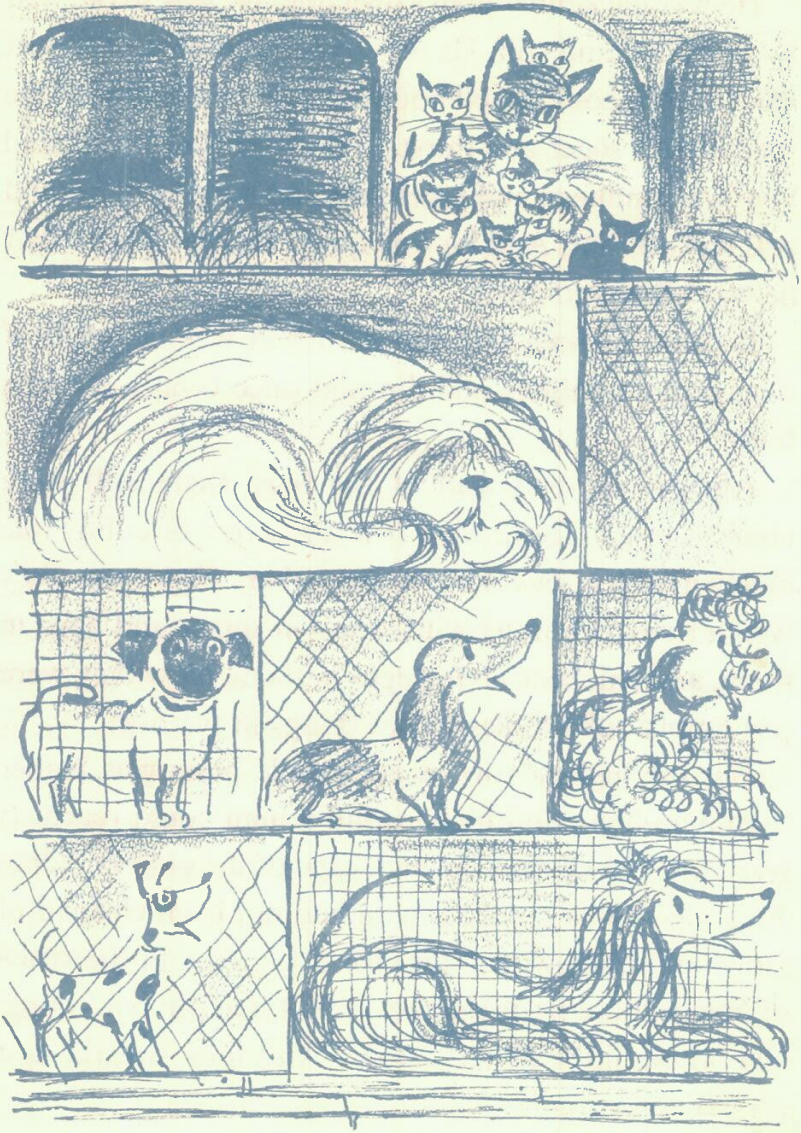
This one quiet dog was in a cage set on top of the row of cages against the end wall of the barn. Set on top of the other cages this way, this dog's cage was higher than man-high, and almost higher than a man could reach. The dog was there in a cage set by itself because he belonged to the man who owned the kennel-barn. The dog was blind!

He was the kennel-man's own dog. He was so old that he was blind and stiff. He was so old that he was almost deaf, and he could smell but little. But he could feel! He could feel hunger and thirst, and warmth and cold, and love and kindness, and loneliness and longing. He could still feel all that. And he was quiet. He was so old that he was blind and quiet.

It could be seen that the barn that was now full of dogs and dog noises and din had once been a chicken barn.

Against the end wall of the barn there still were chicken nests. There were row upon row of cubbyhole chicken nests, one above the other. But now they weren't chicken nests with straw in them, and eggs in them, and chickens laying eggs in them. Now they were just empty cubbyholes to put things in for dogs.

But the highest row of cubbyhole nests was higher than man-high, and higher than a man could reach. It was even higher than the high cage of the old blind dog. This top row of chicken nests had not been cleaned of straw and filled with things for dogs. And in the straw of one of those nests the mother cat had put her young. Her whole litter of six kittens! And then still the last little black kitten!



It was a strange place for a mother cat to have her kittens—in a chicken nest in a kennel full of dogs! But there was no other secret, hidden, unseen place for this mother cat to have her young. She belonged in the kennel-barn. She lived there! She was kept there to keep down the rats and the mice that stole the food for the dogs—so it was there that she had to have her kittens.

And no other place!

The high cubbyhole chicken nest was far too small for a litter of six kittens, and then still the last little black kitten. Oh, the first nine days, when the kittens still were blind and small, there was room in the nest for them all with the mother. But there was no place for the last little cat for milk from the mother. The six kittens took all the places for milk. There was no place until the other six kittens were done with drinking milk. Then there was a place, but then there was no milk.

The six other kittens drank the milk, and grew and grew. But as *they* grew, the nest grew smaller. Then there was hardly a place in the nest for the last little cat.

Always the little cat was at the outermost edge of the nest. It would try to snuggle itself warm against the other kittens, but at the outer edge it would only get

half warm. It was always half cold. It was half warm, and half cold, and all hungry. And it needed to be full and warm—full of lovely warm milk, and warm.

On the ninth day came the time for the kittens to open their eyes. In the morning of the ninth day the six kittens opened their eyes. In the late afternoon the last little cat opened its eyes.

When the little cat opened its eyes, it—as always—was at the outermost edge of the nest. Its little head was pushed over the edge. The little cat opened its eyes and looked down at the barking dogs in the barn.

Of course, the little cat did not see all the dogs, or all the long rows of dog cages—it could not see that far with its new eyes. All it really could see was the high cage of the old dog just below the high nest. The old dog did not look up at the last little cat—the old dog was blind. But with its new eyes the last little cat looked down on the old quiet dog.

2
Friends

After the day of the opening of eyes there came another great day. On this day the mother cat took her kittens out of the nest by the scruff of their necks, and—one by one—she carried them down to the floor to get them used to the barking dogs. But when she had carried the sixth kitten down, she did not come back up for the last little cat. The little cat was too weak and scrawny and wobbly to be out of the nest.

Down on the floor the mother cat put her tail up straight and calm and wise, and led her six kittens through the barn among the cages of the barking dogs —to show and teach her kittens that they need not be

afraid of dogs in cages. Then—like their mother—the six kittens put their slim little pencil-tails up straight, and walked in single file behind their mother among the cages of the dogs. And they were not afraid!

The last little cat wanted to join the parade of the six kittens—even if, as the last little cat, it would have to come last with its little pencil-tail up! The little cat scrambled out of the high nest to join in the pencil-tail parade of the kittens.

Just a little while before the parade of the mother cat and the kittens, the man had brought his old dog a bowl of warm milk. Now the last little cat was pulling itself over the edge of the high nest. The old dog—carefully, neatly, because he was blind—was lapping his milk from the white bowl.

And then the little cat fell! But the last little cat did not fall all the way to the floor. It fell on the cage of the old blind dog. The old deaf dog did not hear the little cat fall on the wire top of his cage. The old dog went on lapping his lovely warm milk.

On top of the cage the little cat picked itself up, and tried to get down to its mother and the six kittens on the floor. The little cat could not walk on wires! It slipped. It managed to catch itself by its front paws. It

managed to hook its thin nails around one of the wires. There it hung from the wire. But the little cat could not hang from a wire! Again the little cat fell.

It fell into the cage of the old blind dog, fell on top of the dog—right on his head!

The jar of the little cat's fall on his head made the old dog's whole chin dip into the milk—down to the bottom of the deep white bowl. The old blind dog jerked his chin up out of the milk so hard he tipped the bowl. The milk spilled out into the sawdust on the floor of the cage. And the old dog growled.

The milk was gone, the bowl lay tipped, the little cat lay behind the tipped bowl. The old dog could not see, could hardly hear, could hardly smell, but he reached out over the tipped-over bowl to feel what had happened in his cage. Then over the tipped bowl the old dog touched the little cat with his milk-wet chin.

Immediately the little cat stood up, the little cat reached up, the little cat touched its mouth to the old dog's milk-wet chin. Then the little cat tasted milk—warm milk! The little cat began to scrub the old dog's chin for the lovely taste of the lovely warm milk.

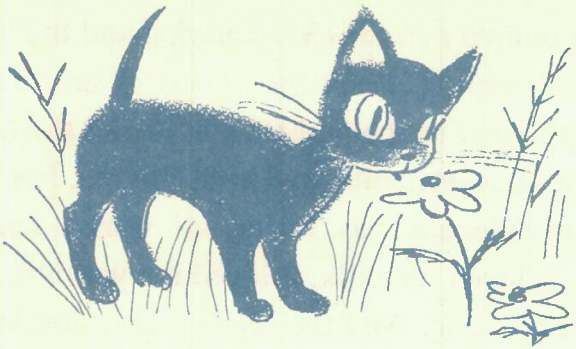
The old dog still could feel! He loved the feel of the rough scrubbing tongue of the little cat. He stretched

down to the little cat to be scrubbed still more, still better. With its pencil-tail up, the little cat stood between the stretched paws of the dog, and scrubbed, and scrubbed, and scrubbed his chin.

It soothed the old blind dog—it made him sleepy. Slowly his sleepy chin came down over the little cat between his paws. The little cat tucked itself down in under the dog's woolly chin. And there the little cat found it was warm. They both became warm and sleepy together, and they slept together—there in the cage with the tipped-over bowl.

From that day on the old blind dog and the last little cat lived together, drank their bowl of milk together, slept together. For the first time in its life the last little cat had milk, warm milk, and milk enough. For the first time the little cat was warm, all warm, and warm enough. It loved the milk, it loved the warmth, it loved the old blind dog. And the lonely blind dog loved the little cat. There was love enough for the last little cat in the cage with the old blind dog. And the little cat grew and grew. And the days came, and the days went.

The man came, and the man went. The man owned the kennel-barn, and took care of all the dogs. But busy as he was, the man came twice a day to bring his dog his bowl of milk. He came in the morning, he came in the evening. But morning or evening, when the man came and reached up high to slide the bowl of milk into the cage, the old blind dog was mostly asleep. And tucked down in under the dog's woolly chin, the little cat was mostly asleep. The man never saw the little cat in the high cage.



3
The Wide World

Then a warm, sunshiny day came in spring. This warm day in spring the man came in the afternoon to the high cage. The man reached high, and took down the cage. He carried it away so softly and quietly he never woke the sleeping dog. He never even woke the sleeping cat tucked down in under the old dog's chin. The man never saw the last little cat.

The man carried the cage outside the barn and set the cage in a spot of sun, so that the sun would warm the dog, and warm all the stiffness out of him. Then the man tiptoed away. The old dog slept on in the warming sun, but the sunlight awakened the little cat.

The last little cat peered out from under the old dog's chin, and—*there was the world.*

The little cat had not known about the world. The last little cat had not known there was a world—except the world of barking dogs inside the kennel-barn. *Here was the world.*

Here was the world, but the old dog went on sleeping. And in the world was sunshine and song. Songs in the trees, songs in the grass. Oh, many songs and chirpings were coming up from the grassy field that stretched out from the kennel-barn. The big field seemed all the world to the little cat.

The last little cat left the sleeping dog, for out there was the world! It squeezed between the wire of the cage, and went out into the world. And the whole world was as warm as a bowlful of milk.

In the sunshiny big field there were insect songs above the grass and in the grass. But the insects couldn't be caught. The big bees rumbled, but wouldn't let themselves be caught by the little cat. A butterfly flew far too high for the little cat's highest, mightiest leaps with outstretched paws stretched high.

But under the deep green grass was the mousy rattle of dry dead grass. And every dry, rattling mouse-tail

stalk had to be stalked through the deep grass, and pounced on, and mauled, and bitten to shreds.

And all about the little cat, above the grass and in the grass, were bird song and insect song. And the sky was big, and the field was big, and the fun was big, and everywhere was sunshine. The world was as warm as a bowl of milk.

Then the sun went down!

The sun went down, the fun was done, the little cat was tired and hungry from all the fun. And the time of the bowlful of warm milk had come.

The kennel-barn rose up from the end of the grassy field. The barn was high, and not hard to find. The little cat went back to the barn, for the time for the bowlful of warm milk had come.

The barn rose high, the barn was not far, but by the time the last little cat had found the barn, and then the door to the kennel-barn, the sun had long gone down.

The little cat had found the door, but there was no cage with a sleeping blind dog at the barn door. The little cat did not know, but when the sun had gone down, and the sun warmth had gone, and the time for the bowlful of warm milk had come, the man had carried the cage and the old blind dog into the barn.

Now the sun was gone, and the time for the bowlful of milk was gone, and the little cat sat before the closed door. The door was closed and locked for the night, but the last little cat sat before the thick door. The little cat cried. But no one heard the small cries of the cat.

The last little cat sat and cried so long that at last it could cry no more. It still opened its mouth to make a cry, but no sound came to make the cry. And the time of the bowlful of warm milk was long gone. And the time of the lovely long sleep after the milk. And the time of the lovely warm sun.

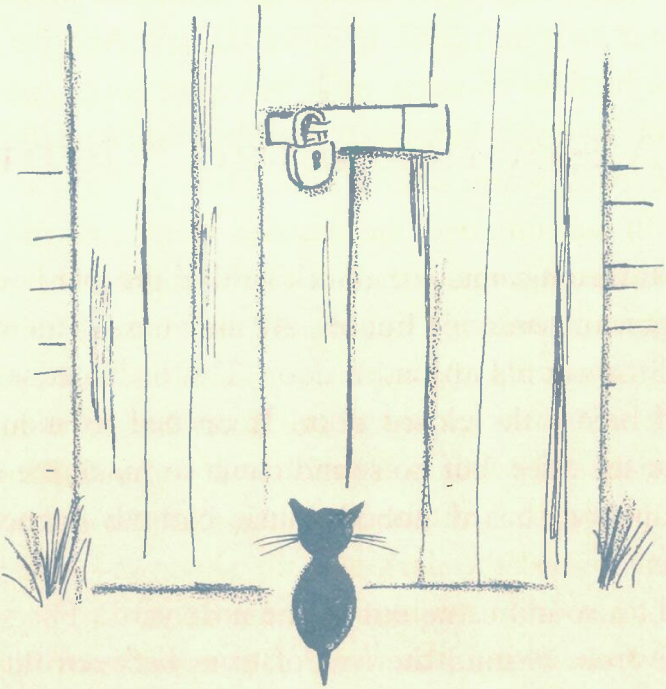
With the sun gone, the shadows came, and the cold of the evening, and the dark of the night. The world wasn't warm as a bowlful of milk any more. The world had become cold and dark.

The last little cat sat at the door, but it no longer looked up and cried up at the door. It stared and looked into the dark. And the last little cat stood up, and walked toward the dark and the shadows—and wandered away from the barn and the door.

It wandered into the world. But now the world was not full of sunshine and song; now the world was a world of dark night. The little cat went into the world, and the little cat's world was a row of houses, stretching

out from the barn in the night. The little cat's world was a world of seven houses with closed doors in the night.

The last little cat went into the world—and the world was a world of closed doors.



4
A Sound in the Night

The little cat came to the back yard of the first house in the row of seven big houses. At the back of the house the little cat also found a door. The little cat sat and cried before the closed door. It opened its mouth to make the cries, but no sound came to make the cries. And nobody heard, nobody came. Nobody opened the door.

But a sound came out of the next yard! The sound came from beyond the row of trees between the first yard and the second yard. And the sound that came to the little cat's ears was like the sound of the closing of a door—the slow, creaky closing of a door.

The last little cat ran toward the sound, and to the door of the second house. But when it came to the back door—the door was tight and thick and shut.

Then the sound came again—the sound of the slow, creaky door. But the sound came from the yard of the second house. And the sound wasn't the sound made by a door—the sound was made by a sleeping dog. The sound was a snore!

Way back in the back yard of the second house there was a small dog kennel. The little kennel had been built to look just like a house. It had a sharp roof like the roof of a house. It even had a chimney. And it had a small door—like the front door of a house.

Inside the small open door lay a bulldog sound asleep. The bulldog with his pushed-in nose snored in his sleep. But the little cat with its tail straight up hurried in through the open door to the snoring dog. It crept between the stretched paws of the sleeping dog.

Suddenly the dog felt the crawly, mouse feeling of the last little cat tucking itself in under his chin for a warm sleep. The dog scared awake with a roar. He leaped straight up and out of his kennel, straight up and over the little cat. His chain rattled out behind him past the little cat.

The scared dog could run only as far as the length of his chain. Then the chain jerked him back, and threw him down to the ground. There lay the bulldog outside his kennel at the end of his chain. The little cat sat in his kennel.

The dog lay miserably on the ground, and looked miserably at the cat in his kennel. And then he yelped for help. He yelped and yelped and yelped for help! And he made miserable sounds through his pushed-in nose.

In the second house they heard the yelps and the bulldog's miserable sounds. The door of the house flew open, and a man came running with a flashlight. He flashed the light into the yard. There lay the dog thrown to the ground at the end of his chain. The man flashed the light into the kennel. There sat a little cat.

"A cat!" the disgusted man said loudly to the bulldog. "And only a small little cat at that! I thought the way you were yelping it was at least a skunk or two—or maybe even three! But one small cat! Why, for punishment I ought to let you stay out on the damp, cold ground all night—and let the cat sleep in your kennel!"

The man got down on hands and knees and put his face before the little door. His big face filled the door.

Inside the kennel the little cat stared with big saucer eyes at the big face that filled the door.

"You can't stay in there," the big face said to the big-eyed cat. "With you in there that dog of mine would yelp all night. Besides, you shouldn't be in *his* house—you should be in your own house. At night little cats like you should be at home—or they get lost."

He tried to reach the little cat, but the little cat drew back. "Well, if I can't pull you out," the big face said, "I'll have to scare you out! Scat, cat!" And the man raised up and slapped his hand down on the roof of the little kennel-house.

The sound of the slap on the roof was like the sound of a clap of thunder. The little scared cat shot out of the house between the knees of the kneeling man. It tried to hide between the knees. But the man picked up the trembling cat.

"Oh, I didn't mean to scare you like that! I only meant to scare you home." He stroked the little cat, and cuddled it in the crook of his arm.

It was warm in the crook of the big man's arm, and the little cat was not afraid any more.

This selection was taken from THE LAST LITTLE CAT, *by Meindert DeJong, a Harper & Row Curriculum Enrichment Book*

The long, dark, and hungry night was not yet over for the last little cat. You will want to read the rest of this story in Meindert DeJong's book *The Last Little Cat* (Harper & Row, 1961).

You may also want to read:

Elsa
by Joy Adamson (Pantheon Books, 1961)

Frédou
by Mary Stolz (Harper & Row, 1962)

Marshmallow
by Clare Turlay Newberry (Harper & Row, 1942)

Old Mrs. Billups and the Black Cats
by Ruth Carroll (Henry Z. Walck, 1961)

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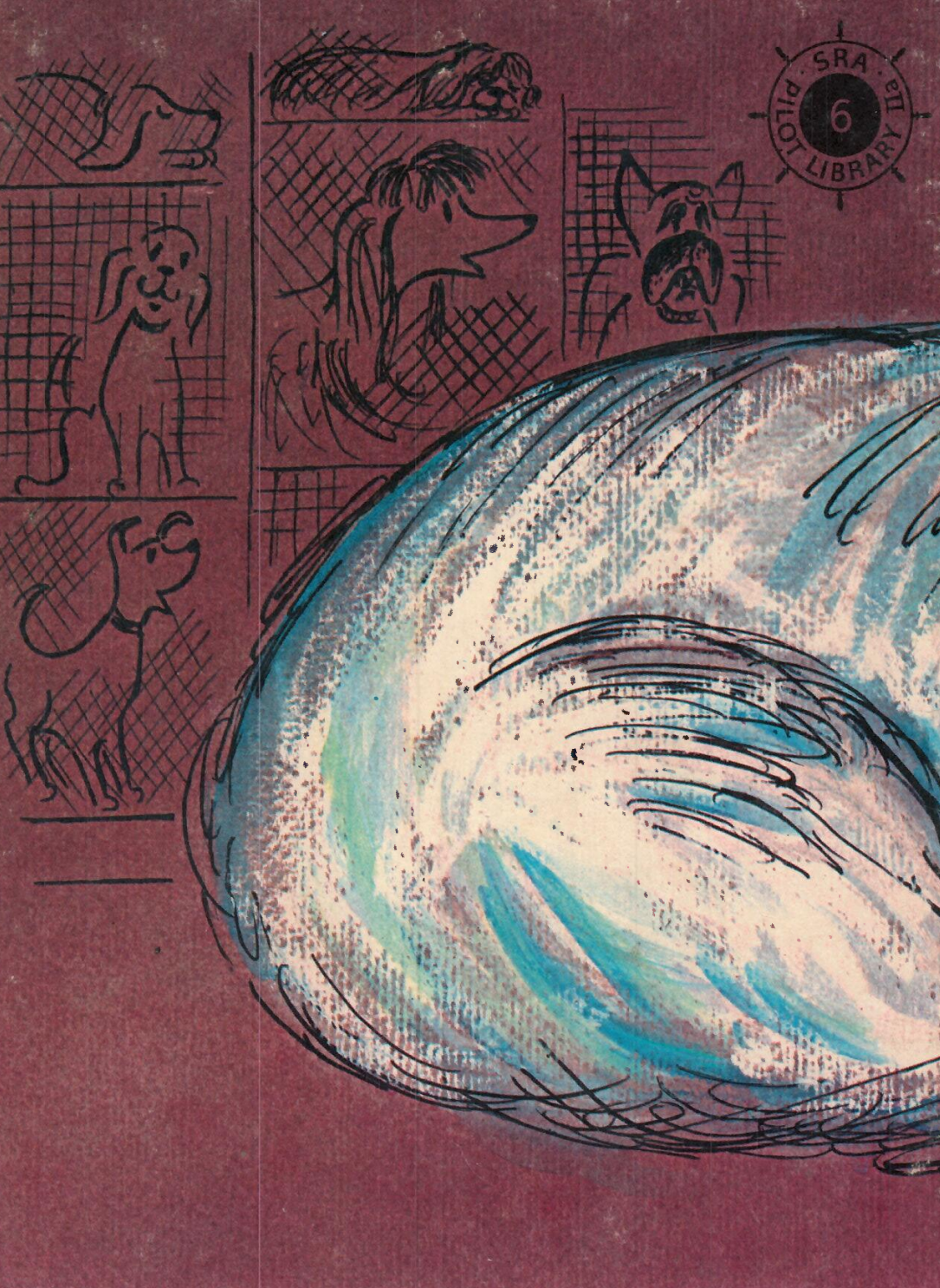
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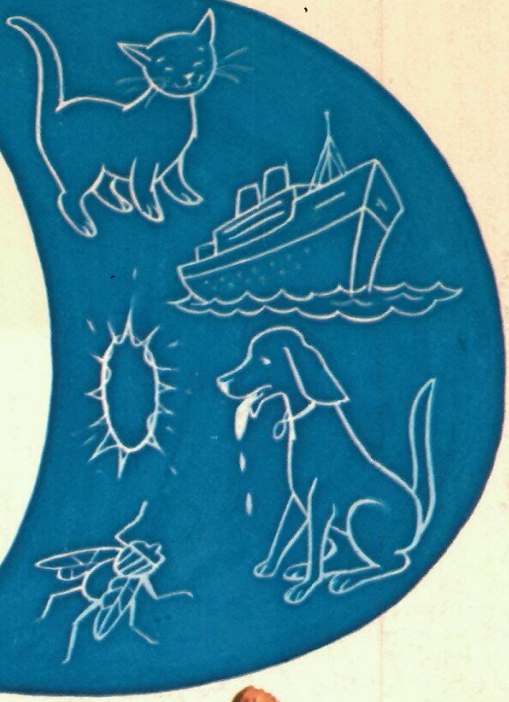
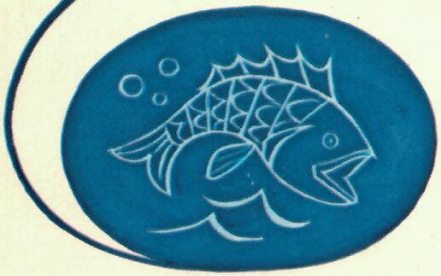


WHY

Irving and Ruth Adler



WHY?

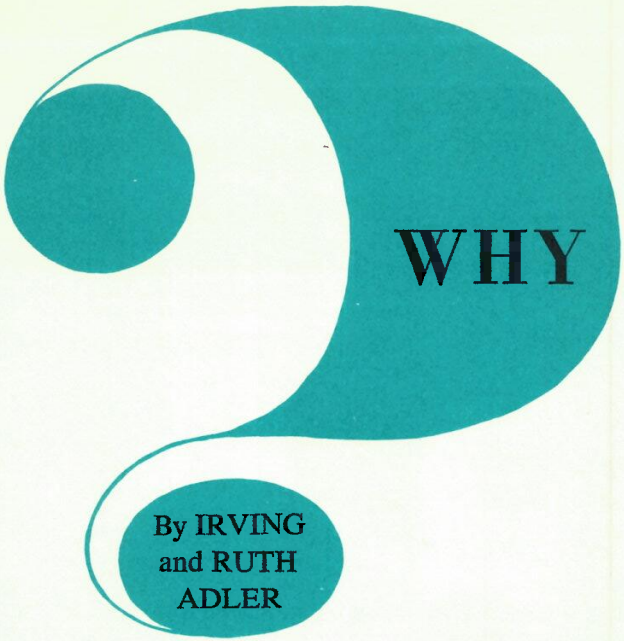
by Irving and Ruth Adler

Do you ever ask why? Most of us do. We want to know the answers to dozens of questions about everyday life and everyday things.

Would you like to know why a fly can walk upside down? Do you know why a cork can float in water? Or why tree rings tell us the age of a tree?

You may already know the answers to some of the questions in this book. A few answers you may guess. Other questions will be answered for you for the first time. As you will see, "why" is a very useful word in learning about the world.

BASIC EDUCATION
Highland Community College



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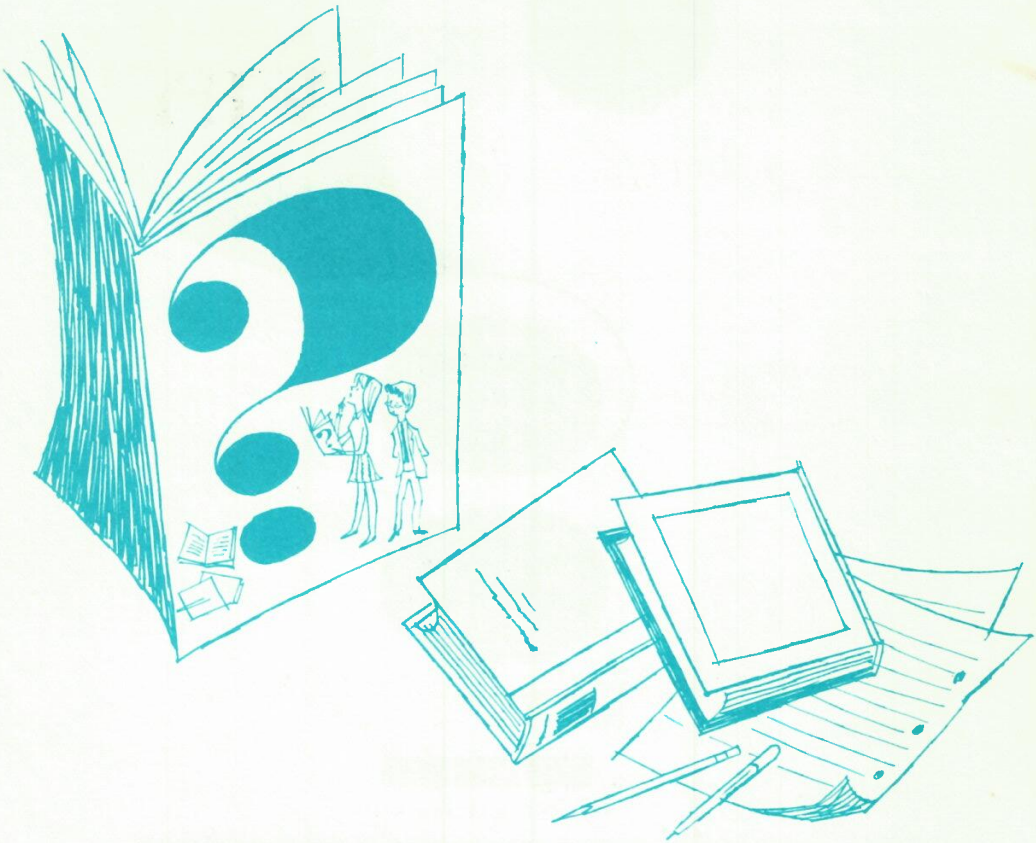

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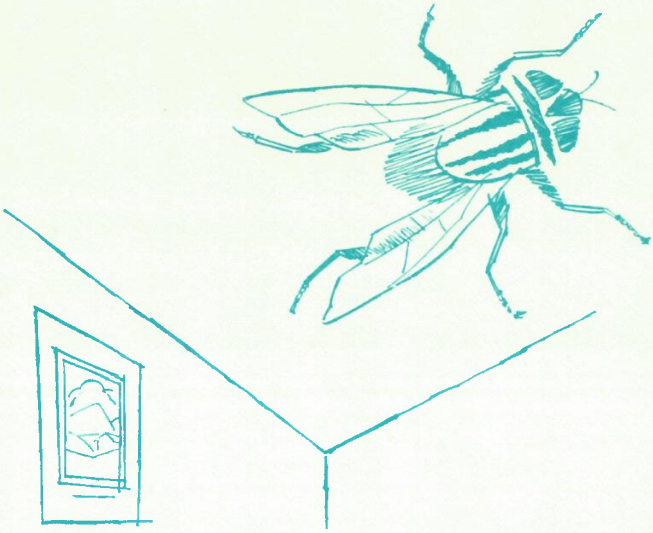
A BOOK OF RIDDLES

This is a book of riddles. But these riddles are not jokes. They are questions about the everyday things around you. You cannot find the answers to these riddles by guessing. You can find the answers by looking at things carefully and thinking about what you see.

First think about the answer to each of the riddles. Then read the answer in this book to see if you have found the reason why.



WHY CAN A FLY WALK ON THE CEILING?

A housefly walks right side up the way people do. It can walk uphill and downhill. But it can also do some things that people cannot do. It can climb up a slippery glass wall and it can walk upside down on the ceiling. Here is the reason why.

A housefly can do these things because of the kind of legs it has. Like all insects, it has six legs. Each of its six legs has a little foot. Each little foot has claws and sticky pads on it. These grip the glass wall or the ceiling, so the fly doesn't fall off.

WHY DOES A DOG'S TONGUE HANG OUT WHEN THE DOG IS HOT?

On a very hot day a dog pants just as you do when you have been running. He keeps his mouth open and his tongue hangs out. *Saliva* (sa-LIE-va), or spit, drips from his tongue. Here is the reason why.

Dogs, like people, are *warm-blooded* animals. Their body temperature is always the same, even on very hot or very cold days. There is something inside the body of every warm-blooded animal that keeps the temperature the same.

Sweat glands in your skin help do this for you. On a hot summer day you sweat a lot. The sweat makes your skin wet. The water in the sweat dries up. As it dries up, it pulls heat out of your skin. In this way your sweat helps to keep you cool.

But a dog has almost no sweat glands. He cools off in another way. When he is hot, saliva is made by glands in his mouth. The saliva makes his tongue wet. He keeps his mouth open and his wet tongue hangs out. When the saliva on his tongue dries, it pulls heat out of his tongue. This helps keep him cool. He also pants, or breathes fast. His panting makes the saliva dry faster and cool him off faster. There is so much saliva in his mouth that some of it drips from his tongue.

WHY DOES A CAT'S HAIR STAND UP ON A COLD DAY?

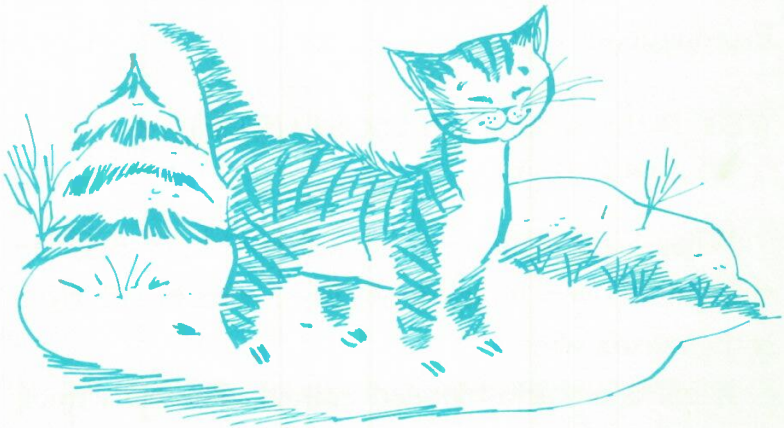
When a cat is out on a cold day, its hair sticks up straight all over. Its tail looks like a wire brush. Here is the reason why.

A cat is a warm-blooded animal. The cat's thick

fur coat helps keep it warm in the wintertime. The fur coat is made up of many hairs that grow out of the cat's skin. The hairs trap air next to the cat's skin. The trapped air keeps heat from leaving the cat's body. So it makes the fur coat warm.

The fur coat can be made warmer if more air is trapped next to the cat's skin. This happens when it is very cold. Cold makes the skin pull tight around the hairs. When the skin pulls tight, the hairs stand straight up. When the hairs stand straight up, more air is trapped.

When a cat is afraid, its skin pulls tight, too. So, when a cat is afraid, its hairs stand straight up.



WHY DO YOU GET "GOOSE-PIMPLES" WHEN YOU ARE COLD?

Have you ever gone swimming when the air was very cold? Afterward your arms and legs were covered with millions of tiny little bumps, or "goose-pimples." Here is the reason why.

You are a warm-blooded animal, just like a cat or a dog. But you don't have a fur coat to keep you warm. Little hairs grow out of your skin. But these hairs are not close enough together to trap air, so

they don't keep you warm. That is why you have to wear clothing.

Even though you don't have a coat of fur, your skin acts as if you do. When your skin gets very cold, it tightens around the little hairs. The tight skin around the little hairs looks like a pimple. The tight skin makes the hair stand straight up.

When you are afraid, your skin pulls tight around the little hairs, too. So you also get goose-pimples when you are afraid.

WHY CAN'T YOU SEE WELL WHEN YOU COME INDOORS ON A BRIGHT, SUNNY DAY?

When you come indoors out of the bright sunlight, everything looks very dark. You can hardly see. You have to put out your hands to keep from bumping into things. In a little while, you can see clearly again. Here is the reason why.

There is a little opening in the front of your eye that lets light in. The opening is called the *pupil*. It is the black circle in the middle of the colored part of your eye.

You can see things if they reflect light. The pupil lets light from the things you look at come into your eye. Inside the eye, the light shines on a part of the eye called the *retina* (RET-in-a). The picture of what you see is made on the retina.

Suppose you are outside on a bright, sunny day. In the bright sunshine, a lot of light comes from the

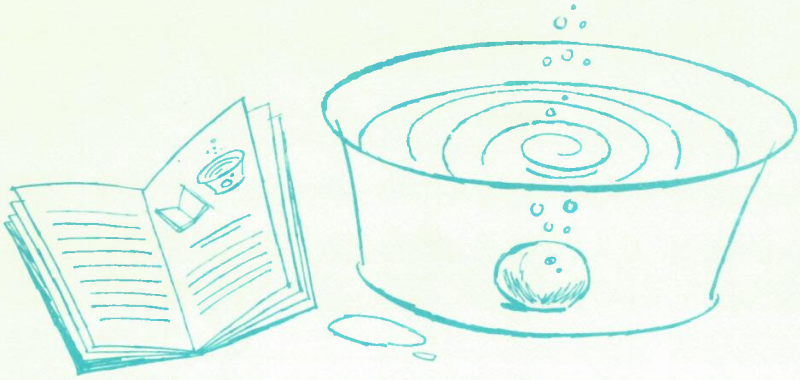
things you look at. Then a lot of light shines on the retina of your eye. So the retina of your eye gets used to a lot of light.

Then you go indoors. Here the light is weak. Not much light is reflected from the things you look at. So not much light shines on the retina of your eye.

You have just come indoors from the bright sunshine. So your eyes are still used to getting a lot of light. It takes some time for the retina to get used to getting less light. So it takes some time before you can see things that don't have much light coming from them. That is why everything looks dark at first.

In about half a minute, your eyes get used to the weak indoor light. Then you can see things that are indoors very well.

Your eyes keep getting used to the weak light more and more. After a while, you can even see very dark things. That is why you can even see things at night, when there are no lights on.



WHY DO SOME THINGS FLOAT IN WATER AND OTHER THINGS SINK?

Fill a pan with water. Now hold a stone just below the surface of the water. Then let go. The stone sinks to the bottom of the pan right away. Here is the reason why.

The stone takes up space. When the stone is under the water, it has pushed some water out of place. The water tries to push back into its old place. So the water pushes up against the stone. Meanwhile, the weight of the stone makes the stone push down on the water. But the stone weighs *more* than the water

it has pushed away. So the stone pushes down on the water harder than the water pushes up against the stone. The *stronger push down* makes the stone *sink*.

Now hold a cork just below the surface of the water, and let go. The cork pops up to the top of the water and floats. Here is the reason why.

The cork takes up space. When the cork is under the water, it has pushed some water out of place. The water tries to push back into its old place. So the water pushes up against the cork. Meanwhile, the weight of the cork makes the cork push down on the water. But the cork weighs *less* than the water it has pushed away. So the water pushes up against the cork harder than the cork pushes down on the water. The *stronger push up* makes the cork rise and *float*.

Here is the rule for things that float in water and things that sink in water:

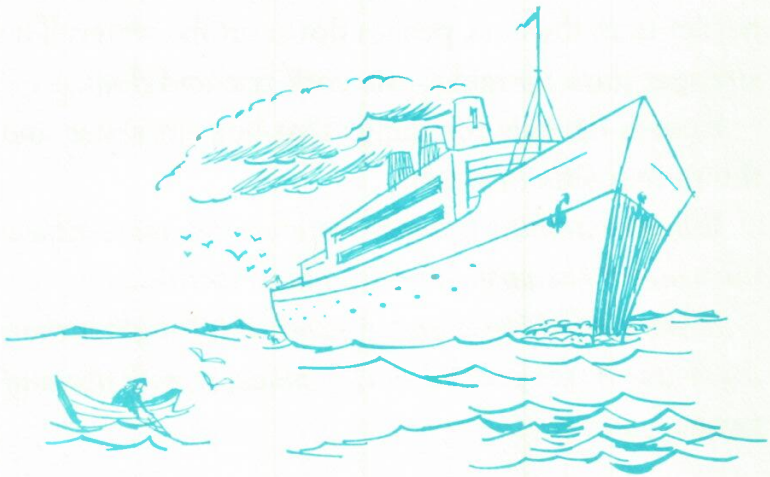
When something is under water, if it is heavier than the water it has pushed out of place, it sinks.

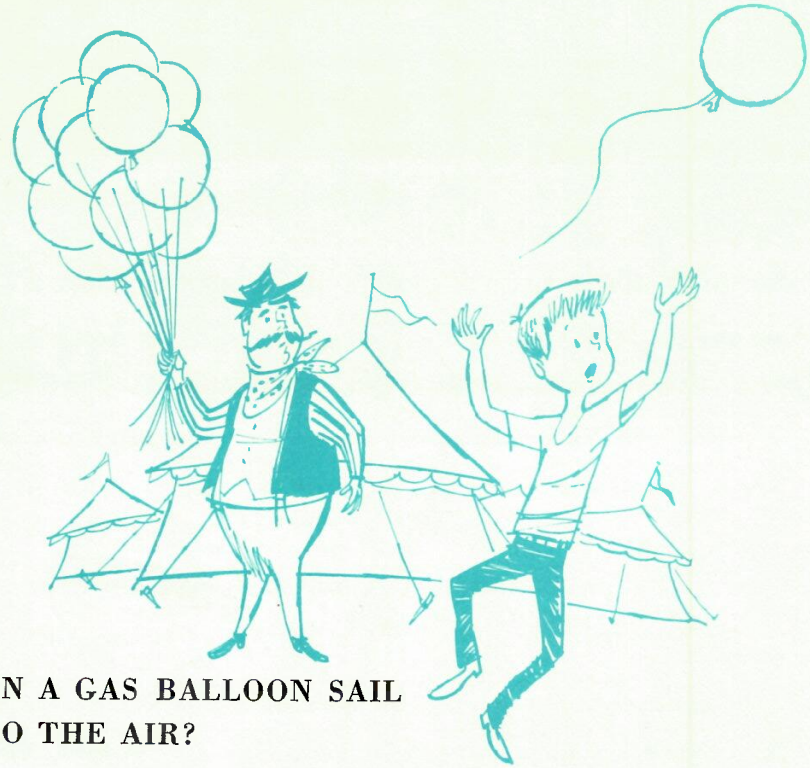
When something is under water, if it is lighter than the water it has pushed out of place, it will rise and float.

WHY CAN A BOAT MADE OF STEEL FLOAT IN WATER?

A solid steel ball sinks in water like a stone. But a boat made of steel floats like a cork. Here is the reason why.

A boat takes up a lot of space. Much of the space in a boat is filled with air. There is air in its cabins. There is air in its engine rooms. There is air in its holds, even when they are filled with goods. Air is much lighter than water. So the boat, even with everything in it, is lighter than the water it has pushed out of place. That is why the boat floats.

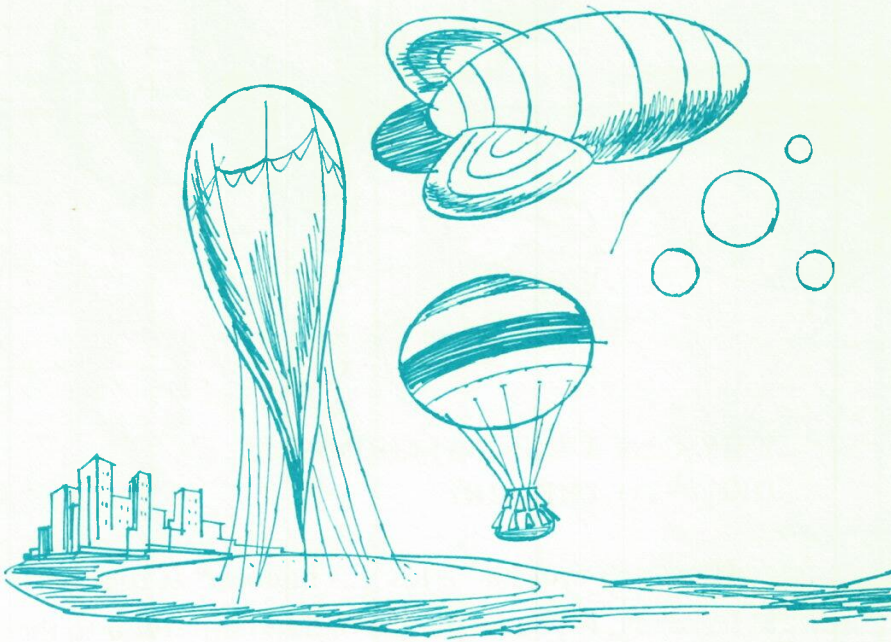




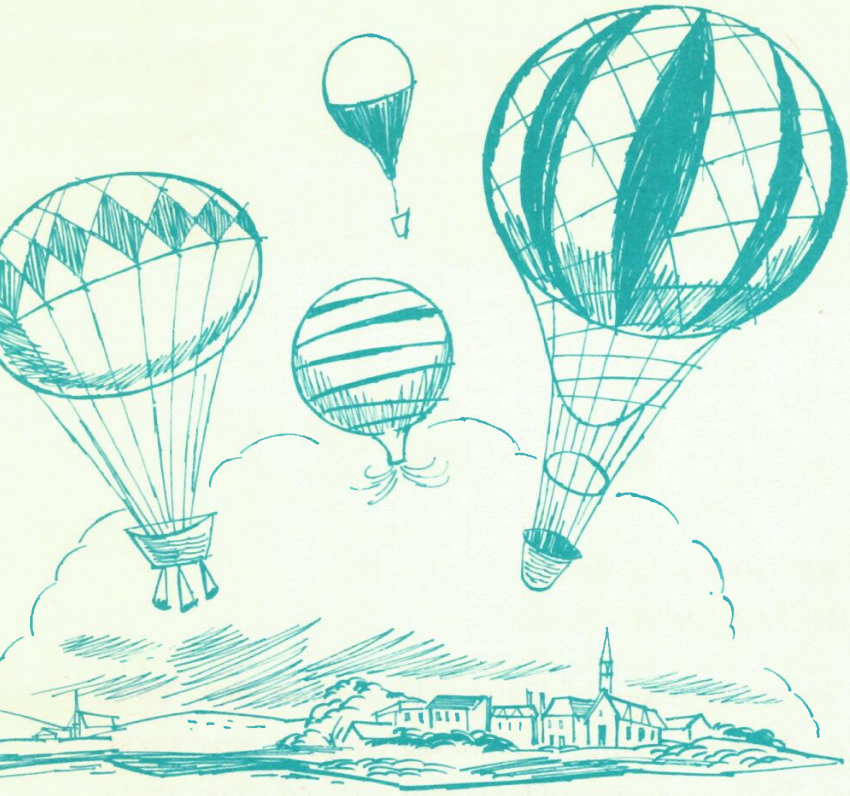
WHY CAN A GAS BALLOON SAIL OFF INTO THE AIR?

Have you ever had a toy gas balloon? It tugs hard at its string. If you let go, the balloon sails off into the air. Here is the reason why.

The air around you has many gases it it. It is mostly *oxygen* (OX-i-jen) and *nitrogen* (NY-tro-jen). *Hydrogen* (HY-dro-jen) and *helium* (HEE-lee-um) are gases, too. They are lighter than oxygen and nitrogen. So they are called lighter-than-air gases.



When a balloon is blown up, it pushes aside some air. A gas balloon is filled with hydrogen or helium. A gas balloon weighs less than the air it pushes aside. So a gas balloon floats in the air, just as a cork floats in water.



Hydrogen gas is lighter than helium gas. A balloon filled with hydrogen will float higher than a balloon filled with helium. But balloons filled with helium are safer than balloons filled with hydrogen. Hydrogen burns easily, and helium does not burn.

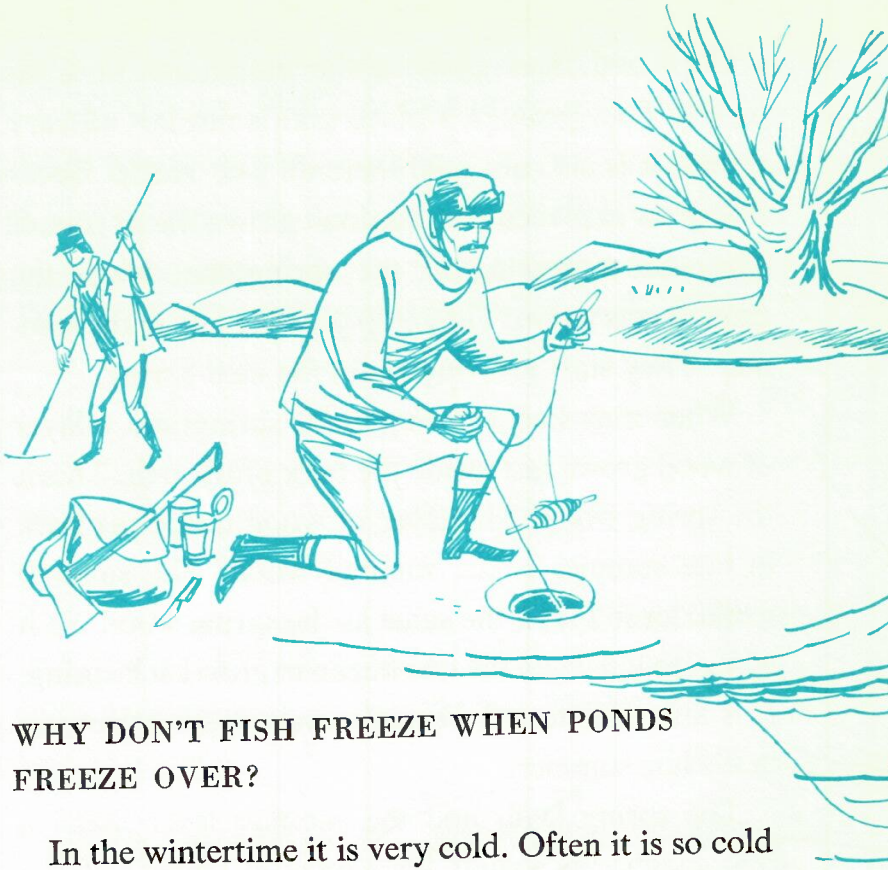
WHY DO TREE RINGS TELL YOU THE AGE OF A TREE?

In the Museum of Natural History in New York City there is a round piece of the trunk of a redwood tree. This tree was very large and very old when it was cut down. You can tell that it is very large by measuring it. It measures 25 feet across. You also can tell that the tree was very old when it was cut down. You can do this by counting the number of rings you see in the piece of trunk. Here is the reason why.

Redwood trees grow in the mountains of California. They grow in a place that is not hot all year round. It is also not cold there all year round. Trees that grow in places like this don't grow all year round. They start growing in the springtime, when the ground gets warm. They stop growing late in the summer. They start growing again the next spring.

When they start growing in the springtime, a layer of wood grows just inside the bark of the tree. This is the spring wood. The layer of wood under the bark in late summer is the summer wood. The summer wood doesn't look the same as the spring wood. So it is easy to tell when the tree began to grow each spring. It is also easy to tell when the tree stopped growing in the late summer.

The spring layer and the summer layer make a ring. Each ring stands for a year in the life of the tree. By counting the rings, you can tell how long the tree was alive.



WHY DON'T FISH FREEZE WHEN PONDS FREEZE OVER?

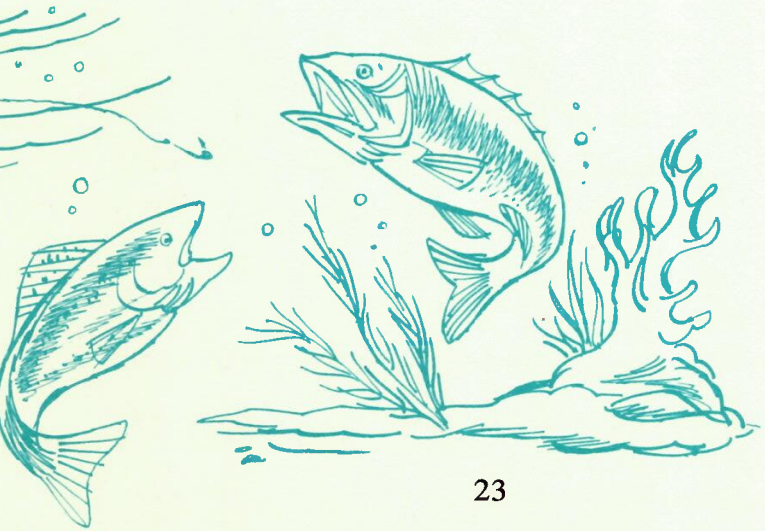
In the wintertime it is very cold. Often it is so cold that water freezes. Then ice covers the ponds. Sometimes it is so cold that even the rivers freeze over. Why don't the fish that live in the water freeze, too? Here is the reason why.

When water in a pond freezes, it freezes from the top down. The air above the pond is very cold in the

wintertime. The cold air makes the water at the top of the pond get very cold. When water gets colder, it gets heavier. The heavier water sinks to the bottom of the pond. The colder water is then at the bottom of the pond. Meanwhile, the water in the pond keeps getting colder and colder. The colder, heavier water keeps sinking to the bottom of the pond.

This keeps on, until just before the water freezes. Then the coldest water *stops* getting heavier. It expands as it reaches the freezing point, and begins to get *lighter*.

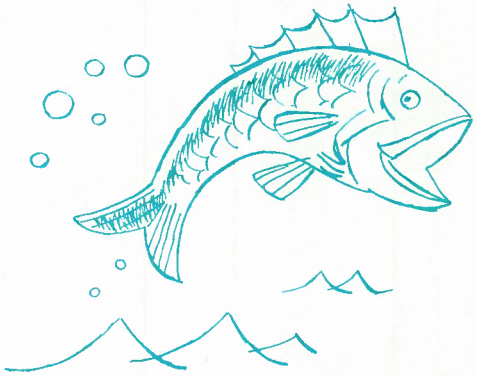
Because it is lighter, water that is almost frozen doesn't sink to the bottom of the pond. It floats on



the top instead. Then the coldest water is at the top of the pond. So, when the water cools still more and begins to freeze, the water at the top freezes first.

The water that freezes at the top of the pond makes a cover of ice over the pond. There is pond water under this cover of ice. Fish are cold-blooded animals. They can live in this water even though it is very cold.

If the air stays very cold for a long time, this cover of ice gets thicker and thicker. Sometimes it gets so thick that the pond freezes all the way to the bottom. When this happens, many of the fish in the pond freeze and die. However, this hardly ever happens.



These are only a few of the questions and answers in *Why? A Book of Reasons* (John Day, 1961). In the complete book, Ruth and Irving Adler give the answers to many other questions. Some are important questions about things you see and do every day. Others are about little-known things. But they are all real riddles, with real answers.

You may also want to read:

Now I Know
by Julius Schwartz (Whittlesey House, 1955)

The Golden Book of Science
by Bertha M. Parker (Golden Press, 1956)

Science Can Be Fun
by Munro Leaf (Lippincott, 1958)

The Storybook of Science
by Earl Schenck Miers (Rand McNally, 1959)

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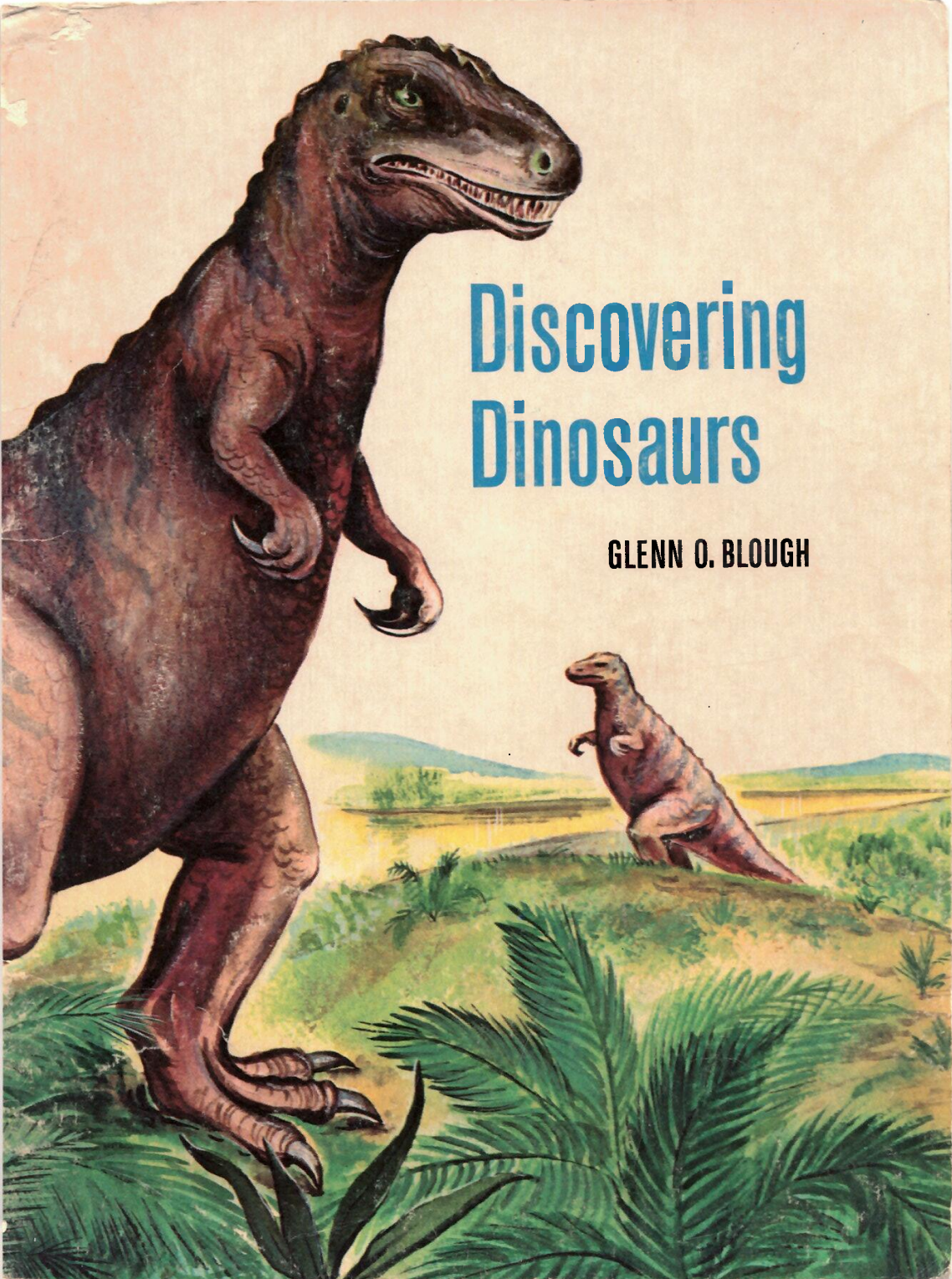

Discovering Dinosaurs

GLENN O. BLOUGH

DISCOVERING DINOSAURS

by Glenn O. Blough

Suppose an animal twenty feet tall looked in an upstairs window of your house. Wouldn't you be afraid? Of course, there aren't any animals that big now. But there used to be. Dinosaurs lived on earth long before people lived here.

One kind of dinosaur was fifty feet long. It had big, strong hind legs and short forelegs. Another kind was as big as six elephants! This dinosaur was so heavy it shook the ground when it walked. You'll meet this and many other dinosaurs in these pages.

DISCOVERING DINOSAURS

Discovering Dinosaurs

By GLENN O. BLOUGH

Illustrated by IRMA WILDE

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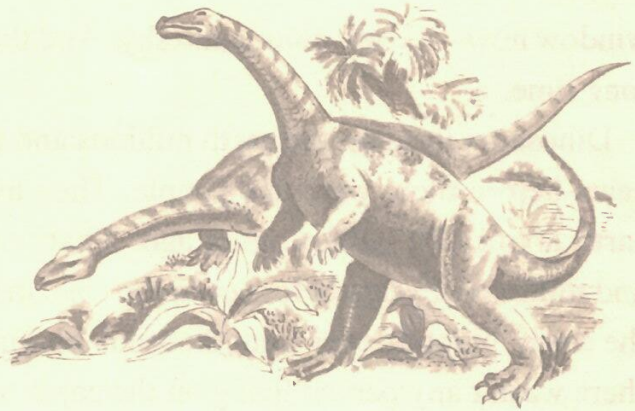


An Age of Monsters

When you tell somebody that something happened a long time ago, you may mean that it happened a few years ago or before you were born or even before your father was born. But in this book when we write about dinosaurs that lived a long time ago we mean that they lived a LONG, LONG, LONG time ago.

That means long before your father was born and even before your grandfather was born or your great-great-grandfather. Long before there were any towns. Before there were books. Before there were people. Before there was anything that you can see from your

window now—except clouds and sky. And that *is* a very long time.

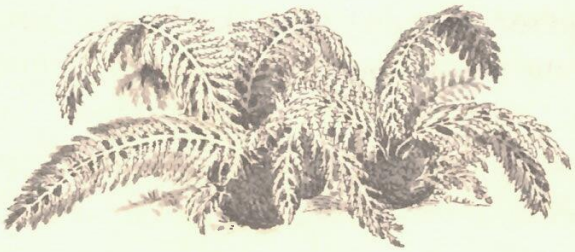
Dinosaurs lived on the earth millions and millions of years before there were any people. They lived on the earth about 170 million years ago. That was millions and millions of years before even the cave men lived on the earth. Nobody ever went dinosaur hunting because there wasn't any person living on the earth to go. So of course nobody ever met a live dinosaur in the woods or anywhere else.

Dinosaurs lived on the earth for a LONG, LONG, LONG time. They lived for millions and millions of years. They lived in many parts of the earth. Many of them lived in the part of the earth that is now the United States—in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Arizona, Texas, Montana, and in many, many other states. Of course, there was no United States then.

Dinosaurs ruled the animal world when they lived, millions of years ago. Some of them were the biggest of all animals. They were the fiercest animals. And there were more dinosaurs than any other kind of four-footed animals.

In those days there were no horses, no cows, no sheep, no squirrels. There were no birds. There were frogs and toads, but they were not like the ones we have today. There were fish in the sea, but they were not like our bass and trout. There were big sea turtles. Even though there were other animals on land and in the sea, those days of long ago were the days of the dinosaurs.

Even the trees and other plants did not look then as they do now. There were trees and bushes that looked like palms and evergreens, but there were no oaks and maples. There were no garden flowers and no vegetables and no fruit trees. The animals and plants were very different then from the animals and plants that you see when you walk in the woods and fields. Dinosaurs lived in a very different world from ours.



What did a dinosaur look like? That's like asking, "What does a bird look like?" It depends upon what kind of a bird you are asking about. There are many kinds of birds. For example, there are owls and bluebirds and ostriches. But bluebirds don't look like owls, and owls don't look like ostriches. But bluebirds, owls, and ostriches are all birds.

There were many kinds of dinosaurs, too. And they didn't look alike any more than birds do. There were thousands of kinds of dinosaurs. You will be surprised at some of them.

Dinosaurs are all dead. They have been dead for millions and millions of years, but we know many things about them. We know what they looked like. We know what they ate, how they lived, and we know what happened to them. First let's look at some of these dinosaurs and see what they were like. We will just look at some of the biggest ones.

What Were Dinosaurs Like?

Dinosaurs were all sizes and shapes. Some were terrible giant animals that could look over a house and see what was in the back yard. But of course there were no houses and no back yards in the days of the dinosaurs. Some of them were the biggest land animals that have ever lived on the earth. Some were as small as the alley cat that can scramble under your back-yard fence. And some were middle-sized, like sheep or pigs. Some were a little larger, about the size of horses and cows. Some were still a little larger, about the size of elephants. Many of them were bigger than you can believe. You

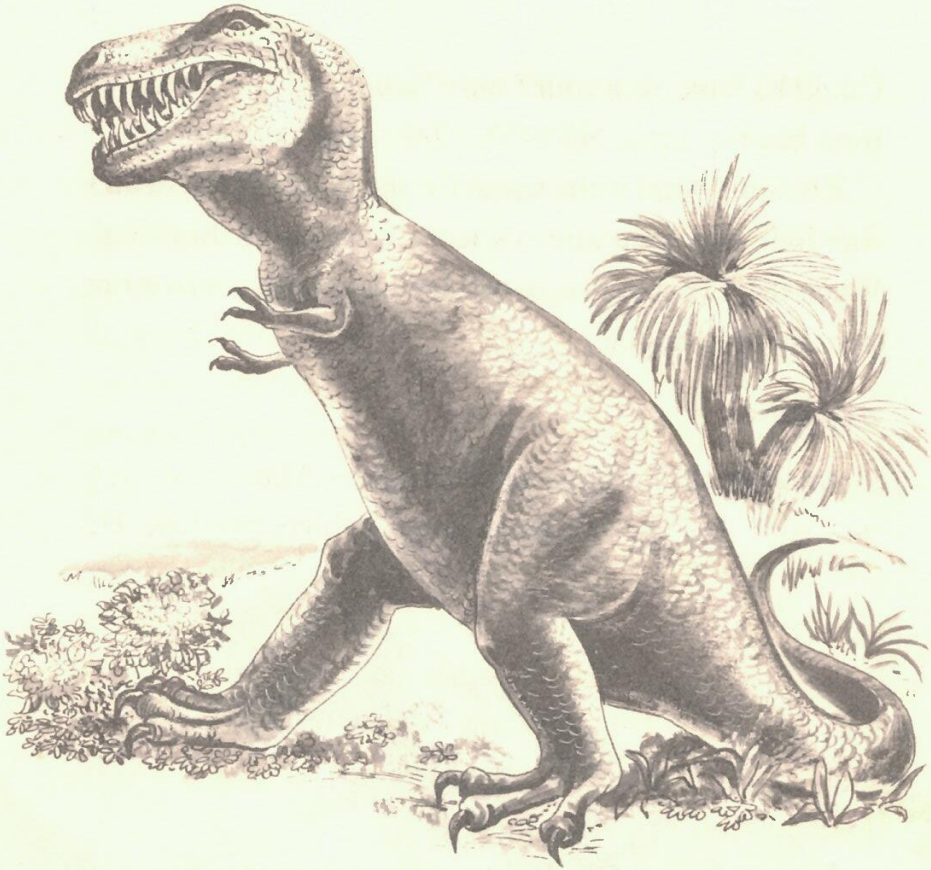
can't tell what dinosaurs were like in one sentence, or even in two.

The dinosaurs were reptiles (rep-tills). We have reptiles living on the earth today, but they do not look at all like the dinosaurs did. Snakes and lizards and turtles and crocodiles and alligators are all reptiles. They all have scales or hard parts on the outside of their bodies. They breathe with lungs and they are alike in some other ways.

Tyrannosaurus

One of the large dinosaurs was the Tyrannosaurus (Ti-ran-o-so-rus). He is sometimes called the king of the dinosaurs. This huge animal was fifty feet from the end of its nose to the tip of its tail. And that is a very long animal.

Measure an automobile and see how long it is. Was the Tyrannosaurus three times as long? Four times? Could this animal fit into your garage? In your back yard? Could he fit on the trucks that carry five automobiles? The Tyrannosaurus probably weighed as much as eight tons.



You see by his picture that he had long, strong hind legs and small front ones. Many of the dinosaurs were built like this. When Tyrannosaurus stood on his hind legs and raised his head it was about twenty feet above the ground. Could he look into your upstairs window?

Could he look over your house? Could he eat the leaves from the top branches of the trees near your house?

His skull (that is the name for the bones of the head) was four feet long and his teeth were six inches long. When the Tyrannosaurus opened his mouth it was more than three feet wide.

Allosaurus

Another of the large dinosaurs was Allosaurus (Al-o-so-rus). He grew to be as long as thirty-five feet. He

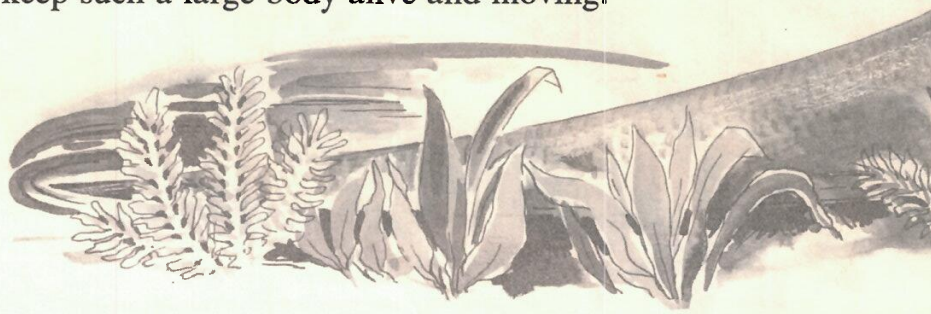
had strong hind legs with strong muscles and large bones. He needed strong legs and muscles and bones because he was a very heavy animal. It takes strong bones and big muscles to move a heavy animal from one place to another.

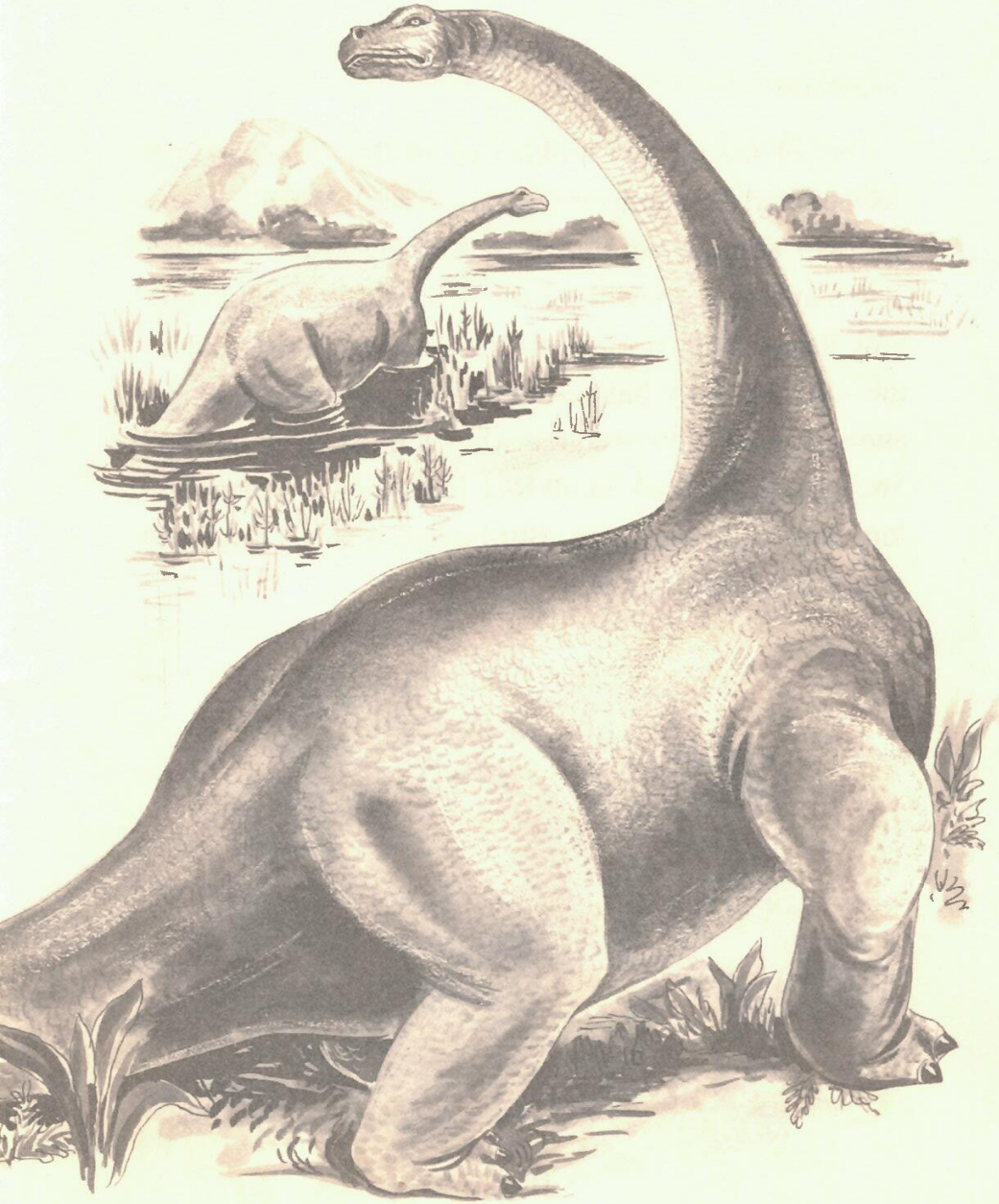
Allosaurus walked on his big hind legs. His front legs were much smaller, and they had sharp claws that he could use to tear another animal into bits. And he did. Allosaurus didn't bother eating leaves and twigs. He ate only other animals.

"Thunder Lizard"

Another huge dinosaur was named Brontosaurus (Bron-to-so-rus). That means "thunder lizard." The Brontosaurus weighed as much as thirty-five tons! Think of such an animal walking through the woods! He must have jarred the earth when he walked. Because of his huge size he could shake the earth like a big truck going past your house, or like loud thunder. No wonder he has been named "thunder lizard"! If he hurried, the ground must have shaken. Brontosaurus was as large as a half-dozen elephants put together.

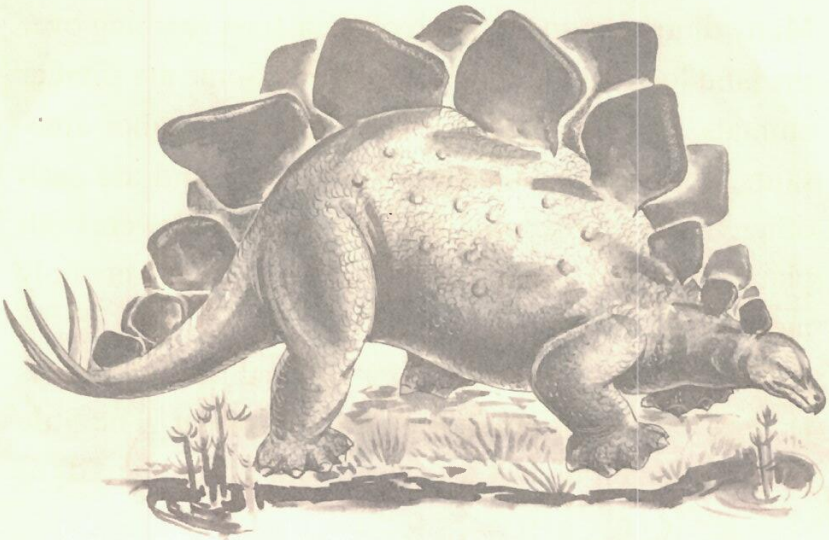
Brontosaurus grew to be nearly seventy feet long. Could he get into your schoolroom? Could he turn around on your playground? You wouldn't want to be there on the playground with him because he was quite fierce to look at. He was not a meat-eating dinosaur. He ate plants, but he must have had to eat a lot of them to keep such a large body alive and moving.





Stegosaurus

One of the fiercest looking of all the dinosaurs has been named Stegosaurus (Steg-o-so-rus). What can you discover about Stegosaurus by looking at the picture? The plates that grew along the animal's back made him look fierce. They protected him. See the big spikes near the tail? He may have switched his spiked tail at his enemies. Can you imagine what happened if he did? Stegosaurus walked on all four feet. He was fifteen feet long and eight feet high. But he had a small head and a very small brain in it.



Meat and Plant Eaters

Many dinosaurs spent much of their time roaming over the land looking for something to eat. Some ate smaller animals. Some of the large dinosaurs ate smaller dinosaurs, and some of the large ones killed and ate each other. Some ate plants of all kinds, and others were both plant eaters and animal eaters, and still others were only meat eaters.

The big ones lumbered along like old tired elephants as they looked for animals and plants to eat. The little ones could run as fast as a deer, and probably did, as

they chased other animals for supper or went from one place to another to find new plants to eat.

Some dinosaurs spent much of their time in swamps or in the water. They found food there because the animals and plants they liked to eat lived there. Some kinds of dinosaurs got away from their enemies by hurrying into the water when enemies were after them.

Many of the dinosaurs walked on two strong hind legs. As you see in the pictures, their hind legs were longer than their front legs. Their hind legs were good for walking and their front legs for grabbing and holding food. There were long, strong claws on their hind legs and on their front legs too. These claws were used to catch and hold and tear their food.

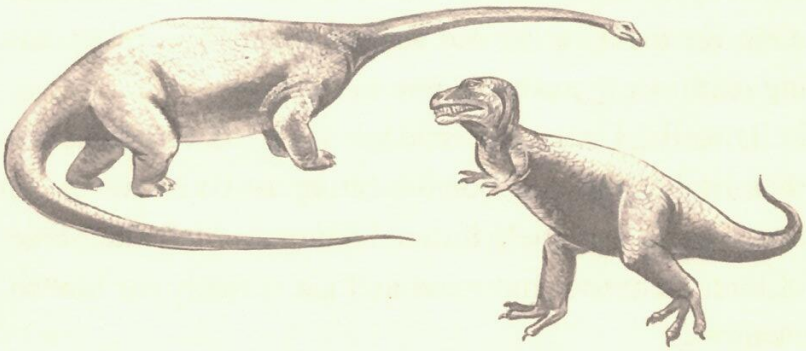
Many of the dinosaurs had strong teeth. Some had teeth for meat eating but more of them had plant-eating teeth. Can you tell what an animal eats by looking at its teeth? Look at your dog's teeth and you will see that he has sharp teeth for biting and tearing meat. Some of his teeth help him to hold on to his food. Some of them help to grind meat and get it ready for him to swallow.

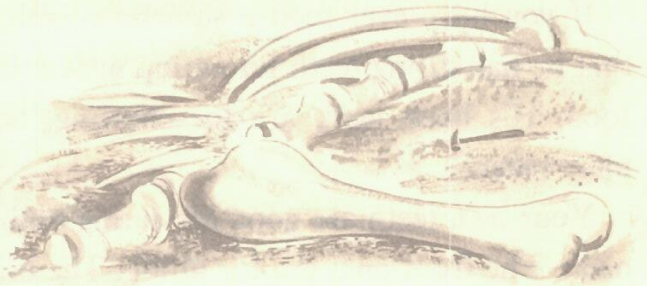
If you have ever seen a squirrel's teeth, you know that he has strong teeth for eating nuts and other hard food. His back teeth are for chewing. Squirrels are plant eaters.

Your own teeth are good for eating both plants and meat. The front ones are for biting. The back ones are for chewing. Feel them with your tongue and you can tell how they are different from each other.

Look at the pictures of the dinosaurs in this book and see if you can tell which animals were plant eaters and which were animal eaters.

We have told you about only a few of the largest of these animals. There were many other exciting ones.





How Do We Know About Dinosaurs?

If no one ever saw a dinosaur, how do we know so much about them? No one lived when dinosaurs lived, so there was no one to write about them. But these ancient animals left records of themselves in the earth. Of course they were not written records, but they can be read just the same if you know how.

Dinosaurs left records by leaving parts of themselves. They left teeth and bones, and scientists have dug up these parts and studied them. They also left their footprints. Scientists have found these prints and studied them too.

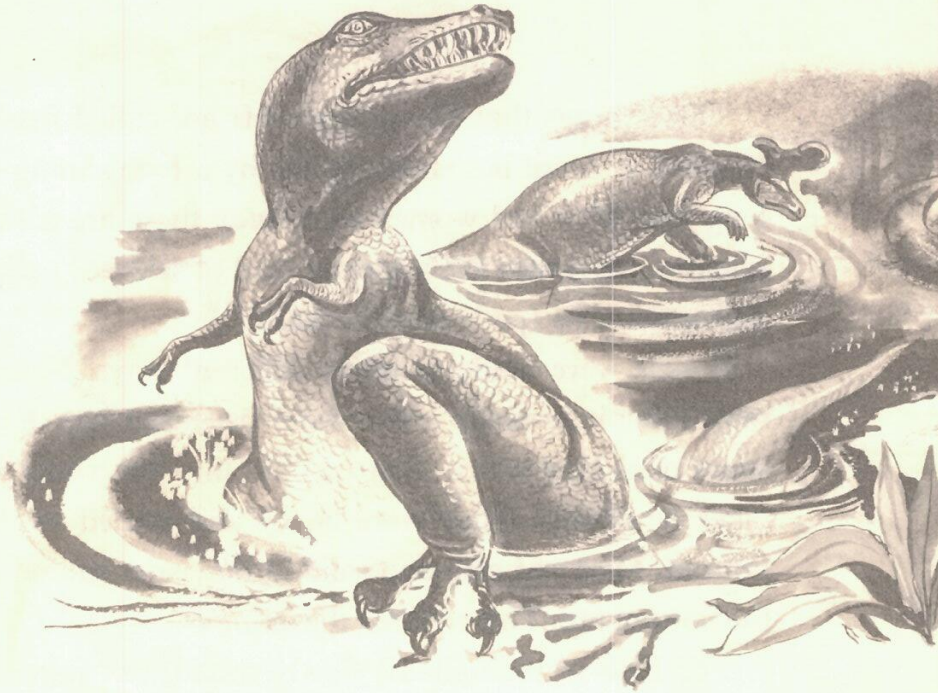
These things that the animals left are called fossils (fos-ils). A fossil is something left by a living thing of long ago. Men and women who study these are called scientists, and they are a special kind of scientist called paleontologists (pa-le-on-tol-a-jists).

Fossils were made in many different ways. Fossils were sometimes made under water because when dinosaurs died they were often washed into the water of lakes or oceans. They were heavy and settled to the bottom. Mud and clay and sand in the water settled to the bottom too. This covered the animals.

The flesh of the animals slowly rotted, but some of the bones did not rot. They stayed in the mud and clay. More mud and clay covered them. It pressed down. A long, long time passed. The bones lay pressed into the clay and sand. The clay and sand slowly turned to rock. Then, of course, the fossils were in the rock.

More time passed. The lakes and oceans dried up and then the fossils were on dry land where scientists could dig them up.

Dinosaurs also became fossils when they turned into stone. This also took a long, long time. It happened a



little bit at a time. Lime or some other hard material in the water went into the bone and took the place of the material in the bone. When this happens we say that a bone has become petrified (pet-ri-fide).

Fossils were made in other ways, too. Sometimes hard parts of the animals made prints of themselves in the soft mud. A dinosaur may have been walking along in the soft mud and left its tracks. Then sand and mud washed into the footprint and kept it from being washed

away. Slowly the mud hardened into rock, and there was a fossil of the track.

But no matter how the fossil was made, it took a long, long time to make it.

Of course, not all of the dinosaurs that were once alive left their bones. Many of the dinosaurs died on land. Then they rotted and no one ever saw their bones. They did not make any fossils.

Not all of the animals that were in the water made

fossils either. But there were enough bones left to tell us a very long story about these animals.

Paleontologists are always on the lookout for these fossils to study them. A paleontologist might be called a scientific detective because he hunts and hunts for facts. Then he puts his facts together and tries to answer such questions as "What did these animals of long ago look like? What did they eat? Why did they disappear?" These are just a few of the problems paleontologists have been trying to find the answers to.

A paleontologist collects fossils, he studies them, he thinks about them, he guesses about them, and then keeps testing his guesses until he is sure he is right. A paleontologist is like other scientists; he makes use of what other paleontologists have discovered. There are still many things that he does not know, but he discovers more every day.

Glenn O. Blough knows a great deal about dinosaurs. After reading his book *Discovering Dinosaurs* (Whittlesey House, 1960) you may want to visit a museum of natural history and see the skeletons of dinosaurs.

You may also want to read:

Before and After Dinosaurs
by Lois and Louis Darling (William Morrow, 1959)

Dinosaurs
by Marie Halun Bloch (Coward-McCann, 1955)

The True Book of Dinosaurs
by Mary Lou Clark (Childrens Press, 1955)

The Wonderful Egg
by Dahlov Ipcar (Doubleday, 1958)

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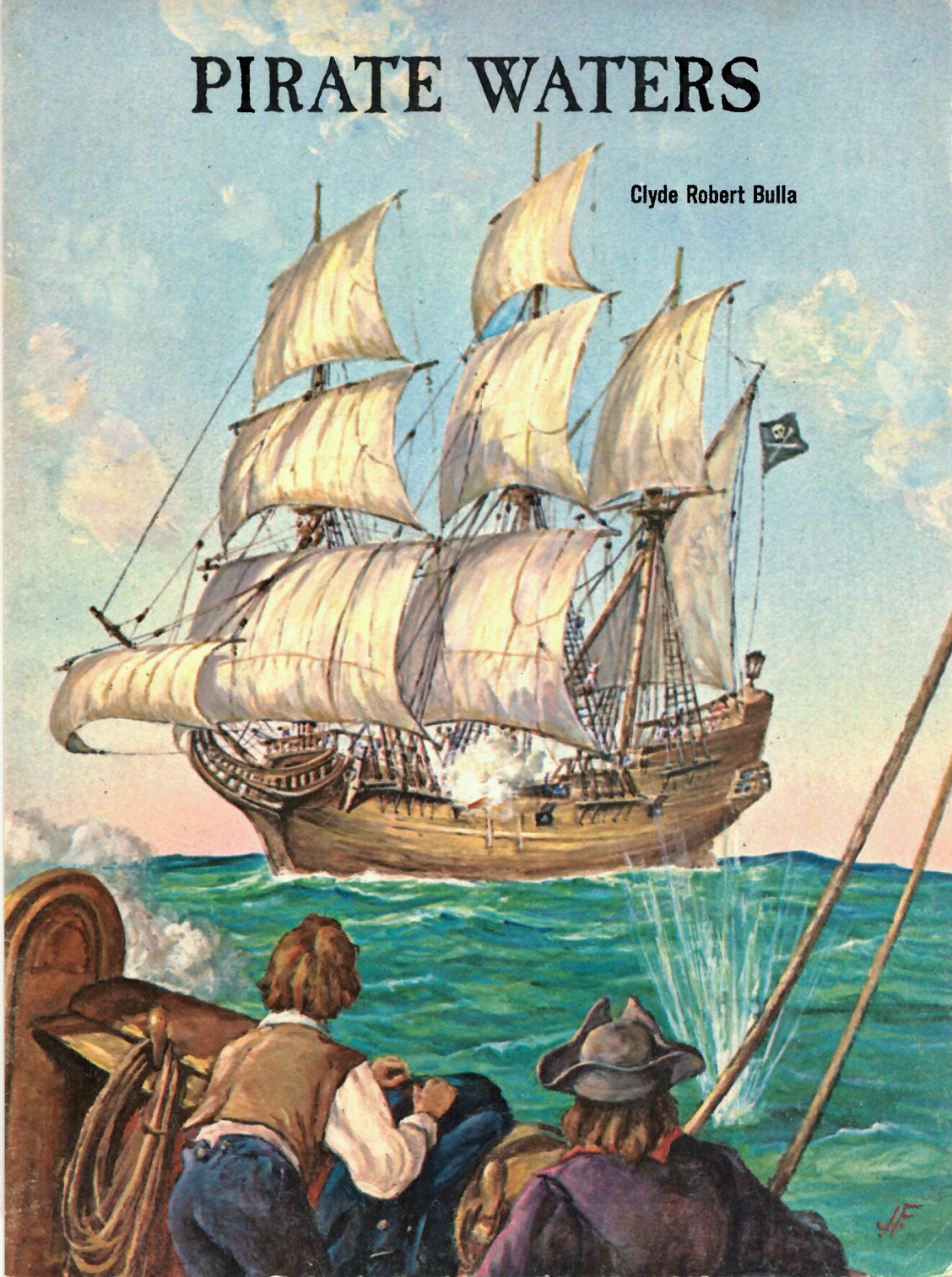
PIRATE WATERS

Clyde Robert Bulla



PIRATE WATERS

by Clyde Robert Bulla

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout.

On board the *Lady Peg,* bound for the colonies, Tom Pippin held his breath as the approaching ship hoisted its flag. It was the black flag of a pirate ship!

Cannon roared. Tom heard sounds of fierce fighting on the deck above. Then there was quiet. A strange voice called down into the hold, "Come out, one at a time."

Tom stepped out on deck into a circle of pirates!

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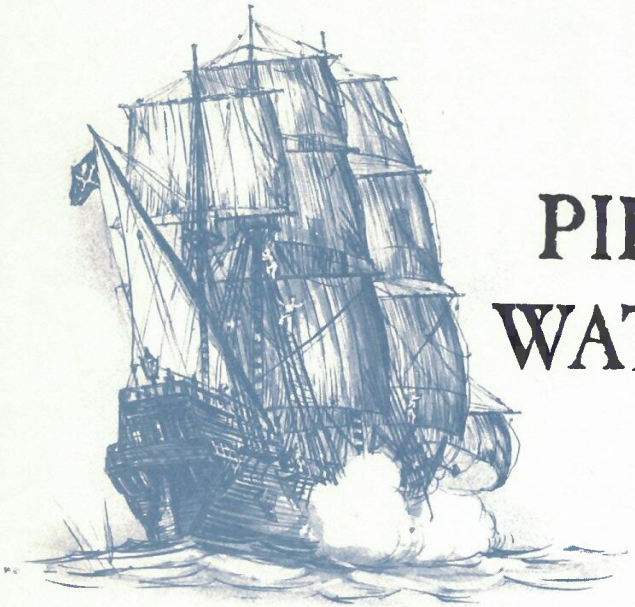

PIRATE WATERS

BY CLYDE ROBERT BULLA

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES FLUX

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Chapter 1: At Sea

The *Lady Peg* was two days at sea before Tom was let out of the crib, a wooden cage below deck.

It was Sparrow who opened the door. "Keep quiet, and do as you're told," he said, "and you'll come to no harm."

He climbed a ladder and was gone.

Tom followed him up the ladder. He stepped out on deck. Some of the seamen turned to look at him, but no one spoke.

The cold wind nearly swept him off his feet. He looked out over the gray water. There was no land in sight.

He went to the other side of the deck where the wind was not so strong. A boy stood there by the rail. He was tall, with long arms and legs.

"You, there!" he said. "I never saw you before." He kept staring at Tom. "I was said to be the only boy on this ship. What might your name be?"

"Tom Pippin," Tom told him.

"Mine is Diggory—Diggory Smith," said the other boy. "Where did you come from? Did you drop down out of the sky?"

"I've been in the crib," said Tom.

"The crib? Oh, that's cruel!" said Diggory. "Why did they put you in there?"

"I don't know," said Tom. "I know nothing of this ship or where it's sailing or why I'm on it."

"Then why did you come on board?" asked Diggory.

"I didn't *come* on board," said Tom. "A man *dragged* me. I tried to get away, and he threw me into the crib."

"I don't understand," said Diggory. "Start at the beginning. Tell me what happened."

Tom told him about coming to London with his uncle. He told about Sparrow.

"Sparrow? I know him," said Diggory. "He's a seaman on this ship."

"He brought me here," said Tom.

"Now I see!" said Diggory. "Your uncle sold you."

"*Sold* me?" said Tom.

Diggory nodded. "He sold you to the captain of this ship. The captain sent Sparrow to bring you on board."

"No one could *sell* me!" said Tom.

"Ah, you know better than that," said Diggory. "You're bonded, Tom, the same as I am."

"Bonded?" said Tom.

"Captain Tooker paid your uncle to sign a paper," said Diggory. "It's a paper called a bond. The captain will take you across the sea to the colonies where workers are needed. He will sell your bond for as much money as he can get. Then you belong to the man who buys your bond, and you have to work for him."

"Like a slave?" asked Tom. "The rest of my life?"

"Oh, no," said Diggory. "Only seven years."

"Is this true," asked Tom, "or is it all just a story?"

"It's not a story. I know of such things," Diggory told him, "because my father bonded me to Captain Tooker. There were ten of us at home, with not enough to eat. I wished to go, and my brothers, too, but the captain would take only me. I was the only one old enough and strong enough."

He said again, "I wished to go. This is my way of seeing the world. And after seven years I'll be free to make my fortune in America."

"America?" said Tom. "Is that where we're sailing?"

"Yes, for the islands of America," said Diggory.

"They've no right to send me there. They've no right to make a slave of me for seven years!" Tom said. "Where is the captain?"

"In his cabin, I should think," said Diggory.

"Where is the cabin?" asked Tom.

Diggory pointed. "But don't you be going there. Captain Tooker is a hard man."

Tom was already on his way to the cabin.

He knocked at the door.

A voice called out, "Who's there?"

Tom opened the door. He stepped into a little room with wood walls and a soft, green rug. A man sat at a table. His face was small and rather mean, but he wore a fine brown wig, and the buttons on his coat were of gold.

"How dare you set foot in this cabin!" he shouted.

Tom stepped back.

"Stop!" cried the man. "Who are you?"

"Tom Pippin, sir," said Tom. "I wished to see the captain of the *Lady Peg*."

"Now that you've seen him, be on your way!"

"A word with you first, sir," said Tom. "Is it true that you bought my bond from my uncle?"

"Is it true?" said the captain. "Why else would you be here? Why else would I have you on my ship?"

"Then I have this to say," said Tom. "It was my uncle who signed the bond. It was not I. You may buy and sell me a hundred times, but I'll not be a slave to anyone!"

The captain's face was purple. He took a book from the table and threw it. It caught Tom on the side of the head.

The captain took up a dish. Tom backed out of the cabin. He shut the door just as the dish broke against it.

Diggory was outside. He looked frightened.

"Quick, Tom!" he said.

They ran to the far end of the ship. Diggory pulled Tom down behind a pile of rope.

"It's a bad thing you've done," Diggory said in a whisper. "It's a bad, bad thing! Don't you know you're never to cross the captain? He's lord and master on this ship. Keep your head down. Stay out of his way till he's cooled off. If he finds you now, there's no telling what he might do."

"He's hasn't any right—" began Tom.

"Don't you be talking that way," said Diggory. "He has every right, and you have none." He stopped. "That's blood on your face!"

"Yes," said Tom. "The captain threw a book—" He felt the ship roll beneath him. He closed his eyes. "I'm sick," he whispered.

Chapter 2: Friends

For a week Tom lay ill. Some of the bonded men and women cared for him in the hold of the ship.

Two of Diggory's friends, Abel and Nancy, did the most to care for him. Abel was a young man from London. Nancy was his wife. Sometimes they scolded Tom, but always in a friendly way.

"You should never make the captain angry," said Nancy. "It is well to be brave, but do not be foolish."

"The captain wished to have you beaten," said Abel. "I heard it from a sailor. But Sparrow told the captain, 'If we beat the boy, it may leave marks. Then he will not bring such a high price.' "

"You must keep out of the captain's way," said

Nancy. "If he sees you, he may grow angry again. Stay in the hold. He never comes down here."

Before another week, Tom was strong again. The cut on his head was healed. But even after he was well, he stayed most of the time in the hold.

"It's an easy voyage," said Diggory. "There's bread and cheese enough for all, and the seamen do the work."

But the bonded people grew tired of the voyage. They grew tired of one another. There were quarrels in the hold.

Tom and Diggory stayed close to Abel and Nancy. There were no quarrels among them. Abel's head was full of stories he had heard, and he told them to Nancy and the boys.

He told of sea snakes that could swallow the biggest ship in one mouthful. He told of pirates who sailed the seas, robbing ships along the way.

"Do you believe there are sea snakes?" asked Tom.

"It's only a story," said Abel, "but the pirates are real. We need not fear them, though. They care only for treasure."

"Then we are safe enough," said Nancy, "for indeed, this is no treasure ship."

Each day the *Lady Peg* sailed farther west and south.

The winds were no longer cold. The sky was no longer gray and stormy.

There was a longboat on deck. Ropes and wooden blocks held it in place. Sometimes Tom left the hold and sat in the shadow of the longboat. Sometimes he and Diggory slept there at night.

One night they lay beside the longboat, talking. "What are you thinking of?" asked Diggory.

"My sister Dinah at home," said Tom. "What are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking of America and what I'll do when I get there," said Diggory. "I wonder who will buy my bond. I hope my master will not be cruel, and that I'll be strong enough to do his work. Tom, what if the same man buys us both? Then we can stay together."

"I won't be sold," said Tom.

"Why do you keep saying that?" asked Diggory. "I'm going to be sold. So are Abel and Nancy and all the others. Why shouldn't you be?"

"It's not the same for you and the others," said Tom. "You wanted to come on this ship. You chose to be bonded. I didn't choose. And I won't be sold."

"You can't help yourself," said Diggory. "When we get to America, men will come on board. They will look

at us and bid for us. You will have to go with the man who bids highest for you."

"When we get on land, I'll run away," said Tom.

"You won't run far," said Diggory. "Do you know what they do when somebody runs away? They track him down with big dogs."

"I'm not afraid of their big dogs," said Tom.

"You'd better be afraid," said Diggory. "It's a cruel thing to be bonded against your will, but you *are* bonded. Why not make the best of it? It's only for seven years—"

"Seven years!" said Tom. "You talk as if that's nothing at all."

Diggory counted on his fingers. "In seven years you'll be nineteen. And I'll be twenty-two. That's not so old. Tom, promise me something."

"What?" asked Tom.

"Promise me you'll do nothing to get yourself in trouble. Promise me you'll think no more of getting away."

Tom only lay there, looking up at the stars. He would not promise.

Chapter 3: Sail Ho!

At sunrise the next morning a shout awakened them: "Sail ho!"

"A ship!" said Diggory. "That means there's a ship in sight." He and Tom ran to the rail.

Diggory asked a seaman, "Which way is the ship?"

"That way." The man pointed. "Can you see her?"

"Yes," said Diggory.

Tom went back to the shadow of the longboat. Captain Tooker had come on deck.

The captain stood by the rail with a spyglass to his eye. It was a long time before he went back to his cabin.

Tom went to the rail again. The ship had come

nearer. Her white sails hardly showed against the clouds.

Most of the bonded people had come up from the hold. They were watching the ship.

Abel and Nancy stood with Tom and Diggory.

"Is she an English ship?" asked Nancy.

"She may be French," said Abel.

"Or Spanish," said someone else.

The ship was faster than the *Lady Peg*. By late afternoon she had come so near that they could see men on her deck.

She flew no flag. She did not answer the captain's shouts and signals.

Captain Tooker said in anger, "She shall come no closer until we know what flag she flies." He called out, "Man the cannon!"

Seamen sprang to the row of cannon along the rail.

"When I give the word," said Captain Tooker, "fire a shot to warn the ship away."

The ship came nearer.

"Fire!" said the captain.

One of the gunners put a match to his cannon. The cannon roared.

The shot was meant to fall in the path of the ship. But

the gunner's aim was poor. The cannon ball struck the deck of the ship and tore away part of the rail.

The ship fired back. Smoke and flame shot from her cannon.

Diggory cried out, "She's running up her flag!"

Tom held his breath as the flag went up. It was the black flag of a pirate ship.

A woman began to scream. Cannon balls struck the water beside the *Lady Peg*.

Someone shouted, "Keep your heads down!"

The bonded men and women were running for the hold. Tom and Diggory were carried along with them. Down the stairs they went, half-climbing, half-falling.

They drew close together in the hold.

"We should not have run away," said Abel. "We should go help fight."

"No!" Nancy caught his arm. "I'll not let you go!"

"This is not our fight," said another of the men. "We mean no more than sheep to Captain Tooker. Let *him* fight the pirates."

The hold shook, as if something had run against the ship. "Hark!" said Abel. "They're alongside us now."

There was a rush of steps overhead. There were pistol shots. Then all was quiet on deck.

In the hold all was quiet, too. Everyone listened. Everyone was waiting.

A voice called down the stairway, "Come out, one at a time. Come quietly, and you'll not be harmed."

Nancy held Abel's hand. "What shall we do?"

"We'll do as he says," answered Abel. "There's nothing else left for us."

He helped her up the stairs. The others followed.

Chapter 4: The Pirates

Tom stepped on deck into a circle of pirates. There were young and old among them. Most of them wore silk and velvet in black, white, and the brightest of reds and blues. Some had pistols ready, some had knives.

The pirate captain was young. His face was thin and dark. He spoke like an English gentleman.

"Put down your weapons," he said. "All your knives and swords and pistols—put them here on the deck."

"We have no weapons," said Abel. "We are only poor bonded people."

One of the women cried out, "Spare us, good captain!"

"Your lives will be spared," said the pirate captain. "Your Captain Tooker was wise enough to end a fight he could not win. Because of that, he and his men will be spared. But he was a fool to fire on me. For this he must pay."

Two of the pirates went to the captain's cabin. They led out Captain Tooker and his men. Captain Tooker tried to walk bravely, but his legs shook with fear.

"Make the longboat ready," said the pirate captain.

"The longboat? Do you mean to put us out to sea?" Captain Tooker's face was pale. "We shall be lost!"

"There are islands near. You have sails in the boat, and you have oars," said the pirate captain.

"But my ship—!" cried Captain Tooker.

"The ship is yours no longer," said the pirate captain. "Be quick. You waste my time."

Captain Tooker's men let the longboat down.

"The bonded people will be first to leave the ship," said the pirate captain.

Men and women began to go over the side. They climbed down a rope ladder and into the boat.

Tom and Diggory stood together.

"It's your turn," said Diggory.

Tom did not move.

JAF

Diggory gave him a push toward the rope ladder.

Tom turned. He started across the deck.

A pirate stopped him. He was a tall black man with gold rings in his ears.

"Let me speak to your captain," said Tom.

"Captain! Captain Land!" called the black man. "The boy would speak to you."

The pirate captain stood nearby. "Speak," he said.

"Take me with you," said Tom.

Captain Land looked down at him. "What is this?"

"They stole me away from London. They had no right to bond me," said Tom. "Take me with you."

Captain Tooker was listening. "Hear the young dog!" he cried.

"Silence!" said the pirate captain. "The boy speaks bravely, and go with me he shall!"

Diggory gave Tom a frightened look before he went over the side.

Captain Tooker and his men climbed into the long-boat.

The longboat cast off. Some of the seamen rowed. Others worked to put up the sail.

Captain Land looked about him. "So this is the *Lady Peg*. 'Lady Pig' would be a better name. A pigboat it is,

fit for nothing but to burn! Follow me," he said to Tom.

The pirate ship lay alongside the *Lady Peg*. Captain Land jumped down onto the deck of his ship. Tom jumped after him.

The crew was busy looting the *Lady Peg*. Some of the men had their arms full of clothing. Others had the chairs and the green rug from Captain Tooker's cabin.

"There's little enough that's worth taking," said one of the men.

"A pigboat, that's what it is," said another.

The pirates carried the loot to their ship. The last one to leave the *Lady Peg* threw lighted torches behind him.

The men loosed the hooks and ropes that held the ships together. The pirate ship moved away.

Night had fallen. Tom stood beside Captain Land and watched the *Lady Peg* burn.

The fire burned slowly until it came to the room where the gunpowder was kept. Then there was a great explosion. The ship broke in two. Sparks and flame leaped high into the air and lighted the sea for miles around.

Chapter 5: Hope

Tom slept that night in Captain Land's cabin. His bed was a hammock.

When he woke, he saw the captain having breakfast. There was a teapot on the table. There were oranges and biscuits in silver dishes. The captain was eating biscuits dipped in tea.

Tom moved in the hammock.

The captain asked, "Are you awake?"

"Yes, sir," said Tom.

"You were crying out in your sleep," said the captain. "What were you dreaming?"

"I don't know, sir," said Tom.

"Once you said 'Diggory.' Who is Diggory?"

"He was my friend on Captain Tooker's ship," said Tom.

"Have no fear for Diggory. The sea is not rough. The longboat will reach shore," said the captain. "What is your name, boy? Tom Pippin—that's it. Pull up a chair, Tom Pippin, if you want a bite of breakfast."

Tom sat down at the table. He drank a cup of tea and ate a biscuit. He looked at the oranges.

"Would you like one?" asked the captain.

"Yes, if it please you," said Tom.

"Then take it." Tom took an orange.

"Have you ever had an orange before?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir," said Tom. "Always at Christmas my father brought some home."

"Was it your father who bonded you?"

"It was my uncle," said Tom.

"And you have no wish to be bonded?" said Captain Land. "You would rather be a pirate."

"A pirate?" said Tom. "*No,* sir!"

The captain gave him a long look. "You *don't* wish to be a pirate?"

"No, sir," said Tom.

"Then why did you choose to come with me?"

"I wished to be free," said Tom. "I thought you might put me ashore somewhere. Then I could find a ship back to England."

"Your uncle would only bond you again," said the captain.

"I would not tell him where I was," said Tom, "but I would let my sister know. She is waiting for me."

"Ah," said Captain Land. Then he was quiet for a while. They finished breakfast. They went out on deck.

Some of the men came close for a look at Tom.

Tom listened to them talk. He learned that the name of the pirate ship was the *Sea Bird*. He began to learn the names of the men.

The little man with the cruel face and long arms was called Spider. The black man was Benjy. There was a man named Duke who was talking, laughing, or singing most of the time.

Duke said to Captain Land, "What shall we do with this young pirate? Can he fire a pistol or throw a knife? Shall I teach him what he will need to know?"

"Teach him nothing," said the captain. "The boy is not a pirate, and he has no wish to be."

The story of how Tom makes friends with Captain Land and is taken to the pirates' island is an exciting one. In Clyde Robert Bulla's book *Pirate's Promise* (T.Y. Crowell, 1958) Captain Land even fights a duel to protect Tom.

You may also want to read:

Voyage of the Sea Wind
by Hetty B. Beatty (Houghton Mifflin, 1959)

Little Tim and the Brave Sea Captain
by Edward Ardizzone (Henry Z. Walck, 1936)

The Peg-legged Pirate of Sulu
by Cora Cheney (Alfred Knopf, 1960)

Tom Benn and Blackbeard, the Pirate
by Le Grand (Abingdon Press, 1950)

Peter Pan
by James Barrie (Scribner, 1950)

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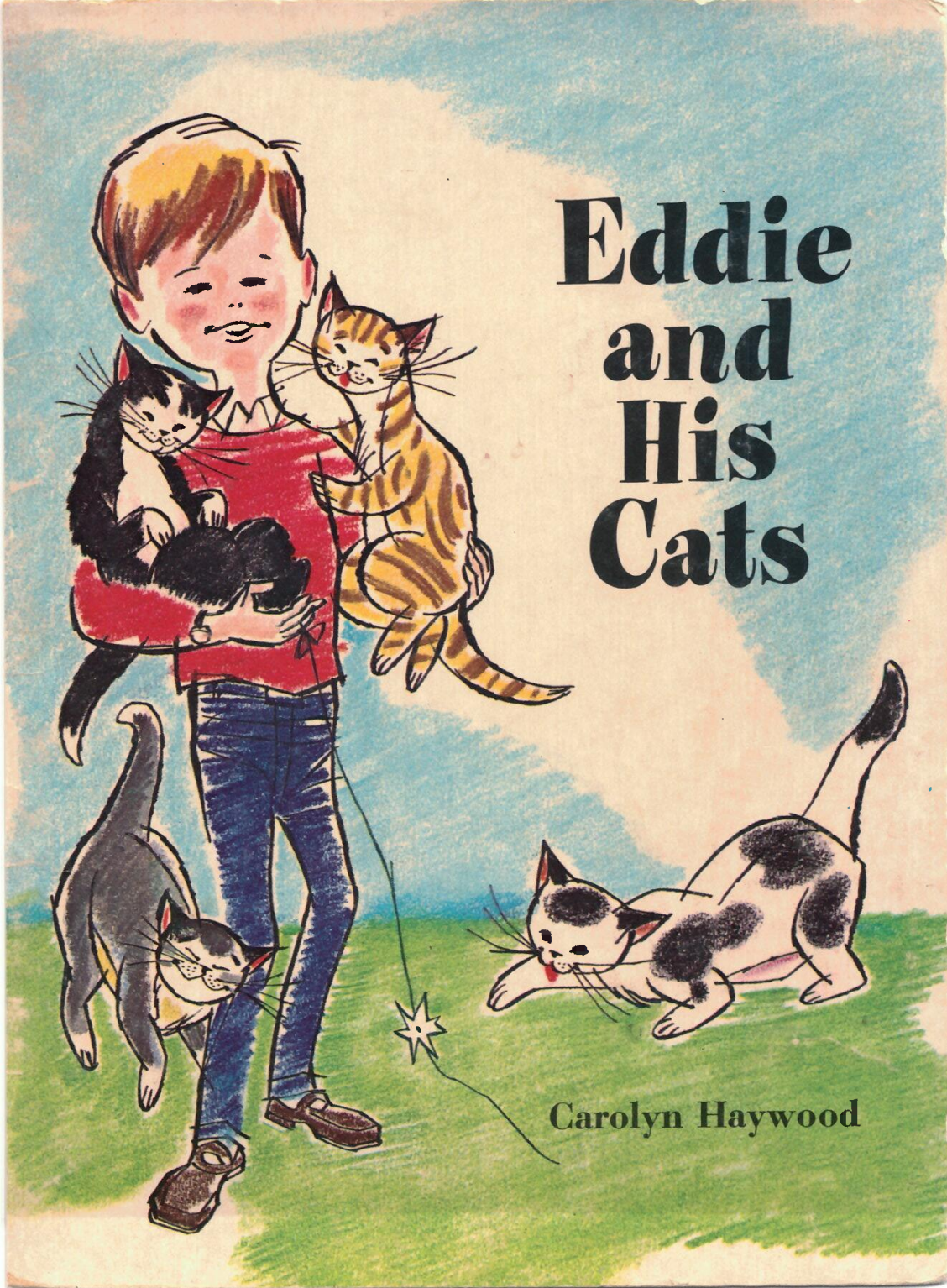

Eddie and His Cats
Carolyn Haywood

EDDIE AND HIS CATS

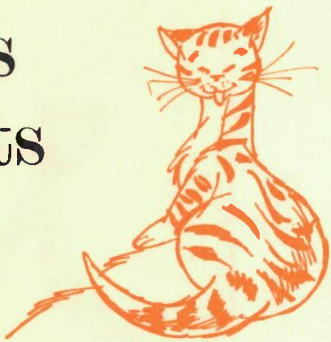
by Carolyn Haywood

Eddie was a boy with big ideas. But his parents did not always understand his ideas. There was, for example, his collection of cats.

Could Eddie help it if cats liked him? Could he help it if they followed him home? Eddie and his parents just could not agree on *how* many cats was *too* many cats.

Did you every try to give away a cat? Eddie had to give away a whole collection of them. He found that the old saying is true: Cats come back.

Eddie and His Cats



by
CAROLYN HAYWOOD

illustrated by
LLOYD WHITE

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Cats Are All Right—But...

One day Eddie Wilson stopped at the fish market on his way home from school. When Mr. Henderson, the owner, saw Eddie come in the door, he said, "Hello, Eddie! What do you want? Fish heads, I'll bet."

"Yepper!" replied Eddie. "You should see the swell cat I have now. She's the biggest cat you ever saw. And a tortoise shell."

"Where do you keep all of the cats you bring home with you?" asked Mr. Henderson.

"Oh, I have a nice little pen for them," said Eddie. "My mother won't let me keep them in the house."

"I should think not," said Mr. Henderson. "Don't the cats ever fight?"

"No," replied Eddie, "they never fight."

Mr. Henderson wrapped some fish heads in a newspaper and Eddie started for home. He hadn't gone far when he came upon a cat. The cat came near Eddie and sniffed. One sniff was enough. The cat ran right along with Eddie. About a block away from his home, Eddie looked down and there was another cat scurrying along beside him.

"Good thing Mr. Henderson gave me a lot of fish heads," Eddie said to himself.

At his own front gate Eddie found still another cat. It joined right up with the others. As they followed Eddie around to the back of the house, Eddie thought, "I never had four cats before. This is wonderful!" But he also thought that he had better not say anything about them to the family.

Eddie put the three cats into the pen with the big tortoise shell cat. He emptied the paper of fish heads into the pen and the cats fell upon them.

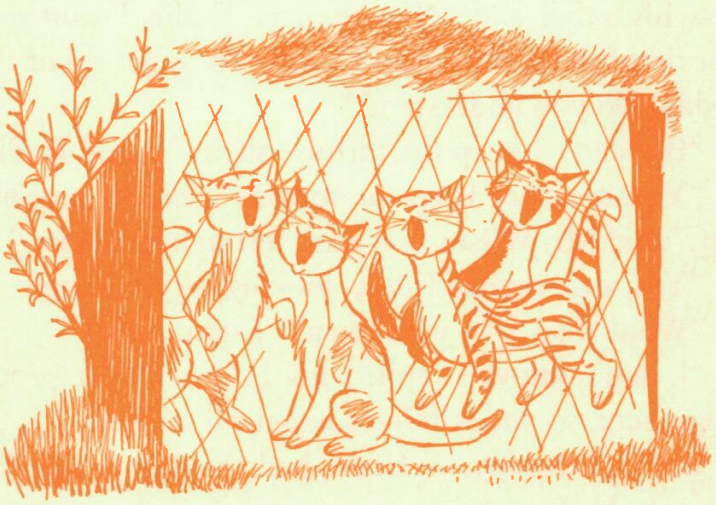
"Eddie," his mother called out, as Eddie passed her on the stairs, "you smell of fish. Go and wash your hands. I am going to get rid of that cat, and I don't want you to bring any more cats home with you."

"They don't hurt anything, Mamma, and I keep them in the pen," said Eddie.

"Well, they keep you smelling of fish," said his mother. "And it's awful!"

Eddie went off to wash his hands.

In the middle of the night Eddie was awakened by a horrible noise. He knew at once what it was. The cats were screeching and wailing. He heard his father's footsteps in the hall. Then he heard a window open. Then a splash. He knew that his father had thrown a basin of water out of the window on the cats. "Meow!" said a cat, and then all was silent. A few minutes later, Eddie fell asleep, feeling very sorry for his cats.



The Cat Peddler

The following morning when Eddie appeared at breakfast, his father said, "Now see here, Eddie, I want you to get rid of those cats. And I want you to get rid of them today. Do you understand?"

"But can't I keep the tortoise shell?" asked Eddie.

"You may not keep the tortoise shell, or any other cat," said Mr. Wilson. "We are through with cats."

"Yes, sir," replied Eddie, looking very unhappy.

"What shall I do with them?" Eddie asked.

"I don't know," replied his father. "You brought them here, so you will have to get rid of them."

It was Saturday, so Eddie had the day to get rid of the cats. He found a large wooden box in the garage and

put the four cats into the box. Then he put the box in his express wagon and started off. He had no idea what he would do with the cats. He trundled his express wagon along for several blocks until he met a little boy about his own age.

"Would you like to have a cat?" Eddie asked.

"Sure," replied the boy.

"Well, I'll give you one," said Eddie. "They're in my wagon. Which one do you want?"

The little boy looked them over carefully and then he said, "I would like the black-and-white one."

"Okay!" said Eddie, as he picked up the black-and-white cat and handed it to the boy.

"Thanks!" said the boy. "What's its name?"

"I dunno," said Eddie, smoothing the cat's back. Eddie looked at the cat most lovingly. Then he said, "Patches would be a good name. 'Cause it's black-and-white, and it looks just like patches."

"Say, it does, doesn't it?" said the boy. "I guess I'll call it Patches."

Eddie trundled off with his wagon and the three remaining cats. He hadn't gone far when he came upon a man who was repairing his front steps. Eddie stopped in front of the man. "Would you like to have a nice cat?" asked Eddie.

"Don't want any cats," said the man.

"My father won't let me keep them," said Eddie in a very sorrowful voice. "And they are awfully nice cats."

"Don't want any, thank you," said the man.

"My father won't let me give them anything to eat," said Eddie.

"Don't want any," said the man.

"And last night my father threw water on them," said Eddie.

"Don't want any," said the man.

"But it would only be one," said Eddie.

"Don't want any," said the man.

"It doesn't cost much to feed one cat," said Eddie. "It doesn't cost anything if you get fish heads from the fish market."

"Don't want any," said the man.

"Oh, dear!" said Eddie. "How would you feel if you were a nice cat and nobody wanted you?"

"Okay!" said the man. "You win, brother. Put the cat down and get out of here."

"Which one do you want?" asked Eddie.

"I don't care," replied the man, without looking up. "Cats are cats. They're all alike to me."

Eddie lifted the big tortoise shell cat out of the box and set her down beside the man. "She's the prettiest cat

I ever saw," said Eddie. "And the biggest too. I think you'll like her."

The man grunted, and Eddie and his wagon rattled off with the two remaining cats.

At the next corner he met Billy Porter. "Hi, Bill!" Eddie shouted. "Want a nice cat?"

Billy looked into the box. "What's the matter with them?" he asked.

"Nothing is the matter with them," replied Eddie.

"Well then, why are you giving them away?" asked Billy.

"Pop won't let me keep them," said Eddie.

"Why not?" said Billy.

"Oh, he doesn't 'preciate cats," replied Eddie, picking up the two cats. "Which one do you want?"

"Don't want any," said Billy. "My father doesn't 'preciate cats either."

"Ah, gee!" said Eddie. "Couldn't you just take one?"

"Well," said Billy, "I'll see. Give me the gray one with the white paws. He's pretty."

Eddie handed over the gray cat with the white paws. "You won't be sorry," said Eddie. "He's a nice cat."

"Well," said Billy, "I don't know whether my father will let me keep him."

"So long!" said Eddie, as he rattled away.

At the next corner Eddie met Kenny Roberts. "Hey, Ken!" Eddie called out. "Would you like to have a nice cat?"

"No, thanks," said Kenny. "We already have two cats."

"Oh!" said Eddie, and he went on until he reached Betsy's house. There he rang the bell. Lucy, the maid, opened the door. When she saw Eddie she said, "Betsy isn't home, Eddie."

"Oh!" said Eddie. "Well, how would you like to have a nice cat?"

"I wouldn't like it," said Lucy. "We already have a cat and it's one too many, if you're asking me."

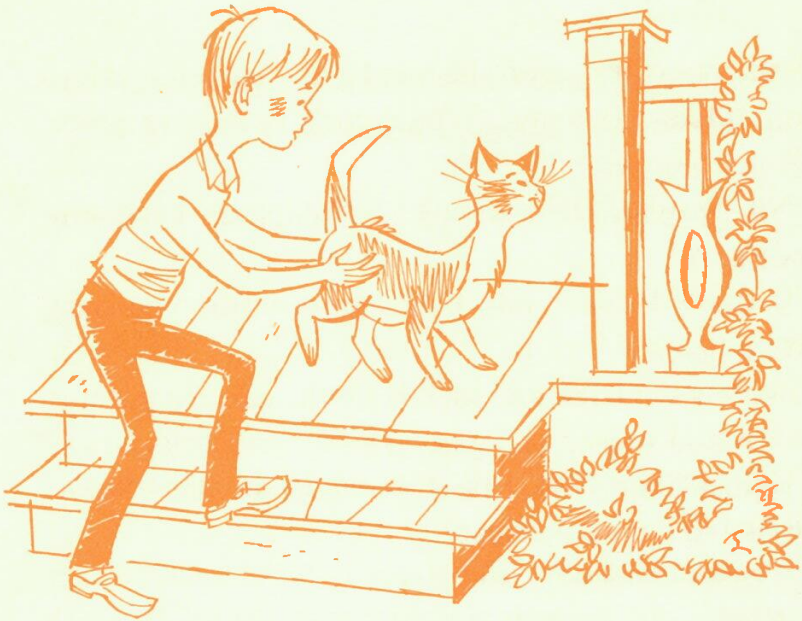
"But this is a real nice cat," said Eddie.

"I don't care what kind of a cat it is," said Lucy. "We don't want it."

Eddie turned away, but before Lucy had closed the door he turned back and said, "Maybe some day you'll be sorry you didn't take this cat."

"That's one thing I'm sure I'll never be sorry about," replied Lucy, and she closed the door. Then she opened it again. "And don't you leave that cat on our front step," she called.

Eddie hadn't thought of leaving the cat on anyone's front step, but now that Lucy had mentioned it, he won-



dered why he hadn't thought of it before. He trotted right around the block to Mrs. Jackson's house and put the cat on her front porch. While the cat was exploring the porch, Eddie walked away. But he hadn't got to the front gate when Clementine, Mrs. Jackson's cook, called out, "Eddie Wilson, you come right back here and get that cat you just put on our front porch. Mrs. Jackson, she don't want any cats 'round here."

"Ah, jeepers!" said Eddie. "Lillybell would like it." Lillybell was Clementine's little girl. "I know Lillybell would like to have a cat."

"No, indeed!" said Clementine. "Lillybell can't have a cat. Those cat hairs go down little Lillybell's throat and give her croup."

"Oh, tarnation!" cried Eddie. "What am I going to do with it?"

"I don't know," said Clementine. "But you can't leave it here."

Eddie went back and picked up the cat. He put it in the box and started off again. About two blocks farther on he met Ellen. "Oh, Ellen!" he sang out. "How would you like to have a nice cat?"

"I don't think so," said Ellen.

"Well, just try it overnight," said Eddie. "I think you'll like it if you try it."

"Oh, I would like it all right," said Ellen, "but I don't think my family would."

"Just try it," said Eddie. "Just try it overnight."

Ellen took the cat. "All right," she said. "But I don't think they will like it."

Now that Eddie no longer had the cats, he ran all the way home with the express wagon rattling along behind him. He rattled through the front gate and up the front path. Suddenly he stopped. He dropped the handle of the wagon and it fell on the path with a heavy thud. Eddie stood staring at the doorstep. He could

hardly believe his eyes, for there sat the great big tortoise shell cat and the black-and-white cat. They were both busy licking themselves.

"Well! I'll be!" exclaimed Eddie. "How did you get here?" The cats went on calmly licking.

Just then Eddie looked up the street. He saw Billy Porter coming down the street with a cat in his arms. Before Billy opened his mouth, Eddie knew what was coming. So he was not surprised when Billy called out, "Didn't I tell you? My father doesn't 'preciate cats."

Billy placed the cat back in the box and said, "So long, Eddie. I have to get right back home."

"So long!" said Eddie, in a not very cheerful voice.

While Eddie sat in his wagon looking at the cats, Ellen arrived. "I'm sorry, Eddie," she said, "but my family won't let me keep this cat."

"Not even overnight?" wailed Eddie.

"No," replied Ellen. And she placed the cat in the box. "I have to run home," she said. "I have to mind the baby. Good-by."

" 'By!" said Eddie. "I sure think I have a hard life."

And Eddie began to wonder whether he was as fond of cats as he had thought.

Eddie Tries Again

Eddie sat down on his front step and looked at the cats. It had taken him all morning to give them away, and now they were back again. To make things worse, Rudy, Eddie's older brother, came home. When he saw Eddie and the cats, he said, "You'd better get rid of those cats before Daddy comes home."

"I know," said Eddie. "I've been trying to get rid of them all morning. They don't stay."

Eddie picked up the big tortoise shell cat and the black-and-white one and put them in the box again. He turned his wagon around and started off. He found the house where the man was repairing his steps. "Mister," Eddie sang out, "you almost lost your nice cat."

"Is that so?" said the man. "Well, isn't that too bad!"

"But I found her and brought her back to you," said Eddie.

"Is that so?" said the man. "Well, that's too bad."

"Oh, she's a wonderful cat," said Eddie. "You'll be crazy about her."

"Is that so?" said the man. "Well, that will be too bad."

"Mister," said Eddie, "do you mind putting the cat in your house so that she'll kinda know that she belongs to you? She might follow me home."

"Is that so?" said the man. "Well, wouldn't that be just too bad!"

"You bet it would," said Eddie, and he started off with his wagon again.

"Well," thought Eddie, "that's one cat settled, anyway."

He didn't know what to do with the others, so he just trundled them along in his express wagon.

Soon he passed Mr. Stupenfeffer's meat market. The delivery boy's bicycle was standing outside. Eddie's eye fell upon the wire basket fastened to the handle bars. It contained a small package, but there was still plenty of room for a cat. Eddie knew the delivery boy. His name was Ronny Richards. He was a big boy. He was thirteen years old.

Eddie thought Ronny would probably like to have a cat. He guessed he would put one of the cats in the wire basket. It would be a nice surprise for Ronny. He was sure Ronny would be pleased. He looked over the three cats and decided to give Ronny the gray-and-white one. He was a nice cat.

Eddie lifted the gray-and-white cat out of the box and placed it in the wire basket. He patted it on the head, for he was very fond of the gray-and-white cat. But, although it was hard to part with them, Eddie felt relieved that he now had only two cats left.

He picked up the handle of his wagon, and off he went.

Meanwhile, the gray-and-white cat began to meow. He didn't like being in a wire cage, and his paws didn't feel comfortable. They felt as though they were going through the openings in the basket. In fact, there wasn't anything about the basket that the cat liked. But then he suddenly sniffed something that was very pleasant. It smelled like fresh meat.

The cat stopped meowing and sniffed at the package that lay beside him in the basket. Then he scratched the paper. Nothing happened. He decided to try nibbling. So he nibbled and tore a hole in the paper. The odor of meat grew stronger. He nibbled and tore, and nibbled

and tore, until he could taste the meat. It was good meat. He had never had such a fine meal. He was in the midst of it when Ronny appeared.

"Say! What's the big idea!" cried Ronny, when he saw the cat. "For Pete's sake! Mr. Stupenfeffer! Look at this cat! It's been eating Mrs. Porter's hamburg steak."

Mr. Stupenfeffer came running out of the store.

Ronny picked up the cat and put it on the pavement, while Mr. Stupenfeffer cried, "You get out of here. Scat mit you!"

The cat flew.

Eddie was still riding the other two cats around the block. He wished that he could get rid of them both at once.

Suddenly he had a bright idea. He was so pleased with the idea that he began to run. He didn't stop running until he reached the fish market. Then he took the box out of the wagon and carried it in to Mr. Henderson.

"Mr. Henderson!" he cried out. "I got a wonderful idea!"

"You don't say!" said Mr. Henderson. "What is it?"

"Well, you know, when I have the cats at my house," said Eddie, "I have to come over to get fish heads from you, and you have to wrap up the fish heads, and I have to carry them home to the cats. So I figured that it would be much easier if I brought the cats over here, and you could just throw the fish heads to them. That way, they can eat them right here."

"You don't say!" said Mr. Henderson. "And you think that's a swell idea?"

"It's a wonderful idea," said Eddie. "They can eat

more here, and maybe you won't have any garbage at all. They're big eaters, Mr. Henderson."

"You don't say!" said Mr. Henderson. "Well, leave your cats, Eddie, but don't bring any more. Do you understand? I'm not running a cat's restaurant."

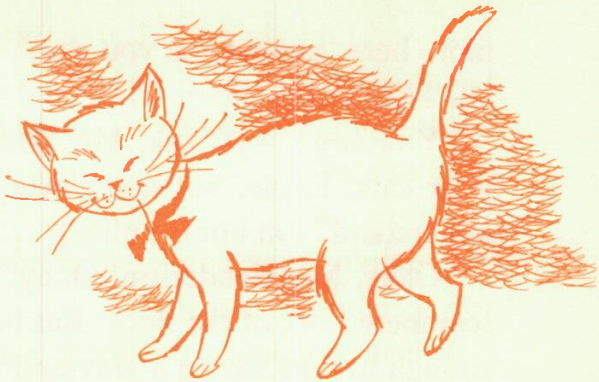
"Okay, Mr. Henderson! Okay!" said Eddie. And he scampered out of the door. But he didn't scamper fast enough to miss seeing a gray-and-white cat running toward him. Eddie turned and ran. He ran as fast as he could, but the cat just ran faster. It was no use. There was no escape. The cat had seen Eddie, and to the gray-and-white cat Eddie was an old friend. It kept right after Eddie all the way home.

This would never do. Eddie picked the cat up and carried it to Mr. Henderson's. He opened the door and said, "Mr. Henderson, you wouldn't mind just one more cat, would you?"

"Eddie," cried Mr. Henderson, "you're driving me crazy! Didn't I tell you, 'No more cats'?"

"But, Mr. Henderson," said Eddie, almost in tears.

"Oh, put it down," said Mr. Henderson, "and scram." Eddie put it down and scrammed. He returned home feeling very lighthearted.



A Cat of a Different Color

When he heard his father come in the front door, Eddie ran to meet him. "Say, Pop!" he cried. "You know those cats?"

Eddie's father seemed very much excited. He said, "Eddie! What did you do with the big tortoise shell cat?"

"I gave it to a man," said Eddie. "And I gave the others to Mr. Henderson, at the fish market."

"Well, Eddie," said his father, "you will have to get that tortoise shell back."

"Why?" asked Eddie.

"Look," said Mr. Wilson. He pointed to the newspaper he was carrying in his hand. "It says here under

Lost and Found, 'Lost: Large tortoise shell cat. $25.00 reward.' "

"Jumping grasshoppers!" cried Eddie. "Do you think it's that cat?"

"It sounds like it," said his father.

"Jumping grasshoppers!" cried Eddie, and he ran at top speed down the street.

When he reached the house with the repaired steps, he ran up the steps and rang the doorbell. The man to whom Eddie had given the cat opened the door. "You here again?" said the man. "Now what do you want?"

"I came for the cat," said Eddie.

"You came for the cat?" said the man. "What's the matter with you? Can't you make up your mind?"

"It isn't me," replied Eddie. "It's my father. He changed *his* mind."

"But I like this cat now," said the man. "I think I am going to like her very much."

"Oh, no!" said Eddie. "I don't think you will. She howls something awful sometimes, at night."

"That's just because you don't know how to take care of her," said the man.

"Oh, no!" said Eddie. "She howled, and she howled, and she howled just fierce last night. I think maybe she's sort of a wild cat."

"Here," said the man, picking up the cat. "Take her, and don't let me see this cat again."

Eddie gathered the big cat in his arms and ran all the way home. That night his father drove Eddie and the cat to the address in the paper. Sure enough! It was the lost cat, and the owner gave Eddie the reward of twenty-five dollars. She told Eddie that the cat's name was Prudence, and that she had taken first prize in five cat shows.

"She did!" said Eddie. "I didn't know there were cat shows."

"You didn't?" exclaimed the owner of the cat. "Why! Cat shows are wonderful. I'll give you and your father tickets for the show that is being held next week."

"Oh, that's great!" cried Eddie, but his father just said, "Oh, thank you."

The following week his father took Eddie to the show. Eddie was delighted. He had never seen so many

cats or such beautiful cats. He kept saying, "Oh, look, Papa, isn't that a beautiful cat?" And his father would say, "Yes, yes. Very nice."

At last they came upon a pure white cat, and lying in a basket beside her were three pure white kittens. They were labeled, "Twenty-five dollars each."

"Oh, Papa!" cried Eddie. "Papa! Look at those beautiful white kittens. Oh, Pop!"

"Oh, Eddie!" groaned his father.

"I can have one, can't I, Papa? With my twenty-five dollars. I can, can't I?"

And Papa said, "Oh, Eddie!" as Eddie handed over his twenty-five dollars and carried off a pure white kitten.

Eddie's adventures don't end here. In Carolyn Haywood's book *Little Eddie* (William Morrow, 1947), from which this story is taken, he has many more big ideas. He decides to run for dogcatcher. He also becomes a junk collector.

In reading the whole book, you may find that you know a boy like Eddie. You may even be a bit like him yourself.

You may also want to read:

Rufus M.
by Eleanor Estes (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1941)

Henry and the Paper Route
by Beverly Cleary (William Morrow, 1957)

Cats for Kansas
by LeGrand (Abingdon Press, 1948)

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SUDDEN MARY

Emma L. Brock

SUDDEN MARY

by Emma L. Brock

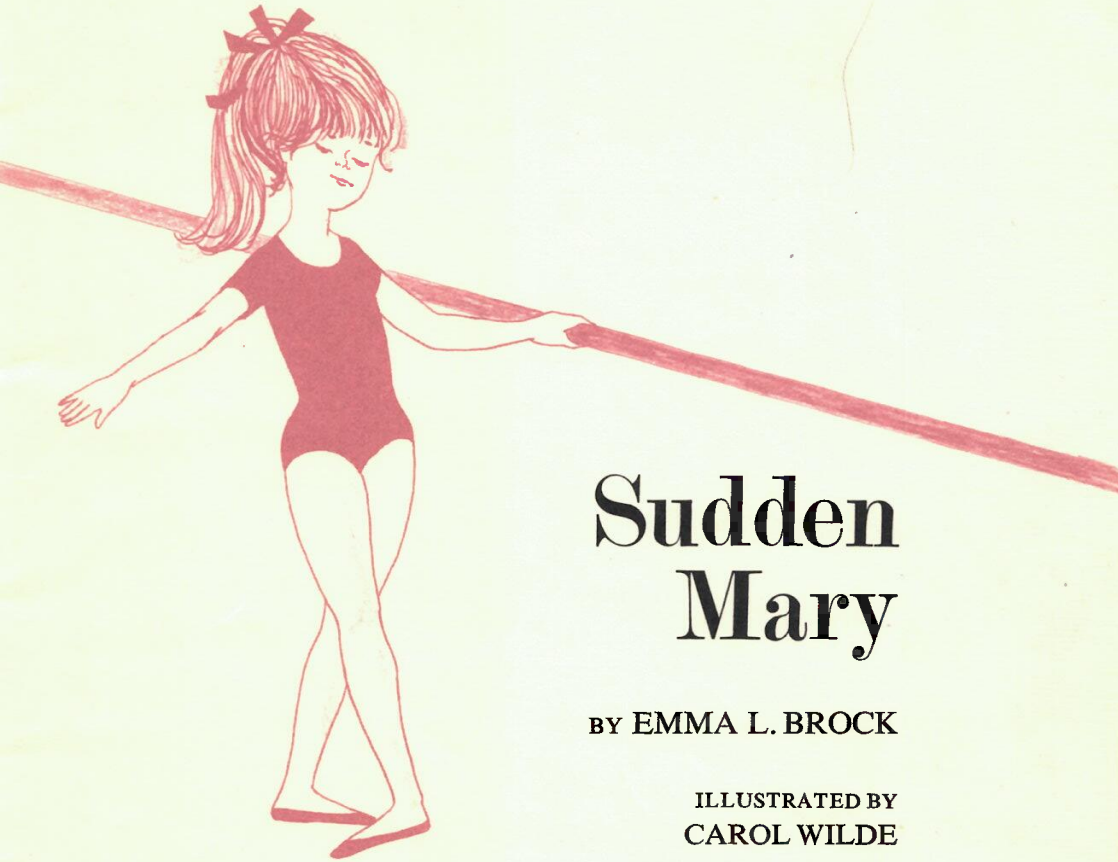
There was no doubt about it. Mary was certainly not acting like herself! She was not breaking or dropping things as she usually did. She was acting like a lady! What could be the matter?

"I want to study ballet," she said one morning at breakfast.

"Ballet!" gulped her father, nearly choking on his coffee.

"Ballet!" gasped Mary's mother, spilling the cream she was pouring.

They both knew how *sudden* Mary was.



Sudden Mary

BY EMMA L. BROCK

ILLUSTRATED BY
CAROL WILDE

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Chicago, Illinois

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1

Mary Gets an Answer

"You know, my best friend," Sudden Mary said.

She neatly put a spoon not too full of oatmeal into her mouth and removed it empty. She was trying to be careful. She was trying not to be the sudden little girl who upset everything around her.

"You know, my best friend," she said.

"Your best friend? Which one is that?" her mother asked.

Mary's father looked at her quickly. She was acting so queer and ladylike. Not like herself. Not like herself at all. Not like the Sudden Mary who tipped over milk bottles and spilled Little Sister from sleds and

wagons. Not like the Sudden Mary who sprinkled down the neighbors with the hose. What could have happened?

"You know. Mildred," Mary said.

"A nice girl," said her father. "Nice and quiet."

"Yes, she's my best friend," Mary said, taking another spoonful of oatmeal—without spilling.

"I have always liked Mildred," her mother said.

"Glad she's your best friend," said her father. "She's the best kind of best friend you could have. Quiet and careful."

Maybe that was why Mary was so polite this morning. "Good influence," he thought to himself.

"Well," Mary said, taking small sips of milk neatly from her glass and setting the glass gently down on the table again.

"I hope you see a lot of her," her father said.

"Well, she's starting ballet lessons," said Mary.

"Yes? Doing well?" her father asked. "She's a graceful little tyke."

Mary looked at her father. He seemed very cheerful this morning.

"Yes, and I want to do ballet too," said Sudden Mary.

"Ballet!" gulped her father, nearly choking over his coffee.

He had a picture in his mind of Mary dancing through the front window. He knew how sudden Mary was.

"Ballet!" gasped Mary's mother, slopping the cream she was pouring.

She could see Mary balleting into the television set. She too knew how sudden Mary was.

"Yes. You know. Dancing."

"Yes, I know," said her father. "You want to take ballet lessons."

"Yes," said Mary.

"Mildred is," she said after a pause.

"I want to, too," she said.

Another pause.

"For a Christmas present. Or a birthday present," she said.

Silence.

"Or for Christmas and birthday together."

"Good present for the Fourth of July," muttered her father.

"Please, Daddy," said Sudden Mary. "Please!"

More silence. One corner of her father's mouth was smiling.

"It could be for two Christmases and two birthdays or even three."

"I was only thinking, Mary," her father said.

"I'd be careful," said Sudden Mary, being very careful not to knock the spoon out of her oatmeal dish. "If you'll just let me take ballet, I wouldn't break a thing."

"What's bally?" asked Little Sister. "Does it break things? That'll be fun. I like to see Mary break things."

"It's just dancing," said Mary, barely missing her milk glass as she pushed back the oatmeal dish.

"It's a kind of dancing," their mother said. "It doesn't break anything."

"If carefully done," said their father.

"I'll be careful," said Sudden Mary. "I promise to be careful. Please, Daddy!"

"I'll think about it, Mary."

"Mildred's mother says it makes children graceful," said Mary. "I might get graceful. Who knows?"

"Yes, who knows?" said her father.

"I promise to be careful," Mary said, "if you'll just let me do the class. Along with Mildred, my best friend, you know. She's a very nice girl."

"Ten minutes of eight, Daddy," Mary's mother said. "You'd better get started."

"Better get started, Daddy," Little Sister piped, "or you'll be late."

Mary folded her hands tightly in her lap, so she would not knock over her orange juice.

"Will you please think hard, Daddy?" she asked.

"I must work for the firm, you know," he said.

"On the train, I mean. All the way on the train."

"Okay," he answered. "I'll tuck my newspaper in my pocket and just think."

He supposed he could circle the room with foam-rubber mattresses to protect things. That might make it safe. Even with Sudden Mary.

"It would be nice to have me graceful," Mary said. "Wouldn't it?"

"And how!" said her father as he ran out the front door.

All day long Sudden Mary was as unsudden as she could be. The best way not to knock things over was to sit still, perfectly still. If she upset anything now or fell over something else, that would be the end of

the ballet. Mary knew that. So the best thing to do was to sit still all morning and all afternoon. She sat and she sat and she sat. It was very hard work. She wished that school were not over. She wished—she wished. . . .

"How about going out in the yard, Mary," her mother said, "or on the porch?"

"I'm being careful," Mary said.

"You could be careful outdoors just as well," said her mother. "You could play croquet. That would be safe enough."

"Well, yes," said Mary, walking carefully around the furniture, so as not to stub her toe. She had found that toe-stubbing often caused other things to happen. She did not let the front screen door slam.

"I'll play a game with myself."

But Little Sister came to play, too. So Mary stopped. She might hit Little Sister with a ball or a mallet. And Little Sister was only three, and could not play very well anyway.

"We'll have a picnic lunch on the lawn," Mary's mother called. "Some sandwiches and lemonade."

"Oh, yes," said Mary. "That would be safe."

If you should spill a glass of lemonade on the grass, it would not matter.

"I'll fix things and bring them out."

The lunch was good. Chicken sandwiches and olives and chocolate cookies. Mary took as long as she could eating it. She ate the cookies a crumb at a time and drank her lemonade without spilling.

While Little Sister had her nap, Mary played croquet with herself. She was two people at once, and the blue mallet won. After that she sat and sat and sat. All day was so long. At least fifty or sixty hours. It was much longer when you were being careful.

She sat as long as she could. Then she stood on her hands and hung upside down from the swing. She did not break a thing, not even her neck.

At last it was five o'clock. Her father came home.

"He looks very cheerful," Mary said to herself.

"Can I, Daddy?" she asked. "You know, may I?"

"Hi, there," Mary's mother said.

"Hi," said her father. "How about this class, Mary? Where is it to be?"

Mary's heart was making so much noise in her head that her voice sounded faint and far away.

"In a place downtown," she said.

"Above Dr. Green's office," Mary's mother said.

"Maybe it's just as well to be near a doctor. Who's teaching it, Mary?"

"Mrs. Samer—something."

"Madame Samerov or Samovar," said Mary's mother. "That's it. Olga Samovar."

"Does she know her business? If Mary's going to be graceful, we want it done right."

"She has danced solos with the Grand Opera Ballet Company," said Mary's mother.

"They're going to let me! They're going to let me!" Mary was thinking. Her eyes were big and her mouth wide open with waiting. Together they filled so much of her face that there was hardly room for her nose in between.

"Um—huh," said Mary's father. "It sounds all right. Sounds okay—as far as we can tell at this moment. Sam Wright at the office has a daughter doing ballet. Says it's fine for girls. When do you begin?"

"There's a class tomorrow. Oh, thank you, Daddy! Thank you, Mother!"

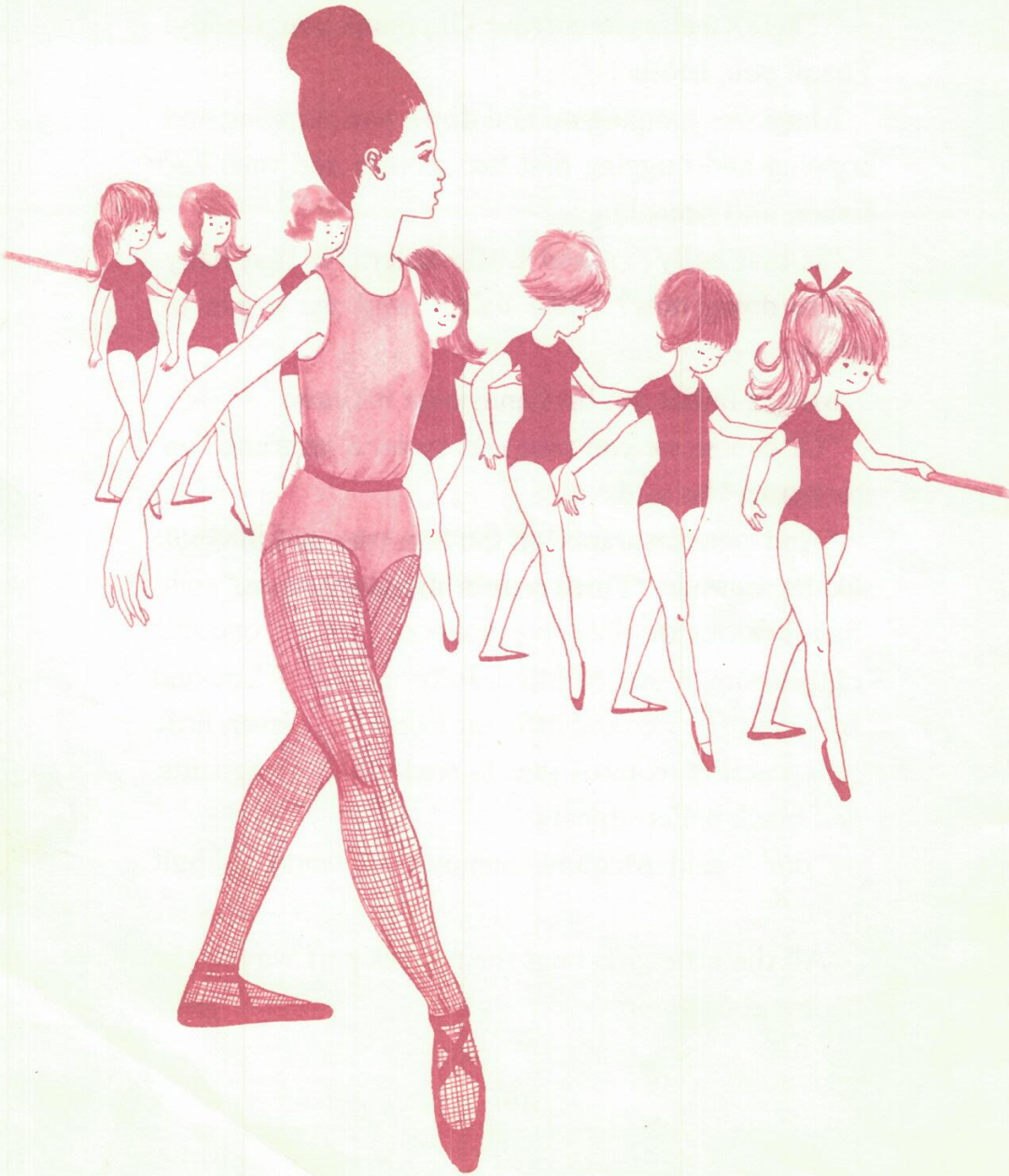
Mary was jumping up and down and skipping and hopping and hugging first her mother and then her father, and squealing.

"Is that bally?" asked Little Sister. "Is that bally you're doing now? I like bally!" and she began to shriek and hop too.

Mary's father put his hands over his ears.

"Of course we can take out cyclone insurance on the house," he said.

"And extra insurance on the furniture and things," said her mother. "Three or four thousand more."



2

Ballet School

"Arms one, arms side."

That was Madame Olga Samovar giving directions to her class. Seven little girls stood with their right hands resting on the *barre,* a wooden rail on one side of the room. Mary, Mildred, Judy, and Betty Lou and Joan and Harriet and little fat Elizabeth. Seven little girls wearing leotards that looked like bathing suits, and black ballet slippers.

"Plié," said Madame Samovar. *"Demi-plié,* half bend."

All the little girls bent themselves part way to the floor and up again.

"Keep your feet in a straight line," said Madame Samovar. "No, Joan. One of your feet is turned in. Not both pointed in the same direction. Turn both feet out, way out, in a straight line. That's it."

"Now, *plié,* one, two, three, four. One, two, three, four. Second position. Slide left foot out. Weight on both feet. *Plié.*"

Down and up again bobbed Mildred and Mary and all the others. Down, up, down, up.

"One, two, three, four," counted Madame Samovar. "Now turn, left hand on *barre,* light as a butterfly. One, two, three, four. Head up, don't watch your feet."

Madame was always telling them things that made it harder, Mary thought. Like "stomach in, hips in." How could you do both at the same time? "Don't bend like a kangaroo." And "always turn out your feet." If you turned them out too far, you were sure to tip over. Mary knew. She had done it and finished on all fours.

It was like that all through June, right up to the Fourth of July. Always turn out your feet.

"Are we soon going to be dancing?" Mary asked.

"Before long," Madame Samovar said. "We must get our ankles and legs strong, and our backs and our feet, too.

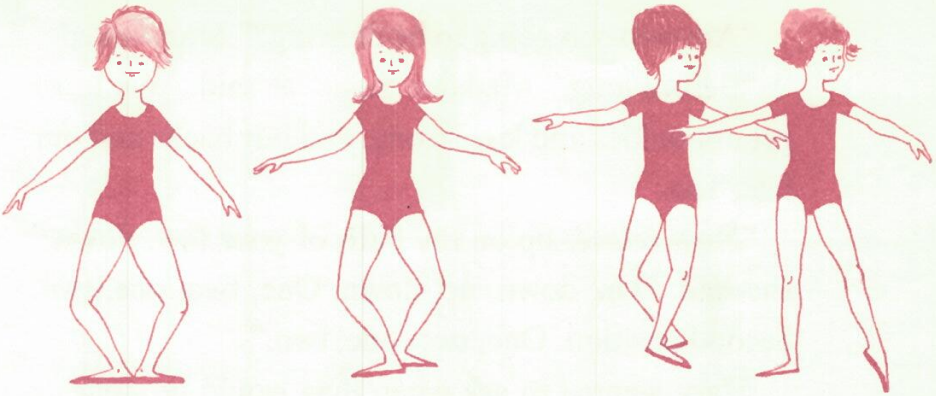
"Now *relevé;* up on the balls of your feet, down," she said. "Up, down, up, down. One, two, one, two. Second position. One, two, one, two."

Mary wanted to ask when they would be wearing the fluffy stand-out skirts, but she kept still. These ugly black things, just bathing suits. Ugh! Uglier than bathing suits.

Madame Samovar's dancing costume was better. It was a bathing suit, too, but it had a belt around the waist and long stockings that looked like fish nets. Mary thought she was really beautiful. Her hair was black and tight to her head. Her eyes were huge, and black, too, and they made her face look small and pointed. Mary liked to look at her.

There were more exercises at the *barre*. Mary pushed her damp bangs from her forehead. It was as hot as playing tag.

"One, two, three, four," said the music. "One, two,



plié *demi-plié* *glissade*

three, four." It made you want to dance. Dance, dance, when would they begin to dance?

"Now, out in the center," Madame Samovar said. "Two lines. Mary, Mildred, and Elizabeth in front. Ready, arms in first position, out to the side."

Mary leaned forward and waved her arms like pinwheels. Harriet took two little extra steps to keep from falling.

"Fifth position, right foot front. Now, positions of the arms—*port de bras.*"

The music sang out with a slow, swaying tune, like grasses in the wind.

arabesque

relevé

port de bras

"Ready, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight," counted Madame Samovar. "Front, up, side, down, front, up, side, down. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight."

Harriet's arms wobbled in the wrong direction as they usually did.

"Now this is *glissade,* a sliding step," Madame Samovar said. "It's new, but it is not hard. Do it slowly, first. I will show you."

All their eyes were fastened on the feet of Madame Samovar.

"Fifth position, right foot front, arms side, *demi-*

plié, up. Stretch right foot to side, toe pointed—that's *battement tendu* with the right foot. Now transfer weight to right foot. Close left to right to fifth position, in *demi-plié."*

They all practiced it slowly. Again and again.

"Now faster and repeat. Ready, one, two, three. One, two, three. *Plié,* point, close."

Across the floor they bobbed and slid. One, two, three. One, two, three. The music was gay and dancy. *Plié, tendu,* close. Harriet was putting in a few extra motions. She always did, no matter how many times Madame showed her the steps.

"Fun?" asked Madame Samovar.

"Oh," gasped Mary, pushing back her hair. "It's dancing! We're dancing! It's just like a ballet, a real ballet!"

That was the way it went, two days a week all through July. Each time more like dancing.

One day it was *arabesques,* standing on one leg with the other extended behind, and one arm extended forward and the other back. Mary kept jumping to keep from falling.

"Just stand still, Mary," Madame said. "Don't try to dance."

"I'm not dancing, but my feet have to try to keep up with my head."

Hop, hop, hop.

"Or I'll fall on my nose!"

Hop, hop, hop!

"Try again," said Madame Samovar. "Don't lean forward so much. There, that's better."

And another day there were turns. *Piqué* turns across the floor.

"That's real dancing," panted Mary.

"Shorter steps, Mary. You're galloping. Now do it with rhythm," Madame said. "One of you start, then another, and another, the way a ballet company does. Each one start when the same place comes in the music. Ready, go. Mary."

Mary danced *piqué* turns across the floor with hands out, stepping right foot front, left foot to ankle, turn on right toe, arms front, head flipping around like a weathercock in a gale to keep eyes front.

"Mildred."

Mildred danced *piqué* turns across the floor with hands out, right foot front, left to ankle, turning with hands front, head snapping around to face the front.

"Elizabeth."

Little fat Elizabeth danced *piqué* turns across the floor with hands out, right foot front, left to ankle, turning with arms front, head flipping around to face the front.

Joan, Judy, Betty Lou, and Harriet, one after another, whirled across the floor.

It was just like the *corps de ballet* in a theater. Mary's grin was so wide that it almost flew off when she whirled her head around to face the front. As they finished, they walked back to the edge of the floor and danced off again. *Piqué* turn, *piqué* turn. The turns were rather wild. The whirling dancers zigzagged across the room, but it was real dancing.

"When do we have our *tutus*, our standy-out skirts? When, Madame, when?" gasped Mary.

Madame Samovar's voice rang out in laughter.

"You are in such a hurry, Mary!"

Mary felt a little silly.

"I like them," she said, her face pink. "I want to wear one and see it flapping around me."

"All right. Keep on working hard and some day you will. Some day we'll give a recital," said Madame Samovar.

"A recital?" said Mary. "Oh, goody!"

"We'll dance and people will come to see us and they will clap. Maybe we'll even give a play. Act a play out with dances."

"Oh, when?" cried Mary.

"When?" shouted the others with one voice.

"Let's see," Madame said. "Maybe at Christmas time. We can choose what we want to do and practice and practice. We should know it by that time."

"Oh, Christmas is a long time from now," Mary said. "An awful long time off."

"Maybe Thanksgiving. Yes, Thanksgiving. There will perhaps be a program at school at Christmas time. So we'll choose Thanksgiving."

"Oh, goody, goody!" and they all began to do *piqués* and *pirouettes,* everything but handsprings, all up and down the room.

"Now Jimmy won't tease me any more," Judy said.

"Tease you? Jimmy?" asked Madame Samovar.

"He's my brother. He laughs at me when I'm practicing. He says: 'One, two, buckle my shoe, three, four, shut the door,' and that silly rhyme. Now I can say: 'I'm practicing for a play, stupid!' He likes plays."

"We'll show him," Mary said.

"And we'll practice every day," said Madame, "no matter how many Jimmys there are."

"Yes, Madame, we will," said Mary and Judy and all the others.

And they all did a *réverence* to Madame Samovar.

3

The Ballerina

Mary was practicing in the living room.

"Turn out your toes," she was saying to herself. "Stomach in, head up, turn out your toes. More, more. From the hip. That's better.

"Oh, Mother, look! My feet are almost facing the back of me."

Mary hobbled out to the kitchen with toes turned out. "See how far out they are."

She rested a hand on the plant stand for a *barre*.

"Just see how limber I am!"

"Good, Mary," her mother said.

"That's a good first position," said Mary, looking proudly at her feet. "See how I do second. Weight on left foot, point, slide. Are my knees straight?"

"Your knees are straight, Mary. Now I must finish this meat loaf and get it in the oven."

"I'm pretty good now," Mary said. "At first I tipped over, but now— See, here's an *arabesque,* the leaning-over kind."

Mary's hand was resting on the plant stand. Mary teetered a little. The plant stand groaned and teetered, too. It jiggled, and the flowerpots began a dance of their own.

"Oops!" said Mary.

Her mother reached out to steady the stand.

"Take care, Mary or you'll have the violets in lying-down position on the floor. I'll come in and watch you when I have finished this."

"Okay," Mary said, hopping in fifth position back to the living room.

Mary's mother pressed the ground meat into a pan. She must hurry. She spent so much time at ballet work she scarcely had time left for everyday housework.

She was sometimes assistant ballet teacher, sometimes the audience, and at other times the person who played the piano. In between she skipped around with a mop or brushed at the furniture with a dust mitt. You had to be fast to keep a little ahead of ballet.

And she did not have Mary's help as much as she had before ballet. She no longer let Mary dry the dishes. Mary always waved the dishes and the dish towel as she practiced positions of the arms.

"Front, open, side, down, front, up, open, down. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight."

Even with the best cups and saucers. Or she did *pliés* and *pirouettes* with the plates doing them with her. Her mother's teeth chattered as she watched. No, Mary no longer wiped the dishes.

Mary's mother sighed as she leaned over to shove the meat loaf into the oven.

"Just what position is this?" she said to herself. "Rather like a low *port de bras,*" she giggled as she set the stove clock to ring in an hour.

There was a shriek from the living room, followed by loud bawling.

"Whatever now?" Mary's mother said.

Little Sister came running into the kitchen, holding the top of her head.

"Mary pulled my hair," she howled. "Mary pulled my hair hard!"

"I didn't mean to," Mary called. "It was a naccident. . . ."

Mary came to the door just plain walking.

"I was using her for a *barre*. You know, with my hand on her head. And I started to fall and I just clutched. I didn't mean to pull."

"She pulled hard," Little Sister said, trying to keep on crying.

"All right. It doesn't hurt any more," their mother said. She didn't mean to do it. Stop crying."

"It was a naccident," said Mary. "I'm sorry."

"Mary," said her mother, "use the big chair for a *barre*. I have told you that before. You can't tip that over and it won't squeal if you pull it."

"Hi there!" It was Mary's father.

"Hi, Daddy."

"Daddy, Daddy," squealed Little Sister. "Come here right away. I want to ride you."

Mary's mother ran for the kitchen. "Good luck," she called over her shoulder. "You'll have half an hour of it before dinner."

"Lift me up, Daddy," Mary called. "Make believe you're a dancer and lift me up."

Mary's father put a hand on either side of her waist and lifted the ballerina from the floor. She made beautiful *arabesques* with more angles than the letter "M."

"How do I look, Daddy? How do I look?"

"Well, I can't see anything but a couple of legs and an arm," her father said.

"Come upstairs to the long mirror," Mary begged.

So her father tucked the ballerina under his arm.

"Me, too," screamed Little Sister.

And he put the Littlest Dancer under the other arm and carried them both up to the long mirror in Mother's room.

"Now, Daddy," said Mary.

Mary tucked one knee under her stomach and spread her two arms and second leg east, south, and northwest.

"Ah!" she said. "I look like a real one! Just like a real one! It's easy when you don't have to do your own balances."

"Dinner!" her mother was calling. "Wash up, all of you. Get all the dirt off and come down to dinner."

Mary ate nearly everything on the table. There was hardly enough meat loaf left for tomorrow. Ballet certainly made people hungry.

"I'm more graceful every day now," Mary said. "Aren't I, Daddy?"

Her father had trouble with his coffee again and his Sunday throat.

"You're all right, Mary," her mother said.

"And, Daddy," said Mary, "I'll be more and more graceful. You wait. I'll be as graceful as—as—as anything."

"That I have to see, Mary," her father said.

The ballerina was leaning her head on her hand as she finished her tapioca.

"I'm sort of tired," she said. "This ballet sort of tires you, doesn't it? I think I'll go to bed right after dinner."

"You've worked hard," her mother said.

Her father was grinning.

"You know," Mary said, "you two are very good parents."

"Why, thank you, Mary," her mother said.

"You help me do what I want to do. Doreen's mother doesn't help her, and Tom's mother won't let him do a thing he wants to do. You're really very good parents. When I'm a *prima ballerina*—that means the top one—I'll remember how you helped me. I'll—I'll—"

"Give us free tickets to the show?" her father asked.

"Every night," Mary said. "Free tickets every single night."

Mary's head kept bobbing down with sleepiness. "Every—single—night."

Then Mary's father carried the *ballerina* and the Littlest Dancer up to bed.

Will the Thanksgiving Day program be successful? What sort of part will Mary have? You will want to read Emma L. Brock's *Ballet for Mary* (Alfred Knopf, 1954) and see how the story ends.

You may also want to read:

Ballet Shoes
by Noel Streatfeild (Random House, 1937)

First Steps in Ballet
by Thalia Mara and Lee Wyndham (Doubleday, 1955)

Let's Give a Show
by Bill and Sue Severn (Alfred Knopf, 1956)

Fun with Ballet
by Mae Freeman (Random House, 1952)

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Kickapoo

Miska Miles

KICKAPOO

by Miska Miles

Howdie wanted to ride in a pony race at the rodeo. But Howdie did not have a pony. All he had was Kickapoo, his mule. To buy a pony he would have to sell Kickapoo. So Howdie put up a notice in the post office:

FOR SALE
THE SMARTEST MULE
IN THE COUNTY

There was no doubt about it—Kickapoo *was* smart. And he did not want to be sold. The way he discouraged buyers will make you laugh.

Kickapoo

BY MISKA MILES

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID STONE

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Chicago, Illinois

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One Smart Mule

Howdie McCloud hoisted a saddle on Kickapoo's back and reached for the cinch band. Kickapoo puffed himself up as fat as he could and held his breath.

Howdie looked at the mule's bulging sides and slipped the cinch band through the rings. "You have to breathe sooner or later," he said. When Kickapoo breathed out with a mighty gust, Howdie pulled the cinch band tight.

Kickapoo looked back and snorted.

"What a mule," Howdie said. He put his foot in the stirrup and swung easily into the saddle. Kickapoo broke into a trot and they headed down the road.

Howdie looked across the pasture land toward Mrs. Stitch's farm, and to the Potts land and the Hawkins place beyond. The hills were yellow with goldenrod.

He urged Kickapoo to a slow gallop.

Kickapoo galloped along, his ears pointed well forward. He looked over his shoulder first one way, then the other.

"You're one mule who likes to go to town," Howdie said. "You don't miss a thing. But I do wish you were a pony."

Howdie was thinking about the rodeo which was held in Breakeyville each summer. It was a rodeo to honor the old Pony Express, which once ran through that part of Kansas. The biggest event of the rodeo was a pony race, and Howdie wanted to ride in that race.

He pulled up at the Hawkins gate. Ishmael looked out the barn doorway, and his dog Sam wagged his tail.

"Howdy, Howdie," Ishmael called.

"Hi, Ish," Howdie said. "What are you doing?"

"I'm cleaning out the barn. I'm getting ready for my new pony."

Howdie jumped down. "You got a new pony?" he asked.

"No," Ish said. "Not yet. But Pa is going to get me one in time to ride in the rodeo."

Howdie climbed back up. "I thought you had a pony now."

"Where are you going?" Ish asked.

"I'm going to Breakeyville on an errand for Ma. Want to come along?"

Ishmael looked at Kickapoo. "Let me ride in the saddle?"

"Sure." Howdie kicked free of the stirrups and backed over the saddle.

Ishmael pulled himself up. "I'll be glad when I get my pony," he said. "Too bad you've only got an old mule."

"You be careful how you talk about mules in front of Kickapoo," Howdie said with a grin. "He understands everything you say, and he might dump you right out of the saddle."

Ishmael laughed. "This mule's not that smart," he said, as he gave Kickapoo a poke in the ribs with his heels.

Kickapoo laid his ears back against his neck and picked up speed. Howdie jounced up and down behind the saddle. He watched Ishmael's dog trotting alongside, tail wagging.

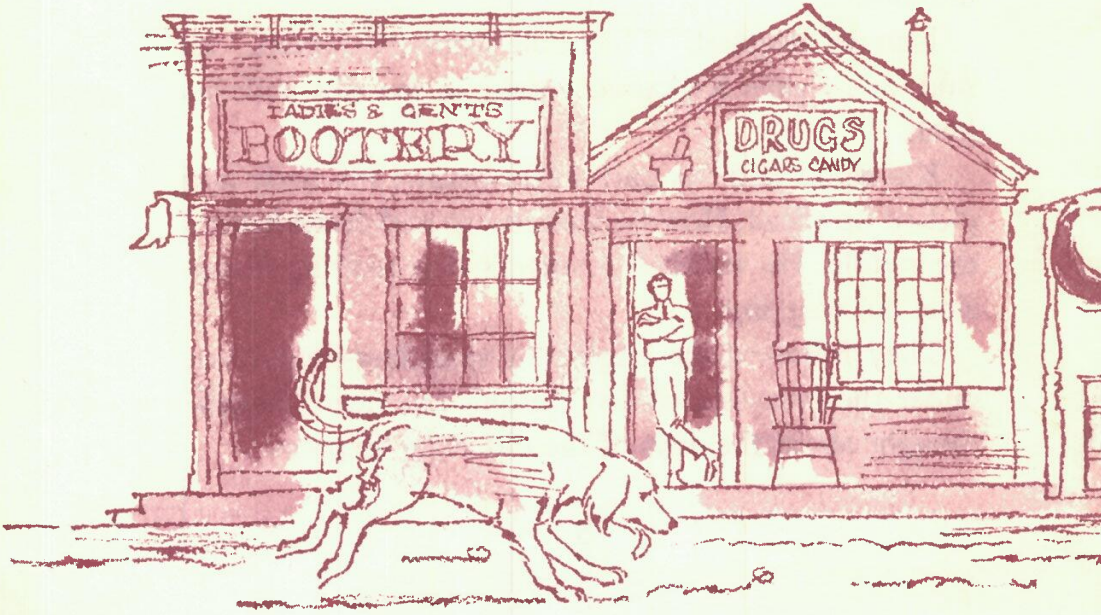
They followed the edge of a sparkling-clear river, under the branches of the cottonwood trees. Howdie thought about the days of the old Pony Express.

"The old Pony Express trail started out along this way," he said. "Right about where we are now. It gives me a funny feeling when I think about it—cowboys galloping with the mail—Indians—"

Ishmael spoke over his shoulder. "You ought to try to get a pony, Howdie. You can't have any fun at a Pony Express Rodeo with a mule."

"I know," Howdie said.

In town, they stopped in front of a low wooden building. Painted on it was a big sign: GENERAL MERCHANDISE AND POST OFFICE, JOHN DREDGE, PROP. Howdie slid over Kickapoo's tail while Ishmael swung down from the saddle.



They tied up at a hitching post in front of a big wooden Indian.

Mr. Dredge was grinding coffee in a big red grinder at the back of the store.

"Howdy, Howdie. Howdy, Ish. What can I do for you boys?" he said.

"Ma wants ten pounds of white sugar," Howdie said. "She wants it charged on her butter and egg account."

The boys walked around the store while Mr. Dredge finished grinding the coffee and measured out the sugar.

They looked at the horn-handled pocket knives, the silver spurs in the glass case, the candy in the candy counter. They stopped in front of the signs hung by the post office window.

PONY EXPRESS RODEO
GET YOUR ENTRY BLANKS HERE
FOR THE PONY RACE

"I'd sure like to ride in that race," Howdie said.

"Why not ask your folks for a pony?" Ish said.

"A pony's not that easy to get," Howdie said.

Mr. Dredge finished sacking the sugar. "I'm guessing you boys would like a piece of rock candy," he said, as he reached in the candy case.

Back outside the store, Ishmael stood and looked at Kickapoo. "Howdie," he said, "a fellow can't have any fun at a Pony Express Rodeo if he rides a moth-eaten mule."

Kickapoo wheeled around and rolled his eyes and flattened his ears against his neck.

"See that?" Howdie said. "He knows what you said. He's not moth-eaten."

"Shucks," said Ishmael. "No mule's smart enough to know talk."

Ishmael reached for the stirrup. Kickapoo danced away, just out of reach.

"You might as well quit trying," Howdie said. "He's not going to let you in the saddle."

Ish was hopping on one leg, still trying to get a foot in the stirrup.

Kickapoo moved around to a kicking position.

"Watch out," Howdie said. "He's made up his mind. You can't get up. Not in a million years. When this mule makes up his mind about something, it's pretty hard to get him to change it. You'll have to walk. Come on. I'll walk with you."

The boys scuffed down the hot dusty road, while Sam rushed off, wagging and barking, into the brush and back again.

Kickapoo lagged behind them, and Howdie could feel the strong tug of the reins when Kickapoo stopped for a mouthful of wild oats.

Howdie heard the call of a meadow lark in the distance. Nearer, and coming closer, he heard the squeak of buggy wheels. He turned around to see a neighbor driving a big sorrel horse hitched to a yellow-wheeled top-buggy.

"Here comes Mr. Potts," Howdie said. "Maybe he'll give you a ride home."

"What's wrong?" Mr. Potts called.

"Kickapoo won't let Ish in the saddle," Howdie said.

"Whoa." Mr. Potts stopped his horse. "Hop in, Ishmael," he said.

Mr. Potts flicked a whip and the yellow-wheeled buggy rolled down the road. Sam trotted along between the back wheels.

"You know who your friend is," Howdie said to Kickapoo. "It's me."

Howdie put his foot in the stirrup and swung up. He shifted his weight to follow the swing of the mule's back, and he thought about the rodeo.

Folks will be here from all over Kansas. Even from across the river in Missouri. They'll all be here with their ponies. Every man and boy will have a pony.

He looked at Kickapoo's large, stiff, straight ears. I should have a pony. Who ever heard of a mule in a pony race?

He remembered not to think out loud, for Kickapoo understood a lot of what he said. The mule was smart. Look how he could puff himself up to keep you from tightening the cinch. And gates! That mule could open almost any gate in the world.

But Howdie needed a pony.

He held Kickapoo to a walk and they followed the river, past a shanty boat moored at the bank. Washing hung out to dry on its roof.

Every man and boy in Kansas except me will have a pony, he thought again. And I've got a mule.

The mule flattened his long ears against his head.

Howdie thought to himself, I wonder if this mule knows that I'm riding along quiet and peaceful, wishing I could buy a cow pony. I wonder if he's smart enough to guess what I'm wishing.

He made himself think only good thoughts about Kickapoo. Kickapoo is a fine mule. He's strong and he's smart. He's the smartest mule in the state of Kansas.

The mule lifted his ears and pointed them well forward. "He's good-looking, too, for a mule." Howdie spoke out loud.

Kickapoo suddenly picked up his heels and Howdie had to bend over to keep his balance. They tore down the road and swerved out to pass Mr. Potts's sorrel.

"Look at him go!" Ish shouted.

They followed the old road beside the river. With a whirring of wings, a covey of pheasant scattered into the safety of the cottonwood branches.

On the last stretch home, Howdie gave Kickapoo his head. Look at him run, Howdie thought. Look at him run!

Mule for Sale

When they turned in at the gate, Howdie saw his mother coming up the path from the springhouse, her blue and white sunbonnet hanging around her neck by its ties.

Beyond the row of sunflowers by the pasture fence, Pa was plowing with Old Pete.

Rows marked the ground and the earth looked combed. Howdie waited until his father crossed back to the fence.

"Pa," Howdie said, "a lot of boys are going to the Pony Express Rodeo. A lot of boys are going to sign up for the race. And they've all got ponies. Even Ishmael

Hawkins is going to have a pony. His Pa's going to get him a pony of his own. I'm the only boy who rides a mule."

Pa rubbed the back of his neck. "I should think a boy'd be satisfied with a good mule," he said mildly.

"Most of the time I am," Howdie said. "But right now, I'd rather have a pony for the pony race."

Pa waited. "What did you have in mind?" he said.

Howdie swallowed. "I was thinking about selling Kickapoo," he said.

Pa rubbed his chin. "Well," he said, "I gave you the mule. I guess he's yours to sell if you don't want him. I guess it's all right for a boy to sell what's his."

"I'll put a notice up in the post office," Howdie said.

"Better put a notice in the barbershop, too," Pa said. "You get a good buyer for Kickapoo and you can buy yourself a pony. Have you got a special pony in mind?"

"I've got a pure white pony in mind," Howdie said. "Or a coal-black. Or a silver-gray. I'm thinking about any old kind of a cow pony."

Pa laughed. "I know how you feel," he said. His face grew solemn as he nodded toward Kickapoo. "I almost hate to see him go. But then, as you say—all the other boys have ponies."

Howdie was happy.

A black crow swooped across in front of him and the flash of its wings looked almost purple in the sunshine.

"Pa," Howdie said, "are you sure you wouldn't like to keep Kickapoo? He'd be fine for field work—"

"I know," said Pa. "He's a good mule. He'd be fine for any kind of work, but I don't feel I should put up the whole price of the pony. If you want a cow pony, you'd better sell Kickapoo. You ought to get about forty dollars for him."

Howdie turned the mule into the pasture and watched him trot off stiff-legged.

That mule acts as though he knows what's going on, Howdie thought. He's smart as a buggy whip, that mule, and I'm going to put it in the notice—right down on paper—that he's the smartest mule in the county.

The next morning, Howdie posted his notice.

FOR SALE, it began. THE SMARTEST MULE IN THE COUNTY . . .

Howdie thought about the notice all morning. Along about noon, the wall telephone jangled. Three shorts and two longs.

"That's our ring," Ma said. "Answer it. I'm covered with flour." She pushed at the bread dough and folded it together with a slap.

Howdie answered. When he clicked the receiver back on its hook, he tried not to feel too important.

"Stranger in town wanted to know if I'd sold my mule yet. He's coming right out to take a look."

Ma kneaded the dough until it snapped.

"Better bring Kickapoo up from the pasture," she said. "Might as well have him ready to show."

On his way to the pasture, Howdie saw the gate swinging wide on its hinges.

"That mule's lifted the latch." He looked around the barn, inside and out. He was still hunting half an hour later when Ma called from the kitchen door.

"Howdie! Man's here to see about the mule."

Howdie headed back to the house as fast as he could go. As he ran past the springhouse, he could see the stranger at the kitchen door.

"I can't find Kickapoo," Howdie yelled. "He lifted the latch on the pasture gate and he's gone. I've looked everywhere and I can't find him."

The stranger scowled. "Does the mule run away often?" he asked.

"No, sir, he doesn't run away at all," Howdie said. "He's never run away before. When he opens a gate, he comes straight to the kitchen and looks for me. I don't know what got into him this time."

The stranger held a battered hat in his hand. "Is the mule a gate-opener?" he asked.

"Yes sir." Howdie felt proud. "He can open about any gate in the whole county, I guess."

The stranger clapped his hat on his head. "I don't plan on buying a gate-opener," he said. "Kansas is full of good mules and I want one of the best. I don't aim to look out my screen door and see a mule looking back at me."

Howdie watched the man stalk around the corner of the house.

"Kansas may be full of good mules," he said to Ma, "but there's only one Kickapoo. I didn't want that man to buy my mule, anyway. I guess I'd better start hunting again." He turned away. "I won't have far to go," he said.

Kickapoo was poking his head out of the little window in the springhouse.

"If that mule has upset my cream pans!" Ma ran down the path. Howdie followed easily behind her.

"How did Kickapoo ever think of hiding in the springhouse?" he asked. "That mule just lifted the latch on the door and walked in like a human being. Funniest mule in the world."

"Maybe you should put *that* in your notice." Ma

sounded cross. " 'Funniest mule in the State of Kansas.' Look what he's done. Look at that."

Pans were upside down. A big jar was broken. Milk trickled over the rocks and a big chunk of butter was smeared over the mossy bank of the small spring.

And Kickapoo—his nose was covered with cream.

"Just wait until the next buyer comes for you," Howdie said. "Just wait."

There's No Place Like Home

"Mr. Potts telephoned," Ma said. "He said that Kickapoo is a no-good mule, but he's on the way over anyhow."

"If the mule's no good, I wonder why Mr. Potts is coming?"

Ma rolled up her sleeves. "Your guess is as good as mine. He wants a no-good mule, I guess."

Howdie thought about Mr. Potts, Mr. Potts with a buggy whip stuck in the top of his high boot.

He leaned back against the hitching post. It felt good between his shoulder blades.

It wasn't long before Mr. Potts came rolling up in his yellow-wheeled buggy. He climbed down, and sure enough, there was the buggy whip stuck in the top of his dusty, wrinkled brown boot.

The mule looked right at the buggy whip and laid his ears back.

"Howdy, Howdie," Mr. Potts said. "I'm in a hurry. I won't waste time. You've sold a mule."

"I have?" Howdie asked.

"You have."

Mr. Potts reached in his pocket and counted out forty dollars. While Howdie counted the money again, Mr. Potts tied the mule alongside the sorrel.

They were driving off almost before you could say "Scat!"

"He sure wanted Kickapoo," Howdie said. "He didn't haggle about the price at all." Howdie watched them as they went down the road. The mule reached over and took a nip at the big sorrel, and Howdie could hear Mr. Potts yelling.

Kickapoo didn't even look back, Howdie thought sadly. He didn't even take one quick little look over his shoulder.

Howdie shook the money in his pocket. Pony money.

He leaned against the hitching post.

Pa came from across the field. "Well," he said, "there goes a good mule."

Howdie was still standing motionless by the hitching post half an hour later.

"Well," he said happily, "here comes a good mule."

Kickapoo was racing up the road as though bees were chasing him.

Howdie ran to meet him and threw an arm around his neck. He reached in his pocket and found a chunk of sugar. He held it out on his palm.

"I didn't expect you back so soon," he said.

Kickapoo mumbled the sugar, and his big lips were soft as velvet.

"You're the smartest mule in the county," Howdie said, "and I always did say so." He led Kickapoo past the kitchen. Ma was opening the screen door.

"Mr. Potts just telephoned," she called. "He'll be right over for the mule, and is *he* put out."

Howdie went straight to the barn, and Kickapoo followed, nibbling at his shirt.

"You stay here, you mule, until I come for you."

Mr. Potts came galloping up on the big sorrel, with a piece of rope hung over the saddle horn. He pulled the horse to a sliding stop.

He's in a bad temper, sure enough, Howdie thought.

"I've come for that mule, Howdie," Mr. Potts said. "Without a doubt, I've never had anything on my farm as contrary as he is. Just let me get my hands on him. I'll teach him a thing or two. I'd have been here sooner, but I had to stop and get the cows in. That mule opened the pasture gate and chased all the cows out." Mr. Potts almost grinned. "Then he stopped on his way and opened the gate to the pigpen. Pigs are running and rooting all over creation."

Howdie looked at Mr. Potts.

"Mr. Potts," he said, "Kickapoo is a strong-minded mule. You'll probably be having a peck of trouble with him. Trouble is, he's made up his mind he belongs to me. Maybe I should buy him back from you. You want to sell?"

Mr. Potts cocked his head to one side and squinted his eyes. "Well," he said, "a mule can be the stubbornest

thing in the world unless he likes you." He hesitated. "Maybe I will sell. Let me see," he said. "Yes, I will. I'll sell. I'll sell him to you for what I paid."

"Mr. Potts," said Howdie, "you've sold a mule."

He reached into his pocket and counted out the money, down to the last silver dollar. "I'm sorry Kickapoo made so much trouble," he said. "Want me to help you get the pigs rounded up?"

Mr. Potts did not smile, but there was a twinkle in his eyes. "Thanks, Howdie," he said. "I'll manage."

Ma opened the back door. "Mrs. Stitch just telephoned," she said. "She said to tell Mr. Potts she'll give him a blackberry pie if he'll stop by and get his pigs out of her potato patch."

Howdie watched Mr. Potts as he rode off down the lane, and he drew a long breath. The air smelled sweet and a sparrow chirped in a sycamore tree.

He heard the sound of metal against grindstone. There was Pa pedaling for all he was worth, sharpening a plowshare.

"I thought you sold the mule to Potts," Pa called. "What happened?"

With his hands deep in his empty pockets, Howdie looked at his mother in the doorway, then at his father down by the grindstone.

"I decided that I'd rather own the smartest mule in the state," he said, "than any pony that ever lived."

"I can understand that," Pa said.

"I'll just go down to the barn," Howdie said, "and I'll tell Kickapoo that I've bought myself a mule. No pony for me."

Can a mule run faster than a pony? That is something you will find out when you read the book *Kickapoo* by Miska Miles (Little, Brown, 1961).

You may also want to read:

Plug-Horse Derby
by Emma Lillian Brock (Alfred Knopf, 1955)

Riding the Pony Express
by Clyde R. Bulla (T. Y. Crowell, 1948)

Simpson
by Lee Jones (Harper & Row, 1960)

The Uninvited Donkey
by Anne H. White (Viking Press, 1957)

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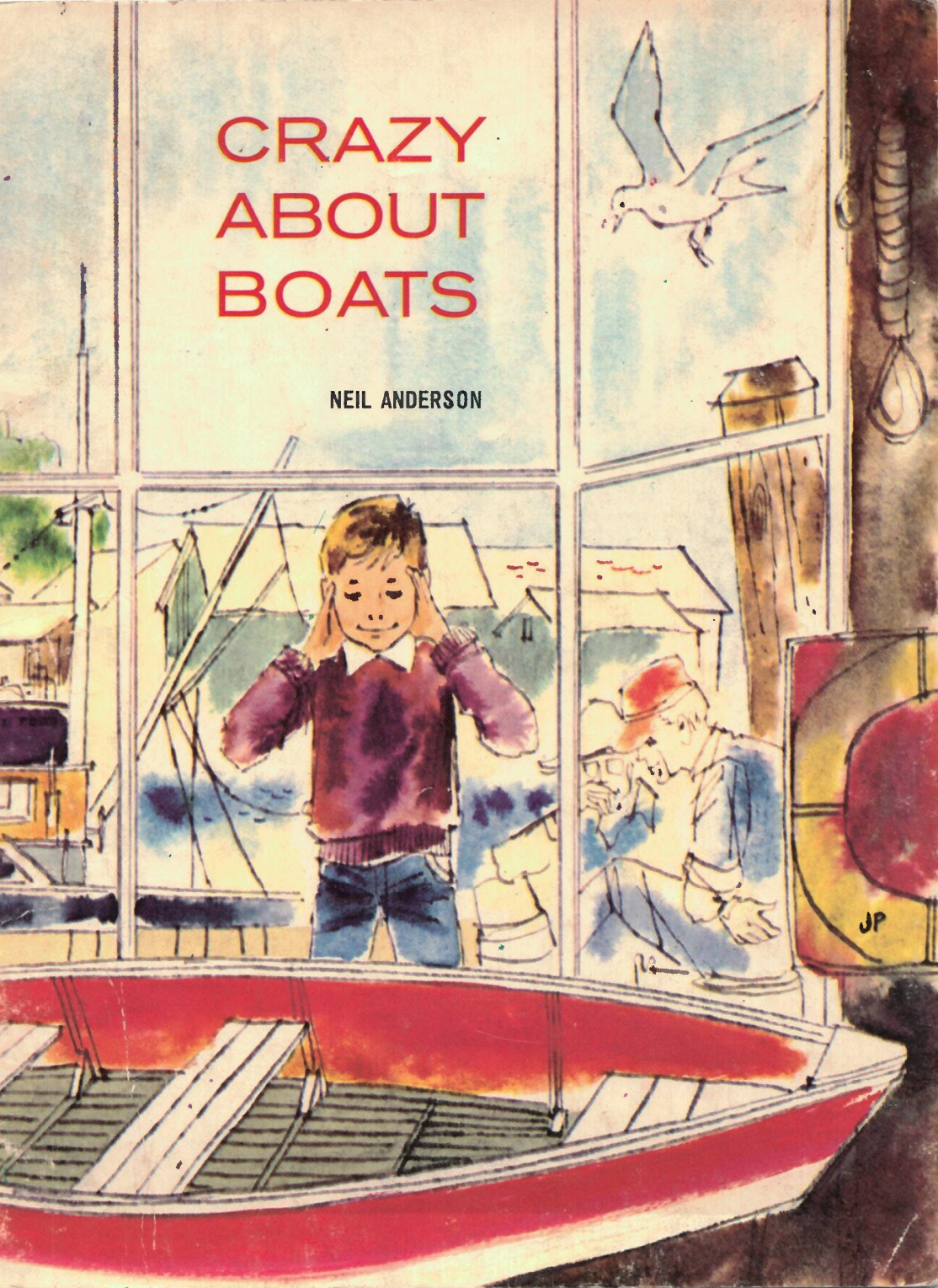
CRAZY ABOUT BOATS

NEIL ANDERSON



CRAZY ABOUT BOATS

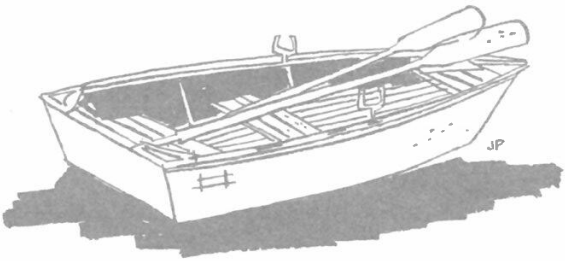
by Neil Anderson

Buzz did not want to move away from his old neighborhood. He did not want to change schools and leave all his friends on Maple Avenue. So house-hunting with his mother and father every Sunday wasn't much fun. Especially since it took him away from his model boat collection. No, Buzz certainly did not want to move to the new town.

Then suddenly, he changed his mind. Buzz wanted to move to Westfair more than anything else in the world!

CRAZY ABOUT BOATS

CRAZY ABOUT BOATS



BY NEIL ANDERSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JO POLSENO

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Chapter 1 Silverbrook Acres

Buzz Baker was going for a Sunday ride with his father and his mother. Usually Buzz didn't mind going for a ride in the family car. They always stopped off for ice cream and that was fun. But early this morning Buzz had started putting together a new model boat.

"I want to stay home and finish my boat," Buzz said.

"There's a house advertised in the newspaper and we want to see it," Mr. Baker said to Buzz. "Hurry up and get dressed, boy. We want to get an early start."

"I don't know why we have to find a new house," Buzz complained. "I like it here. I don't want to move."

Buzz lived on the second floor of a two-family house. His mother wanted to move into a one-family house that would be all their own. She also wanted to move farther out into the country.

Buzz didn't want to leave Maple Avenue. He had friends in all the houses up and down the street. But for weeks, Sunday after Sunday now, his father and mother had been house hunting. They never let him stay home. They always made him go along.

Buzz put his model boat away. He had a whole collection of boats that he had put together. They stood on a shelf in his room. They included Navy destroyers, transports, submarines, old-fashioned sailboats, and even a Chinese junk that he had put together last week.

Soon Buzz was sitting in the back seat of the family car, driving out toward the country.

"I read about some new houses in a town called Westfair," Mr. Baker said. "Westfair is in Connecticut. That's a little farther out than we planned to move, but the houses sound good."

"The houses are on a development called Silverbrook Acres," Mrs. Baker said. "I'll tell you when we get near there, Buzz, and you can look for the sign."

That was the only part of these Sunday trips that Buzz liked. It was fun, trying to find certain signs along the road.

After driving quite a time along the parkway, Mr. Baker turned onto a country road.

"I think we're coming to Westfair now," Mrs. Baker said. "Look for a sign that says Silverbrook Acres."

Buzz watched the side of the road. He saw country mailboxes with different names on them. The houses were set far back from the road. Many of them looked very big and beautiful.

"Are we going to have a house like one of those?" Buzz asked.

"No, I'm afraid not," Mr. Baker said. "Lots of rich people live in Westfair. But lots of people like us live there, too."

Long ago Buzz had learned that his father wasn't very rich, and he wasn't poor. He was just in the middle, which was a good place to be.

Buzz kept looking at the road. Then suddenly he saw a black-and-white sign attached to a post.

SILVERBROOK ACRES
New Homes for Sale

"There it is!" Buzz cried.

Mr. Baker turned the car up a narrow road. It was a brand-new unpaved road that had been cut through the woods. The wheels of the car stirred up dust, and Buzz and his mother and father began to cough.

"Isn't it pretty here?" Mr. Baker asked.

From what he could see through the dust, Buzz thought it was pretty. There were thick woods on either side of the road. Every once in a while there was a cleared spot. In the middle of each space was a sign marked with a number: 1 . . . 2 . . . 3 . . . 4 . . .

"What are those numbers for?" Buzz asked.

"They must mark each acre where a house will be built," Mr. Baker explained.

When they came to Number 8, there on a little hill stood a beautiful new house. It was pink, with a white door and shutters. On the lawn in front was a sign.

MODEL HOME
No Children or Dogs Allowed

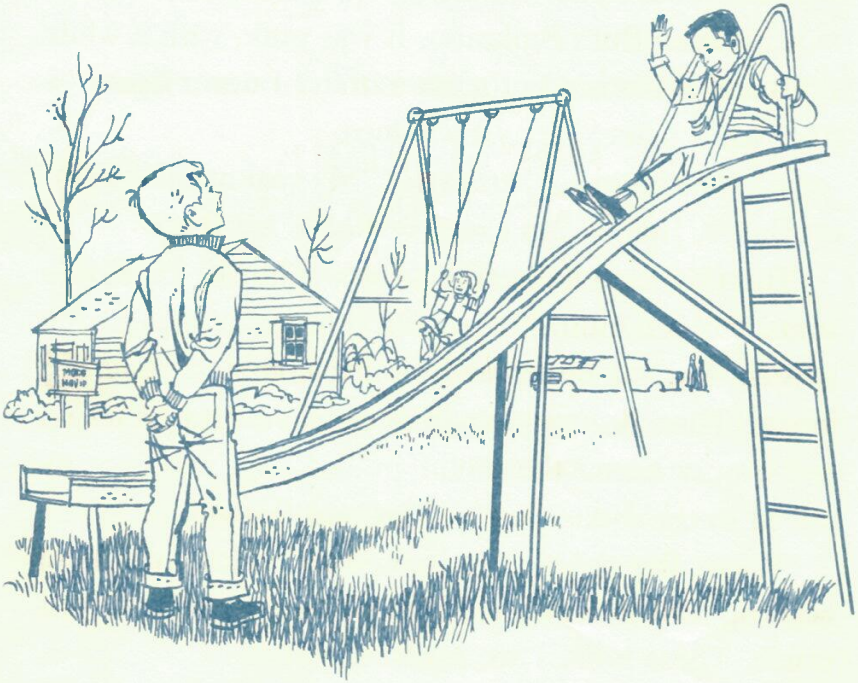
The first time Buzz had seen a sign like that on a house he had been happy. He thought it meant that people with children were not allowed to buy the house. Then he wouldn't have to move. But he found out it only meant that children and dogs were not allowed in the model house. They had to wait outside.

"Look, Buzz, there are swings and slides for you to play on," Mrs. Baker said. "You wait until we come out."

Buzz ran to the playground that had been set up at the side of the house. There were two children there. A boy about his own age was going down the slide. A girl, who was younger, was riding on the swing.

"Hello!" Buzz said, standing at the bottom of the slide.

"Hello!" the boy answered as he landed on his feet. "Are your father and mother buying a house here?"



"They're just looking!" Buzz answered.

"We're buying a house here," the boy said. "We're buying house Number Eleven. That's it over there."

The boy pointed across the road. Buzz didn't see any house. There was just a sign with the number 11 on it, in the middle of a cleared space.

"They have to build the house there," the boy said. "They're going to have it done for us by summer. My name is Joey—Joey Watson—and this is my sister, Wanda. What's your name?"

"I'm Buzz. Buzz Baker."

"Buzz! What kind of name is that? I never heard of Buzz for a name!" Joey exclaimed.

"It's a nickname," Buzz said. "My real name is Robert Baker, Junior. But everybody calls me Buzz."

"Buzz!" Mr. Baker called from the house. "Will you come here a minute?"

Buzz saw his father and mother coming out of the model house. A man was with them and he was pointing to the space across the way.

"So long!" Buzz said to Joey and Wanda.

"Buzz, this is Mr. Holmes, the builder of these houses," Dad said. "Mr. Holmes said we can take you inside. These houses are really very nice—"

Buzz walked into the house with his father and mother. He could tell right away that it was a very nice house. The living room had a great big window that almost made you feel you were still outdoors. There was a kitchen with a big stove and refrigerator.

"The bedrooms are up here." Mrs. Baker led Buzz up a short flight of stairs. "This would be your room."

It was bigger than his room at home. He could collect even more boat models here. But he didn't want to move. He didn't want to leave his old neighborhood and all his friends.

"Now let me show you something else," Mrs. Baker said. She led Buzz back to the living room and then down another short flight of steps.

"Is this the cellar?" Buzz asked.

"No, it's a playroom," Mrs. Baker explained. "This house is called a split-level. It takes just a half flight of steps up and a half flight to go down. We'll keep our television set down here—if we buy one of the houses like this."

Buzz became even more worried. His mother seemed to like this house more than any other they had seen!

When they returned to the living room, Mr. Holmes was talking to Buzz's father.

"The best space left is Number Seven," he was saying. "Come, I'll show it to you."

Mr. Holmes took them across the road and showed them a piece of land. It was cleared in front, with some big trees in back.

"Oh, I think it's very nice!" Mrs. Baker said.

"Wouldn't you like to have those trees to climb?" Mr. Baker asked Buzz.

"Oh, I don't know," Buzz answered. "We have pretty big trees in some of the back yards on Maple Avenue."

"The new school is just about a mile away," Mr. Holmes said. "And you're only about a ten-minute ride from the Sound."

"We'll stop to look at the school now," Mr. Baker said. "And we'll make up our minds about the house and get in touch with you in a few days."

"You'd better hurry!" Mr. Holmes said. "They're going fast."

Chapter 2 The Sound

Buzz became more worried as he sat in the back of the car again and heard his mother and father talk.

"Our furniture will look lovely in that living room," Mrs. Baker said.

"There's a good place for my workbench in the basement," Mr. Baker said.

"There's the school now!" Mrs. Baker turned to Buzz. "Oh, isn't it beautiful! Wouldn't you like to go to a school like that, Buzz?"

Buzz looked out the window. He saw a new long white building with big shiny windows. It was prettier than the school he went to, but he didn't want to change schools.

His father and mother talked some more as they rode on. "I love the countryside here," Mrs. Baker said.

"I think we're getting near the Sound," Mr. Baker said.

"The Sound? What's that—a noise?" Buzz asked.

"No!" Mr. Baker laughed. "The Sound is water. It's a big body of water that connects with the ocean. Didn't I tell you that Westfair is on the Sound? I can smell the salt water already."

Buzz sat up in his seat. He sniffed. Yes, he could smell the salt air.

The car made a turn and then Mr. Baker said, "Look, there's the water!"

"Isn't it pretty, with all the boats?" Mrs. Baker said.

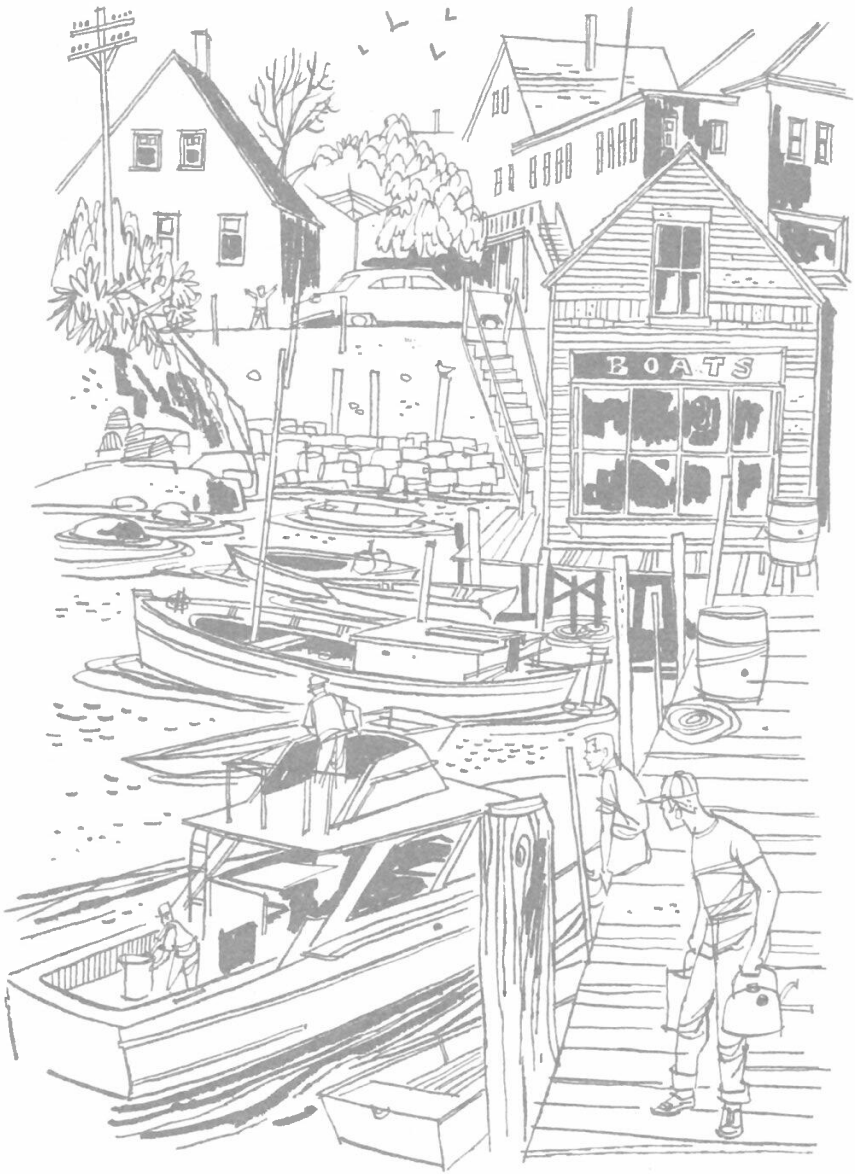
"Boats!" Buzz almost jumped out of his seat, he was so excited. "Did you say boats? Where are they?"

And then he saw them! Boats—boats—there was a big cove and he saw all kinds of boats, big ones and little ones, cabin cruisers and sailboats and rowboats and dinghies!

"Boats! Why didn't you say there were boats here?" Buzz cried.

"Well—I didn't quite realize it myself," Mr. Baker said.

"Can you stop the car? Can we get out and look at the boats?" Buzz cried.


BOATS

"I guess we can," Mr. Baker said. "Look, there's a beach, too. I guess they have lifeguards and rafts there in the summer."

Mr. Baker parked the car. Buzz got out and ran ahead of his father and mother. He saw a large building with a sign on it.

TOWN OF WESTFAIR
YACHT BASIN

There was a wooden dock and he ran up and down on it. Boats—boats—they were all over the water! People were working on a few, cleaning them up, getting them ready for when the warm weather came.

Mr. and Mrs. Baker caught up to Buzz. Dad stood on one side of Buzz, and Mother stood on the other.

Buzz took a deep breath of the salt air. "When we move out here, can we get a boat?" he asked.

"Oh, I guess we will someday," Mr. Baker said.

"You mean you want us to buy that house and move here to Westfair?" Mrs. Baker asked.

"Do I!" Buzz cried. "I want to live here forever! I think it's the best place in the world!"

Chapter 3 The New House

Buzz was afraid his father and mother might decide not to buy the house in Westfair.

But on Tuesday night Dad came home and said, "Well, I signed the contract today for them to start building us a house!"

This time Buzz could hardly wait for Sunday to come. He wanted to drive out to Westfair again.

"It isn't going to rain tomorrow, is it?" he asked early Saturday morning.

"The weatherman says it's going to be a cool and clear day," Mother told him.

The weatherman was right. It was a beautiful, cool day, and they rode out to Silverbrook Acres.

"But they haven't even started our house!" Buzz exclaimed when they arrived at space Number 7.

"Mr. Holmes said the house would be finished for us by summer," Mr. Baker told Buzz. "So don't worry about it."

Buzz tried not to worry. But he kept wondering all during the week whether the house had been started.

He felt better when he arrived at Silverbrook Acres the following Sunday. He saw that the sign had been taken down. A big hole had been dug for the cellar of the house.

"Now we're getting places!" Dad exclaimed.

It rained all during the week and Buzz wondered if they would be able to go out to the house on Sunday. On Saturday it rained some more, but on Sunday it cleared up and they headed for the country.

The big hole was still there, but it was filled with water.

"We've got a swimming pool!" Buzz cried with delight.

"It doesn't look like a house, that's for sure," Mr. Baker said.

"They won't be able to work on it until it dries out," Mrs. Baker sighed.

The sun began to shine the next week. When Buzz saw the house again the cellar had been put in. Some of

the houses that had been started before theirs looked almost done.

Buzz suddenly noticed some people coming out of one house. There was Joey, the boy he had met the first time he was here.

"Hey, Joey!" He ran to greet him. "I'm going to live here, too!"

"You are? That's swell!" Joey grinned. "We can have lots of fun this summer."

"Oh, yes!" Buzz exclaimed. "And I'm going to get a boat."

"Gosh!" Joey was impressed. "Will you take me for a ride in it?"

"Oh, yes! Way—way out on the Sound," Buzz promised.

Sunday after Sunday they went out to see the house. Each time it looked more nearly finished.

Buzz helped pick out the color for the walls of his room. He wanted them blue, like water—to make his model boats look more real.

And at last the house was ready! It was time to move! School ended, too, and Buzz said good-by to all his teachers and friends.

Chapter 4 The Boat Yard

Everybody got up early the first day in the new house. Mother had settled the kitchen a bit and managed to give them some breakfast.

"I'm going downtown to do the marketing," Dad said to Buzz. "Do you want to come along?"

"Oh, sure!" Buzz said.

"Bread and salt and at least two new brooms for all the sweeping we have to do," Mother was saying. Dad was writing the things down on a shopping list.

When Mother had finished telling what she needed Buzz said, "And a boat."

"What did you say?" Dad looked at Buzz.

"A boat," Buzz said. "Can't we put that on the shopping list, too? Can't we buy a boat while we're out this morning?"

Dad set his pencil down on the table. "For goodness' sake, Buzz, we aren't going to buy a boat right away," he said.

"Next week?" Buzz asked.

"No, not next week," Dad answered.

"In two weeks?" Buzz asked.

"No, not in two weeks either," Dad replied.

"Next month then?" Buzz began to get a little bit worried.

"I'm afraid we're not going to get a boat next month either, Buzz," Dad said. "You know this new house cost a lot of money."

"Yes, I know . . ." Buzz answered.

"And we have to buy a lot of things right now for the house," Dad went on. "We need all sorts of tools. Your mother wants some new furniture, too. I don't know when we'll be able to afford a boat, Buzz. You'd better just forget about it for a few years anyway."

"A few years!" Buzz cried. "You promised me a boat! That's the only reason why I moved here."

Dad shook his head. "I'm sorry, my boy," he said. "You just misunderstood me or didn't hear me right. I never said we'd get a boat right away. Now you'd better just forget about it and come shopping with me."

"A few years! A few years!" Buzz mumbled to himself as he rode in the car beside his father. "I'll be old in a few years!"

Buzz and his father reached the village of Westfair. Dad drove the car into a big parking lot. The parking lot was right beside a river.

"That river joins up with the Sound farther down," Dad said.

Buzz saw some boats on the river. "Can I wait by the water?" he asked.

"All right," Dad answered. "Just be careful and don't fall in."

There was an iron rail between the parking lot and the river. Buzz leaned over the rail. He saw a small boat tied up below. That's all he wanted—just a small boat!

After a while Buzz turned around and looked at all the stores next to the parking lot. There was a supermarket. There was a hardware store. There was a department store. And way at the end was a sign that made Buzz's eyes grow wide.

WESTFAIR BOAT YARD

A boat yard! Buzz ran down to the end of the parking lot. He saw a building that stood on the edge of a

wharf. There were boats alongside the wharf and some on the land, too! Not just little boats, but big cabin cruisers! The building had a window like any store, and in the window was a small boat.

Buzz pressed his face against the window. He knew the boat behind the glass was a dinghy. It was red and white. It was a beauty!

Buzz saw a man inside the store. He went to the door beside the window. He turned the knob and walked in.

"Hello!" Buzz said.

The man was standing behind a counter. He was a baldheaded man with a nice smile. He looked up and then he looked down.

"Hello, young man," he said to Buzz. "What can I do for you?"

"I—I'd like to know how much some boats cost," Buzz said.

"Certainly." The man came from behind the counter. "Do you like that boat out there? It's for sale and it's a great bargain."

The man was pointing out of a side window. Buzz looked and saw a big, beautiful black-and-green cabin cruiser outside.

"That boat has been reduced from twenty thousand

dollars to fifteen thousand," the man said. "It's a special for this month only."

"Oh!" Buzz swallowed hard. Then he asked, "How much is a boat like the little one in the window?"

"It's two hundred dollars," the man answered.

"Oh!" Buzz swallowed hard again. "I—I guess kids don't buy boats very much, do they?"

"Well, you'd be surprised how many kids do have them," Buzz was pleased to hear the man answer. "Have you thought of a secondhand boat?"

"Well, no . . ." Buzz said.

"You can get a secondhand rowboat for about thirty dollars, if you watch for one in the newspapers," the man said. "Then, if you buy a motor for it too, you can have lots of fun."

"I'll start looking in the newspapers," Buzz said. He started for the door. The man walked beside him.

"I suppose you're a good swimmer," the man said.

"Well, I can swim a little," Buzz answered.

"Are you a rafter?" the man asked.

"A rafter? What's that?" Buzz asked.

"As soon as it gets a bit warmer they give swimming lessons down at the beach," the man explained. "When you can swim out to the raft and back by yourself, then

you're a rafter. You can't go out in a boat alone until you become a rafter."

"Oh, I didn't know that!" Buzz said.

"Well, while you're learning to swim you can look for a boat," the man smiled.

"Yes. And I guess—I have to make some money to buy the boat, too." Buzz added. "You see—my father just bought a house and he has to buy lots of things for the house and so he can't buy me a boat."

"Of course," the man nodded.

Buzz had reached the door. He suddenly noticed a table standing near the door. On the table was a pile of caps. They were white caps with shiny black peaks; each cap had a gold emblem above the peak.

"They're—they're captain's caps, aren't they?" Buzz asked.

"Yes. Or skipper's caps, whatever you want to call them," the man said. "They keep the sun out of your eyes when you work on a boat."

"Are they for men or boys?" Buzz asked.

"We have them in boys' sizes, too," the man said. He looked at Buzz's head. He lifted up a cap and put it on Buzz. "That fits you. Come over here—you can see yourself in the mirror."

Buzz walked to a mirror that was on a post in the store.

How wonderful the cap looked on him!

"Can you wear one—if you're not a rafter, or don't own a boat?" Buzz asked.

"Oh, sure," the man answered. "Lots of kids wear them just to play in."

"How much is a cap like this?" Buzz asked.

"Two dollars and ninety-five cents in your size," the man said.

Buzz took the cap off. He put it on the table.

"I—I've got to see my father a minute!" he said.

Chapter 5 A Head Start

The supermarket was crowded. Buzz walked up and down the aisles trying to find his father. He found him in front of the oranges.

"Hey, Dad!" he said.

"Hello, Buzz. I'll be finished soon," Dad said, putting a bag of oranges into his shopping cart.

"Dad, home in my bank I have almost five dollars saved up, from my allowance and the money Grandma gave me last Christmas."

"That's fine," Dad said, pushing his cart farther down to string beans.

"Dad, could you lend me three dollars now?" Buzz said. "I'll pay you back just as soon as we get home."

Dad was thoughtful a moment. "What do you want to buy with the money, Buzz?"

"Something," Buzz said. He knew if you told your father and mother what you wanted to buy they sometimes tried to talk you out of it.

"Well, I suppose it is your money," Dad said. "All right, I'll lend it to you. You can pay me back when we get home. Don't be too long, though. I'm almost finished."

Dad gave him three one-dollar bills out of his wallet.

Buzz clutched the bills and ran out of the supermarket. Soon he was back in the boat store.

"I—I want to buy that cap!" he said to the man.

"Here it is, ready and waiting," the man said.

Buzz put the cap back on his head. He paid the man for it and then he stepped in front of the mirror again.

"You look just like the captain of a boat," the man said.

Buzz pulled the peak of the cap down a little bit further over his eyes.

"Maybe—maybe I should have waited until I had a boat before I bought this cap," Buzz said. But then he added, "But the cap sort of makes me feel that someday I'll really get a boat to go with it. It's a head start—"

"Ho!" the man behind the counter laughed. "That's a good joke you just made."

"Joke?" Buzz was puzzled. "What joke?"

"You said the cap on your *head* gives you a *head* start!" The man laughed again. "I think that's a good joke."

"I guess it is," Buzz grinned. "But I didn't know I was making a joke of it. Well, I've got to get back to my father now. So long!"

"So long! Come again." The man smiled.

When Buzz reached the car, Dad was there. Mr. Baker was loading bundles into the back seat. He looked at Buzz and saw his cap.

"Why, Buzz, what a fine cap!" Dad said. "You look just like the captain of a ship."

"I don't have a boat yet, but this cap gives me a head start," Buzz said.

Buzz waited for his father to laugh. Mr. Baker didn't laugh.

"Hey, Dad, don't you catch on? I just made a joke," Buzz said. "The cap on my *head* gives me a *head* start before I get a boat."

Mr. Baker smiled. "That's a good joke, Buzz. I guess I'm just kind of slow today. And I was thinking—that I'm sorry I don't have enough money to buy you a boat to go with that cap."

"Oh, that's all right!" Buzz answered. "I have to learn how to swim, and become a rafter first, anyway. Then I'm going to try to earn enough money to buy a secondhand boat. Then I'll really be ready to be the captain of a ship!"

Buzz found that there was more to owning a boat than he had thought. Do you think he ever got a boat of his own? You will find the rest of this story in Neil Anderson's book *Buzz Wants a Boat* (Julian Messner, 1956).

You may also want to read:

The First Book of Ships
by Jeanne Bendick (Franklin Watts, 1959)

The Troublemaker
by Irma S. Black (Alfred Knopf, 1959)

Meg of Heron's Neck
by Elizabeth Ladd (William Morrow, 1961)

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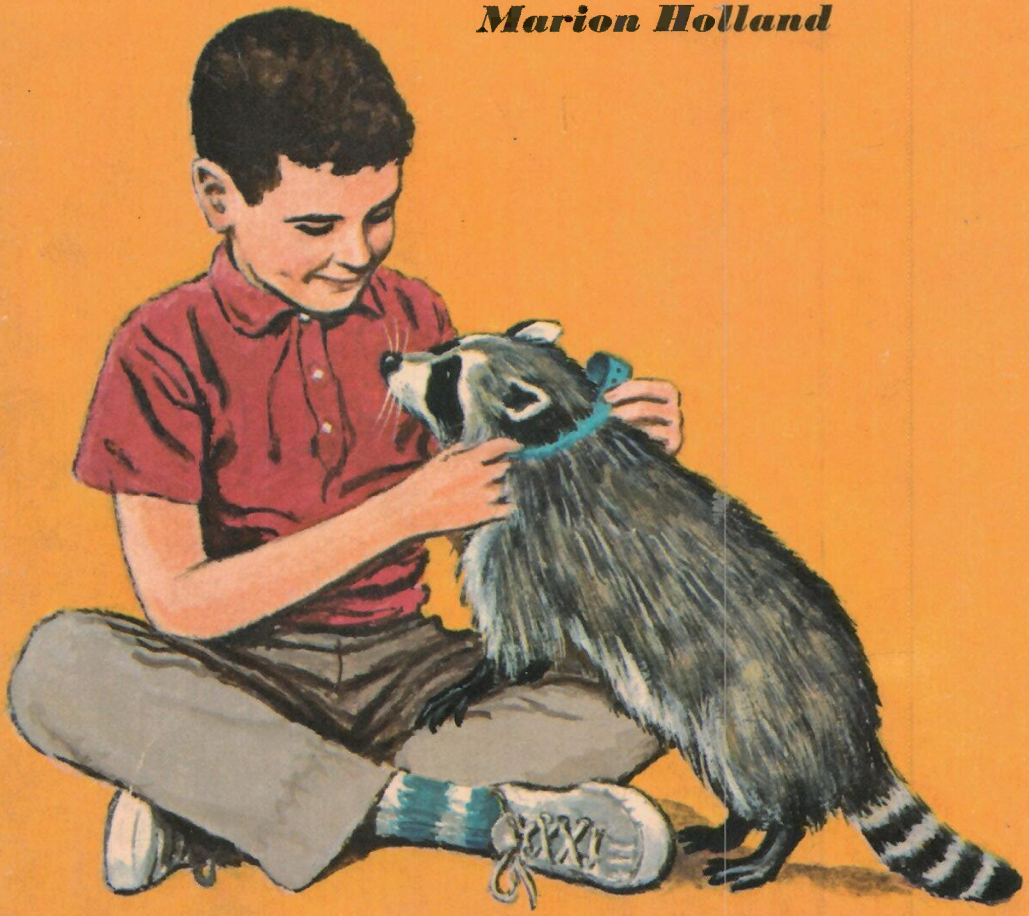
Billy's Raccoon

Marion Holland



BILLY'S RACCOON

by Marion Holland

When Billy's father brought the raccoon home, Billy was delighted. His mother was horrified.

"Look out, Billy," she said. "It probably bites."

But Racky didn't bite. He knew other ways to make trouble.

Like most raccoons, Racky was smart and neat, but not very well-behaved. Billy and his friend Fats tried to teach the raccoon tricks, but Racky had a few tricks of his own. When Racky is finally carted off to the pet shop, things go from bad to much, much worse.

Billy's Raccoon

Billy's Raccoon

BY MARION HOLLAND

ILLUSTRATED BY RAYMOND BURNS

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1. A Permanent Guest

It was Billy's father who brought the raccoon home one evening. When he lifted the cage out of the car, Billy and his mother came running. Billy looked so pleased, and Billy's mother looked so horrified, that Billy's father started talking in a hurry.

"It's not ours," he explained. "It belongs to Mr. Evans, at the office. He's moving out of town, and he hasn't anybody to leave his pet 'coon with until he gets settled."

"Pet!" exclaimed Billy's mother. "It certainly looks wild to me. Look out, Billy! It probably bites!"

But Billy had already reached in through the wire.

The raccoon put out his two little black paws, and carefully opened Billy's hand.

"Say, look at that!" cried Billy. "He thinks I've got something for him to eat. Aw, now he's mad at me. What does he eat?"

"Oh, most anything. Nuts, candy, vegetables—"

Billy got a piece of apple and stuck it into the cage. "Go on, eat it," he urged.

Mr. Kidwell snapped his fingers. "I remember now. Evans said he wouldn't eat anything unless he washed it first. You'll have to get him a pan of water."

Billy ran in the house and was back in a minute.

"No!" cried his mother. "*Not* the best soup plates! You take that right back and put it where you found it." So Billy got a cracked mixing bowl, which was bigger and better anyway.

The raccoon dipped the apple in the water, then sat up and ate it like an ice cream cone. "Say, I bet that's just about the smartest raccoon in the world!" exclaimed Billy. "What's his name?"

"Mr. Evans calls him Racky," said his father. "He found him in the woods and raised him from a pup, or a kitten, or whatever a baby raccoon is."

"Is this Mr. Evans married?" asked Billy's mother.

"No. Why?" asked his father.

"I thought not," said his mother. Then, a moment later, "Dinner's ready. Why, where's Billy?"

Billy was on his way to Fats' house to invite him over to see Racky. He didn't invite Fats' two kid brothers, but they came anyway, and yelled at everybody they met, "Guess what? Billy Kidwell's got a pet raccoon!"

So all the time the Kidwells were eating dinner in the dining room, Fats and his brothers, and Dickie Wallace, and a couple of other fellows, and Peggy Crowley were all running in and out of the kitchen. They were borrowing raisins and crackers and things to feed to Racky. Billy gobbled his dinner as fast as his mother would let him, so he could go out and show everybody the right way to feed a raccoon.

Racky washed so many crackers that his water got all messy, and Billy had to bring the bowl into the kitchen to get fresh water. Everybody came in to help him. A good deal of water got on the floor, and somebody knocked one of the best cups off the drainboard.

Fats' little brothers said they did not, either, do it; but Fats chased them home, anyway.

"How long did you say it would be before that Mr. Evans comes and takes this animal away?" asked Billy's mother.

"Oh, a couple of days," said Billy's father.

But it was more than a couple of days. Mr. Evans phoned to say he was having a little trouble finding a place where the landlady would let him keep a raccoon, and would Mr. Kidwell please keep Racky a little longer? And, after all, as Mr. Kidwell explained that night, what else could he say but yes?

Mrs. Kidwell said she could think of plenty of other things to say.

By then she was keeping the back door locked all the time, so that anybody that wanted to feed Racky had to bring food from their own houses. But it was very inconvenient, especially when she forgot where she had hidden the key, and had to take the wash out the front door to hang it up in the back yard.

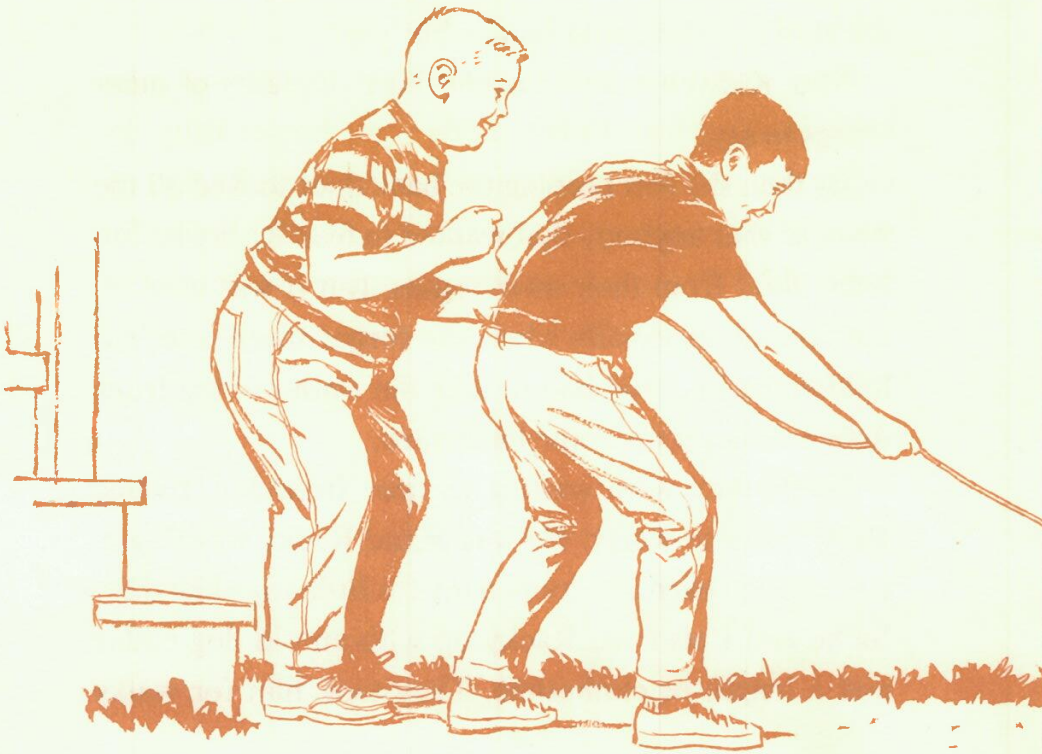
While they were waiting to hear from Mr. Evans, Billy began to worry. He was afraid Racky wasn't getting enough exercise, cooped up in a little cage like that. So he and Fats fixed Racky up with an old dog collar and a length of clothesline. They took him for walks

around the yard when Billy's mother was at the store.

"I bet we could train him to do all sorts of tricks, if we only had him long enough," said Billy.

"Like bring in the paper, and stuff like that?" asked Fats.

"Sure. Watch." Billy got an old newspaper out of the kitchen. He folded it and stuck it in the front hedge where the paper boy usually threw the paper. Then he

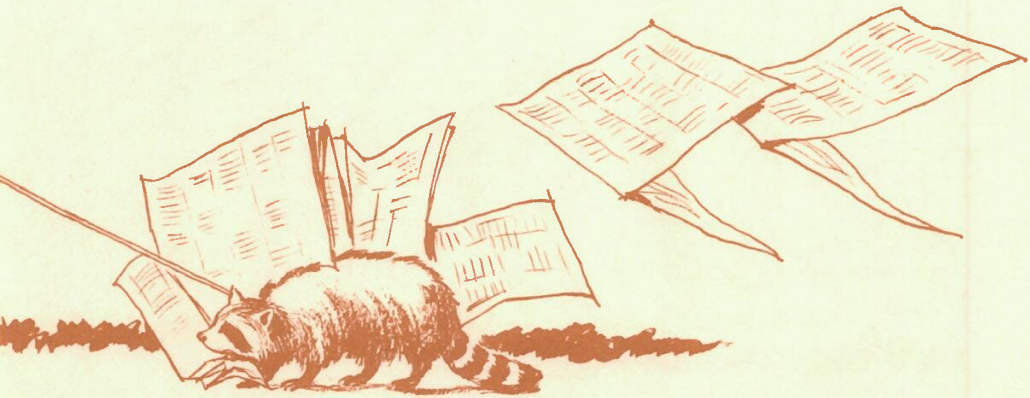


and Fats brought Racky around and pointed the paper out to him.

Racky caught on right away. He got hold of the paper and started dragging it in the general direction of the house. Of course, he was helped along by Billy on the other end of the clothesline.

He was doing fine until the paper came unfolded and tripped him. Then he sat right down on it and tore the whole thing into little pieces that the wind blew all over the yard.

Billy and Fats had to work fast to get the mess cleaned up before Billy's mother got home. Billy decided not to mention his plans for training Racky, especially after his mother looked all over the house for some old paper she was saving to cut recipes out of.



Mr. Evans finally phoned and said he couldn't find any place where he could keep Racky, and Mr. Kidwell could just have him. He hung up before Mr. Kidwell could say a word.

Billy didn't say a single word, either. He just went right over to Fats' house and told Fats that he could have Racky, for keeps. Fats groaned. "Look, Billy, I'd rather have that raccoon than anything else in the world. But my mother won't let me."

"Did you ask her?"

"I didn't have to ask her. She just *told* me. Do you know what I think?" said Fats gloomily. "I think your mother has been talking to *my* mother."

2. Midnight Snack

Billy and Fats went and sat beside Racky's cage. They took turns scratching him on the back, the way he liked. "What's your father going to do with him now?" asked Fats.

"I don't know," admitted Billy. "But whatever it is, my mother's going to see to it that he does it fast. Turn him loose, maybe."

"But what if he starves to death? He's never had to rustle his own grub."

"Even if he didn't starve to death, it would be an awful waste. Say!" cried Billy. "You know Zinnen's Feed and Supply Store? Last month they had three beagle puppies for sale, in a cage. Maybe we could *sell* Racky!"

"Hot dog!" said Fats. "Let's go."

They hurried down to the Feed and Supply, where Mr. Zinnen kept lots of things besides harrows and feed and incubators. There were tanks of goldfish and tropical fish along one wall, and cages of canaries and lovebirds.

"Yes, sometimes I sell pups for people," said Mr. Zinnen, when they explained what they wanted. "I don't buy them, you understand. I just keep them here, where customers can see them. Then, if somebody buys them, I take enough out of the price to pay for their feed and my trouble. What did you say you had—a raccoon?"

They told him all about Racky, and Mr. Zinnen said, "My, my, it's been years since I saw a tame 'coon. Had one myself, when I was a boy. All right, I guess you can bring him over. I wouldn't know what price to put on him, so let's just wait and see if anybody's interested."

They ran all the way back.

Billy's mother said she didn't care what they did with Racky, just as long as she never laid eyes on him again. So Fats borrowed a big express wagon from a fellow he knew, and he and Billy loaded Racky's cage onto it.

"My, my," said Mr. Zinnen, "that's a fine, fat, little

old 'coon, all right. Spittin' image of the one I tamed when I was a boy. That little old 'coon of mine used to sneak in my bedroom window and sleep on my bed—when my ma didn't catch him at it!" He chuckled, and went to wait on a customer.

"What do you think we'll get for him?" asked Fats, as they were taking the wagon back. "A dollar?"

"Gee, I don't know. Maybe five dollars."

"Maybe ten!" and Fats. "If my mother would let me have him, *I'd* pay ten dollars for Racky, if I had ten dollars."

"Of course, we've got to pay Mr. Zinnen for what he eats," said Billy. "And he eats plenty."

After supper, Billy went out and looked at the pale place on the lawn where the cage had been. He wondered if Racky was lonesome, all by himself. Fats came by, and they decided to go down to the store and have a look at Racky.

The store was closed, but there was a little light burning in the back. Billy and Fats cupped their hands around their eyes, and stared in through the glass.

"I can see the cage," said Fats. "But nothing's moving in it. He must be asleep."

"What's the matter with the birds?" asked Billy. "They ought to be asleep, too." In the cages by the side wall, the canaries and lovebirds were fluttering wildly. Even through the glass, Billy and Fats could hear them cheeping and squawking. "Say, they act like they're scared, or something," exclaimed Billy.

"Aw, you can't see anything. Come on, let's go home."

"Wait a minute," said Billy. "Look up on that shelf, under the birds. What's that big thing crawling along there?"

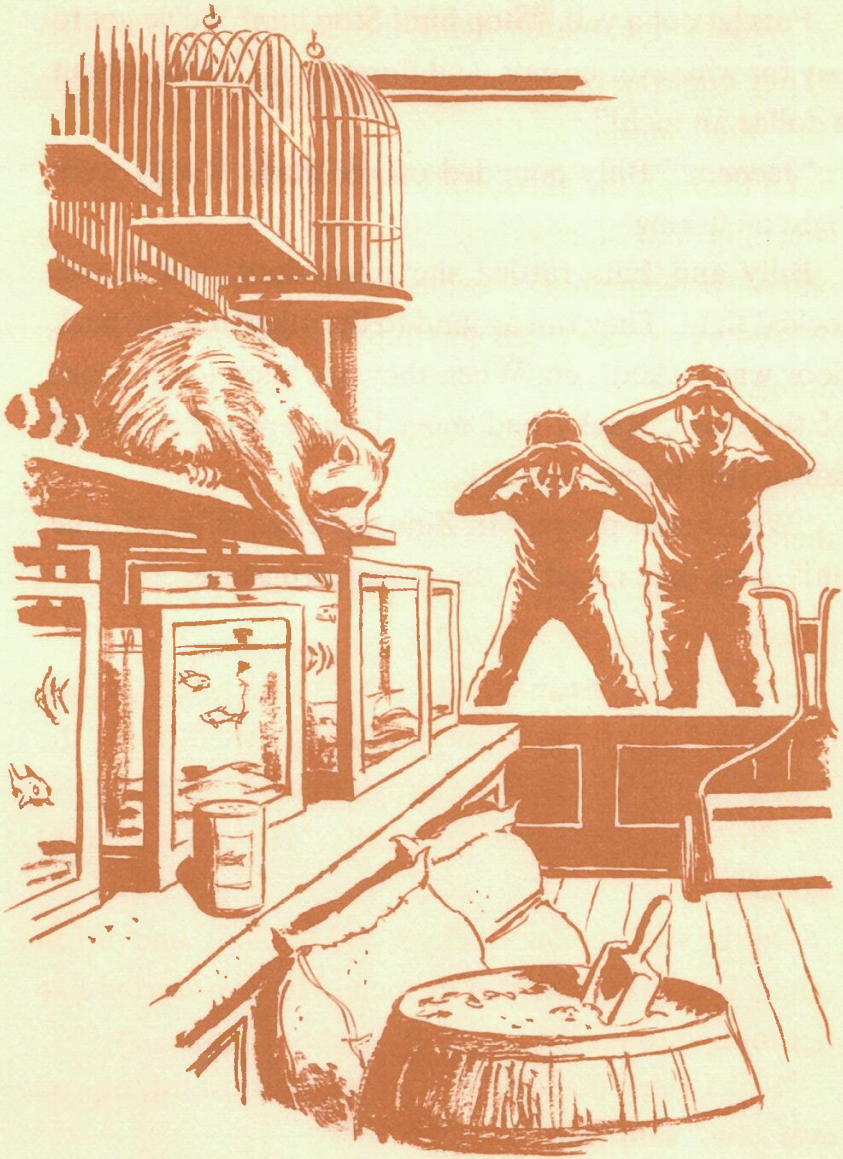
Fats squinted through the glass. "Mr. Zinnen must have a store cat. No—it's Racky!"

They could just make out the dim shape of the raccoon. He was moving slowly along the shelf under the cages. "Say, he's after the birds!" cried Fats.

"Birds nothing!" exclaimed Billy. "He's after the fish! Look!"

On the shelf below Racky stood the long line of fish tanks. Racky crouched over them. His paw darted like lightning into one of the tanks, and out again.

"Say, I guess that's just about the smartest fishing you ever saw," said Billy.



Fats let out a yell. "Stop him! Stop him! We've got to pay for whatever he eats, and those fancy fish are about a dollar an inch!"

"Jeepers!" Billy pounded on the glass. Racky went right on fishing.

Billy and Fats rattled the front door, but it was locked tight. They ran around to the alley, but the back door was locked, too. When they got back to the front of the store, Racky had moved on down the row of tanks, still fishing steadily.

"We'd better phone Mr. Zinnen," cried Billy. "Come on!" And they raced to the corner drugstore.

3. Fair Exchange

When they got Mr. Zinnen on the phone, Billy and Fats both hollered into it at once, so it was a little while before he figured out what it was all about. When he finally did get it straight, he shouted, "I'll be right over. Distract his attention!" and slammed up the phone.

They raced back to the Feed and Supply. Racky was near the front of the store now, nearly to the last of the fish tanks. They banged on the glass and called his name. He sat up and looked straight at them. They could see his eyes glittering in the black mask across his face, and water dripping from his front paws.

"Good old Racky!" called Billy, desperately. "Come

here, fellow!" Racky reached deliberately into a small tank, scooped out a shining fish, and ate it.

"Holy mackerel!" bellowed Fats. "Those are fighting fish. Two dollars apiece! Racky! You're ruining us!"

A car stopped. Mr. Zinnen jumped out and ran to the door, with the key already in his hand. As the door opened, Racky jumped down from the shelf and scuttled back to his cage. By the time Mr. Zinnen got the lights on, Racky was curled up in the straw. He was pretending to be sound asleep.

Mr. Zinnen walked over to the row of fish tanks and inspected them in silence. "That was a pretty expensive meal," he said at last.

He got a piece of paper and started figuring, while Billy and Fats held their breath. Finally he said, "This is as near as I can come to it."

8 guppies, @ 25¢	$ 2.00
4 angel fish, @ 75¢	3.00
4 fighting fish, @ $2.00	8.00
assorted goldfish,	
about 30, plain, @ 15¢	4.50
10, fantail, @ 50¢	5.00
	$22.50

Billy and Fats did not have to be geniuses to figure out that if they got $5.00 for Racky, they'd still owe Mr. Zinnen $17.50 for fish. And even if they got $10.00, they'd still owe him $12.50.

"But gee," said Billy miserably, "what I can't figure out is how he got out of the cage in the first place. He never did before."

Mr. Zinnen sat down beside the cage and tried the catch on the door. "That ought to hold him," he said. "But I don't know. These fellows are mighty smart with their hands. Maybe he just never wanted to get out before." He reached in, absent-mindedly, and rubbed Racky on the head.

Racky quit pretending to be asleep, and rolled over on his back. Mr. Zinnen tickled him on the stomach, which was even fatter than usual, and no wonder. Racky waddled right out of the cage and climbed into Mr. Zinnen's lap. He heaved a big noisy sigh, and curled up and went to sleep.

"Look at that, now!" said Mr. Zinnen. "He knows nobody can stay mad for long at a raccoon, no matter what he does. Why, I remember that little old 'coon I used to have—" He stopped, and chuckled to himself.

Billy said, "Gosh, if we could only get enough for him just to pay for the fish he ate—"

"If we could only think of *somebody,*" said Fats, "that Racky would be worth $22.50 to—"

Mr. Zinnen dumped Racky back into his cage and stood up. Then he fastened the cage door, and tied it shut with a heavy cord. "Help me carry this out to my car," he said.

"Have you thought of somebody," asked Billy eagerly, "that he would be worth $22.50 to?"

"Yes," said Mr. Zinnen. "Me. In a manner of speaking, he's worth just exactly that to me. At least, he has $22.50 worth of my fish inside him, right now. And I live all alone, and nothing in the world is better company than a little old raccoon."

"You mean, we don't owe you anything for the fish?" asked Billy.

"Nope," said Mr. Zinnen, getting into his car.

"And you don't owe us anything for Racky?" asked Fats.

"I can't afford to pay more than $22.50 for a raccoon," said Mr. Zinnen solemnly. "But I'll buy the cage from you. Would fifty cents seem a fair price?"

"It sure would!" they said, both at once.

"Okay, it's a deal." Mr. Zinnen handed them a quarter apiece, and drove off with his new raccoon.

It was pretty late when Billy got home, and he had to explain what had taken him so long. It made his father laugh so hard that he had to sit down.

But his mother said, "I don't see anything funny about it. Thank goodness that awful animal did not escape while he was here!" Then she asked Billy, "Do you happen to know whether or not this Mr. Zinnen is married?"

"He said he lives all alone," replied Billy.

"I thought so," said Billy's mother.

This story about Billy's raccoon is just one chapter from the book *Billy Had a System* by Marion Holland (Alfred Knopf, 1952). In another chapter, Billy figures out a way to win booby prizes at birthday parties. And there is the time when Billy's grandmother helps him win a pair of binoculars by throwing baseballs.

If you liked this story, Billy and his friend Fats are waiting for you in *Billy Had a System.*

You may also want to read:

Henry Huggins
by Beverly Cleary (William Morrow, 1950)

Eddie and Gardenia
by Carolyn Haywood (William Morrow, 1951)

Herbert
by Hazel Wilson (Alfred Knopf, 1950)

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YOUNG KIT CARSON

Augusta Stevenson

YOUNG KIT CARSON

by Augusta Stevenson

Late one night Kit heard a scratching at the cabin door. The frontier settlers knew this signal well. It meant that the Indians were on the warpath!

The Carson family acted quickly. They picked up their few belongings and filed silently through the woods to the fort. There they would be safe.

Suddenly Kit remembered! His mother had not brought a lump of maple sugar to quiet baby Mary if she should cry. Any little noise might attract the Indians. Should he return to the cabin for the sugar? The Indians might already be there. Should he take that chance?

YOUNG KIT CARSON

By AUGUSTA STEVENSON

Illustrated by AL SCHMIDT

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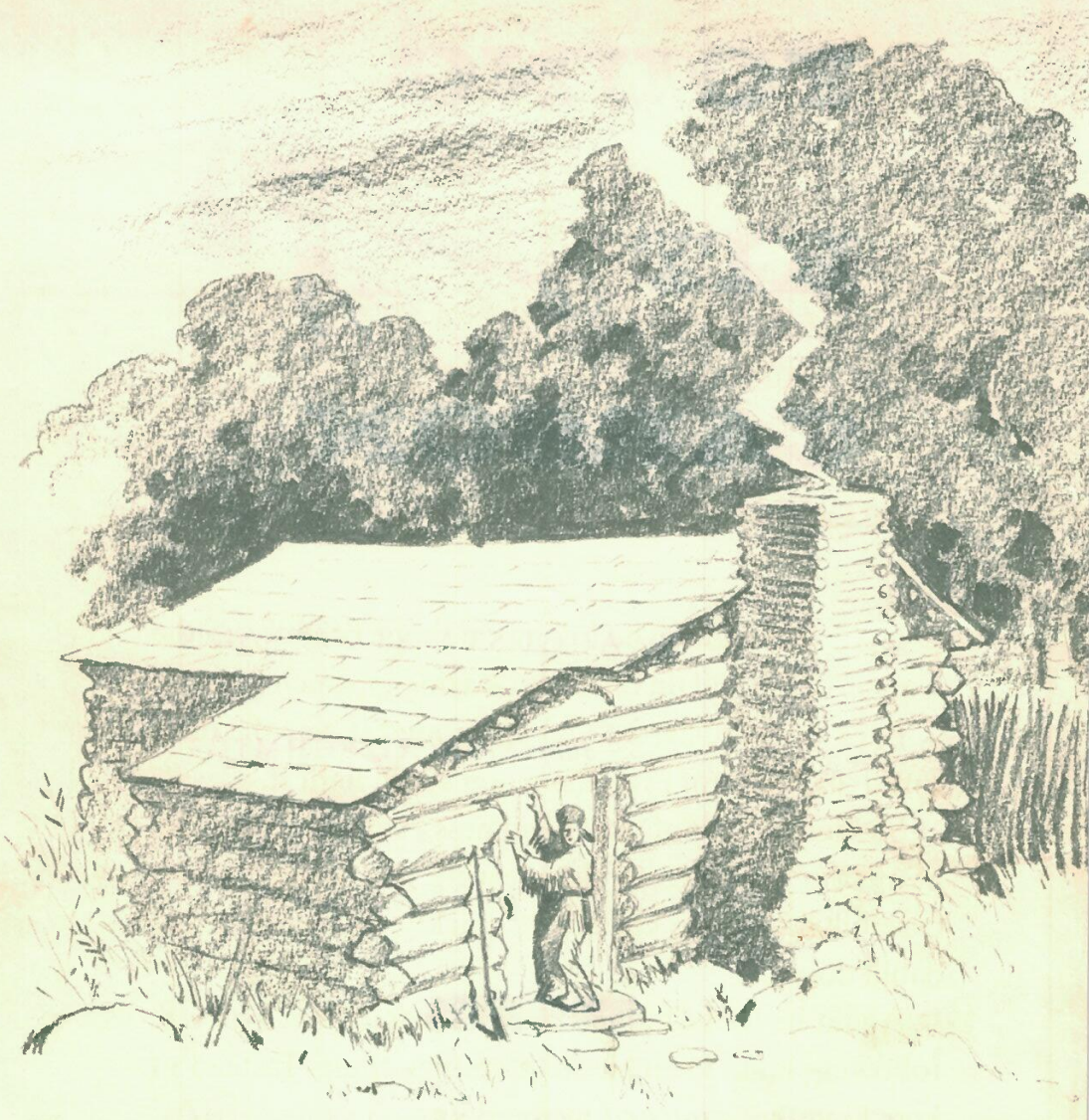

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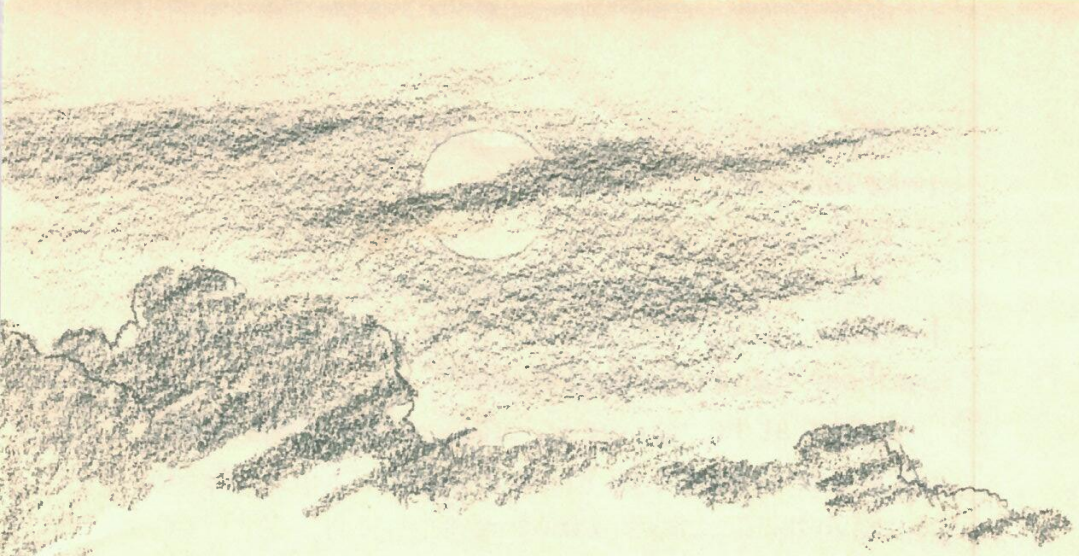


Indians! Run to the Fort!

It was midnight. The full moon shone brightly on the Carson cabin and on the little clearing in which it stood.

Back of this clearing and all around it was the dark forest, so dark not even the moon could light it.

Suddenly, out of the blackness, came a man. He paused at the edge of the clearing and looked about carefully. Then he crossed it quickly and went to the cabin door.

Again he looked about as if he feared someone was following him. Then he did a strange thing. Instead of knocking, he *scratched* at the door.

It wasn't a minute until an eye looked through the

loophole in the door. And a man's low voice inside spoke one word.

"Indians?"

"Yes," the messenger answered softly. "There are a dozen big canoes coming down the river. Our scouts saw them. Run to the fort! Hurry!"

With that he was gone, crossing the open space quickly, as if he feared the moonlight. Then he disappeared in the darkness of the forest.

The man inside, Lindsay Carson, didn't watch his going. Before the messenger had reached the wood he was dressing and getting his gun.

He didn't need to wake his family, for some of them had heard the scratching. It was the signal used by all the messengers, or runners, sent out to warn the settlers of an Indian attack.

Mrs. Carson and the two older girls were dressing and waking the younger children at the same time.

Up in the loft the three older Carson boys were almost dressed. They had only to put on their moccasins now.

The eldest, sixteen-year-old Moses, had heard the signal and had awakened the others while his father was at the door.

Christopher—Kit for short—was the hardest to wake but he was also the youngest—he was only eight. But the instant he heard Moses whisper "Indians!" he was up and dressing.

He didn't ask questions; none of the boys did. There was no talking, either in the loft or below in the cabin. Everyone knew their lives depended on their silence and their haste.

No candles were lighted, though the cabin was dark inside. The one small paper window was covered with a board. Mr. Carson put it up every night. Not a ray of moonlight shone through.

There was a tiny glow of light from the fire that was almost out. They could have had a flame by throwing kindling on it. But even the youngest child knew that couldn't be done. The light might be seen outside. It might show through cracks between the logs.

No one must do anything that would attract a prowling Indian and show him the way to their cabin. So they had learned to dress in the dark and get the things they were supposed to carry.

They had all been through this before. Even Kit had gone to the fort more times than he could remember.

Now he followed his three older brothers down the

ladder into the room below. This was the kitchen, dining room, sitting room, and bedroom, all in one.

The big fireplace was here with a high mantelshelf over it. In one corner of the room were the guns; in another, the bundles for the fort.

Mrs. Rebecca Carson always had bags of food ready. There was one small bag of salt and another of chicory roots for coffee.

There was a bag of dried mullein leaves to be made into a tea for bad colds. And there was sassafras bark in another for the tea they all loved to drink.

There were larger bags of dried berries, nuts, parched corn, and dried meat.

No one knew how long they would have to stay in Fort Hempstead. Sometimes the Indians would attack and leave almost at once if just one of their warriors were killed.

Sometimes they would stay two or three days. They had never stayed longer, for the settlers had always killed too many braves.

Indians didn't fight like white men. They stopped when they lost their warriors, even if only a few.

The settlers said the Indians could never take this fort if there was enough food and ammunition inside.

They were sure of enough water, for Fort Hempstead had been built around a large spring—really two springs.

The Carsons were almost ready now and were getting their guns, bundles, and bags. Kit found the water bucket and took his place in the line.

His older sisters, Elizabeth and Nancy, were also in the line, holding the younger children. And they also carried bundles.

Hampton was six and Mathilda was four but neither child even so much as whimpered. Their sisters had whispered just one word to them—"Indians!" That was enough: they knew the danger.

"Are you ready?" Mr. Carson now asked softly.

"Yes—yes—yes," whispered the others.

Then he took his place at the head of the line, opened the door and went out. The others followed him.

They didn't know whether they would ever see their cabin again or any of their belongings. But they didn't worry about that now. They must save themselves. They must get to the fort in time—before those canoes landed.

Mr. Lindsay Carson carried his gun and watched closely as he went ahead on the narrow trail. His eyes

moved constantly from left to right and from right to left. Mrs. Carson was next with baby Mary. Then came Elizabeth with Hampton and Nancy with Mathilda.

Behind Nancy was Kit with his big water bucket.

Behind Kit was eleven-year-old Hamilton loaded down with a sheet full of kitchen things: the corn grinder, frying pan, spoons, knives, wooden plates, and gourd bowls for drinking cups.

Following him was fourteen-year-old Robert, with a bearskin and a large kettle. These were filled with the bags of food.

Last in the long line was Moses with his gun. He carried ammunition and nothing else. He had to be ready to fight Indians.

So, guarded front and rear by Mr. Carson and Moses, the little procession moved silently through the forest.

The Painted Warrior

Lindsay Carson knew the warriors wouldn't attack the fort till dawn. That was the time they always came. But there might be Indian scouts about. So there must not be any noise of any kind. There must be nothing that would tell where they were.

Kit was afraid the baby would cry. He knew his mother always took a lump of maple sugar along in case she did. That stopped Mary, for she loved it.

Then Kit wondered if his mother had remembered to get the sugar. He hadn't seen her go to the mantel-shelf where it was kept. It was in a glass dish with a cover and Kit was sure he hadn't heard the tinkle of glass.

He hated to think what might happen if Mary cried. Someone ought to get that sugar—now, too, before it was too late. But who could go?

They were all carrying things that would be needed —all except him. Other families would bring water buckets; they always did.

He was the only one who could go back. He wasn't afraid. It wouldn't take long. He would catch up with them before they knew he was gone. They wouldn't see him step out of line; he'd wait for a dark place.

He knew where large bushes grew close together on each side of the path. His father had been saying he was going to cut them down. Kit was glad now that he hadn't.

Presently he heard the rustle of leaves as those ahead pushed the branches aside.

This was his chance. Silently he stepped out of the line and at once the thick bushes hid him.

He waited till his brothers passed. Then he put his water bucket down and started back to the cabin.

He should have been afraid, even if he wasn't.

Kit reached the clearing. He was now almost to the cabin. Then he had a big surprise. The door was open!

It was never left open, never. The last one out always

closed it. That was Moses and Moses never forgot anything.

He'd have a good joke on him now. He'd ask him if he had left it open on purpose so the Indians could get in. He smiled as he thought of the fun he would have.

The open door let in a broad band of moonlight. It shone across the room and lighted up the mantel. It would be easy to find the sugar dish now. He wouldn't have to feel around in the dark.

He tried to reach the shelf but he couldn't. Kit was small for his age. He couldn't even touch the dish. He would have to get a stool.

Just then someone seized his arm and held it. Kit thought it was one of his brothers and turned to see which one it was.

But the face he saw frightened him. He saw a savage with a painted face, ugly and cruel.

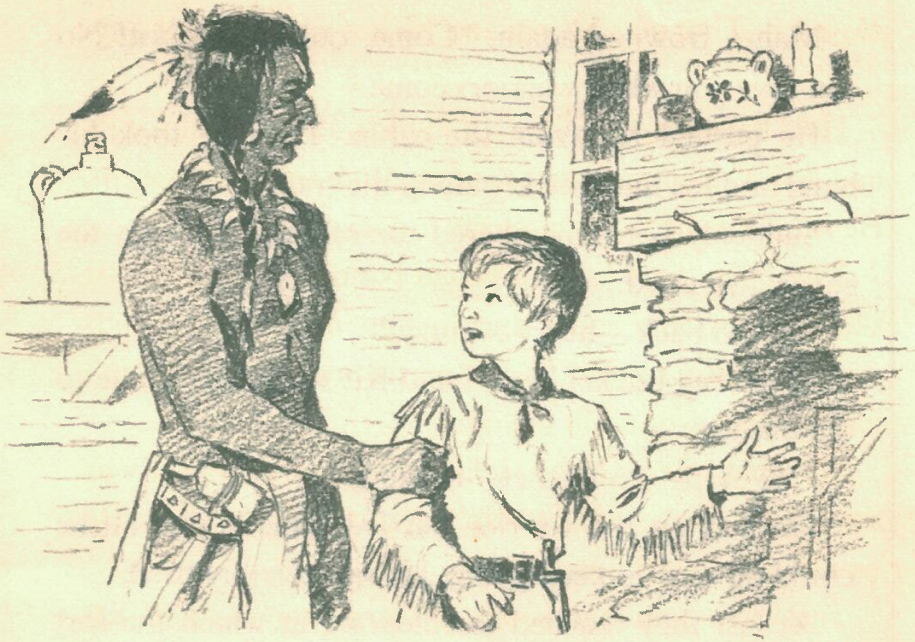
Kit thought the Indian would kill him. He thought he was lifting his tomahawk.

Then the painted warrior spoke.

"Kit," he said, "give me. Like sugar."

"Oh!" exclaimed the astonished boy.

The Indian smiled. "Me, Mahto. My boy, Tonka. You—Tonka play many times."



"Oh!" exclaimed Kit again as he jumped down from the stool. But it was a very different "Oh!" this time.

"I didn't know you, Mahto. You look different—"

"War paint make different. Came save you. Promise Tonka. He like you—say you friend."

Kit wanted to say he liked Tonka but he didn't have a chance, for Mahto spoke again.

"Why you no go fort?"

"I came back for sugar for the baby."

"Know you come?" Kit shook his head.

Mahto frowned again. "Come, quick! Go fast! No can save you when warriors come."

He pushed Kit from the cabin. Then he took his hand and led him quickly along the trail.

Suddenly Kit remembered something. "I forgot the sugar!" he cried.

"No go back—hurry—hurry!"

"I left my bucket here," said Kit when they came to the bushes.

"No stop—no bucket—nothing."

On and on the warrior hurried him. It was all he could do now to keep going. He was terribly tired.

At last they reached the clearing in which the fort stood, and Mahto stopped.

Not a tree or a bush grew here. The settlers had cut them down to the ground. Not even a stump was left as a hiding place for Indians.

It had been plowed lately, for tall grass and weeds were dangerous also. It was now a large field bright with moonlight.

"Me no go there," said Mahto. "Too light. White men see—shoot. You run now."

"They'll think I'm an Indian!" exclaimed Kit. "An Indian bending over. They'll shoot me, Mahto!"

"Wait till moon down. Hide in brush—no lift head —no make noise. Now I go."

Then Mahto disappeared in the forest, and Kit waited. He was hidden by the thick brush but he was afraid now. He knew painted savages would come soon. They would be all around him. They might find him.

He waited and he waited. Would that white light ever stop shining?

At last it did stop and the sky became dark. Then Kit ran across the field to the fort.

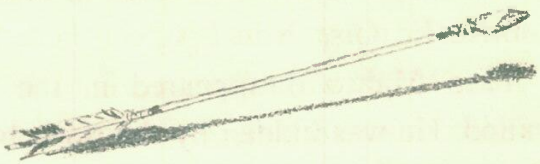
Before he reached the gate he heard men quarreling inside. Their voices were loud and angry.

Kit called and called but there was no answer and the gate was not opened. They hadn't heard him.

He knew his folks hadn't missed him; they would be too busy getting ready for the fight.

A frightened little boy was now even more frightened as he thought of what might happen to him if that quarrel didn't end soon.

He might have to wait there till the Indians came. Then Kit Carson sat down by the gate and cried.



Two Foolish Settlers

Just inside the gate, two angry young men faced the captain of the fort. Other settlers were in a group close by.

Captain Elijah Strong stood in the door of his hut and looked at them. He was astonished that men could be so foolish, even if they were newcomers.

The older settlers had chosen Elijah Strong to command the fort. He had been in two Indian wars and knew how to fight them.

Now here were two newcomers telling him he didn't know anything about Indians.

"Greenhorns, both of them," said one old settler

to another. "John Wright hasn't been here but two months. Ed Cotton hasn't been here that long."

John Wright was talking again to the captain. "There isn't any sense keeping us here any longer," he shouted angrily. "I heard what that scout told you a half-hour ago."

"So did I!" shouted Ed Cotton. "I was right here at the gate when he came in. I heard him say the Indian canoes had passed by this settlement."

"And had gone on down the river," added John.

"But they might come back," said the captain. "It might be a trick to deceive us."

"Not a chance!" cried Ed. "If they had meant to attack the fort they would have stopped here."

"Of course," John agreed. "They aren't dumb. They wouldn't bring their canoes back upstream against the current."

"They could leave their canoes and come back through the forest," said Captain Strong. "They've done that in other settlements."

"Aye!" cried the old settlers.

John smiled scornfully. "You folks out here are afraid of them," he said. "If someone sees a poor brave out hunting you all come running to this fort."

"You'll run, too, when you know as much about them as we do," said Lindsay Carson.

The other old settlers nodded.

"You folks don't know how to treat them," Ed Cotton declared. "If you did you wouldn't be having all this trouble."

"That shows how little you know about it," said Captain Strong. "The truth is they don't want us here. They don't want our farms in their forests."

"Anyway, you are not going to keep me here any longer," said John. "I'm leaving now with my family."

"I'm leaving now, too, with mine," said Ed. "I'll be at work in my field by sunrise."

"You don't know what you are doing," said the captain. "You must not take women and children out into such danger."

"What danger? I say there isn't a warrior within ten miles," said Ed.

"I beg you to listen," began the captain.

"You can't tell me what to do!" cried Ed angrily.

"Me neither!" cried John.

"Make them stay, Captain," advised an old settler. "We'll see the gate isn't opened."

"Yes! Yes!" cried the old settlers.

"I can't keep them against their wishes."

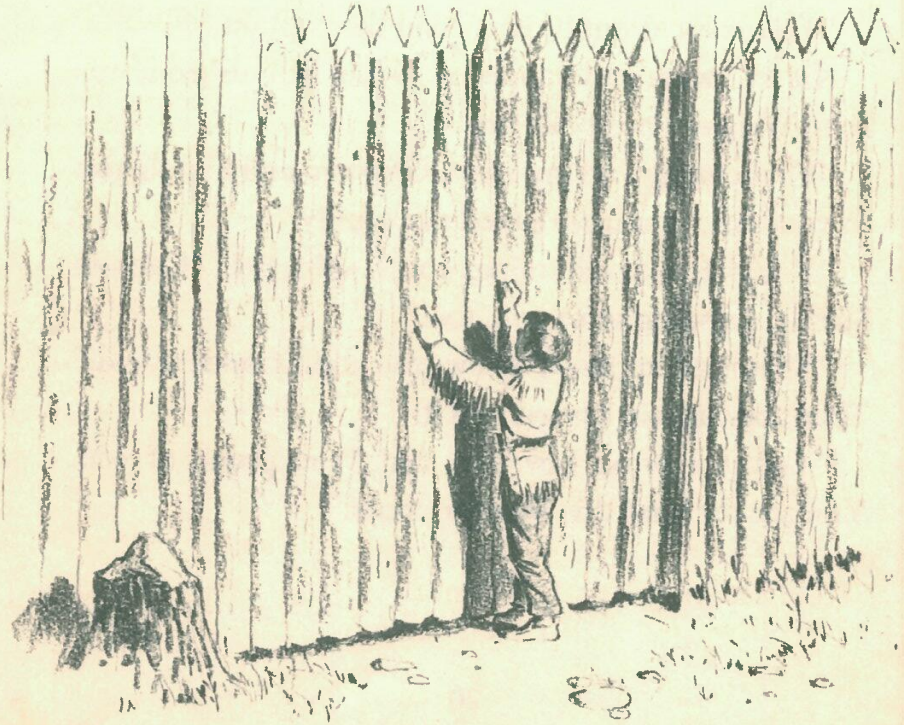
"Come on, Ed," said John. "Let's get our folks out of here."

The two men turned to go. Then there was silence. No one spoke to them.

At that moment a boy's voice was heard calling outside the gate. "Let me in! Let me in!"

Everyone was astonished. Who could be outside the fort? Every family was inside.

"Let me in!" the boy called again. "I'm Kit Carson!"



As Mr. Carson rushed to the gate, it was opened by the gatekeeper, and Kit came in.

"What happened to you, Kit?" asked his father. "Are you all right?"

Kit didn't answer. He didn't seem to hear. He hurried to the two newcomers and stood in front of them.

"I heard what you said," he cried, "and you are wrong! Mahto is out there! He's painted for war!"

"Kit! What are you talking about?" asked his father.

"He said other warriors would come," Kit went on. "He told me to hide from them."

"Tell us all about it, Kit," said the captain.

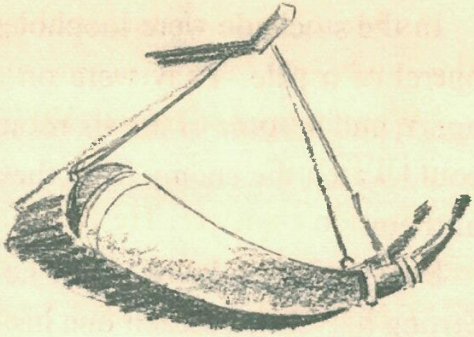
Kit told what had happened. When he finished it was John Wright who spoke first.

"That changes all my ideas, Captain, and I apologize to you. Kit, you have saved my family."

"You have saved mine, too," said Ed. "Captain Strong, I apologize to you, too."

"That's all right—I knew you didn't understand." Then the captain turned to Kit.

"You're a brave boy," he said. "I'm proud of you. You are the kind this frontier needs."



The Fort House

The Fort House was a long log cabin. It had six little rooms in a row, all exactly alike and furnished alike, even to piles of straw in the six little lofts.

It was built against the high fence, or stockade, that surrounded the fort grounds.

This stockade was made of heavy posts set close together. It was ten feet high, so of course the house could be no higher. It was the back wall of the house.

The roof of the long cabin sloped in, and every child there knew the reason for that. A roof that sloped out over the fence would make a splendid seat for warriors. They could shoot their arrows down into the fort grounds.

In the stockade were loopholes large enough for the barrel of a rifle. They were on every side, a few feet apart, and in some of the six rooms. The men in the fort could watch the enemy from these loopholes and shoot at them.

Every rifleman knew where he was to stand. Captain Strong had showed each one his loophole, and no man would think of going to another station.

Whether the family had four children or fourteen they could have just one room and the loft above it. They had to manage somehow. When the bunks were filled there was the floor and some straw and perhaps a bearskin.

Mr. Carson had carried Kit to their room and had put him to bed. It was only a narrow bunk made of split logs and built against the wall. The mattress was straw but it seemed as wonderful to Kit as a feather bed. He was so tired.

His mother covered him with a quilt and took off his wet moccasins.

A little fire burned in the little fireplace but it warmed the room, for that was little, too.

"It's nice here, Mother. I slept in this bunk the last time we came."

Mrs. Carson didn't think it was nice, but she didn't say so. The floor was the ground itself. It was packed down hard by the many feet that had found safety there.

In each corner against the wall was a narrow bunk with a straw mattress.

There was a rough table made of a split log, and four rough log stools. There was nothing else in the room, not even a window.

The ceiling was low, so the ladder to the loft had only a few rounds.

The loft itself was so low a man couldn't stand upright in it. And there was nothing up there but a pile of straw on the floor.

Kit didn't think anything was bad. He had been here so often it was like a second home to him.

He was warm now and sleepy. He couldn't keep his eyes open, but there were a great many questions he wanted to ask.

He'd like to know if his friend Tommy Strong had been asking for him. And were all the families in the fort now? And, oh yes, did his mother really have a lump of sugar?

But before he could decide which question to ask first, he was asleep.

Rebecca tucked the quilt about him and looked at him fondly.

"You dear brave child," she said softly. "And I had sugar in my pocket all the time! But you shall never know it—never as long as you live."

Kit Carson became one of our nation's most famous scouts. But even as a boy he was known and respected for his courage and skill. In Augusta Stevenson's book *Kit Carson, Boy Trapper* (Bobbs-Merrill, 1945) you may read of Kit's first hunting trips and his fights with the Indians.

You may also want to read:

Buffalo Bill
by Mary R. Davidson (Garrard Press, 1962)

Holding the Fort with Daniel Boone
by Enid Meadowcroft (T. Y. Crowell, 1958)

The First Book of Early Settlers
by Louise Dickinson Rich (Franklin Watts, 1959)

Dancing Cloud
by Mary and Conrad Buff (Viking Press, 1937, 1957)

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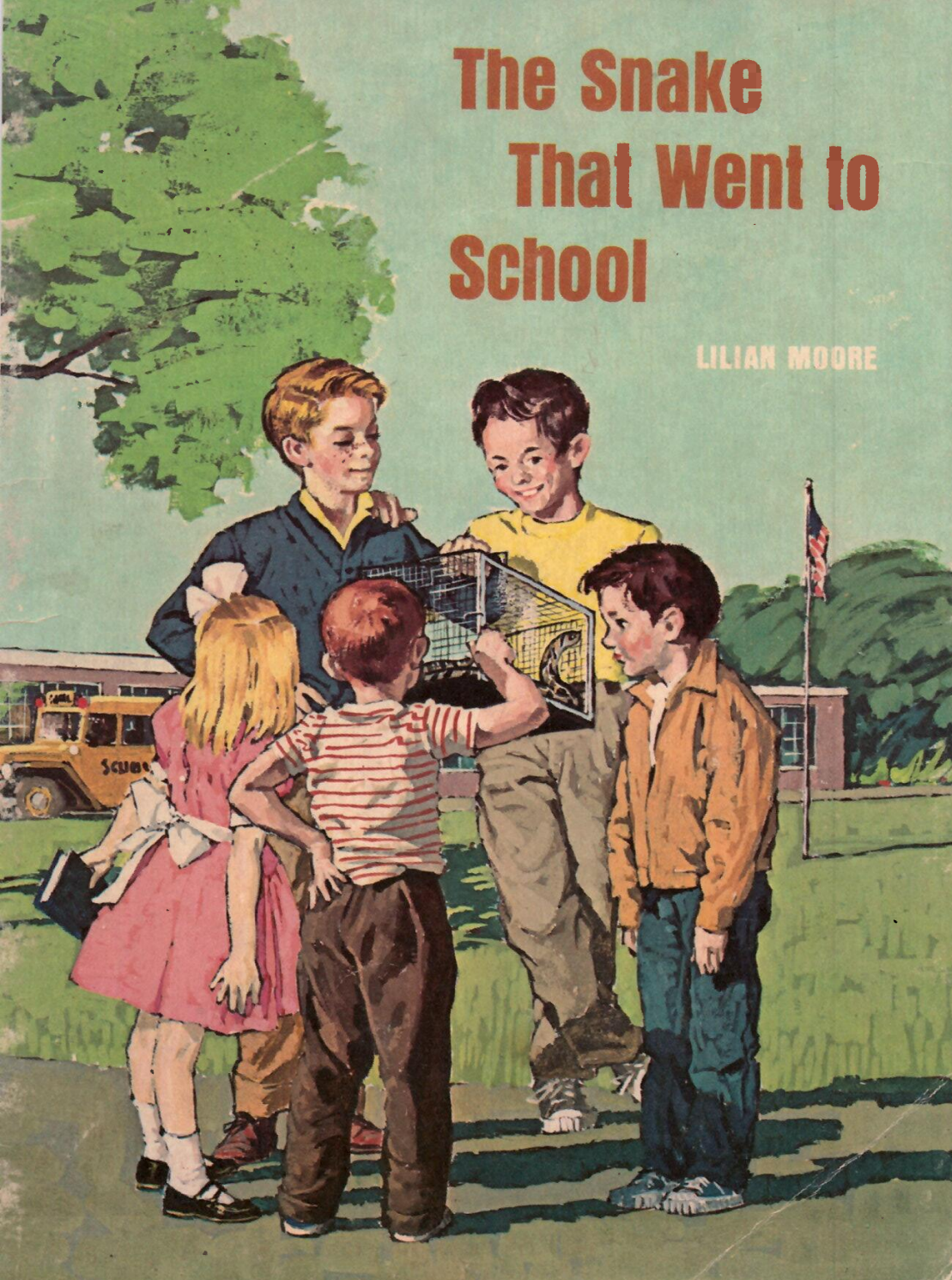
The Snake That Went to School

LILIAN MOORE



THE SNAKE THAT WENT TO SCHOOL

by Lilian Moore

What would your mother do if you brought a snake home from camp? Maybe, like Hank in this story, you would be in no hurry to let her see it. Hank thought that his snake Puffy was beautiful. He could not understand why other people did not agree. Or why his mother wanted him to get rid of Puffy.

Who wants a snake? Hank tried to find someone who did want a snake for a pet. But nobody, just nobody, wanted Puffy. What can you do with a snake that nobody but you wants?

The Snake That Went to School

BY LILIAN MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

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Chicago, Illinois

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Some Surprise!

Hank Jenkins pressed his nose against the train window. "Hey, fellers!" he cried. "We're coming into the station."

The train was bringing home the boys of Beaver Lake Camp. The summer was really over.

Hank had made sure that he would have only one thing to carry on the train. And he was taking mighty good care of that. It was a large metal cage and he held it firmly on his lap.

"You sure are lucky, Hank," said Marty Miller, who was sitting next to him. "Imagine bringing home a snake! You're lucky your mother doesn't mind."

"W-well," said Hank slowly, "she doesn't exactly know it's a snake. I just wrote that I had a surprise."

"Some surprise!" Marty grinned.

"Just wait till she sees how smart Puffy is," Hank said, a little more hopefully than he felt. He looked fondly at his snake. Puffy lay peacefully coiled in his cage—a yellow-speckled snake, two feet long, with dark brown bands on his body.

The train puffed and whined and slowed at last to a stop. Eagerly, Hank searched the faces of the crowd of people waiting to meet the campers.

The first person he spotted was his little brother, Benjamin. There he was, hopping up and down as usual. And there was his sister, Elizabeth! She had done something silly with her hair again. Where was his mother? Oh, yes. Right behind Liz!

Hank took another look at Puffy. Suddenly he put down the cage and pulled off his sweater.

"What are you doing, Hank?" asked Marty.

Hank dropped the sweater over the cage to cover it. "No sense rushing things," he replied.

Benjy was the first to greet Hank as he got off the train.

"Hank! Hank! Here I am!" Benjy cried. "Mommy says I can go to Beaver Lake Camp with you next summer if my allergies are okay. What've you got there?"

"Hi, Benjy." Hank put his arm around Benjy's shoulder for a minute. "Where's your front tooth?"

"It fell out yesterday," Benjy said proudly, "and I got a quarter for it!"

"A quarter!" cried Hank, shocked. "I never got more than a dime for a tooth of mine!"

Mrs. Jenkins and Liz came hurrying over.

"Hi, Mom!" Hank permitted his mother to give him a quick hug. Liz better not try any hugging, he thought fiercely.

But Liz just yelled, "Hello, Hank! You look terriff!" Then she began talking a mile a minute to Dick Weller who was fifteen years old.

Hank shook his head. Dick was the best pitcher at Beaver Lake Camp. It beat anything why he would stop to gab with a girl, especially Liz.

"Hank, dear, you look wonderful," said his mother, beaming at him. "Where's your bag? I found a place to park right down the street."

"I packed all my stuff in my trunk, Mom," Hank said quickly. "I just have this to carry."

Mrs. Jenkins did not even glance at the covered cage. She was eager to get to the car.

"Mom, can I ride home with the Wellers?" Liz called.

"All right," said Mrs. Jenkins. "But don't be home late. Come *on*, Benjy! This way, Hank."

Hank sat in the back of the car and Benjy sat in front with Mrs. Jenkins. All the way home, Hank kept the cage close beside him. He scarcely heard the questions his mother popped at him, or the bits of news she told him.

Benjy kept turning around and leaning over the back of his seat.

"What've you got in the cage, Hank?" he asked.

"A surprise."

"For me?"

"No," Hank said firmly. "Not for you. He's my new pet."

"Can't I just take a peek?"

Hank shook his head. "Not till we get home."

"Aw, I bet it's just another old hamster," said Benjy.

"It is *not* a hamster," Hank said loudly. His mother had never really liked the cute little hamster he had last year.

"My, it's good to have you back, Hank," his mother said, smiling at him as they entered the house.

"Now let's see what's in the cage," cried Benjy, grabbing for the sweater.

"Cut it out, Benjy!" Hank said sharply. Then he bent down and pulled the sweater off the cage himself.

Benjy let out a joyous yell. "Oh, boy! A snake!"

"Isn't he a beauty, Mom?" asked Hank.

Mrs. Jenkins did not answer.

She just stood and stared.

After a moment Mrs. Jenkins found her voice. "Hank," she asked, pointing to Puffy, "what in the world do you expect to do with—with—*that?*"

"He's my pet, Mom."

"That—that snake?"

"Puffy isn't just any old kind of snake," Hank said earnestly. "He's a hog-nosed snake."

His mother didn't look impressed, so Hank hurried to explain. "He's fun. He's harmless as anything. But he can look real fierce and scary. And look at this, Mom! Just watch!"

Hank leaned over and poked Puffy. Then he clapped his hands sharply. Puffy rolled over on his back, and lay stiff and still.

Benjy watched, wide-eyed. "What's the matter with

him, Hank?" he cried anxiously. "Is he dead?" Puffy did indeed look very dead.

Hank laughed. He opened the door of the cage and reached in. Gently he turned Puffy over. But Puffy rolled right over again on his back, looking as dead as ever.

"Isn't that wonderful, Mom?" Hank cried. "Did you see the way he plays dead?"

"Hank," said his mother, "did you expect to keep that snake *in this house?*"

"Sure, Mom. I'm very good with snakes. My counselor told me so. Father said so, too. He said Puffy was just great!"

"Just when did Father say all that?" asked Mrs. Jenkins.

"You know. When he stopped off at camp last Saturday. On his way to Chicago. He said Puffy was a fine —a fine—specimen—that's it!"

"And what did Father say about bringing him home?" Mrs. Jenkins went on sternly.

"Well," said Hank slowly, "I didn't exactly ask him."

"Hank," said his mother, "you and I had better have a talk. Come over here and sit down."

Hank sat down unhappily beside his mother. Benjy

trotted along and sat down beside Hank, eager not to miss a thing.

"I know you'd like to keep your snake, Hank," his mother said. "But I have to tell you how I feel about it. School starts next Monday. You're going to be a very busy boy. I'd be spending more time with your snake than you would. And believe me, Hank, *I* don't want a pet snake!"

"I could help," Benjy cried enthusiastically. "I could play dead with him!"

Hank turned angrily on his brother. "Don't you touch Puffy!" he cried.

"That's all I need," said Mrs. Jenkins, shaking her head. "You two scrapping over a snake! I'm sorry, Hank. I know you're unhappy about it. But you'll have to do something about that snake right away . . . well, anyway, before school starts. Maybe Mr. MacGregor at the pet shop would like to have him."

She gave Puffy a long unfriendly look. Then she said firmly, "I know one thing—he can't live here!"

Hank walked slowly upstairs to his room. Deep in gloom, he set Puffy's cage down on the table and looked around.

It was a room he had to share with his little brother.

Nothing of his, thought Hank, was ever really safe from that kid.

Hank wandered around the room now, looking carefully at his models and collections. He wanted to see just how much damage Benjy had done while he was away.

Everything seemed all right. But Hank couldn't even feel glad about that. He was much too unhappy about Puffy.

He walked back to the cage. Gently, he lifted Puffy out, all twenty-four speckled inches of him.

He held Puffy's head with its funny nose, turned up like a hog's snout, and Puffy stretched out comfortably along Hank's arm.

"Hello, Puff," Hank said softly. Boy, he was beautiful! The best pet he'd had all summer. Better than the turtle. Though it would have been fun to keep the turtle and see if it really lived for twenty-five years.

Get rid of Puffy! Hank sighed deeply.

He couldn't even ask his father to help explain things to his mother, as he sometimes did. Why, by the time his father got back from that business trip to Chicago, school would have been open for weeks.

Hank stroked Puffy's back. Maybe his mother had Puffy mixed up with a rattlesnake or something. Maybe

he could get a book from the library—a book about snakes that she could read. . . .

No, it wouldn't do any good. He knew that. He'd better get his things unpacked. And he'd better get over to MacGregor's Pet Shop as fast as he could.

Mr. MacGregor was feeding some fish in a big glass tank when Hank walked in, carrying Puffy.

"Good afternoon, young man," said Mr. MacGregor, cheerfully. "What can I do for you?"

Hank put Puffy's cage on the counter. All the way over he had been hoping hard that Mr. MacGregor liked snakes.

Mr. MacGregor peered into the cage.

"A hog-nosed snake, eh?" he said with great interest. He opened the cage and took out the snake. "He's a fine-looking fellow."

Hank was beginning to breathe a little easier.

"Yes, a very fine snake," Mr. MacGregor repeated. "By the way, do you know what these fellows are sometimes called?"

"Sure," said Hank proudly. "Puff adders! That's because they puff up and look so fierce when they're scared. They're supposed to look like real adders, then, aren't they?"

"Right!" said Mr. MacGregor. "I've seen many of these puff adders in my day. But, of course," he added, "none quite so handsome as yours!"

Hank was feeling better every minute. "What do you think my snake is worth, Mr. MacGregor?" he asked.

The man stood back and squinted at Puffy. After a moment he said, "My boy, he's priceless!"

Hank was a bit confused by this wholly unexpected reply. Then he said eagerly, "You can have Puffy for nothing then, Mr. MacGregor. I'd just like to be able to come and see him."

Mr. MacGregor heaved a sigh. "My boy, that's a fine, generous offer. I wish I could accept it. But I once had a snake in here. You wouldn't believe what happened. Nobody wanted to come in. No, I'm sorry. I can't take him."

"People are awful funny about snakes, aren't they, Mr. MacGregor?" Hank said sadly.

"They are indeed," said Mr. MacGregor.

Now Hank had to figure out something else to do. Perhaps he should get in touch with a big circus. They'd surely want a snake as interesting as Puffy.

The Royal Order of Snake Charmers

Carrying the cage, Hank walked homeward slowly. He was thinking so hard that he almost ran into Timmy Watts.

"Hi, Hank!" Timmy cried. "Where you going?"

"Nowhere," said Hank coldly. Timmy was not quite eight, and sometimes he was a real pest. He was all right if you needed an extra fielder on your team, but he was hard to get rid of—like Benjy—when you didn't want a little kid around.

Timmy tried to keep up with Hank as they walked along. Suddenly he yelled, "Hey, that's a snake!"

Hank did not bother to reply.

"Oh, boy, I wish I had a snake like that!" said Timmy admiringly.

Hank gave Timmy a thoughtful look. If Puffy were in a circus, why, Hank would never see him. But Timmy lived only three blocks away. . . . All at once, Hank began to feel a lot more cheerful.

"It's not easy to find a snake like this," he told Timmy. He stopped and put down the cage. "Just watch this!"

Hank rolled up his sleeves. He began to wave his hands around the cage in a mysterious way. Then in a deep voice he said, "Hocus! Pocus! Willa-walla-woo!"

He gave Puffy a hard poke, and put him through his trick of playing dead.

"Say, that's neat!" cried Timmy.

"Would you like to hold him for a minute?" Hank asked in a kindly voice.

"Can I really?" Timmy's eyes almost popped out of his head.

"Of course, I wouldn't let just *anybody* hold him," Hank explained as he lifted Puffy out of the cage.

He showed Timmy how to hold Puffy's head, and let the snake coil around his arm.

Timmy was still breathless as Hank put Puffy back.

"You know," Hank said, "a person with an unusual snake like this . . . well, there are lots of things a person could do when he grows up. F'r instance——"

"F'r instance?" asked Timmy.

"Well, a person with an unusual snake like this could be . . . well, a snake charmer, f'r instance."

"You mean, like in a circus?"

Hank nodded wisely. "And you know what else? A person with a snake like this could even join the—The Royal Order of Snake Charmers!"

"No kidding?" said Timmy. Then he added, "What's that?"

Hank looked scornful. "It's only the most important Order of Snake Charmers in the world, that's all!"

Timmy was quiet for a moment. "Where do you get snakes like that?" he asked.

"Oh, they're hard to get, I admit. Of course, *I* could always get another one, but for you, it's pretty hopeless. Unless . . ."

Hank stopped as if an idea had suddenly struck him.

"Unless what?" Timmy asked.

"Unless I let you have Puffy," Hank said, watching Timmy's face.

"Would you, Hank? Would you really?"

Hank looked very serious. Then he clapped Timmy on the back and said heartily, "All right, Timmy, I'll let you have my snake!"

Timmy could hardly catch his breath. "Oh, boy! Thanks, Hank! Thanks a lot!"

"I'll lend you the cage, too," said Hank generously. "Till you can get another one. Better get him home now, Timmy, in time for his afternoon nap."

Still looking a little dazed, Timmy took off with his new snake.

Hank was very pleased with himself. He whistled all the way home.

Twenty minutes after he got home his doorbell rang. There on the doorstep was Timmy Watts, with Puffy.

"Here, Hank," said Timmy, holding up the cage.

"What's the matter?" asked Hank. "Don't you care about the Royal Order——"

"My mother said *No.*"

"Didn't you explain about——"

"She said ABSOLUTELY No. She said lots more, too. She said you——"

"Never mind," said Hank quickly, and he took back the cage.

"Oh, Puffy," Hank whispered to his snake. "I'm really glad you're back." But he wondered what his mother was going to say. School began on Monday—and Puffy was still around.

The Fourth Grade Gets a Job

"Say, Hank," Marty Miller asked as they waited for the green light, "what did you do about Puffy?"

"Nothing," Hank said gloomily. "Nothing yet, I mean."

It was Monday morning, and they were both walking to school. Marty was in the fourth grade, too.

Hank was glad Marty had called for him. Especially on this first day of school.

"Hey, look at those peanuts in the third grade!" Marty said as they walked into the big schoolyard.

Hank suddenly felt quite tall as he looked over at the third grade line.

"There's Stuey Wilson!" Marty cried. "And Freddie! And Sam!"

"Hi, Stu! Hi, Freddie!" Hank yelled. "Hey, Sam, here we are!" He greeted them happily like long-lost friends. It didn't matter that he had seen them only the day before.

Everybody on the fourth grade line seemed to be talking at once. "I bet we get to run the school post office," said Marty. "That's what the fourth grade did last year."

"Post office!" said Stuey Wilson scornfully. "I'd rather have charge of the milk and cookies!"

"Milk and cookies!" Betsy Baker tossed her head. "The fourth grade always gets an *important* job."

Just then the bell rang. The lines in the yard started to move as the children began marching to their rooms.

The fourth grade was in Room Six.

"Good morning," said Miss Tucker pleasantly.

Hank stole a look at her. She was smiling. But that didn't mean anything, thought Hank. Not with a teacher.

Miss Tucker told the class where their seats were. Then she began to give out the books.

When all the books had been given out, Miss Tucker sat down at her desk and began to talk about what she had done during her vacation.

"I was on a real ranch this summer," she told the

class. "I saw cowboys at work, and I learned to ride a horse." She laughed. "Not a bucking bronco, you may be sure. I was just a dude. I'd like to know what all of you did this summer."

Hank closed his eyes and tried to think of Miss Tucker on a real horse. He shook his head. A *teacher* on a horse! He just couldn't imagine it.

He heard some of the other children telling about their vacations. But he didn't really listen. Hank was thinking about Beaver Lake Camp, and the day he got Puffy. . . .

The teacher's voice broke in on Hank's thoughts. "Mrs. West, our principal, wants us to do a very special job this year," Miss Tucker was saying. "She wants us to take full charge of the Science Room. That means we would take care of it for the whole school."

Buddy Fisher waved his hand in the air. "I have some swell rocks I could bring," he said.

"Good!" said Miss Tucker. "We could start a rock collection."

Hands began to go up all over the room.

"I've got some sea shells I found this summer."

"I've got a magnet. . . ."

Suddenly Hank's hand shot up, too, almost by itself.

Then Hank heard himself saying in a loud voice, "Miss Tucker, I've got a pet snake."

He waited.

"Really?" said Miss Tucker.

"He's a beautiful snake," Hank went on breathlessly. "He's very, *very* harmless, Miss Tucker. He just looks fierce sometimes because he hisses and puffs up and his name is Puffy. . . ."

"Oh," said Miss Tucker, nodding her head. "You have a hog-nosed snake. They're very interesting snakes, aren't they?"

Hank could hardly believe it—Miss Tucker knew about hog-nosed snakes!

"Can I bring him, Miss Tucker? Can I bring him for the Science Room?"

"Well," said Miss Tucker, slowly, "keeping a snake in school wouldn't be easy."

"I have a good cage," Hank went on eagerly. "My counselor at camp helped me make it. It's got a sliding glass front and—and—everything. . . ."

"What about cleaning up after him?" Miss Tucker asked.

"I put newspapers in the cage," Hank said quickly. "That makes it easy to clean up."

Everyone in the class was listening now.

"Then there's the problem of feeding him," said Miss Tucker. "Hog-nosed snakes eat toads, don't they?"

"Oh!" The gasp came from Betsy.

"Shhhhh!" The shushing came from Marty.

"Puffy eats meat now," Hank said proudly. "I trained him this summer. I put a strip of meat on a stick, and wiggle it. And he takes it every time."

"Would you be willing to take charge of your snake?" asked Miss Tucker.

"Oh, yes!" Hank drew in his breath. "Oh, yes, I would!"

Miss Tucker smiled. "Well, then," she said, "I don't see why we can't invite Puffy to our Science Room. Or at least give him a try."

Slowly Hank sank into his seat. Miss Tucker was super. Miss Tucker was the best teacher he'd ever had in his whole life.

Puffy seemed to like his new home in the Science Room at school. But one day he got out of his cage. Where was Puffy? *The Snake That Went to School,* by Lilian Moore (Random House, 1957), will keep you guessing about where Puffy was until the last page of the book.

You may also want to read:

Crictor
by Tomi Ungerer (Harper & Row, 1958)

Schoolroom Zoo
by Catherine Woolley (William Morrow, 1950)

Pet of the Met
by Lydia and Don Freeman (Viking Press, 1953)

In Woods and Fields
by Margaret Waring Buck (Abingdon Press, 1950)

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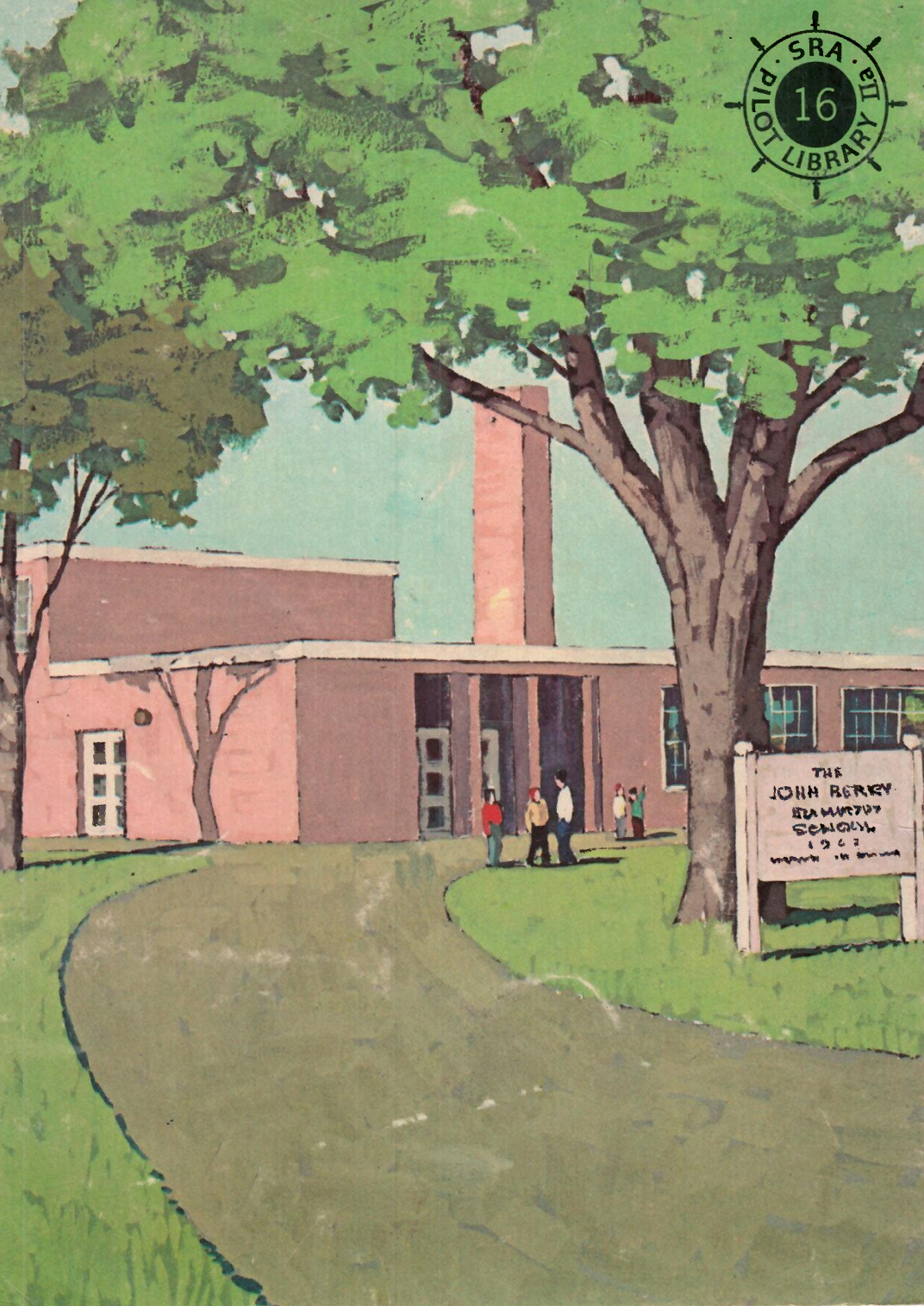
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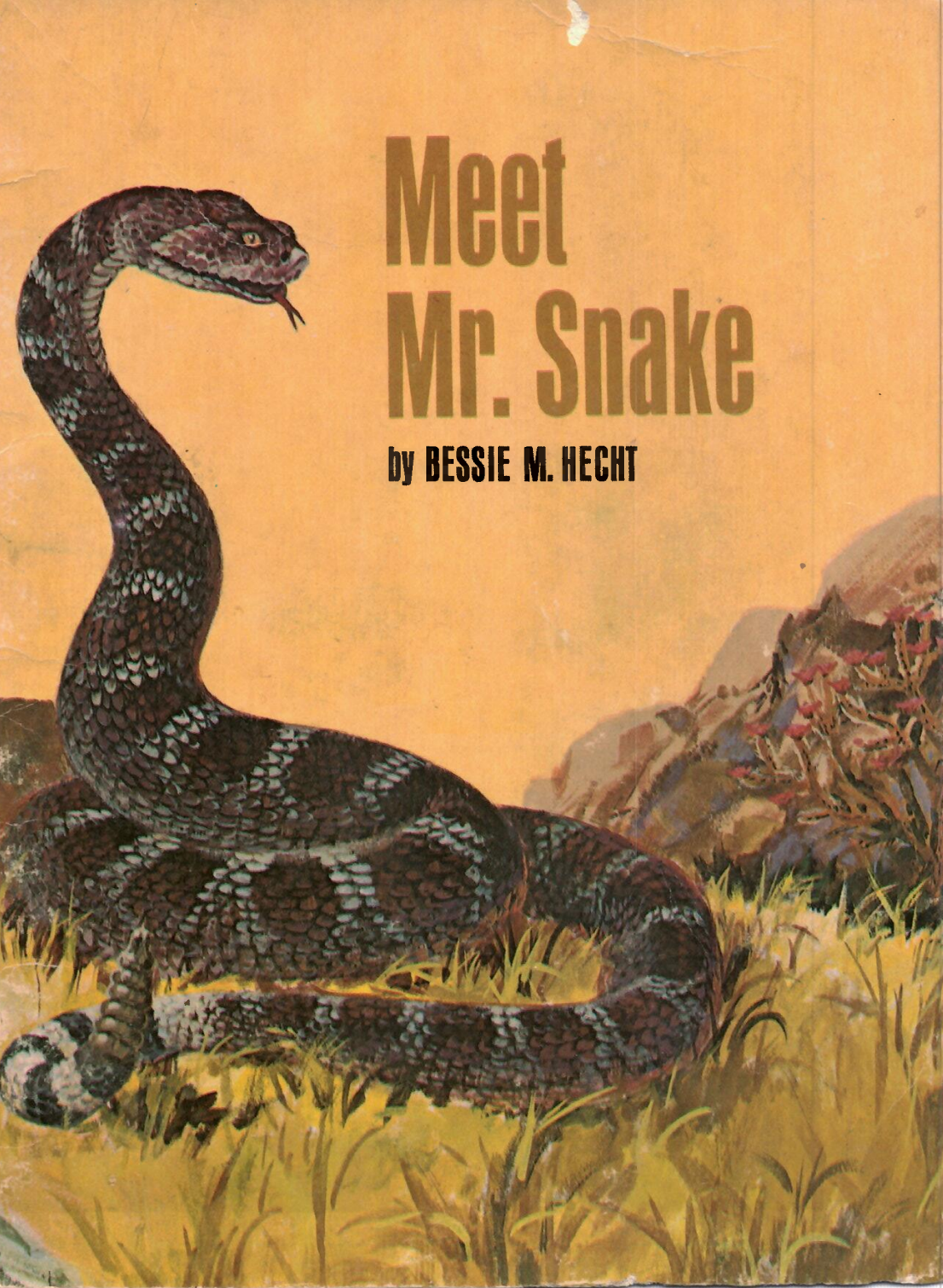
Meet Mr. Snake

by BESSIE M. HECHT



MEET MR. SNAKE

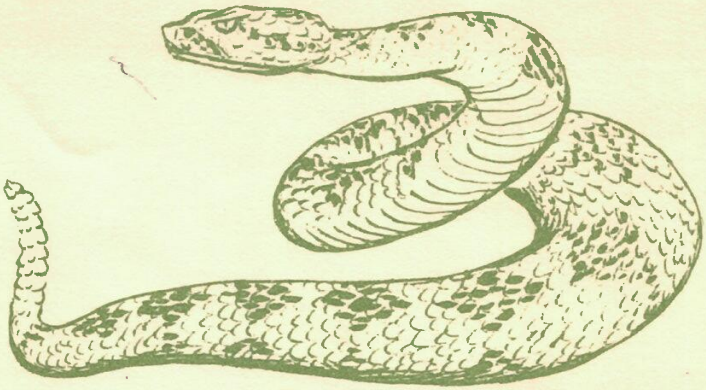
by Bessie M. Hecht

Are you afraid of snakes? Many people are. They do not know that most snakes are harmless, and that some are very useful.

The dinosaurs that ruled the earth millions of years ago were related to snakes. They had legs and were much larger than the snakes we know today. In this story you will meet some of the modern cousins of these dinosaurs, from garter snakes to king cobras.

Come along and meet Mr. Snake. He is an odd fellow who smells with his tongue and hears with his stomach. He will be glad to meet you.

Meet Mr. Snake



Meet Mr. Snake

BY BESSIE M. HECHT

ILLUSTRATED BY DON LUPO

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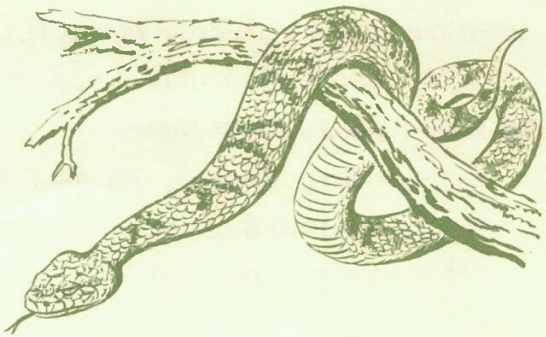


1

Getting Acquainted

Rare indeed is the person who doesn't jump when he comes suddenly upon a snake. And is it surprising? Snakes are among the world's strangest animals. They have no limbs. They have no familiar fur or feathers. And for thousands of years they have been stamped with an evil reputation.

It is one they really don't deserve. Of course, some snakes are dangerous and have to be looked out for. But most snakes are harmless, while a great many are even useful to man. The fact that snakes live for the

most part a secret, hidden life works against them. People don't understand snakes and so have built up a lot of false notions about them.

Being a herpetologist, that is, a person who studies snakes, I run into those notions every day.

"How can you pet that slimy snake?" a visitor asks me.

"Slimy?" I say. "Just pass your hand over this one."

She gathers her courage and gingerly strokes the snake. A surprised look comes to her face. The feel is delightful. It is like fine leather. The snake isn't slimy at all.

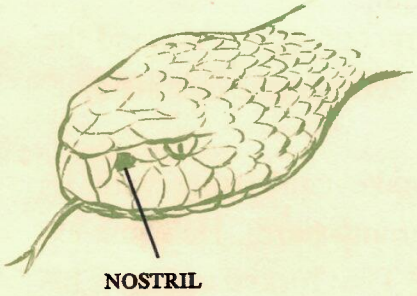
At this moment my pet darts out its tongue, and the woman springs back in panic. "He's trying to sting me!" she cries.

"Nonsense!" I say. "A snake can't sting with its tongue. He doesn't mean you any harm. He's just exploring the world around him. That forked tongue is his feeler. Watch how he flicks it in and out of his mouth. He is picking up odors. He places the tip of the tongue in the roof of his mouth. There is a little pocket there with a lot of nerve endings that actually do the work of smelling. A snake doesn't have any nose in the usual sense, you know. It has nostrils—those two little holes

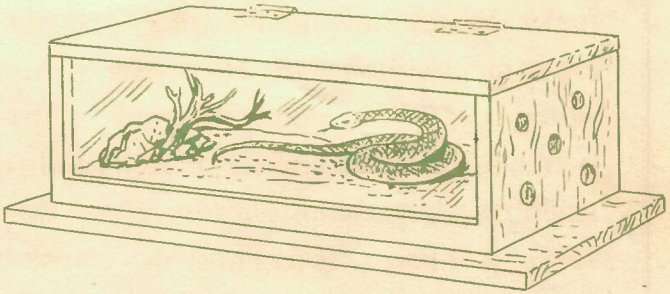
you see on either side between the tip of the snout and the eye. But it uses its nostrils only for breathing. All the smelling is done from tongue to mouth."

My visitor is somewhat reassured. "You say he doesn't mean any harm," she says. "But he looks as if he did—the way he's staring at me."

"How can he help staring?" I answer. "He hasn't any eyelids. See. There are just these transparent shields over his eyes—like a pair of glasses. His eyes are always open. Even when he sleeps his eyes are open."



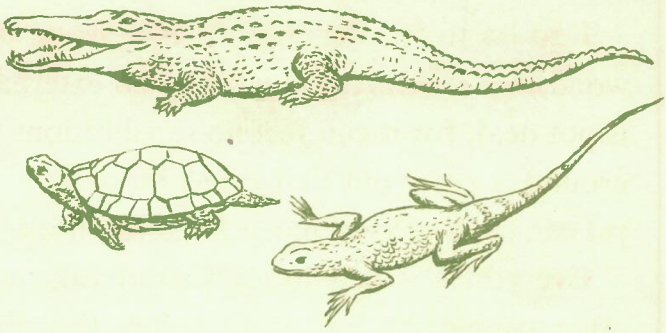
A snake uses its forked tongue to pick up odors. The nostrils are for breathing only. Because it has no eyelids, a snake's eyes are always open, even when sleeping.



I go on to tell her that a snake is an exceptionally wonderful creature. I say it has no external ear, yet it is not deaf, for it can feel noise vibrations through the ground. I point out that it has no paws to grasp with, yet can capture prey much larger than itself.

Everything is new to my visitor. Like a great many other people she has never before thought of snakes except as something to keep away from. She feels more kindly toward them now, she says. "I'm not going to jump the next time I meet a snake," she tells me.

But I am skeptical—I know prejudice is hard to overcome. The chances are she'll jump.

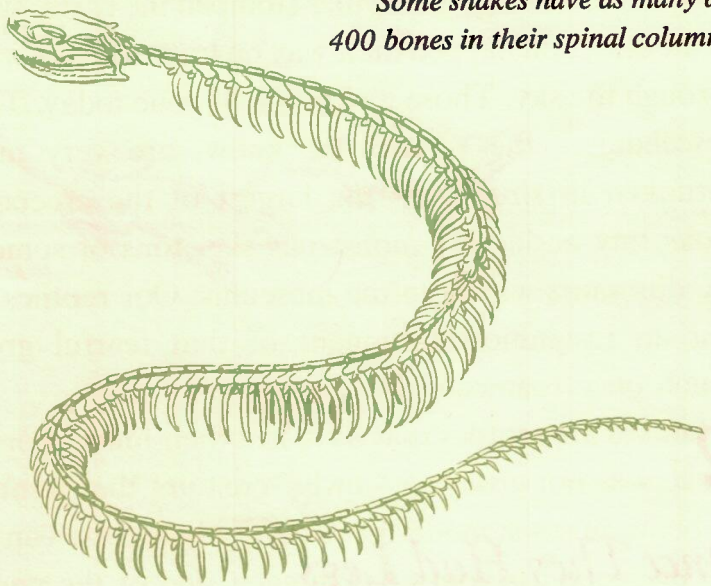


2

Once They Had Legs

Just what is this strange, mysterious creature against which man has warred so long? It looks very much like a big worm as it goes crawling along. Are the two related?

Not by any means. There is a world of difference between snakes and worms. Worms haven't any backbone, while snakes most certainly have. Indeed, instead of having only twenty-six little bones in their spinal column as we do, some snakes have as many as four hundred. A snake's skeleton resembles a very long train



Some snakes have as many as 400 bones in their spinal column.

of cars, with ribs or modified ribs attached to all but the first two.

The snake's nearest relatives are not worms but crocodiles, alligators, lizards, turtles, and the strange creature called *tuatara* that lives only on a few small islands off New Zealand. All these animals, together with snakes, make up the class we call reptiles. It is a big class, but it isn't nearly so big as it once was.

There was a time long ago when the world was filled with reptiles. That was in the days when dinosaurs

flourished. Then giant reptiles stomped the earth, swam in the seas, and flapped their way on huge, batlike wings through the sky. Those giants are all gone today. Their descendants, the reptiles we know, are very much shrunken in size. Even the largest of the crocodiles looks tiny beside the monstrous skeletons of some of the dinosaurs we see in the museums. Our reptiles are just an insignificant remnant of that fearful group which once roamed the earth.

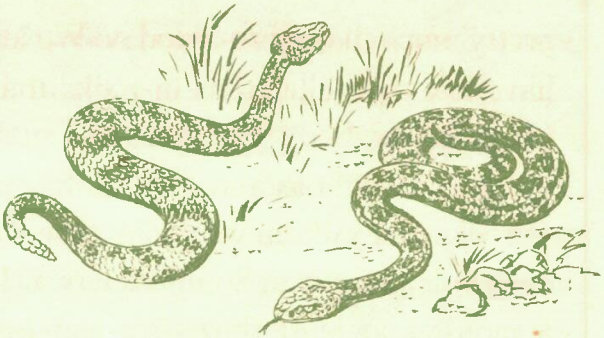
Snakes are reptiles that have lost their limbs. For the snake was not always a "lowly" creature that went on its belly. In some modern boas or pythons, you can see the evidence for yourself. On each side of the underbelly, just in front of the tail, you can see two small bony structures. These spurs are all that is left on the outside of the snake's body of what once were legs. Apparently as snakes became more specialized in their habits, they found they needed legs less and less. So with each generation the legs grew smaller. Finally they disappeared. Now snakes don't even have the spurs except in a few cases.

Exactly how long ago the limbs disappeared is uncertain. But it must have happened a very long time ago. For even tens of millions of years ago snakes were

pretty much like those of today. We know because they have left their skeletons in rocks that are millions of years old.

Huge fossil boas and pythons have been dug up out of rocks fifty million years old. One was found in hardened volcanic ash in South America. It must have been a monster at least thirty-five feet long. Another was found in rocks of the same age in Egypt. This creature was even longer—fifty feet.

Yes, even as far back as 125 million years ago snakes had already lost their legs. For one fossil snake that was dug up in Europe came out of rocks of that age. But whenever it happened, one thing is sure—snakes get along as well without legs as many creatures with them. Snakes can crawl. Snakes can swim. Snakes can climb. Some can even glide through the air. Whatever we may think, it is no punishment to them to crawl about on their bellies.



3

Close-up View

"But what about a snake's insides?" you say. "A snake looks as if it is all tail. Does it have a heart and stomach and other organs?"

A snake does look as if it is all head and tail. But, of course, this isn't so. To know where the tail begins you have to look at the underside. Somewhere in the last half of the snake you will see a sharp difference in the arrangement of the scales. There will be a place where a series of smaller scales begins. That place marks the end of the body and the beginning of the tail. There

you will see a sharply rounded scale, the anal plate, and right there you will find an opening in the body.

It is in the body part that the snake's organs are tucked away, and they are about the same as those we have. The snake has a heart, stomach, kidneys, liver, intestines, and—usually—just one lung. Because the snake is long and narrow, its organs are also long and narrow. And the arrangement is curious for the same reason. The parts that come in pairs, like the kidneys, don't lie side by side the way ours do. Instead they are placed one in front of the other on each side of the body. The brain, of course, is in the head. It's not a very big brain. Snakes are not intelligent in the way cats and dogs are.

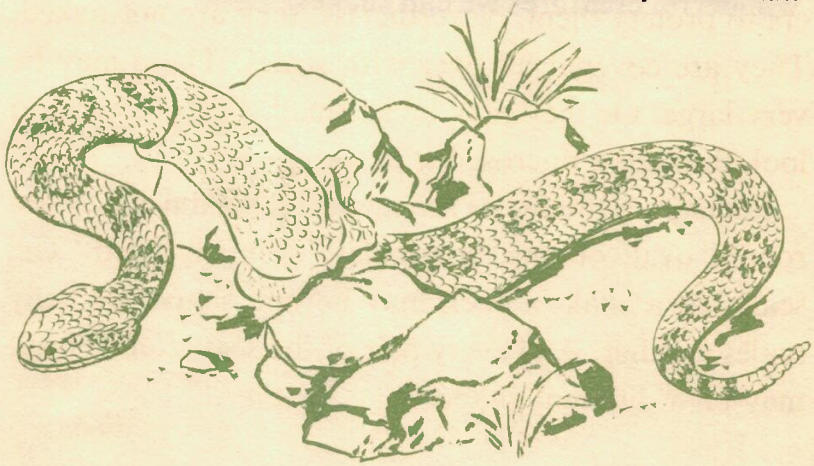
Like other reptiles, snakes have neither fur nor feathers to protect them. Nevertheless, they are not naked. They are covered all over with scales. These may be very large. Or they may be so small that you have to look through a microscope to see them.

Sometimes the scales are square. Sometimes they are round, oval, oblong, triangular, or many-sided. The scales of a snake's back may be one shape, its belly scales another. And every pair of the scales on its head may be a different shape.

The scales are all tough and rigid. You would think such a coat was protection enough. But no. Over its scaly covering every snake wears a thin outer skin, which seems to be very important to him. Anyway, he changes it quite often. For as the snake grows, the skin gets too tight for him. Snakes keep on growing all their lives and have to have a new coat every few weeks or months. But young snakes—because they grow faster —shed their skins more often than old snakes.

It is quite a sight to see a snake shedding his old skin. The creature does it so cleverly and neatly. First he rubs his snout on a rough surface—a rock perhaps. This

A snake sheds its old skin by rubbing against a rock. This makes the skin peel back. The snake then moves forward and crawls out of its old skin.



makes the skin around the top of the jaws come loose. The snake keeps rubbing and pushing against the rock, and the skin starts to peel backward. As this is happening, he moves forward and crawls right out of the old skin. He is sleek and shiny now. His color pattern looks brand-new. He looks as if he had just taken a bath.

As for the skin which now lies inside out—generally in one piece—on the ground, that is a treasure for you to pick up and carry home. A snake skin is so delicate! It is as thin as tissue paper. Yet look at the skin closely and you will see the imprints of all the snake's scales. A snake expert could tell from the arrangement of the scales what kind of snake wore that coat. But possibly he would have to consult his books. For there are in the world nearly three thousand kinds of the strange and wonderful creatures we call snakes.

4

Danger

It was time to feed the baby rattlesnake. He was one of four timber rattlers born in the laboratory, and he ate readily every time I fed him. I dropped a mouse into the cage. At once the little snake started to rattle, and like a flash he struck. The mouse took a few steps, then fell over on his side. In a few minutes he was dead.

What did the venom do to make the little mouse die so quickly? And does the venom of all snakes act the same way?

Different venoms affect animals differently. One

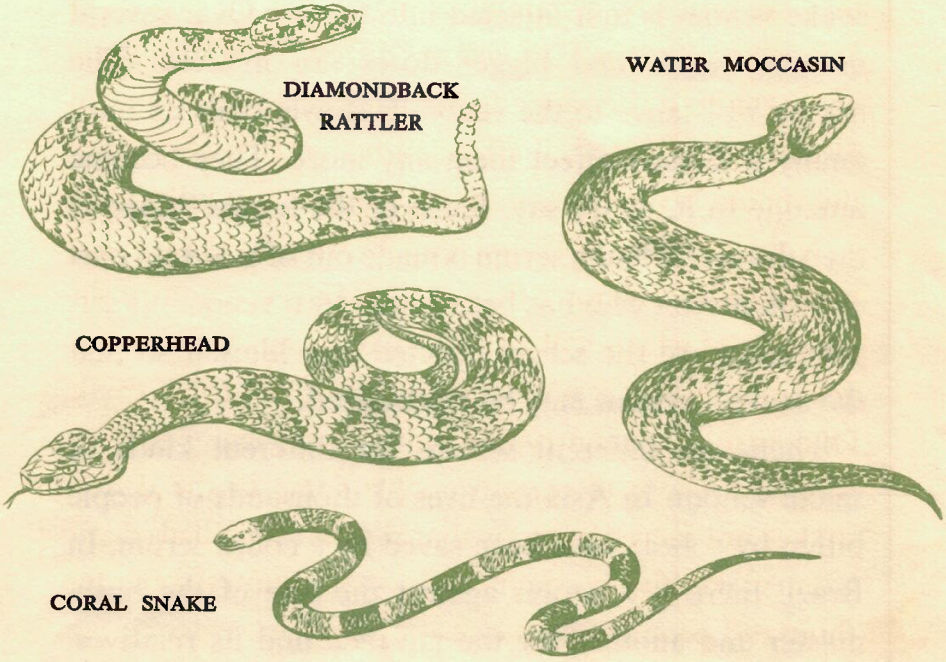
venom may destroy the blood corpuscles and the small blood vessels so that the creature bleeds to death inside. That's what happened to the little mouse. Another venom may affect the nervous system, quickly destroying the parts of the brain that control breathing. With such venoms death is generally even faster. Or the venom may affect both the blood *and* the nervous system, which is what most snake venoms do.

Human beings are, of course, affected the same way as animals, but luckily people don't always die when they are bitten by a venomous snake. For the power, or as we say the *potency,* of venoms differs. And an amount of venom that is enough to kill a small animal is generally not enough to kill a human being. It is only when the venom is very potent that snake bite can kill a man.

Now, we have to admit that in the world there are many snakes that have that potent kind of venom, a single drop of which will kill a human being. Yet the danger from snakes is not nearly so great as people think. Of course, in a country like India, where many go barefoot and where to certain people some of the deadly snakes are sacred animals that mustn't be killed, death from snake bite is common. In that country some ten thousand people may die of it every year.

But in the United States we wear shoes, so snake bite isn't common at all. And extremely few people die even when they are bitten. Except for the coral snake, which is small and secretive and so isn't very troublesome anyway, our venomous serpents—rattlesnakes, moccasins, and copperheads—don't have the most potent kind of venom. Our most dangerous snake is the western diamondback rattlesnake because its venom, while not

POISONOUS SNAKES IN THE U.S.



the worst there is, is quite potent. But rattlesnakes fortunately give a warning rattle; so often there is time to get out of the way. Many more people in this country are bitten by copperheads than by any other venomous snake, and the bite of a copperhead is very seldom fatal.

Today there aren't nearly so many deaths from snake bite the world over as there were just a few years ago. For now we have a remedy against snake bite. Serum has been developed to counteract snake venom.

To make this lifesaving serum, a small amount of snake venom is first injected into horses. Over several months bigger and bigger doses are injected. The horses' resistance to the venom is slowly built up until finally it doesn't affect them any more. They become immune to it, as we say. Some of the horses' blood is then drawn off and a serum is made out of a certain part of it. A person who has been bitten by a venomous serpent can have the serum injected into himself so that the snake's venom may be neutralized.

There are different serums for different kinds of snake venom. In Asia the lives of thousands of people bitten by cobras have been saved by a cobra serum. In Brazil there is a serum against the bite of the bushmaster and another for the jararaca and its relatives.

Still others are for the tropical rattlesnake and the coral snake. Because of all these remedies, death from snake bite in Brazil has been cut by more than half.

In our country we have never had more than about one hundred deaths a year. And since anti-venomous serum was developed, we have no more than ten to twenty deaths a year. The serum we use is not for any one kind of venom. Our serum is a combination against the poisons of rattlesnakes, the copperhead, and the water moccasin. A person bitten by a coral snake will not be helped by this serum.

You might ask how we get the snake venom in the first place when we want to make serum. We get it by "milking" snakes.

I myself once helped "milk" some moccasins. We picked the snakes up carefully behind the head and forced open the mouth. Then we held the upper jaw directly over a cup which was covered by a tightly stretched piece of cloth. The snake bit into the cloth and the venom ran down into the cup. We squeezed the poison glands while "milking" so as to get as much venom as possible out of each snake.

The venom itself looks perfectly harmless—you would never suspect it to be so dangerous. It is just a

A snake is "milked" of its venom.

clear, thick, whitish or yellowish liquid. It spoils easily, but when dried it forms into a crystal-like solid that remains potent for years.

What should you do to prevent being bitten by a venomous snake? And what should you do if you do get bitten?

In the first place, you should learn what kinds of snakes there are in your particular region and whether any of them are venomous. Then you should find out what the venomous kinds look like. There is no one way to tell a venomous snake from harmless ones, though

some people think there is. "Look at the head," they will tell you. "If it is triangular, the snake is poisonous." That isn't true. Some venomous snakes do have triangular heads, but many do not. The best way to get acquainted with the venomous snakes in your region is to visit the nearest zoo or museum—and at the same time you can learn to recognize the harmless kinds, too.

Then, when you go out into places where you may come across a venomous snake, wear heavy shoes, or preferably boots. And if you are hiking in rocky places, watch where you put your unprotected hands. It is a good idea, too, to carry a first aid snake bite outfit in your pocket.

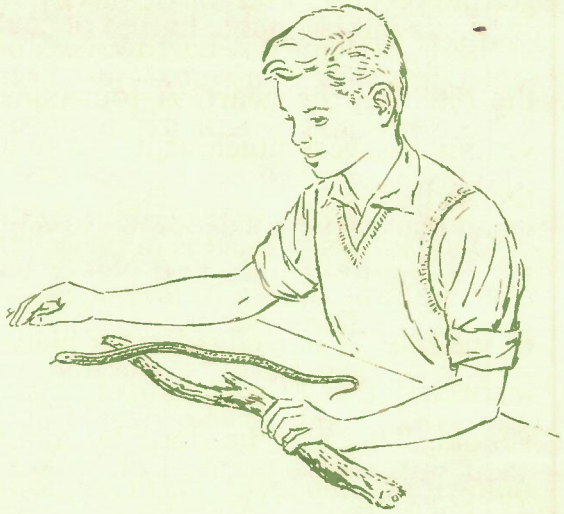
If you are bitten—which is very unlikely provided you are careful—don't get panicky. In the first place, it may not have been a venomous snake that bit you. If nothing happens within ten minutes of the bite, you can be sure the snake was harmless.

A bite from a venomous serpent takes effect quickly. In a few minutes there is a burning pain and soon there is a distinct swelling. However, even if you are sure it was a venomous snake that bit you, you don't have to get panicky. Start working on the bite.

The first thing to do is to prevent the venom from

getting very far. You can do this by making a tourniquet —this is, by tying any narrow, flexible material between the bite and the heart. A tourniquet will prevent the venom—or very much of it—from going to the rest of the body.

Once the tourniquet is in place, cuts should be made over the fang marks to let out the venom at the place of the bite. A one-edged razor blade is the best instrument for this. Then someone should suck out the venom. This may be done by mouth, but the person doing it *must have no cuts in his mouth*. For venom does no harm if it is swallowed; it has harmful effects only when it gets into the bloodstream directly through a cut. Or the venom may be drawn out by applying a suction cup that comes with a first aid snake bite outfit. Meantime a doctor should be urgently sent for. He will continue the suction and will give you other treatment—such as anti-venomous serum—as it is needed.



5

Your Snake Pet

"So," you may ask, "if snakes are dangerous, why shouldn't man kill snakes? What's the good of a snake?"

Now, we have said a lot of hard things about snakes. We have pointed out that many are dangerous and that man must beware of them. But we have also said that most of the world's snakes are harmless. One herpetologist estimated that only one in twelve snakes need be greatly feared. Why should we kill harmless kinds just because we fear dangerous ones?

Man's unreasonable hatred of snakes is such that he will kill a snake on sight—just because it is a snake. "There's a snake! Kill it!" is most people's attitude. Many will even go out of their way to kill one. Often when I have found a dead snake on the highway, I could tell by the tire tracks that people had crossed over on purpose to drive over the snake.

It is this senseless attitude that herpetologists would like to see changed. They would like people to get over their unreasoning hatred of snakes, most of which—especially in this country—are harmless and many of which are useful to man.

Their greatest usefulness lies in the fact that lots of them eat rats, mice, gophers, and other rodents. These animals are very destructive to certain of our food crops —particularly grain crops—and snakes that eat them should be encouraged, not stamped out. A rodent-eating snake means so many dollars and cents to the farmer. Some of our farmers are beginning to realize this, and instead of killing bull snakes are introducing them on their acres.

In countries where that dread disease bubonic plague is a frequent occurrence, even dangerous snakes may be protected if they eat rats; for rats are the spreaders

of this disease—their fleas are the carriers of the Black Death which once killed off a quarter of England's population.

Snakes are useful to man in other ways. In some parts of the world they supply food. We ourselves are not a snake-eating people, but even we are making discoveries in this line—rattlesnake meat is being canned as a great delicacy. Snake skins, however, have more value for us and for the rest of the world. In the making of shoes, handbags, billfolds, and so on, many thousands of dollars' worth of snake skins are used.

In recent years science has made an exciting discovery that puts even some dangerous snakes on the useful list. Doctors have learned that venom can heal as well as kill. The poison of several venomous snakes is being successfully used as medicine.

The fact that a creature has no legs, no fur, no feathers is no reason to kill it. And I am glad to say that more and more people are coming around to this point of view. They are getting over an age-old prejudice. They are even discovering that some snakes make delightful pets.

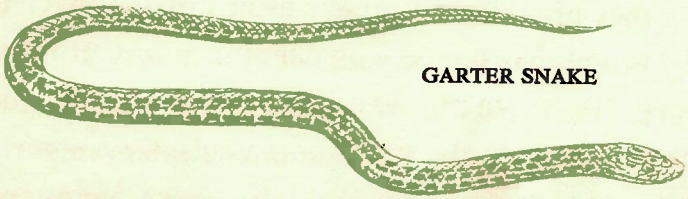
Not all the harmless snakes make equally good pets, of course. You would not want to get a burrower, for

instance—he would burrow out of sight and you would not see him except at night. Nor would you want a snake that eats things you would find hard to supply. The common hog-nosed snake doesn't ask for much—he prefers toads. They seem like an easy thing to get, and so they are, but not in all seasons of the year. The pygmy boa might tempt you, for it is a very attractive creature. But it eats lizards that will be hard to get if you live in the North. Some animal dealers might get you excited about a boa, which also makes an interesting pet. But boas require living mice and rats.

The common garter snake is an ideal snake to keep. It isn't fussy about food. It will eat either soft grubs, or earthworms, or frogs, or salamanders. A diet like that is easy to supply. In fact, the garter snake's food can be still less of a problem if you mix chopped meat with its earthworms. Gradually you can reduce the amount of earthworms until the snake will eat chopped meat whenever it is offered.

Many other native snakes will do just as well in captivity as the garter snake. The yellow chicken snake and its cousin the pilot black snake make excellent pets. They will feed readily on mice and may eat them even if the mice aren't alive. It is often better to feed such

HOGNOSE SNAKE



GARTER SNAKE

PILOT BLACK SNAKE

SNAKES THAT MAKE GOOD PETS

snakes on laboratory-raised animals, because there is less chance of parasites and diseases. These two snakes are also favorite pets because many of them will feed on eggs. The larger specimens often take small chicken eggs.

Proper housing for your pet snake is not hard to provide. A small cage is fine for most species. But make

sure your box is escape-proof because snakes are experts at getting out of the best of cages. The smallest crack into which a head can be wedged is all a snake needs to escape. However, in building your cage, take care to leave a few *small* cracks or crevices so that you can thoroughly drain the cage after it has been cleaned and washed. Most snake owners put a screen front on the cage. A screen provides good ventilation and makes it easy to observe the pet. But if you have a screen, be sure to use wire which has no sharp edges. Many snakes while exploring their quarters rub their noses against the screen and injure their scales. This leaves places open to infection. In fact, it is probably better to use a glass front, particularly if the glass can be made to slide up and down.

A thing you must give thought to is temperature. If you keep your snake at a temperature under 70 degrees Fahrenheit, it will become inactive, will not feed, and will soon waste away. A temperature between 75 and 80 degrees will be just right. You must also remember that a snake needs a little water to drink. A small shallow dish placed inside the cage will supply all the drinking water the snake needs. As for feeding, a good meal two to four times a month is enough.

After a few feedings, most snakes will show signs of shedding. Usually a milky color will appear on the scale covering the eye. The skin all over the snake will also become much duller. You may find your pet irritable at this time. After a few days, the milky appearance of the eyes will disappear and the skin will become clear again. At this point the snake is ready for shedding. Usually he needs more moist conditions at this time. Some snakes will sit in a bowl of water. Others will prefer a wet cloth sack. You should provide one or the other and also a stone or some rough object for him to rub his snout against so that he can loosen the skin around it.

Most snakes are secretive creatures. They fear sudden motions and like to hide beneath or behind objects. Many snake keepers have noted that a snake lives longer if it can find a hiding place. You can easily provide one. All you need to do is place a small cardboard box in the cage. Put the box in the cage open side down and cut a small notch in its walls so that the snake can crawl in.

I must warn you about one thing—parasites that suck the snake's blood and spread infectious disease. The parasites are called mites. Many of the snakes

recently captured in the wild are infested with them, and your snake may have them, too. Mites are very tiny, only about a fiftieth of an inch long. Look for them along the edges of the scales, for that is where they hide. In order to get rid of these pests, it may be necessary to wash the snake in a mild insecticide and to keep the body under water so as to drown the mites. It is important also to clean and disinfect the cage thoroughly.

Mites are about the only trouble you are likely to have with your snake, and these are no worse than the fleas your dog or cat is apt to have. On the whole you will find your pet snake very easy to care for—much easier than a mammal or a bird. Your snake will not have to be fed or watered every day. You won't have to bathe it. It will not get lonesome. You will be able to go away for a week or more at a time and come back to find your pet as well and contented as ever. A snake will make a clean, graceful, interesting pet that will give you little trouble and much pleasure for many years.

How does a snake catch his dinner? Can a snake swallow a goat? Do snakes fight each other? How does a pit viper differ from a boa constrictor?

Bessie M. Hecht, who has worked in a zoo and taken care of snakes for many years, answers these and many more questions in her book *All About Snakes* (Random House, 1956).

You may also want to read:

Slim Green
by Louise and Norman Harris (Little, Brown, 1955)

The First Book of Snakes
by John Hoke (Franklin Watts, 1952)

Buzztail: The Story of a Rattlesnake
by Robert McClung (William Morrow, 1958)

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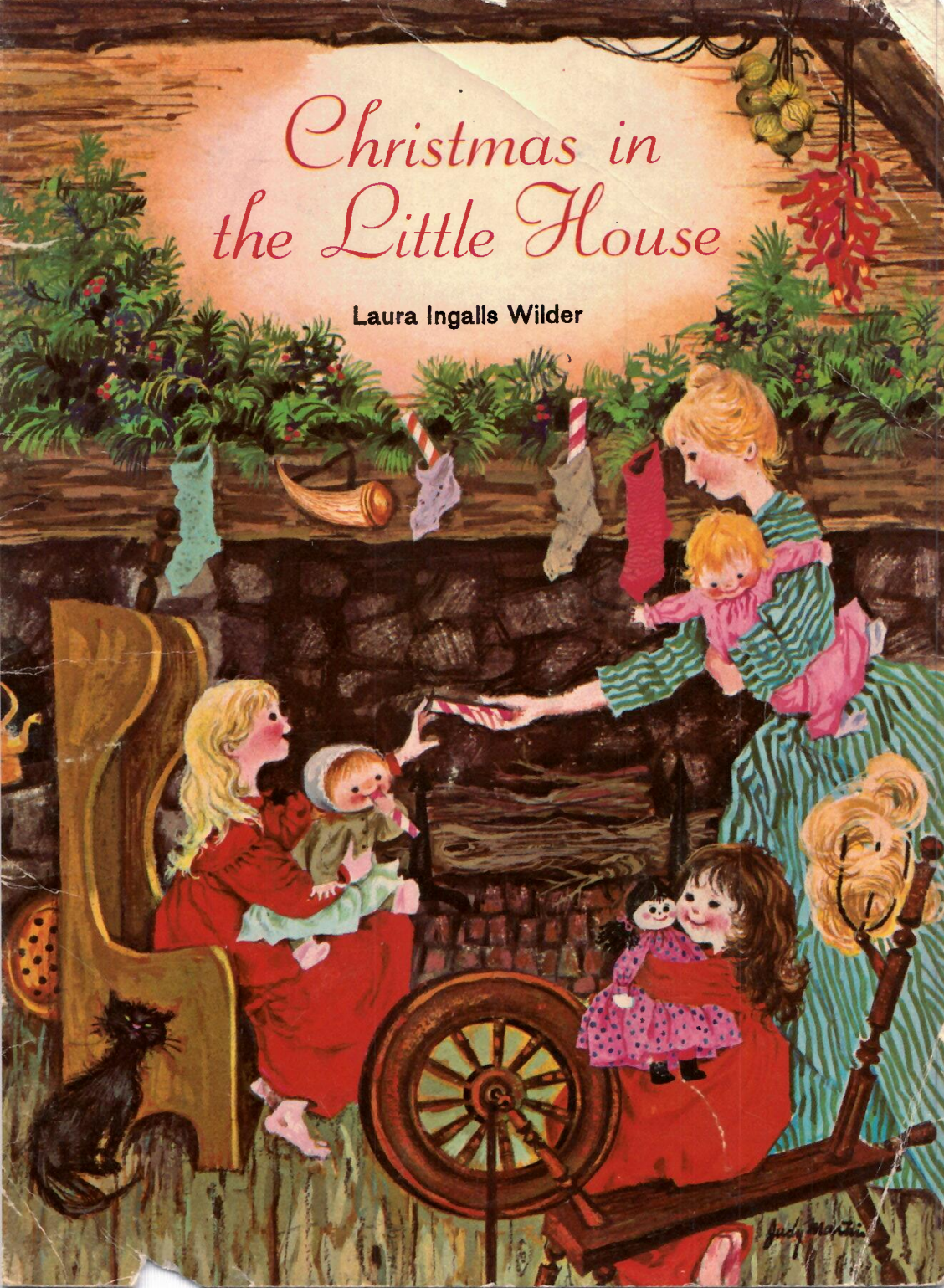

Christmas in the Little House
Laura Ingalls Wilder
Jody Martin

CHRISTMAS IN THE LITTLE HOUSE

by Laura Ingalls Wilder

Laura liked living in the little house in the big woods with her mother and father and sisters. There were always things to do and see.

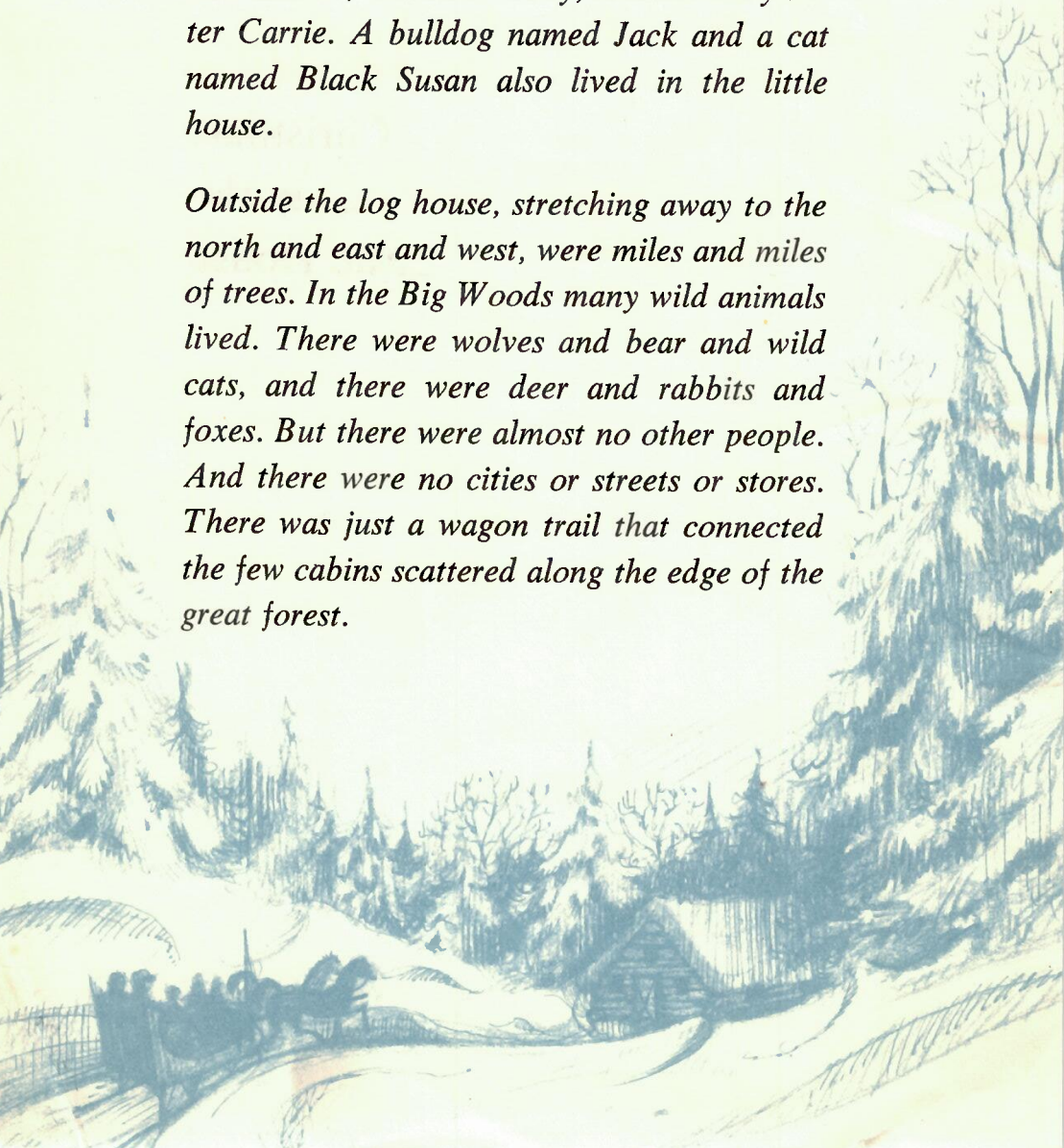
But there were no other houses. There were no streets or stores. There were no other people. There were only the trees and animals of the big woods.

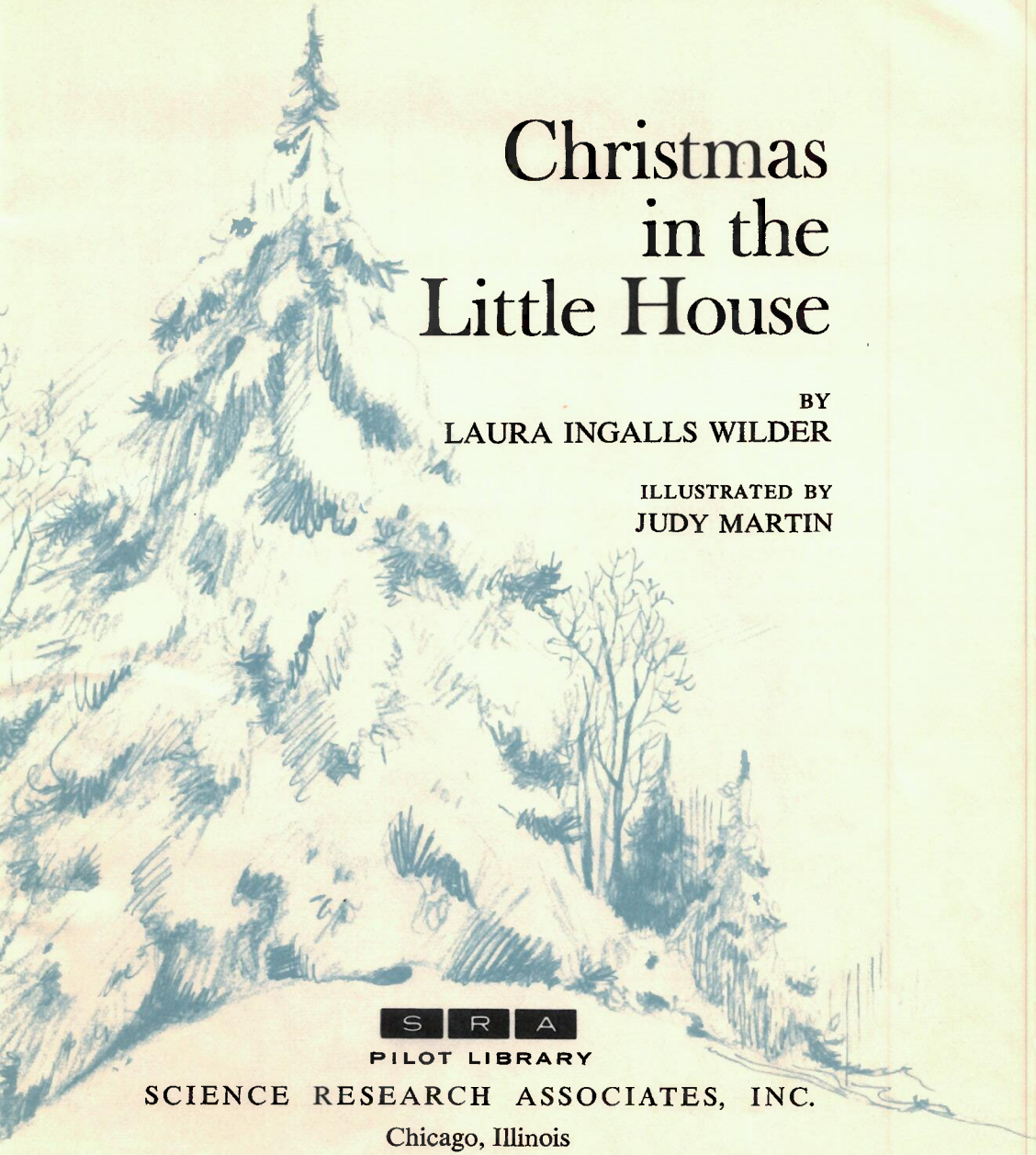
That's why Christmas was the best time of the year in the little house. For that's when Laura's aunt and uncle and the cousins came to visit.

Christmas in the Little House

Many years ago, a little girl named Laura lived in a little log house on the edge of a great forest in Wisconsin. She lived with her father and mother, her sister Mary, and her baby sister Carrie. A bulldog named Jack and a cat named Black Susan also lived in the little house.

Outside the log house, stretching away to the north and east and west, were miles and miles of trees. In the Big Woods many wild animals lived. There were wolves and bear and wild cats, and there were deer and rabbits and foxes. But there were almost no other people. And there were no cities or streets or stores. There was just a wagon trail that connected the few cabins scattered along the edge of the great forest.





Christmas in the Little House

BY
LAURA INGALLS WILDER

ILLUSTRATED BY
JUDY MARTIN

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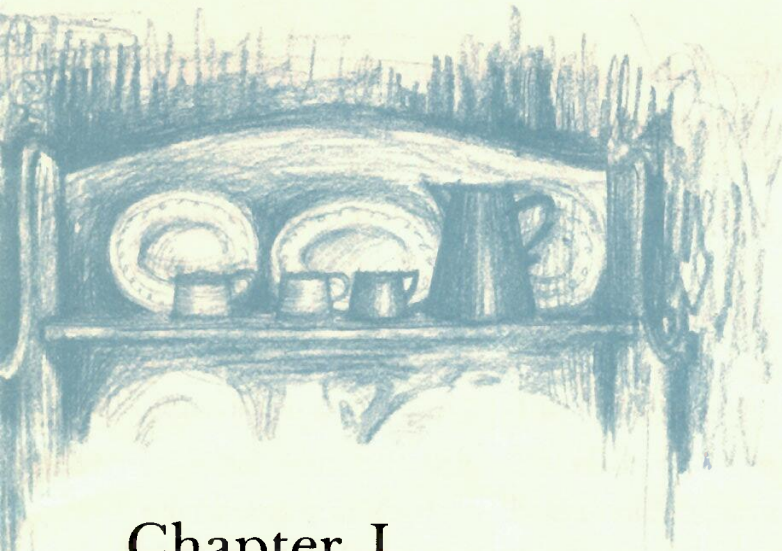

Chapter I

Christmas was coming.

The little log house was almost buried in snow. Great drifts were banked against the walls and windows, and in the morning when Pa opened the door, there was a wall of snow as high as Laura's head. Pa took the shovel and shoveled it away, and then he shoveled a path to the barn, where the horses and the cows were snug and warm in their stalls.

The days were clear and bright. Laura and Mary stood on chairs by the window and looked out across the glittering snow at the glittering trees. Snow was

piled all along their bare, dark branches, and it sparkled in the sunshine. Icicles hung from the eaves of the house to the snowbanks, great icicles as large at the top as Laura's arm. They were like glass and full of sharp lights.

Pa's breath hung in the air like smoke, when he came along the path from the barn. He breathed it out in clouds and it froze in white frost on his mustache and beard. When he came in, stamping the snow from his boots, and caught Laura up in a bear's hug against his cold, big coat, his mustache was beaded with little drops of melting frost.

Every night he was busy, working on a large piece of board and two small pieces. He whittled them with his knife, he rubbed them with sandpaper and with the palm of his hand, until when Laura touched them they felt soft and smooth as silk.

Then with his sharp jackknife he worked at them, cutting the edges of the large one into little peaks and towers, with a large star carved on the very tallest point. He cut little holes through the wood. He cut the holes in shapes of windows, and little stars, and crescent moons, and circles. All around them he carved tiny leaves, and flowers, and birds.

One of the little boards he shaped in a lovely curve, and around its edges he carved leaves and flowers and stars, and through it he cut crescent moons and curlicues.

Around the edges of the smallest board he carved a tiny flowering vine. He made the tiniest shavings, cutting very slowly and carefully, making whatever he thought would be pretty.

At last he had the pieces finished and one night he fitted them together. When this was done, the large piece was a beautifully carved back for a smooth little shelf across its middle. The large star was at the very top of it. The curved piece supported the shelf underneath, and it was carved beautifully, too. And the little vine ran around the edge of the shelf.

Pa had made this bracket for a Christmas present for Ma. He hung it carefully against the log wall between the windows, and Ma stood her little china woman on the shelf.

The little china woman had a china bonnet on her head, and china curls hung against her china neck. Her china dress was laced across in front, and she wore a pale pink china apron and little gilt china shoes. She was beautiful, standing on the shelf with flowers and

leaves and birds and moons carved all around her, and the large star at the very top.

Ma was busy all day long, cooking good things for Christmas. She baked salt-rising bread and rye'n'Injun bread, and Swedish crackers, and a huge pan of baked beans, with salt pork and molasses. She baked vinegar pies and dried-apple pies, and filled a big jar with cookies, and she let Laura and Mary lick the cake spoon.

One morning she boiled molasses and sugar together until they made a thick syrup, and Pa brought in two pans of clean, white snow from outdoors. Laura and Mary each had a pan, and Pa and Ma showed them how to pour the dark syrup in little streams onto the snow.

They made circles, and curlicues, and squiggledy things, and these hardened at once and were candy. Laura and Mary might eat one piece each, but the rest was saved for Christmas Day.

All this was done because Aunt Eliza and Uncle Peter and the cousins, Peter and Alice and Ella, were coming to spend Christmas.

The day before Christmas they came. Laura and Mary heard the gay ringing of sleigh bells, growing louder every moment, and then the big bobsled came

out of the woods and drove up to the gate. Aunt Eliza and Uncle Peter and the cousins were in it, all covered up, under blankets and robes and buffalo skins.

They were wrapped up in so many coats and mufflers and veils and shawls that they looked like big, shapeless bundles.

When they all came in, the little house was full and running over. Black Susan ran out and hid in the barn, but Jack leaped in circles through the snow, barking as though he would never stop. Now there were cousins to play with!

As soon as Aunt Eliza had unwrapped them, Peter and Alice and Ella and Laura and Mary began to run and shout. At last Aunt Eliza told them to be quiet. Then Alice said: "I'll tell you what let's do. Let's make pictures."

Alice said they must go outdoors to do it, and Ma thought it was too cold for Laura to play outdoors. But when she saw how disappointed Laura was, she said she might go, after all, for a little while. She put on Laura's coat and mittens and the warm cape with the hood, and wrapped a muffler around her neck, and let her go.

Laura had never had so much fun. All morning she

played outdoors in the snow with Alice and Ella and Peter and Mary, making pictures. The way they did it was this:

Each child climbed up on a stump, and then all at once, holding their arms out wide, they fell off the stumps into the soft, deep snow. They fell flat on their faces. Then they tried to get up without spoiling the marks they made when they fell. If they did it well, there in the snow were five holes, shaped almost exactly like four little girls and a boy, arms and legs and all. They called these their pictures.

They played so hard all day that when night came they were too excited to sleep. But they must sleep, or Santa Claus would not come. So they hung their stockings by the fireplace, and said their prayers, and went to bed—Alice and Ella and Mary and Laura all in one big bed on the floor.

Peter had the trundle bed. Aunt Eliza and Uncle Peter were going to sleep in the big bed, and another bed was made on the attic floor for Pa and Ma. The buffalo robes and all the blankets had been brought in from Uncle Peter's sled, so there were enough covers for everybody.

Pa and Ma and Aunt Eliza and Uncle Peter sat by

the fire, talking. And just as Laura was drifting off to sleep, she heard Uncle Peter say:

"Eliza had a narrow squeak the other day, when I was away at Lake City. You know Prince, that big dog of mine?"

Laura was wide-awake at once. She always liked to hear about dogs. She lay still as a mouse, and looked at the firelight flickering on the log walls, and listened to Uncle Peter.

"Well," Uncle Peter said, "early in the morning Eliza started to the spring to get a pail of water, and Prince was following her. She got to the edge of the ravine, where the path goes down to the spring, and all of a sudden Prince set his teeth in the back of her skirt and pulled.

"You know what a big dog he is. Eliza scolded him, but he wouldn't let go, and he's so big and strong she couldn't get away from him. He kept backing and pulling, till he tore a piece out of her skirt."

"It was my blue print," Aunt Eliza said to Ma.

"Dear me!" Ma said.

"He tore a big piece right out of the back of it," Aunt Eliza said. "I was so mad I could have whipped him for it. But he growled at me."

"Prince growled at you?" Pa said.

"Yes," said Aunt Eliza.

"So then she started on again toward the spring," Uncle Peter went on. "But Prince jumped into the path ahead of her and snarled at her. He paid no attention to her talking and scolding. He just kept on showing his teeth and snarling, and when she tried to get past him he kept in front of her and snapped at her. That scared her."

"I should think it would!" Ma said.

"He was so savage, I thought he was going to bite me," said Aunt Eliza. "I believe he would have."

"I never heard of such a thing!" said Ma. "What on earth did you do?"

"I turned right around and ran into the house where the children were, and slammed the door," Aunt Eliza answered.

"Of course Prince was savage with strangers," said Uncle Peter. "But he was always so kind to Eliza and the children I felt perfectly safe to leave them with him. Eliza couldn't understand it at all.

"After she got into the house he kept pacing around it and growling. Every time she started to open the door he jumped at her and snarled."

"Had he gone mad?" said Ma.

"That's what I thought," Aunt Eliza said. "I didn't know what to do. There I was, shut up in the house with the children, and not daring to go out. And we didn't have any water. I couldn't even get any snow to melt. Every time I opened the door so much as a crack, Prince acted like he would tear me to pieces."

"How long did this go on?" Pa asked.

"All day, till late in the afternoon," Aunt Eliza said.

"Peter had taken the gun, or I would have shot him."

"Along late in the afternoon," Uncle Peter said, "he got quiet, and lay down in front of the door. Eliza thought he was asleep, and she made up her mind to try to slip past him and get to the spring for some water.

"So she opened the door very quietly, but of course he woke up right away. When he saw she had the water pail in her hand, he got up and walked ahead of her to the spring, just the same as usual. And there, all around the spring in the snow, were the fresh tracks of a panther."

"The tracks were as big as my hand," said Aunt Eliza.

"Yes," Uncle Peter said, "he was a big fellow. His tracks were the biggest I ever saw. He would have got Eliza sure, if Prince had let her go to the spring in the morning. I saw the tracks. He had been lying up in that big oak over the spring, waiting for some animal to come there for water. Undoubtedly he would have dropped down on her.

"Night was coming on, when she saw the tracks, and she didn't waste any time getting back to the house with her pail of water. Prince followed close behind her, looking back into the ravine now and then."

"I took him into the house with me," Aunt Eliza said, "and we all stayed inside, till Peter came home."

"Did you get him?" Pa asked Uncle Peter.

"No," Uncle Peter said. "I took my gun and hunted all round the place, but I couldn't find him. I saw some more of his tracks. He'd gone on north, farther into the Big Woods."

Alice and Ella and Mary were all wide-awake now, and Laura put her head under the covers and whispered to Alice, "My! weren't you scared?"

Alice whispered back that she was scared, but Ella was scareder. And Ella whispered that she wasn't, either, any such thing.

"Well, anyway, you made more fuss about being thirsty," Alice whispered.

They lay there whispering about it till Ma said: "Charles, those children never will get to sleep unless you play for them." So Pa got his fiddle.

The room was still and warm and full of firelight. Ma's shadow, and Aunt Eliza's and Uncle Peter's were big and quivering on the walls in the flickering firelight, and Pa's fiddle sang merrily to itself.

It sang "Money Musk," and "The Red Heifer," "The Devil's Dream," and "Arkansas Traveler." And Laura went to sleep while Pa and the fiddle were both softly singing:

My darling Nelly Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more. . . .

Chapter II

In the morning they all woke up almost at the same moment. They looked at their stockings, and something was in them. Santa Claus had been there. Alice and Ella and Laura in their red flannel nightgowns and Peter in his red flannel nightshirt, all ran shouting to see what he had brought.

In each stocking there was a pair of bright red mittens, and there was a long, flat stick of red-and-white-striped peppermint candy, all beautifully notched along each side.

They were all so happy they could hardly speak at first. They just looked with shining eyes at those lovely Christmas presents. But Laura was happiest of all. Laura had a rag doll.

She was a beautiful doll. She had a face of white cloth with black button eyes. A black pencil had made her eyebrows, and her cheeks and her mouth were red with the ink made from pokeberries. Her hair was black yarn that had been knit and raveled, so that it was curly.

She had little red flannel stockings and little black cloth gaiters for shoes, and her dress was pretty pink and blue calico.

She was so beautiful that Laura could not say a word. She just held her tight and forgot everything else. She did not know that everyone was looking at her, till Aunt Eliza said: "Did you ever see such big eyes!"

The other girls were not jealous because Laura had mittens, and candy, *and* a doll, because Laura was the littlest girl, except Baby Carrie and Aunt Eliza's little baby, Dolly Varden. The babies were too small for dolls. They were so small they did not even know about Santa Claus. They just put their fingers in their mouths and wriggled because of all the excitement.

Laura sat down on the edge of the bed and held her

doll. She loved her red mittens and she loved the candy, but she loved her doll best of all. She named her Charlotte.

Then they all looked at each other's mittens, and tried on their own, and Peter bit a large piece out of his stick of candy, but Alice and Ella and Mary and Laura licked theirs, to make it last longer.

"Well, well!" Uncle Peter said. "Isn't there even one stocking with nothing but a switch in it? My, my, have you all been such good children?"

But they didn't believe that Santa Claus could, really, have given any of them nothing but a switch. That happened to some children, but it couldn't happen to them. It was so hard to be good all the time, every day, for a whole year.

"You mustn't tease the children, Peter," Aunt Eliza said.

Ma said, "Laura, aren't you going to let the other girls hold your doll?" She meant, "Little girls must not be so selfish."

So Laura let Mary take the beautiful doll, and then Alice held her a minute, and then Ella. They smoothed the pretty dress and admired the red flannel stockings and the gaiters, and the curly woolen hair. But Laura

was glad when at last Charlotte was safe in her arms again.

Pa and Uncle Peter each had a pair of new, warm mittens, knit in little squares of red and white. Ma and Aunt Eliza had made them.

Aunt Eliza had brought Ma a large red apple stuck full of cloves. How good it smelled! And it would not

spoil, for so many cloves would keep it sound and sweet.

Ma gave Aunt Eliza a little needle-book she had made, with bits of silk for covers and soft white flannel leaves into which to stick the needles. The flannel would keep the needles from rusting.

They all admired Ma's beautiful bracket, and Aunt Eliza said that Uncle Peter had made one for her—of course, with different carving.

Santa Claus had not given them anything at all. Santa Claus did not give grown people presents, but that was not because they had not been good. Pa and Ma were good. It was because they were grownup, and grown people must give each other presents.

Then all the presents must be laid away for a little while. Peter went out with Pa and Uncle Peter to do the chores, and Alice and Ella helped Aunt Eliza make the beds, and Laura and Mary set the table, while Ma got breakfast.

For breakfast there were pancakes, and Ma made a pancake man for each one of the children. Ma called each one in turn to bring her plate, and each could stand by the stove and watch, while with the spoonful of batter Ma put on the arms and the legs and the head. It was exciting to watch her turn the whole little man

over, quickly and carefully, on a hot griddle. When it was done, she put it smoking hot on the plate.

Peter ate the head off his man, right away. But Alice and Ella and Mary and Laura ate theirs slowly in little bits, first the arms and legs and then the middle, saving the head for the last.

Today the weather was so cold that they could not play outdoors, but there were the new mittens to admire, and the candy to lick. And they all sat on the floor together and looked at the pictures in the Bible, and the pictures of all kinds of animals and birds in Pa's big green book. Laura kept Charlotte in her arms the whole time.

Then there was the Christmas dinner. Alice and Ella and Peter and Mary and Laura did not say a word at table, for they knew that children should be seen and not heard. But they did not need to ask for second helpings. Ma and Aunt Eliza kept their plates full and let them eat all the good things they could hold.

"Christmas comes but once a year," said Aunt Eliza.

Dinner was early, because Aunt Eliza, Uncle Peter, and the cousins had such a long way to go.

"Best the horses can do," Uncle Peter said, "we'll hardly make it home before dark."

So as soon as they had eaten dinner, Uncle Peter and Pa went to put the horses to the sled, while Ma and Aunt Eliza wrapped up the cousins.

They pulled heavy woolen stockings over the woolen stockings and the shoes they were already wearing. They put on mittens and coats and warm hoods and shawls, and wrapped mufflers around their necks and thick woolen veils over their faces. Ma slipped piping hot baked potatoes into their pockets to keep their fingers warm, and Aunt Eliza's flatirons were hot on the stove, ready to put at their feet in the sled. The blankets and the quilts and the buffalo robes were warmed, too.

So they all got into the big bobsled, cosy and warm, and Pa tucked the last robe well in around them.

"Good-by! Good-by!" they called, and off they went, the horses trotting gaily and the sleigh bells ringing.

In just a little while the merry sound of the bells was gone, and Christmas was over. But what a happy Christmas it had been!

This selection was taken from LITTLE HOUSE IN THE BIG WOODS, *by Laura Ingalls Wilder, a Harper & Row Curriculum Enrichment Book*

You will enjoy getting to know the Wilder family in the book *Little House in the Big Woods,* by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harper & Row, 1953). It is a true story about the author's childhood.

You may also want to read:

Little House on the Prairie
by Laura Ingalls Wilder (Harper & Row, 1953)

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by Carol Ryrie Brink (Macmillan, 1935)

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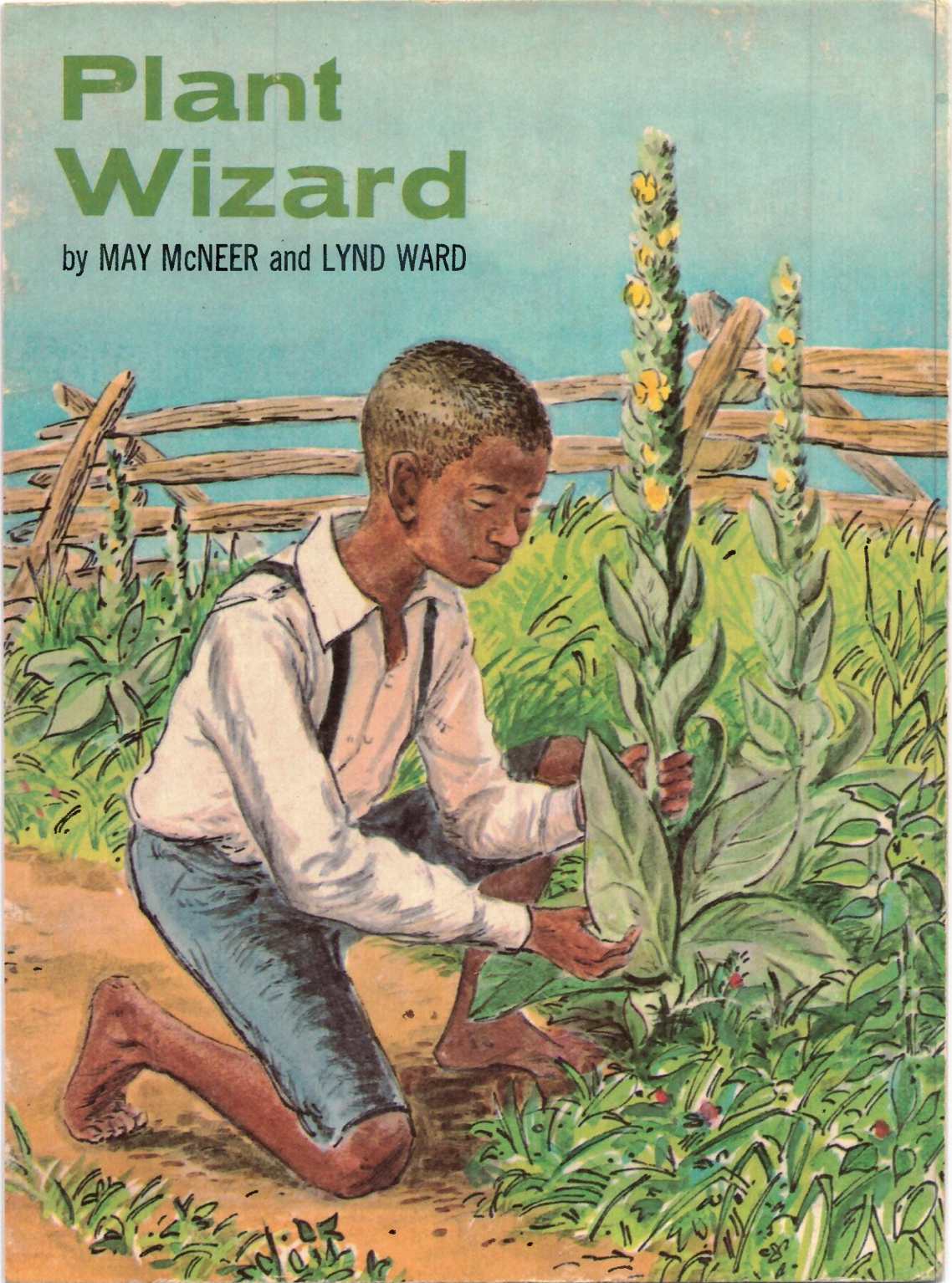
Plant Wizard

by MAY McNEER and LYND WARD



PLANT WIZARD

by May McNeer and Lynd Ward

He was a poor Negro boy. He could neither read nor write. He had no home, and no parents.

But he did have a way with green things, a way of making them grow. And he was not afraid of hard work. He wanted to go to school, and to college. He wanted to learn.

The boy's name was George Washington Carver. He became a great scientist, a beloved teacher, and a tireless helper of the poor.

Plant Wizard

by **May McNeer** *and* **Lynd Ward**

illustrated by **Richard Lewis**

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Reading, 'Riting, and 'Rithmetic

A little boy plodded slowly along a lonely road in Missouri, in the summer of 1874. Over his shoulder swung his belongings. They were tied in an old shawl fastened to a stick. He was small and thin, and he did not talk much, for his voice was only a piping squeak. Yet his large eyes moved from side to side and he saw more than most other people did.

As his bare feet moved in the dust, the boy felt his shoes bounce against his chest. New shoes should not be ruined by wear, so he had hung them around his neck by the laces. He was tired and rather hungry, but he smiled as he felt the sun and the breeze on his face.

Birds sang, all trees were his friends, and every clump of grass and wild flower seemed to nod to him.

This was George Washington Carver, setting out to seek his fortune. It was astonishing that such a small Negro boy should start out alone to the town of Neosho, Missouri, to learn to read and write; yet it was even more surprising that he was alive at all. Many times he had heard his good foster mother tell him of a dreadful night during the Civil War.

George was a tiny baby then. He did not remember how his sister had been killed, how his older brother had escaped and hidden, and how he and his mother had been stolen by slave raiders. These slaves belonged to a German farmer and his wife named Carver who were fond of them. Carver had ridden out in pursuit of the thieves and had found tiny, sickly George aban-

doned by the roadside. His mother had never been heard of again.

Carver had given a good horse to the neighbor who had helped him in the search. Sometimes George looked down at his own spindly legs and wondered if he was worth as much as a horse. There was some doubt about it in his mind.

After a few years George's brother, Jim, went away, and George did not see him again. George was not strong enough to do farm work, so Frau Carver taught him to cook and wash clothes. He taught himself about trees and plants, for he loved all growing things. When George was no taller than the highest weed on the roadside, he made the Carver garden the finest in the neighborhood.

A farmer friend of the Carvers saw how bright he

was, and said that he ought to be taught to read. This farmer gave George a book on plants. Although George did not want to leave the Carvers, and they hated to see him go, he knew that he must learn to read. Now George had a dollar in his pocket to pay for his schooling. As for food and shelter—well, he could work hard. He was on his way to the nearest school for Negroes.

George reached Neosho by nightfall and crept into an old barn to sleep in the hay. The next morning he found the one-room school and paid his dollar to enter.

For several weeks George slept in the barn beside a stray dog. He earned his food by washing dishes or cutting wood. Then, early one morning, the man who owned the barn came in and saw the little boy curled up beside the dog, and almost hidden under a mound of hay.

"Well, now, what are you doing in my barn?"

George jumped up in a fright, and found it impossible to speak. The young man smiled and said, "You look hungry, boy. Come in the house."

Inside the warm kitchen a young wife was frying bacon and eggs and baking corn bread. She gave George some hot food, and then the Martins sat down to hear his story. When he finished, speaking slowly

and politely in his squeaky voice, they looked at each other, nodded, and offered him the shed to sleep in.

George stayed there for some months and did odd jobs for the young couple. As he sat in the kitchen in the evenings he heard them talk of the West and of how they might join one of the wagon trains rolling through Missouri. He was not surprised when they decided to go.

The day that they left, George sat down on the steps and wondered what he was going to do now.

He heard a voice. "Boy, get your things and come with me."

George looked up. There stood Aunt Mariah, an elderly Negro woman whom he knew in the town. He jumped up, collected his few clothes and the food left him by the Martins, and went to her little house, where he soon felt very much at home.

Off to College

George lived with Aunt Mariah and Uncle Andy until he was thirteen and had learned far more than his teacher in the school knew. As soon as he could read, he borrowed every book that he could find. He remembered all that he read. The day came when he knew that, to learn more, he must start out alone on the road again. Saying good-by to his friends was hard. He was fortunate in making friends, but always seemed to have to leave them.

George went to Fort Scott, Kansas. There he got work in a hotel and was allowed to sleep on a cot on the back porch. He went to school and found that, even

here, he knew more about plants than did the teacher. Since George had very little time to go out into the country, he began to draw trees and flowers. He also got a little paint box, and painted flowers. He joined the art class of his school, and soon became known for his pictures.

When he had again learned all that the school could teach him, George was on his way once more. He had grown tall and much stronger, and now his voice was strong, too, though as soft and gentle as ever. He had to earn his living, so he signed up as a laborer on the new railroad that was being built across the western plains, and became a camp cook for a while. Then later, he worked picking fruit or on ranches. Finally he went to Olathe, Kansas, to go to school again.

Here George made more good friends, for everybody liked him. He lived with a Negro couple whom he called Aunt Lucy and Uncle Seymour, and finished high school. Then he went back to visit the Carvers, who urged him to stay with them and farm their land. George was tempted, but somehow he knew that he must do something more. He wanted more learning. He wanted to go to college.

"College?" asked Frau Carver, folding her hands be-

neath her big white apron. "*Ja*, you should go to college. But how can you?"

George smiled, and nodded. He meant to try. First he applied to Highland College, in Kansas, but was turned down because he was a Negro. Discouraged, he homesteaded land and tried to make a farm of his own for a while, but the earth was very poor, and he gave it up.

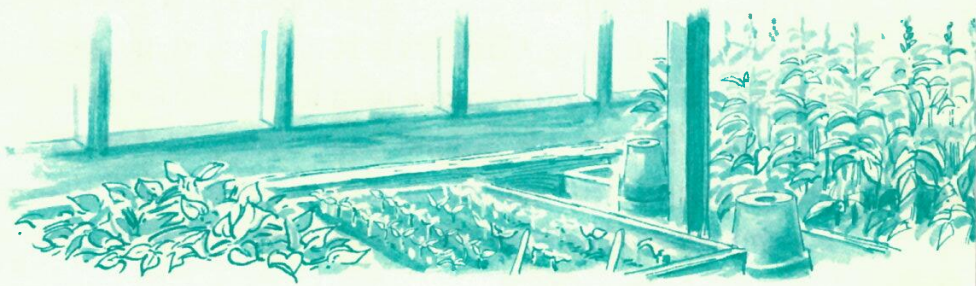
One day he wandered into a church in Winterset, Iowa, and joined in singing a hymn. As his rich voice rolled forth, the minister noticed him. The next day Parson Milholland looked George up and invited him to his home. Mrs. Milholland was a musician and was so interested in this talented young man that she gave him music lessons. Mr. Milholland said that he would locate a college that would take George. Simpson College, in Iowa, accepted him, and so once again George set out, this time to enter art school.

Making a living was always a problem, but it was not a new one to George Carver. He found a shed, got permission to use it, and started a laundry service for other students. During his second year there, as George pushed the hot iron expertly back and forth over shirts, his thoughts were busy with his future. What did he

want to do? He liked painting, but he realized now that he did not want to spend all of his time as an artist. Science interested him far more.

The following year George disappointed his art teacher by leaving Simpson College to go to the Iowa State College in Ames, to study agriculture and botany. And so, at twenty-seven years of age, the tall, gentle Negro began the study of plant life. He was soon known as a remarkable student, and he made many friends.

George Carver began to draw attention by his work with plants. After he had been at the State College a few years he was called a "plant wizard," for his long fingers could do more than anyone thought possible. He worked day and night, waiting on table, doing anything to make a simple living. But his happiest hours were spent in the greenhouses with plants and flowers.



George Washington Carver received his degree in 1894, and was asked to teach at the college. Now he could smile when he remembered that he had once wondered whether he was worth as much as a horse. Here, in Ames, Iowa, he had great laboratories to work in and every opportunity to do the things that he could do so well. After a few years George had earned another degree, and was happy in his teaching. It really looked as if this was his place on earth, and his wanderings were over.

Tuskegee

One day, up from Alabama came a Negro man whose name was also Washington. This was Booker T. Washington, an educator who was spending his life trying to improve education for his own race. At the end of the Civil War Negroes were free, but most of them were unable to read and write. Many small schools were started for them, but money was scarce, and people had hardly enough to support themselves. Booker T. Washington had bought a piece of washed-out earth in Alabama. Here he had taught a few young men to build a

schoolhouse. They built it of bricks that they made themselves from the red clay of the land.

Carver sat quietly and listened as Washington talked to him about the beginning of the school at Tuskegee. He said little, but he nodded every now and then, and sometimes frowned.

Washington spoke of the Negro farmers and their wives and children. They had cotton fields and a few other small crops, but could never grow enough both to feed themselves and to sell a surplus to get cash for clothing and supplies. A man who understood farming was desperately needed to teach young men and women to get better crops from their land.

Dr. Carver listened carefully to the big dark man who talked so earnestly about the needs of the Negro people. He made his decision. Quietly, and with a smile, he told Booker Washington that he would come to Tuskegee to do all that he could. This "plant wizard," with such a brilliant future ahead of him at a fine university, would go to live in the poverty-stricken Negro country in Alabama.

Not long after, as he stood and saw the Tuskegee school for the first time, Dr. Carver wondered how he could accomplish anything here at all. The brick build-

ing was surrounded by fields overgrown with weeds, washed into gullies by rains. Inside the school he found no laboratory and nothing with which to work.

But George Washington Carver had not been a professor all of his busy years. He had worked with hot irons, wash tubs, cookstoves, the ax, the hoe, and the plow. In his classes he had only a few young men, with little education and no knowledge beyond the cotton fields. But they knew poverty as well as he did, and they could be trained to make much of very little. He proposed that he help them make their own laboratory.

He led them on expeditions to the dump heaps around the nearest towns. This was a search that became a treasure hunt. The students went through trash piles in alleys, and asked housewives for broken pans,

lamps, and kettles. When they had collected a great pile of cast-off utensils, Professor Carver showed them pictures that he had drawn of laboratory equipment. Long hours the boys worked with broken articles—cleaning, mending, making new things from old ones.

And then Dr. Carver got a two-horse plow and went to work himself. Straight furrows stretched out behind him, and students who had thought of farming as ignorant work, not fit for the educated, felt ashamed. Dr. Carver sent them for bucket after bucket of black muck and leaf mold from swamps and woods, and manure from the barns. Then he planted cowpeas.

Everybody gasped. Who ever heard of such a thing? Cowpeas were good only for pigs. Cotton was the cash money crop. When the peas were picked, this strange

teacher cooked them, and they were so delicious that the students couldn't eat enough.

After that, Dr. Carver planted sweet potatoes, and the earth yielded eighty bushels to the acre. This was unheard of in that country, and now the boys who had not wanted to farm began to speak of being "agriculturists." After a few years of these crops Dr. Carver planted cotton in the enriched fields and showed that crop rotation could help the soil.

Nothing on earth was wasted. That was the belief of this man who seemed to have magic in his fingers. Every day he had a whole handful of new ideas, too. He searched the woods and fields and brought home plants, leaves, and roots. Then he took them to his laboratory and made them into useful products, or medicines, or food. He told his students that they must learn to "see." They must always see something good in nature. They must always look for something that would benefit mankind.

Not even a few handfuls of dirt were too humble to interest Dr. Carver. Yet he wanted almost nothing for himself. He wore old clothes and ancient shoes, and he ate the food prepared for students. He required no luxuries of any kind. His love for flowers was with him, as it

had been since he could remember. Instead of painting flowers, Dr. Carver grew them, and he was never seen without a blossom on his coat.

One day the professor's foot slipped as he wandered through a swamp, and he fell into the mud. When he stood up, he saw with surprise that the mud on his hands was blue. He stared at it and then smiled in delight. He brought a pail, collected some mud, and took it back to the school.

Not long after that, Dr. Carver told his class that here they had good paint all around them—and had never known it. When the white farmers of a nearby town asked him to speak, Dr. Carver discovered that their new little church was unpainted because of the cost. A few days later he appeared with some students and several buckets of blue paint. The church was soon covered with a handsome blue coating, and the paint stood up in all weathers.

Something from Nothing

Far and wide, people talked about this gentle, hard-working scientist, who could make something out of nothing. His fame spread, and strangers came to see him. The school began to grow, and more students came to it.

Yet, as always, money was the problem. Booker T. Washington was often out trying to raise money, lecturing and explaining the needs. Dr. Carver could think of only one way that he could make money for the school. He could play the piano as well as he could paint. A concert tour was arranged, and money came in for new equipment and supplies for the laboratories of Dr. Carver.

There was something else that interested the scientist. He asked himself: How can I reach the poor farmer who needs help, and cannot come to Tuskegee? A thought struck him: If he cannot come here, why can't I go to him?

A wagon was fitted out, and a program arranged. Dr. Carver made talks on crop rotation, on chicken raising, on the difficult problems of the farmers. This was the first movable school for agriculture, and the first demonstration wagon to go out to the people. Farmers' wives were told how to make good pickles and preserves and how to can food well.

There was not a single subject that Dr. Carver didn't know, and not one activity that he couldn't actually perform himself. Later on, the wagon carried new types of plows and garden tools. And, at one time, the demonstration collection included a live cow.

Farmers as well as students were learning from Tuskegee. Slowly money came in, and Dr. Carver was offered a larger salary. He heard the offer with a smile, and asked, "What will I do with more money?"

He had no interest in money for himself, but his interest in the land and its products grew stronger every year. When the boll weevil came eastward from Mexico and

Texas, Dr. Carver saw the danger in advance. This bug could destroy the very plants of the cotton completely and quickly. He begged farmers to stop planting cotton that year and to plow cotton stalks under to make a belt to stop the weevil. Not understanding, they refused.

Dr. Carver urged farmers to spray their cotton fields with poison, and then to plant peanuts. But they refused again, and the boll weevil took over. When the cotton was destroyed, farmers were willing to plant peanuts. But then, because the peanut crop was so large, prices went down.

Dr. Carver set to work in his laboratory. He paid no attention to the things said against him for giving such advice. For many weeks he worked far into the night, and when he called people in to see the results, he showed them cheese, milk, and almost two dozen other products made from the peanut. Later he made other things: face powder, printer's ink, soaps, vinegar, creosote, butter, dyes, and many more.

He experimented in the same way with the common sweet potato. Now the farmers had a market for peanuts—and the scientific world was excited. Synthetic products could be valuable. Big business was interested in the fact that useful products could be made from so

many things that were formerly thrown out as useless waste.

Dr. Carver was the great pioneer in this field. When Booker T. Washington died, the scientist was offered positions with high salaries at other colleges and in manufacturing plants. He chose to stay at Tuskegee because his interest in helping the poor farmer was as

strong as ever. He spent more hours in his laboratory and did less teaching, and in his spare time he painted flowers, worked with them in the greenhouses, played the piano, or made fine tapestries.

When visitors came and asked, "Is that the famous Dr. Carver?" the students thought it a good joke to say, "Yes, and he is still wearing the same suit that he had on when he came to Tuskegee."

Before Dr. Carver died in 1943, he was happy to see a fine new laboratory set up there under his direction. Now he knew that the students could go on to more knowledge under other teachers. He had taught them to see more than others saw, as he did, and he tried to teach them to listen well also. He refused to be discouraged because he was a Negro.

George Washington Carver was a man who never looked down on any kind of hard work, and he was one who used his genius to help the people of his own race —those who had so little opportunity. His own love of all things that grow made the work of Dr. Carver an important part of the lives of all people, of all races.

George Washington Carver was truly a man of courage. Many others, like him, met hardships and conquered them. Their lives were adventurous and exciting. You can read their stories in the book *Armed with Courage* by May McNeer and Lynd Ward (Abingdon Press, 1957).

You may also want to read:

A Cavalcade of Young Americans
edited by Carl Carmer (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1958)

They Were Strong and Good
by Robert Lawson (Viking Press, 1940)

Carver's George
by Florence Crannell Means (Houghton, Mifflin, 1952)

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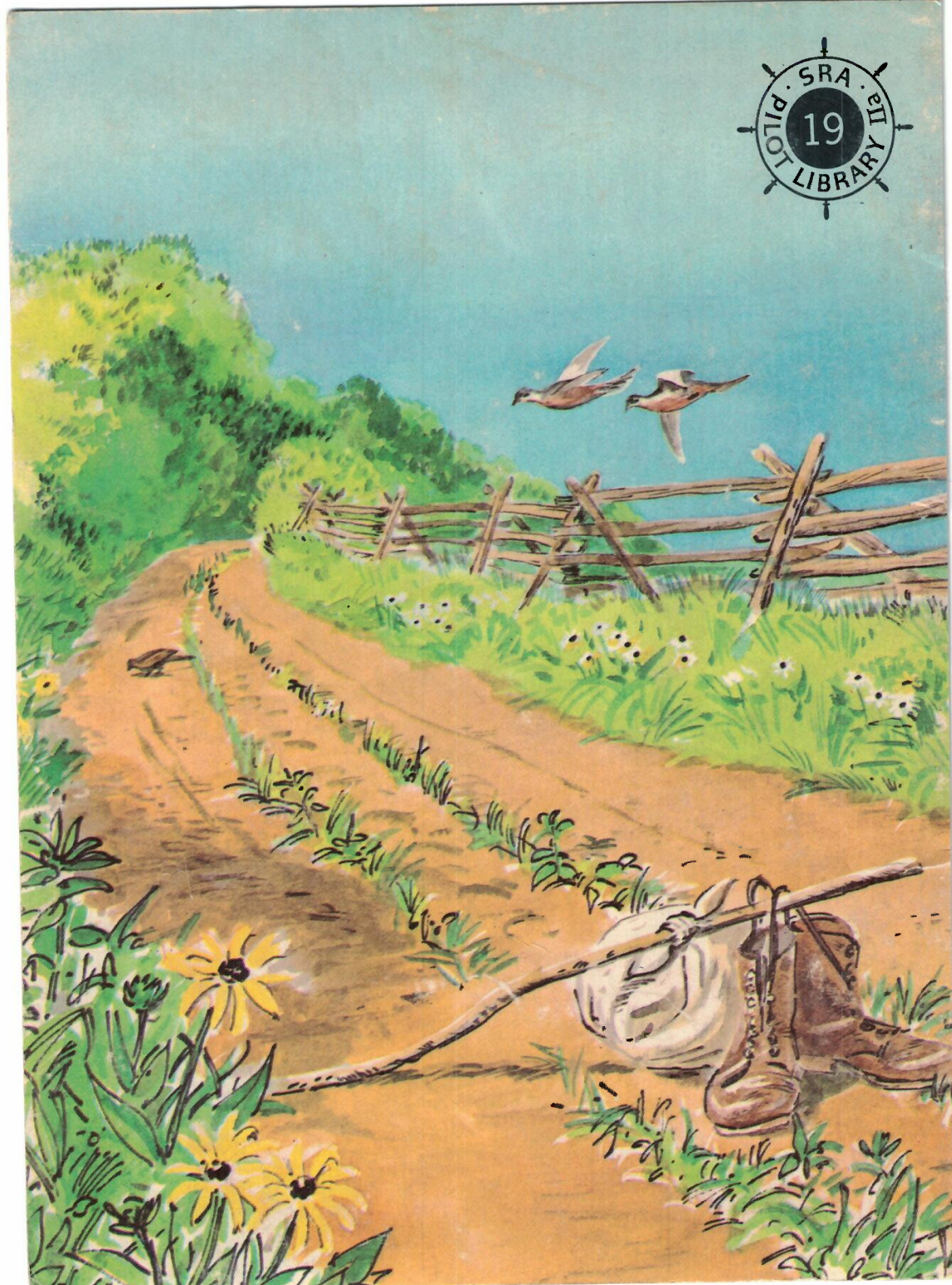
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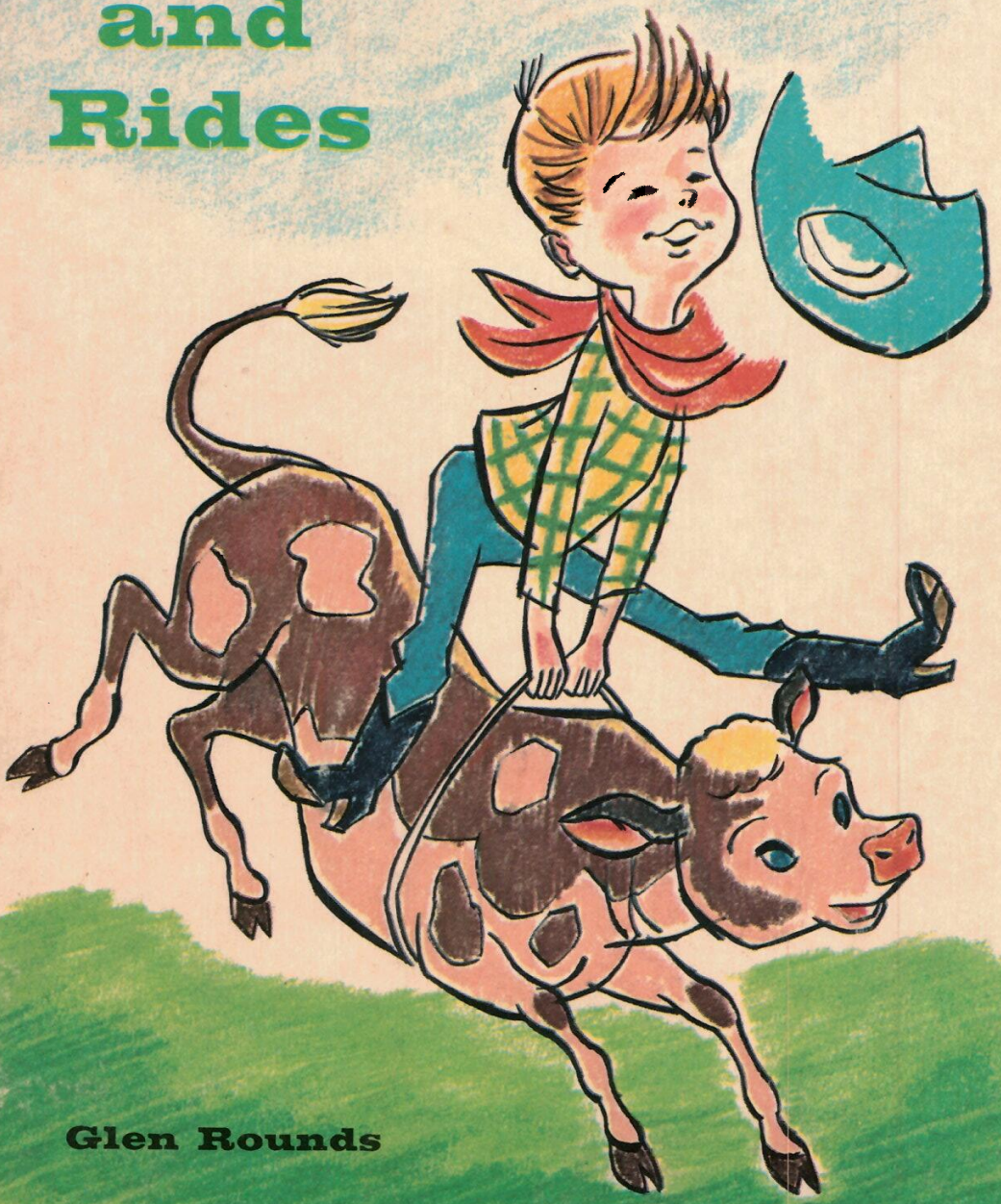
Whitey Ropes and Rides



Glen Rounds

WHITEY ROPES AND RIDES

by Glen Rounds

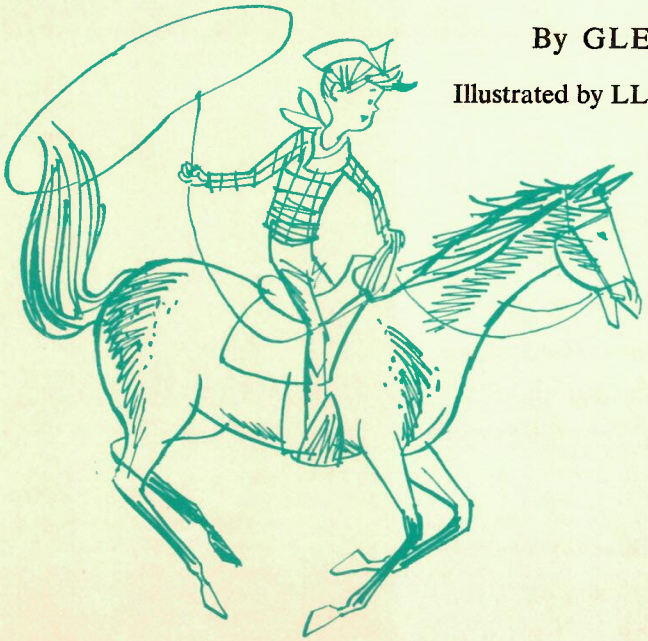
Whitey and his cousin Josie were some cowboys! They had roped almost every critter on the ranch—the old saddle horses, the dog, and even the fence posts.

Then Whitey thought he'd try something a little harder. He decided to toss a noose on Blaze, his half-grown pet steer. But Blaze had other ideas!

Whitey Ropes and Rides

By GLEN ROUNDS

Illustrated by LLOYD WHITE



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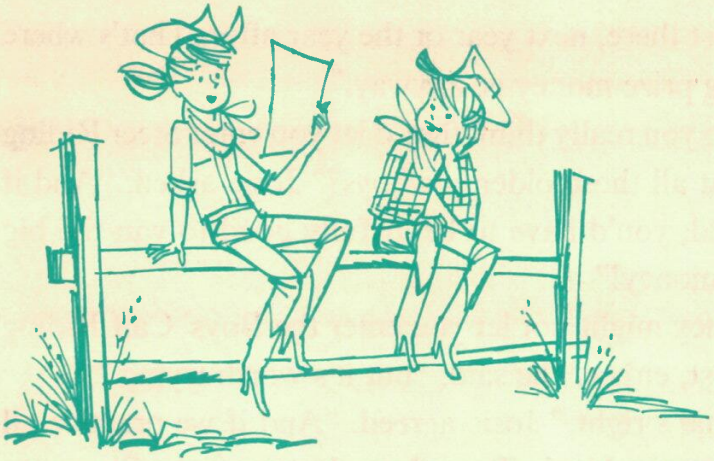


1: Big Ideas

Whitey and his cousin Josie sat on the corral fence reading a rodeo handbill.

"I think maybe I could win one of those prizes for Calf Riding," Josie remarked. "First prize is a fringed leather jacket, it says here."

"It also says 'Boys' Calf Riding Contest,' " Whitey pointed out. "It doesn't say anything at all about girls."

"They just didn't have room to say so much on that one line is probably the reason they left it out," Josie answered. "I bet they would let me ride if I wanted to!"

"I don't know," Whitey said. "Besides, that handbill is from last year's rodeo at Cheyenne." Then he brightened. "You know, maybe I could enter the Steer Riding

Contest there, next year or the year after. That's where the big prize money is, anyway."

"Do you really think they'd let you enter Steer Riding against all those older cowboys?" Josie asked. "And if you did, you'd have to be awfully good to win the big prize money!"

"They might not let you enter the Boys' Calf Riding Contest, either," he said, "but it's worth trying."

"That's right," Josie agreed. "And if we practice all year, maybe Uncle Torwal would take us to Cheyenne next summer!"

Whitey had lived with Uncle Torwal and helped him run Rattlesnake Ranch for several years. Josie was about the same size as Whitey, and wore much the same kind of outfit—faded shirt, Levis, and handed-down boots. She wore an old Stetson, too, but it didn't have a rattlesnake skin hatband on it like Whitey's.

The summer before, when he'd first heard she was coming to stay at the ranch, Whitey had been all ready to pack his war sack and go out to look for work somewhere. Having a girl around the ranch would spoil everything, he felt sure. But Uncle Torwal had talked him out of it.

"How's she ever to grow up to know anything if we

don't kind of look out for her?" Uncle Torwal asked. "Over in the western part of the state where she comes from they farm, and plow with tractors, and stuff like that."

"Well, maybe you're right," Whitey said. "But hasn't she any other relations she could stay with besides us?"

"They're all town folks," Uncle Torwal told him.

"It would be bad for even a girl to have to grow up among town folks, I guess," Whitey agreed. "But I bet she makes a lot of trouble. She'll more than likely want to put up curtains and stuff like the pictures in the magazines."

But Josie hadn't turned out to be so bad after all. She did her share of the chores and ranch work, the same as Whitey did. And there were a few things that he did, like climbing the windmill tower to grease it, that she was afraid to do. So she was respectful to him a good part of the time.

Now they climbed down into the corral to take turns roping the snubbing post there.

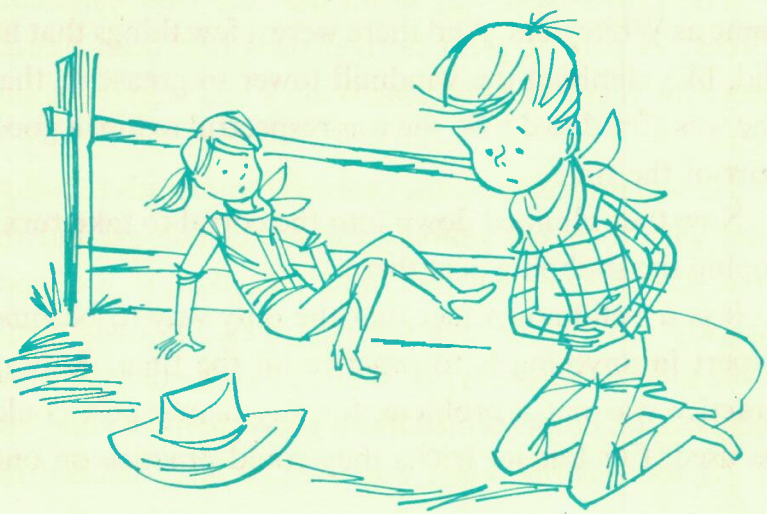
It is a well-known fact that the only way to become expert in anything is to practice all the time. Roping practice was not a problem, for any handy post could be used. For fancier tricks they could practice on one

of the old saddle horses, or even on the dog, Confusion.

But rodeo-type riding was another matter altogether. For lack of something better, they had tried putting a bucking strap around Old Spot's flanks so they could practice Bareback Bronc Riding on him. All he'd done was to stand and kick, so nothing had come of that idea.

The time they had tried to ride one of the colts Uncle Torwal was keeping up in the corral Josie had been thrown against the fence and gotten a nosebleed. And Whitey had been kicked in the stomach.

So they had decided that the colts were a little bit too lively for them. Besides, Uncle Torwal had been pretty upset when he'd heard about it.



2: Roping, Texas Style

One morning Whitey and Josie decided to ride over to the Owl's Nest.

The Owl's Nest was in an old tree over on Cedar Creek. A pair of great horned owls had been nesting there for years, and last year Whitey had seen the young ones.

He had noticed how they turned their heads to follow him with their big yellow eyes as he rode around the tree. Later someone had told him that if you rode quickly around the tree several times, the owls would twist their heads clean off. Whitey didn't exactly believe they would, but it seemed like a good chance to find out.

As soon as breakfast was over, Whitey packed the

lunches while Josie washed the few dishes in a bucket of hot water from the back of the stove. Then he fed Confusion leftover flapjacks, and they hustled down to the big corral to catch their horses.

"Don't be all day saddling up!" Whitey said as they squeezed between the planks of the heavy gate. "I'm liable to go on without you if you're not ready as soon as I am."

"You tend to your business and I'll tend to mine, smarty!" Josie answered, looking for old Eagle, her special horse.

She found him trying to hide from her in the middle of the bunch. Speaking to him and stroking his velvety muzzle, Josie slipped the bridle rein over his neck. She couldn't reach high enough to bridle him.

So she led the old horse close along the corral fence to where her saddle hung ready on the top rail. Then, climbing up the fence, she worked the bit between Eagle's teeth and slipped the headstall over his ears. Still clinging to the top rail, she put the saddle blanket in place and dropped the saddle neatly on it. Back on the ground, it took only a minute to reach under the horse's belly for the cinch and lace the ladigo strap through the buckle.

As Josie tugged and pulled the straps tight, the old horse swelled himself up like a barrel. He grunted and groaned in a pitiful way while he reached around to clamp his big yellow teeth gently on her long yellow hair.

When she had first started riding Eagle, Josie had been fooled by this trick of his. But now she knew the horse did it just to plague her. If she let him get away with it, he'd wait until they were riding off and then let his breath back out so that the cinch would hang loose enough to let the saddle turn.

"Stop it, Eagle!" she told him, slapping his nose lightly to make him let go of her hair. "Quit swelling up. You know I'm not hurting you!"

When Josie was ready she looked around to see how Whitey was making out. He was trying to saddle his horse in the middle of the corral, like a full-grown rider.

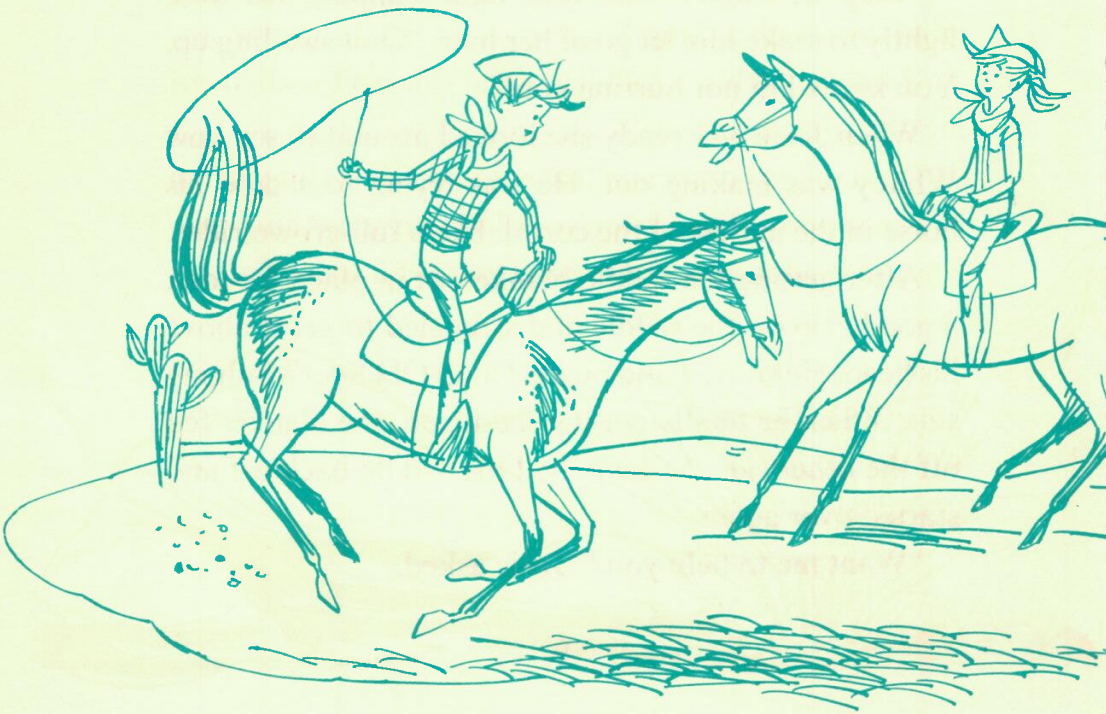
After getting the saddle blanket set in place, he took a good grip on the saddle and struggled to get it above his head. He shoved and pushed it up Old Spot's bulging side. When he finally got the saddle on, the blanket fell off the other side. So he pulled the saddle back off and started over again.

"Want me to help you?" Josie asked.

Whitey didn't answer. His face was red and he was muttering things to himself as he finally dragged his saddle to the fence to do as she had done.

When he was ready, at last, they rolled their lunches into their old yellow slickers and tied them on the backs of their saddles. Then they climbed onto their horses, waved to Uncle Torwal standing on the porch, and rode out across the big horse pasture.

At first Whitey and Josie both sat proud in their saddles and kept a careful watch on the country around.



But after they were out of sight of the ranch, they unfastened their throw ropes from their saddles.

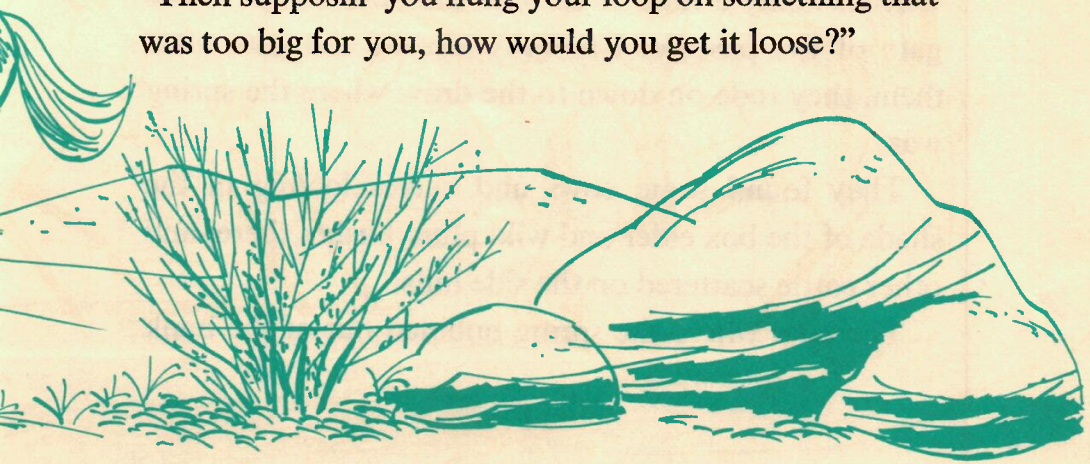
For a while they practiced shaking out a quick loop and dabbing it on this greasewood bush or that, pretending it was a running calf or some such.

After each cast, Josie flipped her loop tight and took a quick dally around her saddle horn, as though she expected the bush to really hit the end of the rope as a calf would. Then she noticed that Whitey was roping with one end of his rope tied fast to his saddle horn.

"You know what Uncle Torwal says about tying your rope fast, Texas style," she said. "Nobody in his right mind does such a thing."

"I know," Whitey told her. "But this isn't really roping—it's just practice."

"You might forget and leave it tied," Josie answered. "Then supposin' you hung your loop on something that was too big for you, how would you get it loose?"



"These greasewood bushes aren't going to give us any trouble," Whitey assured her. "And if we are going to practice roping we should know how to do it all styles."

"Well, maybe," Josie agreed doubtfully.

It was well along in the morning when they rode down into Cedar Creek. At this dry season it ran clear and shallow in the middle of a wide stretch of coarse gravel and dry gray rocks. They let the horses drink, leaning out of their saddles to watch the long swallowings ripple up the horses' gullets.

The Owl's Nest was a little way upstream from the ford, so after the horses had finished drinking they rode that way. One of the old owls flew off as they came near, but they could see no sign of movement in the nest.

"Maybe they haven't hatched," Whitey said. "We might as well go on to the Dillon Pasture."

It was only a mile or so over the next divide to the gate of the pasture. Carefully closing the gate after them, they rode on down to the draw where the spring was.

They found some cows and calves loafing in the shade of the box elder and wild plum bushes there, and other cattle scattered on the side hills.

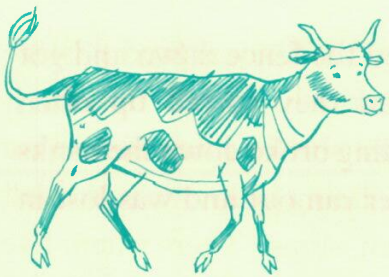
The pool where the spring bubbled out of the bank

was fenced in, and a rusty pipe carried the water to a wooden trough below.

Sometimes the cattle rubbed the fence down and got in the spring itself. The mud they stirred up often clogged the pipe. Their trampling broke down the banks of the catch basin so the water ran out and was lost in the boggy sinks below.

But today everything was in good condition, and the spring was clean except for a handful of soggy leaves. After they'd taken those out, Whitey and Josie tried for a while to catch one of the little green frogs that jumped off the banks and hid in the bottom of the clear pool.

Then a blue racer's head rose high over the nearby grass, like a thin crooked picket pin. They spent a while playing a snake's game with the racer. When they moved toward him he whipped away through the grass faster than they could run. When they stopped, the snake stopped, and when they ran away he came after them. After a while they went back to their horses while the snake went on about his business.



3: Blaze

Later, when they were out on a little flat at the far side of the pasture, they saw Blaze.

He was a steer Uncle Torwal had given them when he was a calf the year before. All last summer they had kept him around the ranch yard, feeding him milk and bran out of a bucket. Now he was a big shiny steer, and when he was shipped with the beef in the fall the money he brought would be theirs.

For a while they just sat silent in their saddles, looking him over and admiring him.

Then Whitey spoke up. "You know, Josie, we could practice rodeo Steer Riding with Blaze!"

"We aren't supposed to rope any kind of crittur when

we are out alone," she objected. "You know what Uncle Torwal says about that."

"This isn't the same thing," Whitey argued. "Blaze really isn't a crittur . . . he's more like a pet. Besides, it won't really be roping. I'll just sort of catch him so we can practice riding bareback. Being he knows us so well he probably won't move ten steps. Then when I've caught him, you can get on him first. I'll take my rope off and chase him around a little!"

"I don't know," Josie said. "I don't think he'll like it."

"Look at him watch us," Whitey said. "I think he's been lonesome out here and is glad to see us. He'll enjoy being played with again. Besides, you still want to try to win some of that rodeo prize money, don't you? How can we get good enough to win anything if we don't practice every chance we get?"

"Well, if you think he won't make us any trouble," Josie agreed uncertainly. "We do need the practice, all right."

"He won't give us any trouble we can't handle," Whitey boasted, as he took down his rope and shook out a loop. "You be getting the hackamore rope off Eagle to use for a surcingle when you ride Blaze."

Whitey rode slowly toward the grazing steer.

Blaze looked up curiously, then went back to feeding. Getting as close as possible, Whitey swung the rope three times around his head and let it go. He and the steer were both somewhat surprised when the loop cleared the stubby horns and settled neatly around the neck.

Whitey flipped the noose snug and started drumming on Old Spot's sides with his heels to remind him he was supposed to be a roping horse. But before Whitey could get Spot moving, the steer let out a surprised bellow, kinked his tail, and ran.

Seeing that Blaze wasn't operating according to plan, and that Old Spot was taking no interest in what was going on, Josie hollered for Whitey to turn loose the rope.

Whitey had already thought of that, but found he'd forgotten to untie the end from the saddle horn after practicing on the greasewood bushes. So now he was roping Texas style for sure.

The steer never hesitated when he hit the end of the rope. There was a sharp crack, and the old calf-chewed ladigo strap parted.

Whitey and the saddle left Spot's back together. They

struck the ground together some twenty feet away and then parted company. While the saddle bounced along over the hill behind the steer, Whitey got to his feet and began picking cactus thorns out of himself.

"Whitey! Are you hurt?" Josie called.

"No!" he answered shortly.

He picked up his hat and limped over to Spot, who was grazing as if nothing had happened. Not only had Whitey lost his rope and saddle, but he had to figure a way to get back on his horse.

Old Spot's sides were high and smooth above him. There were no handholds to scramble up by. However, Whitey solved that problem by leading the two horses close together and then climbing up onto Eagle and from there onto Spot.

"I told you you'd get in trouble roping Texas style," Josie remarked. "Now how are you going to get your rope off Blaze?"

"I don't know," Whitey answered her. "Maybe we can run him into a fence corner and catch him."

Getting the steer into a fence corner didn't take too much doing, but catching him there proved to be quite another matter.

As soon as Whitey would slip to the ground, Blaze would drop his head and bolt past him. Once Whitey managed to catch hold of the trailing rope, but after being jerked from his feet and dragged a little distance he had to give up. It looked as though the steer had forgotten all about the days when he'd been a pet around the dooryard.

Whitey tried to keep his lip from trembling as he watched his saddle being dragged out of sight for the fifth or sixth time. Being treated that way wasn't doing it a bit of good. And besides, the steer couldn't be left with a thing like that fastened to him.

Unless Whitey could figure some way to get the rope off he'd have to get Uncle Torwal to come and do it for him. He knew he'd never hear the last of that.

"I think maybe I know of a way we can catch him," said Josie.

"Well, I've tried everything I can think of," Whitey said, "but that saddle dragging behind him has set him wild, and if I do get hold of the rope I can't hold him!"

"I know, Whitey. But maybe if we could drive him into one of those plum thickets—maybe he'd get the rope tangled so he couldn't run away."

"That might work, at that," Whitey agreed doubtfully.

It seemed a small chance, but by now he was willing to try even a girl's idea if it would get his rope back without having to go for help.

It didn't take much trouble to run Blaze into one of the thickets of plum and box elder along the draw. By riding around the outside, they turned him this way and

that until at last the saddle wedged between two tree trunks. As Blaze struggled to get loose, he wrapped the rope around several other trees and bushes until there was no possibility of his getting untangled.

As the steer bellowed and fought the rope, Whitey and Josie dropped off their horses and worked their way into the thicket. Whitey lost no time getting to his saddle, and the first thing he did was to untie the end of the rope from the saddle horn.

With his saddle safe, he began to wonder how he was going to get the rope. Snubbed around the tree trunks, it held the steer, but the way he fought and crashed around discouraged any idea Whitey and Josie might have had of getting close enough to loosen the rope from his neck.

So they stood still, calling Blaze's name and talking to him in soft voices. After a while he quieted somewhat, but as soon as either of them tried to move closer he rolled his eyes and pulled back on the rope again.

"What are we going to do now?" Josie wanted to know.

"I wish I knew," Whitey said.

4: Lunchtime

They stayed there thinking while the steer watched them suspiciously, shaking his head now and again or stamping impatiently at the flies.

It occurred to Whitey he was getting hungry and that his lunch was tied to his saddle. He began untying his slicker to get at his lunch. Josie, seeing what he was doing, crawled out of the thicket and went to get hers.

When she came back she found Whitey had unwrapped his sandwiches but hadn't started to eat yet.

"Remember how we used to feed Blaze bread and flapjacks when he was a calf?" he asked.

"Yes, and he liked bacon rind, too," Josie agreed. "I'll bet he'd remember us if he got a taste now."

"Just what I've been thinking," Whitey said. He broke off half a sandwich and started slowly toward the steer, talking softly to him.

At first, as soon as Whitey moved, the steer snorted and pulled back on the rope. But Whitey stopped and talked to him until he quieted again. A little at a time Whitey moved closer, until at last he held the sandwich

within a foot of the steer's nose. For a while Blaze watched warily, but when the boy showed no sign of moving closer he began to sniff the food.

At last, blowing his warm damp breath over Whitey's hand, he reached out his long pointed tongue, wrapped it around the sandwich, and scooped the whole thing into his mouth. While he chewed it Whitey kept talking to him but didn't try to move closer.

When the steer had swallowed the meat and bread he snuffed around on the ground for any pieces that might have dropped. Then he looked at Whitey to see what would come next. He took the second piece of sandwich with less hesitation, but when Whitey reached out to scratch his neck he rolled his eyes and pulled back.

Piece by piece, Blaze ate all of Whitey's lunch and all of Josie's. But it wasn't until he had eaten the last piece of cake and was snuffing around on the ground again for scraps that he let Whitey touch him. Then he made no objection to being scratched behind the ears and along the jaw.

As Whitey cautiously loosened the noose and flipped it off, Blaze stood quietly sniffing around his shirt pockets. And when he dragged his saddle out of the thicket, Blaze followed close at his heels.

As Whitey worked on the broken ladigo strap, Blaze came up and watched curiously, now and again blowing his wet breath over the saddle. He nosed damply at Whitey's pockets and Josie's hat until she picked up a stick and drove him away.

"He seems to remember us now," she remarked.

"He's about an hour and a half too late," said Whitey. "He should have thought about that when I first roped him!"

Working together, it wasn't long until they got Spot saddled again and were ready to start back to the ranch. When they left the pasture Blaze hung his head over the gate and bawled after them, but neither Whitey nor Josie looked back.

Whitey and Josie wanted to be broncobusters, but there weren't any broncos. So Uncle Torwal rigged up the Lone Tree Killer. You will want to read the rest of Glen Rounds' book, *Whitey Ropes and Rides* (Holiday House, 1956).

You may also want to read:

Whitey and the Wild Horse
by Glen Rounds (Holiday House, 1958)

Brighty of the Grand Canyon
by Marguerite Henry (Rand McNally, 1953)

Here Comes Kristie
by Emma L. Brock (Alfred Knopf, 1942)

Horses, Horses, Horses
Edited by Phyllis R. Fenner
(Franklin Watts, 1949)

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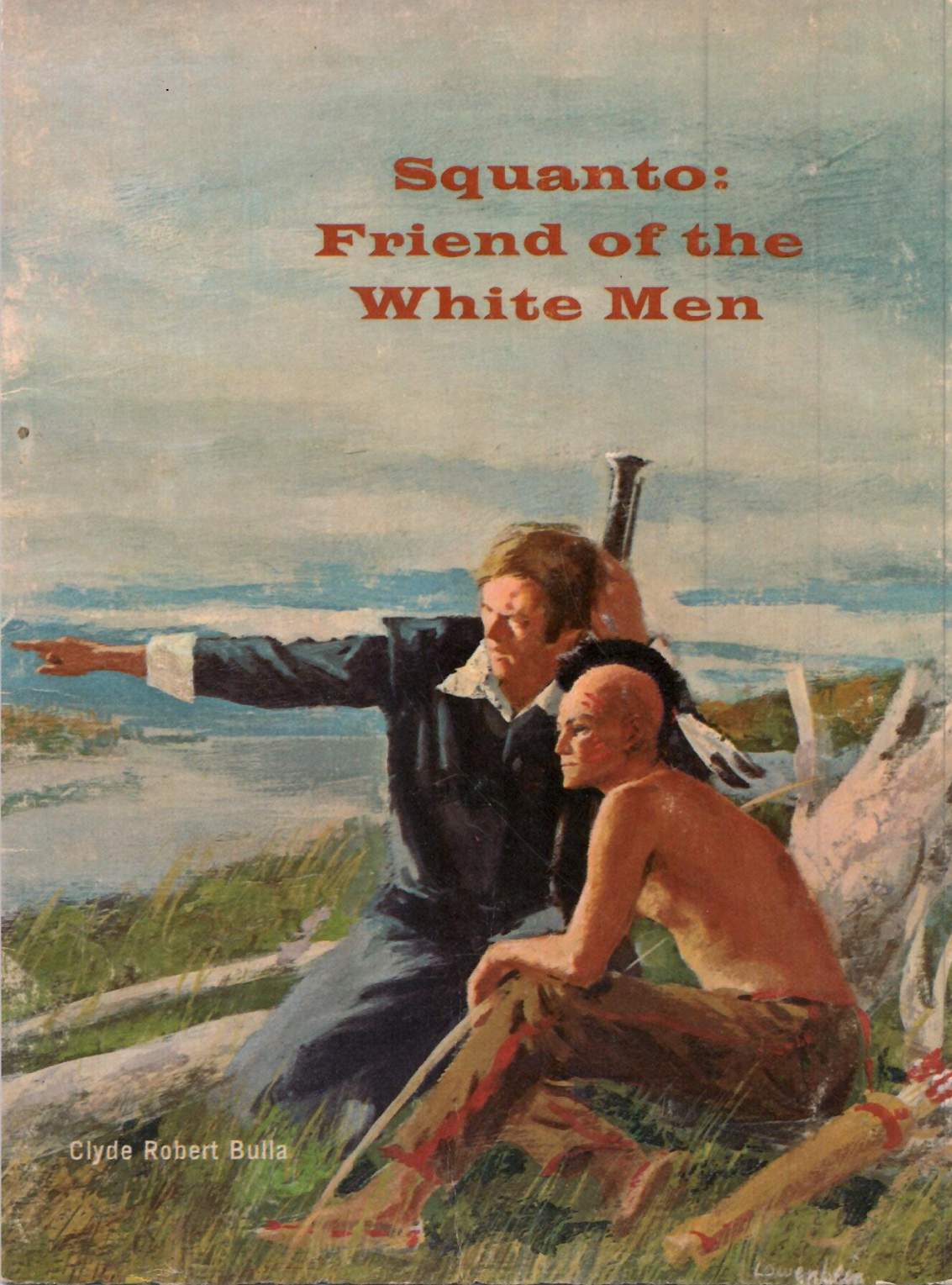
Squanto: Friend of the White Men



Clyde Robert Bulla

SQUANTO: FRIEND OF THE WHITE MEN

by Clyde Robert Bulla

The Indian boy Squanto had heard many stories of the white men. He knew they had come in ships bigger than a hundred canoes and had settled to the south. Now one of their ships was sailing into the bay near Squanto's village.

Squanto's mother warned him of the white men's magic fire-sticks. But Squanto was curious. He wanted to make friends with these strange men from across the sea.

Squanto: Friend of the White Men

BY CLYDE ROBERT BULLA

ILLUSTRATED BY MIKE LOWEBEIN

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A Ship from Far Away

The Indian boy lay hidden in the tall grass. Behind him were the woods. Before him were the blue waters of the bay.

Squirrels played in the pine tree above his head. One of them ran down the tree and sat on a low branch near him. The boy could have shot it with his bow and arrow, but he did not move. He looked out across the water at the wonderful sight that was there.

A ship was sailing into the bay. The boy had heard of such ships—bigger than a hundred canoes, with great sails blowing in the wind. Some of the Massachusetts

Indians who lived to the north had told him of these ships from far away.

"They are the ships of white men," the Indians had said. "Far to the south the white men have come and built villages. Some day they may come here. They may build villages on the shores of Massachusetts."

The boy had asked his father and mother, "When will I see one of the white men's ships?"

"Maybe never," they had said.

He had watched and waited. He had grown to be almost a man. Now, at last, one of the great ships that had crossed the waters was here.

A shout went up in the woods. He knew that someone else had seen the ship.

The boy wanted to be the first to tell the news in the village. He jumped to his feet and ran.

The village of Patuxet was not far away. It was in a clearing in the woods. There were ten houses in the village. Each one was made of grass mats tied over a frame of poles. There was a field of corn beside each house.

The boy ran through the village.

"White men!" he shouted. "White men have come!"

Faces looked out of doorways.

"Where are they?" asked a girl.

"In the bay," said the boy. "I saw their ship."

He came to his own house. His mother was pulling weeds out of the cornfield. "What are you saying, Squanto?" she asked.

"White men have come," he said. "I saw their ship."

"We had better hide in the woods," said his mother.

"Hide from the white men? Why?" asked Squanto. "I want to see these men. I want to talk with them."

"You could not talk with them," said his mother. "They speak another language. It is a language we do not know."

"Then I could look at them," said Squanto.

"The white men have strange magic," said his mother. "They have fire-sticks that make a loud noise and can kill a bird in the top of a tree."

"I would not be afraid of their fire-sticks," said Squanto. "I want to stay and see these white men."

"Go to your uncle," said his mother. "Ask him what we are to do."

Squanto's uncle was the chief of the Patuxet tribe. His house was the biggest in the village.

Squanto called outside the door. The chief came out. He was an old man with deep lines in his face. His long gray hair hung down his back like a foxtail.

"The white men have come," said Squanto.

"Did you see them?" asked the chief.

"I saw their ship," said Squanto. "It is in the bay."

"They will come here, then," said the chief.

"Shall we stay," asked Squanto, "or shall we go away into the woods?"

The old chief said proudly, "I do not fear the white men. If they wish to trade with our people, we will trade with them. Go to your mother, Squanto. Tell her there will be a feast when the white men come to see us. Tell her our men will hunt game in the woods, and the women must cook it."

There was great excitement in the village. People talked of the ship in the bay. They talked of the feast.

Hunters went into the woods with their bows and arrows. Squanto went with them. The women built fires in front of their houses.

Before long the hunters were back with the game they had shot. They had ducks and geese and rabbits and squirrels. One man carried a deer on his back.

Soon the game was roasting over the fires.

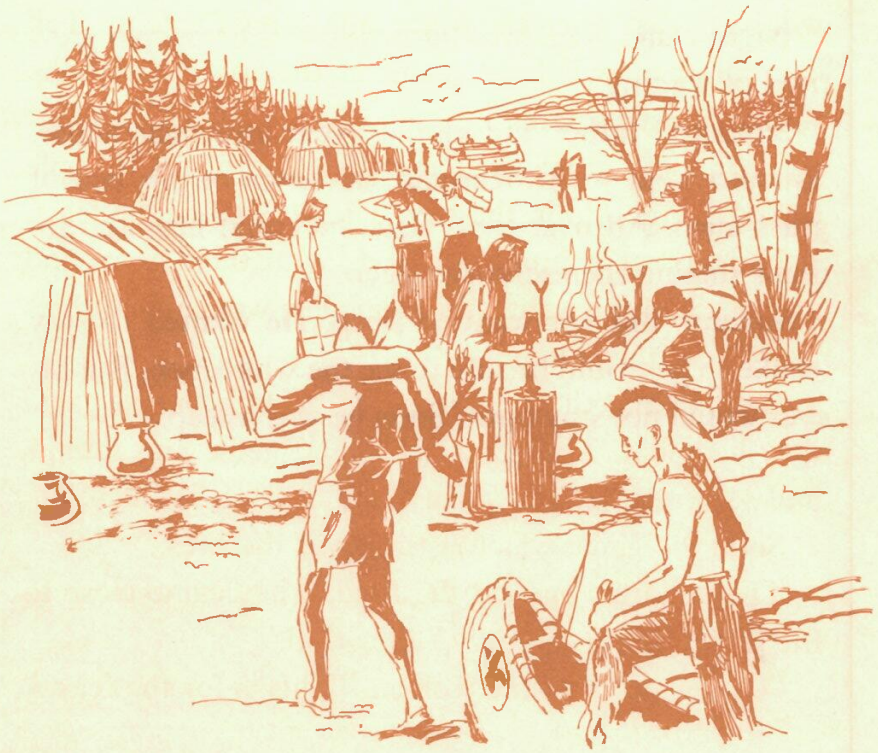
The children smelled the food. They came close to the fires. "We are hungry," they said.

"Go away," said the women. "This is for the feast."

But when the men were not looking, the women picked off bits of food and gave them to the children.

The men dressed for the feast. Some wore robes of deerskin. Others put feathers in their hair. They painted their faces red, black, and yellow. The chief wore a band of turkey feathers around his head and a string of little sea shells around his neck.

Many families of the Patuxet tribe lived in the woods



nearby. When they heard there was to be a feast, they came to the village.

The men grew hungry and ate some of the food. The women and children ate some, too.

"Why don't the white men come?" asked Squanto.

"I think they have gone away," said the chief.

"No," said another man. "Their ship is still here, and some of the men came to shore in a little boat. I saw them."

Night came. The fires burned low. The people grew tired of waiting.

Squanto's father and mother went into their house. Squanto went with them and lay down on his bed of grass mats. All over the village he could hear the Indians singing themselves to sleep.

Squanto did not want to sleep. He wanted to stay awake so he would be sure to see the white men. But his eyes would not stay open. Soon he was asleep.

The Fire-Stick

It was still dark when Squanto woke. He sat up.

His bed was near the fireplace. The fireplace was a circle of stones on the floor. In the winter his mother cooked on the stones. The smoke went out through a hole in the roof above.

Squanto looked up through the smoke hole. The sky was growing light. It would soon be morning.

His father and mother were sleeping. He got up without waking them. For his breakfast he took a handful of corn meal from the corn basket. He went outside.

The village was very still. The fires had gone out. Men were sleeping on the ground.

Squanto went down the path toward the shore. He walked beside the little river that ran near the village. He ate the corn meal as he went. He was thinking about the white men. He wanted to know where they were and what they were doing.

When he came to the shore, he saw the great ship in the bay. And he saw something else—a small boat on the sand near the water.

Squanto listened. He heard voices. Quickly he lay down on the ground. He was not afraid, but he remembered what his mother had said: "The white men have strange magic."

He crawled through the tall grass. He crawled up a sand hill and looked over the top. There in the early morning light he saw the white men.

There were nine men sitting around a fire. They all looked very much alike to Squanto. They were covered with clothing so that he could see only their hands and

their hairy faces. Even their arms and legs were covered, and they wore shoes that came to their knees. Squanto thought it was strange that they wore so many clothes on such a warm summer morning.

They were eating clams, and throwing the shells on the sand. They were talking. Squanto could not understand what they said.

One of the men looked up and said something.

Another one picked up a large black stick. He pointed it into the air. There was a noise louder than thunder. Smoke and fire came from the end of the stick.

Squanto gave a cry. He jumped out of the grass and fell on his face. He lay there with his hands over his ears.

He heard the white men talking. Someone pulled him to his feet.

He was not hurt. He looked at the fire-stick in the man's hands. Smoke still came from it, but no fire.

Some of the men began to laugh. Squanto looked at them without smiling. He did not like to be laughed at.

The man put the fire-stick under his arm. He walked into the grass and picked up a duck.

Now Squanto saw that the white man had shot the duck with the fire-stick just as an Indian would have shot it with a bow and arrow.

"It made a loud noise," said Squanto. "It hurt my ears, but I am not afraid of it."

The men looked at each other. They shook their heads. He knew they could not understand him.

One of the men came up to him. He was the youngest of the white men. He said a word that Squanto knew. He smiled and said it again. "Friend."

"How do you know my language?" asked Squanto.

The man pointed to the north. "Massachusetts," he said.

"You learned from the Massachusetts tribe?" asked Squanto. The man nodded.

Squanto pointed to himself. "I am a Patuxet. I am Squanto."

The man pointed to himself. "Charles Robbins," he said.

It was the strangest name Squanto had ever heard. "Are you the chief?" he asked.

Charles Robbins shook his head. He pointed to the man who had shot the duck.

"Is he the chief?" asked Squanto.

Charles Robbins nodded.

The man with the fire-stick pointed to himself and said, "Captain George Weymouth."

Squanto tried to say it. It was a stranger name than Charles Robbins. He said, "The chief of the Patuxets knows you are here. He waits for you in the village. Come, I will take you there."

He made a sign for the others to follow him.

The white men talked together. Some of them nodded. Some of them shook their heads.

At last Captain George Weymouth, Charles Robbins, and four other men started after Squanto.

Squanto walked very straight. He was happy and excited. He had met the white chief and his men, and they were his friends. Proudly he led them up the path to the village.

The Invitation

It was a day of feasting in the village. More Indians came from their homes in the woods. More white men came from the ship.

Captain George Weymouth gave the chief a present. It was a string of blue beads. The chief was pleased. He put the beads around his neck.

He and Captain George Weymouth sat on a deerskin in front of the chief's house. The other white men sat near them.

Some of the Indians said to each other, "These men look very strange."

"They have strange magic," said Squanto's mother. "I wish they would go away."

"They do not mean any harm," said Squanto. "They only want to trade with us."

"I wish they had stayed in their own land," said Squanto's mother, and she went into the house.

An old man of the tribe brought out his drum. He played and some of the young Indian men danced. They made so much dust that the chief told them to stop.

Charles Robbins wanted to play the drum. He tried, but he did not know how. The Indians laughed, and he laughed with them.

When the feast was over, Squanto walked back to the shore with the white men. He looked at the ship in the bay. He said, "I would like to ride on such a ship."

Charles Robbins said something to Captain George Weymouth. They both looked at him and nodded their heads.

Charles Robbins spoke to Squanto in the Indian language. "Tomorrow we go." He pointed to the north. "You come?"

Squanto looked at the white men. He looked at the ship. He did not know what to say.

"You come. Tomorrow," said Charles Robbins. Then he and the other white men got into the small boat. They rowed away toward the ship.

Squanto ran all the way back to the village.

He told his mother and father, "The white men want me to go with them tomorrow. They want me to go on the ship."

His father was pleased. "It is good," he said. "We will tell the chief."

The chief was pleased, too. "There is much to learn from the white men," he said. "And you can help them, Squanto, when they trade with other tribes along the shore. You know the language of the tribes. You can talk for the white men."

Squanto went back and forth through the village. He told everyone he met, "I am going on the great ship."

His mother said, "I wish you would not go."

"Why?" asked Squanto.

"Life is good here," said his mother. "The woods are full of game; the sea and the little river are full of fish. There is enough to eat for us all. Our tribe is happy and strong. Why do you want to go?"

"It is for just a little while," said Squanto. "I will come back."

"If you go," said his mother, "I may never see you again."

"Why do you say that?" asked Squanto.

"It is something I feel in my heart," she said.

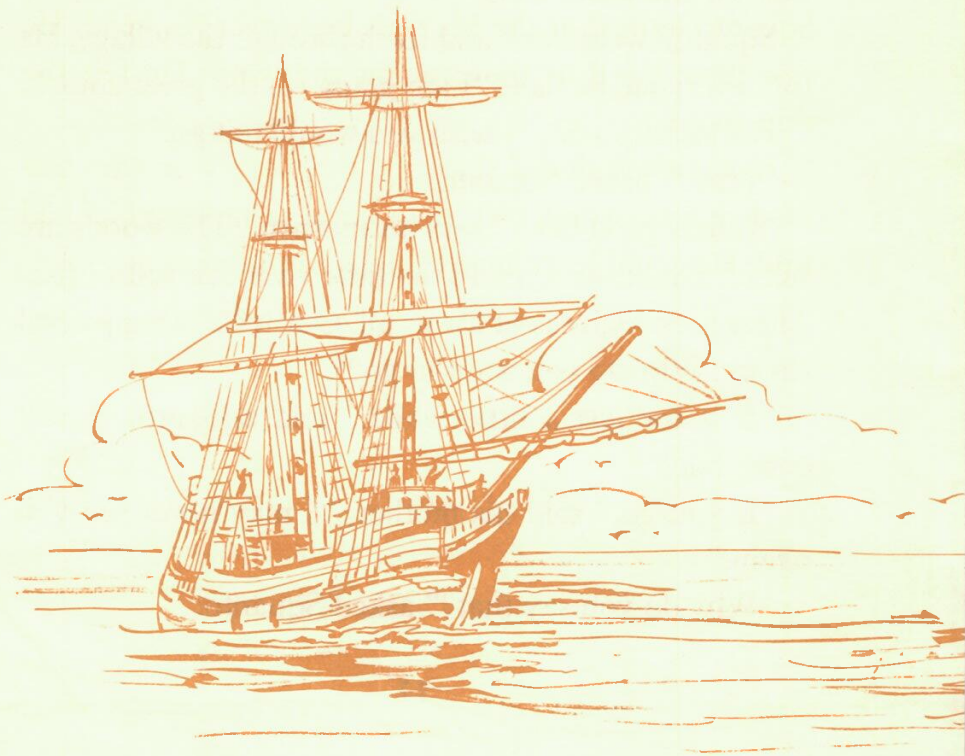
"Be quiet," said Squanto's father. "It is good that he should go, and the chief wishes it."

Squanto's mother bowed her head and said no more.

In the morning the white men came back. There was trading in the village. The white men traded beads, knives, and cloth for the animal skins the Indians had.

Charles Robbins pointed toward the ship and asked Squanto, "You go?"

"Yes," said Squanto.



The white men took their animal skins down to the shore. Most of the Indians in the village went with them.

Squanto got into the small boat with the white men. They rowed out into the bay.

Squanto looked back at the people on the shore. He saw his father and mother. His mother had her hands over her face. Squanto thought, she is sad; and he was sad, too.

But when the ship sailed, he forgot he had ever been sad. It was an exciting time. The men ran back and forth. They pulled ropes and shouted at each other. Squanto looked at the big sails high over his head. He saw them swell as they caught the wind. He felt the ship move.

It was a wonderful ship, and the white men who had made it were wonderful! It was true, what the chief had said. He could learn many things from them.

Aboard Ship

As the days went by, the ship sailed up along the shore. Squanto began to learn the language of the white men. He learned that they were English, from the land of England far away.

Charles Robbins told him the names of the days and months. "All the days and months have names," he said. "All the years have numbers. Last year was 1604. This year is 1605."

There were too many names and numbers for Squanto to remember. He wished the white men would not try to teach him so many things at once.

But everyone on the ship was good to him. They

spoke kindly to him. They gave him food and clothing. He was proud to think that he could help them. When they stopped to trade with the Indians, Squanto went ahead to each village.

"The white men are coming," he would say. "They are good men and want to be your friends. They have fine things to trade with you, so bring out your best skins to show them."

Charles Robbins told Squanto one day, "We are going back to England soon. The captain would like to take you with us."

"England? Me?" said Squanto.

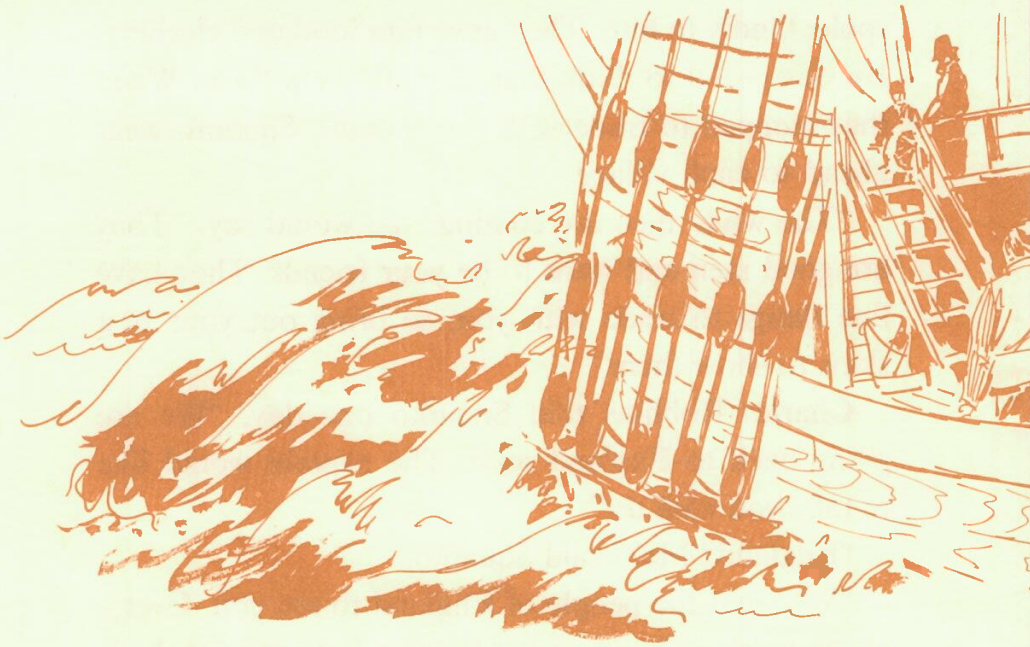
"We want the people of England to see you. Everyone in England has heard of Indians, but not many have ever seen one," said Charles Robbins. "You can stay as long as you like and come back on another ship."

Squanto's eyes shone. "Yes!" he said.

He would cross the great ocean. He—Squanto, the Indian boy—would be the first of his people to see the land of the white men.

"Yes!" he said again. "Yes, yes!"

Squanto wanted to go back to his village before the ship sailed. He wanted to tell his people that he was going to the land of the white men.



But the ship was a long way from the village. There was no time for him to go home.

"Talk to the Indians on this shore," said Charles Robbins. "Tell them you are going to England. They will talk about it, and the word will get to your people."

Squanto nodded. It was a good plan.

That day he talked to the Indians on the shore. He told them he was going to the land of the white men and would come back soon.

The next day the ship sailed.

At first Squanto was happy. But as the days went by he grew tired of the ocean. He grew tired of eating salt fish and biscuits and beans. He wanted to see land again.

Charles Robbins told him stories to help pass the time. He told him of kings and queens. He told him of the big city of London.

The stories were hard for Squanto to understand. There were so many words in them that he did not know.

Sometimes he was cross because he could not understand. Sometimes he was sad because there was so much he did not know.

Day after day went by.

One morning a shout went up. "Land!" Squanto and Charles ran up on deck.

"Look, Squanto!" Charles pointed. Far away there was a small, dark spot. It was like a little cloud between the ocean and the sky. "It's land! Can you see it?"

"Yes, yes!" said the Indian boy. "I see."

And he was happy again.

Squanto spent many years in Europe, first in England and then in Spain. What he did there and how he finally came home are told in the book *Squanto, Friend of the White Men,* by Clyde Robert Bulla (T. Y. Crowell, 1954).

You may also want to read:

The First Book of Early Settlers
by Louise Dickinson Rich (Franklin Watts, 1959)

The Indians Knew
by Tillie S. Pine (Whittlesey House, 1957)

Pocahontas
by Ingri and Edgar P. d'Aulaire (Doubleday, 1936)

John Billington, Friend of Squanto
by Clyde Robert Bulla (T. Y. Crowell, 1956)

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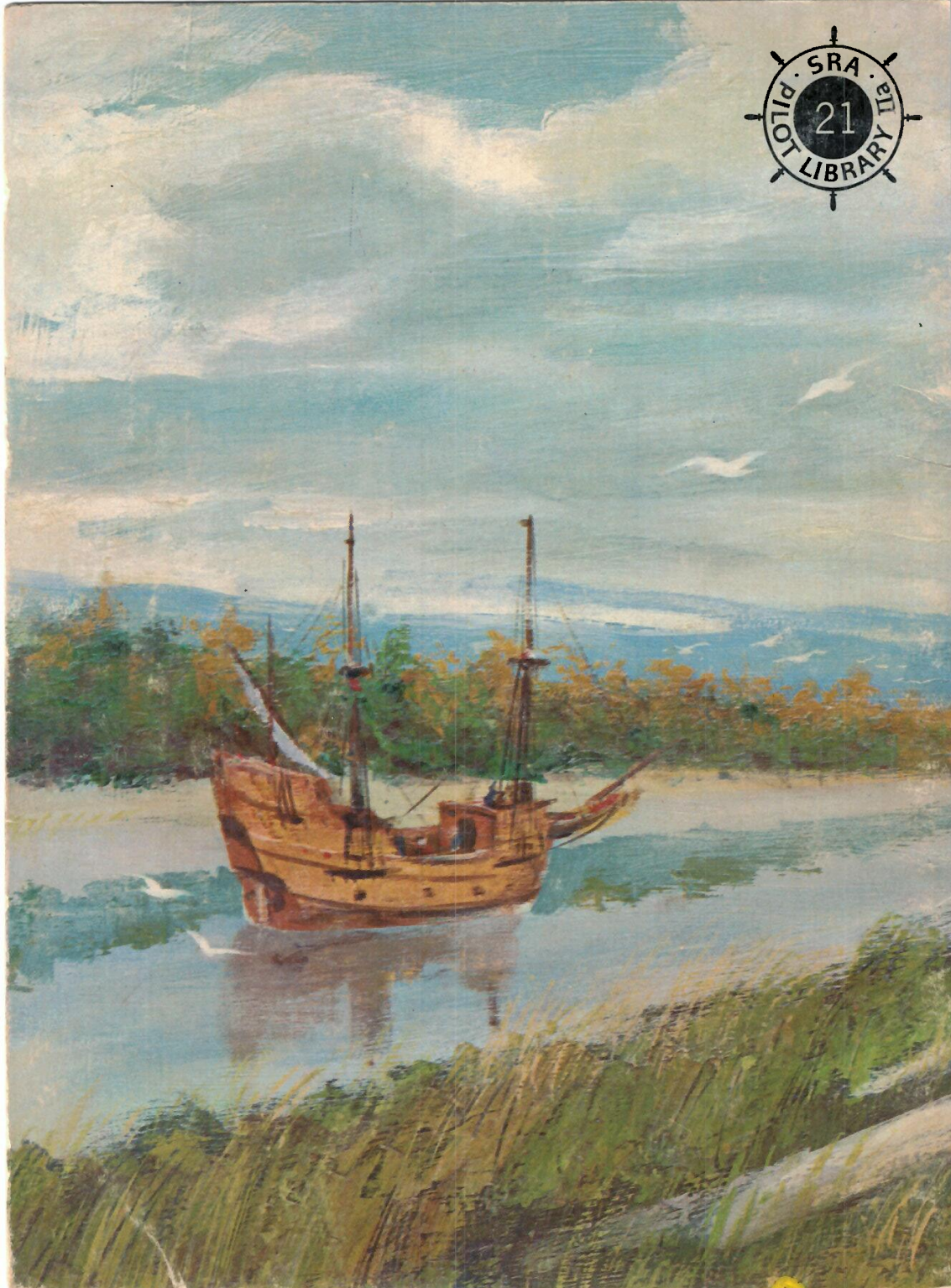
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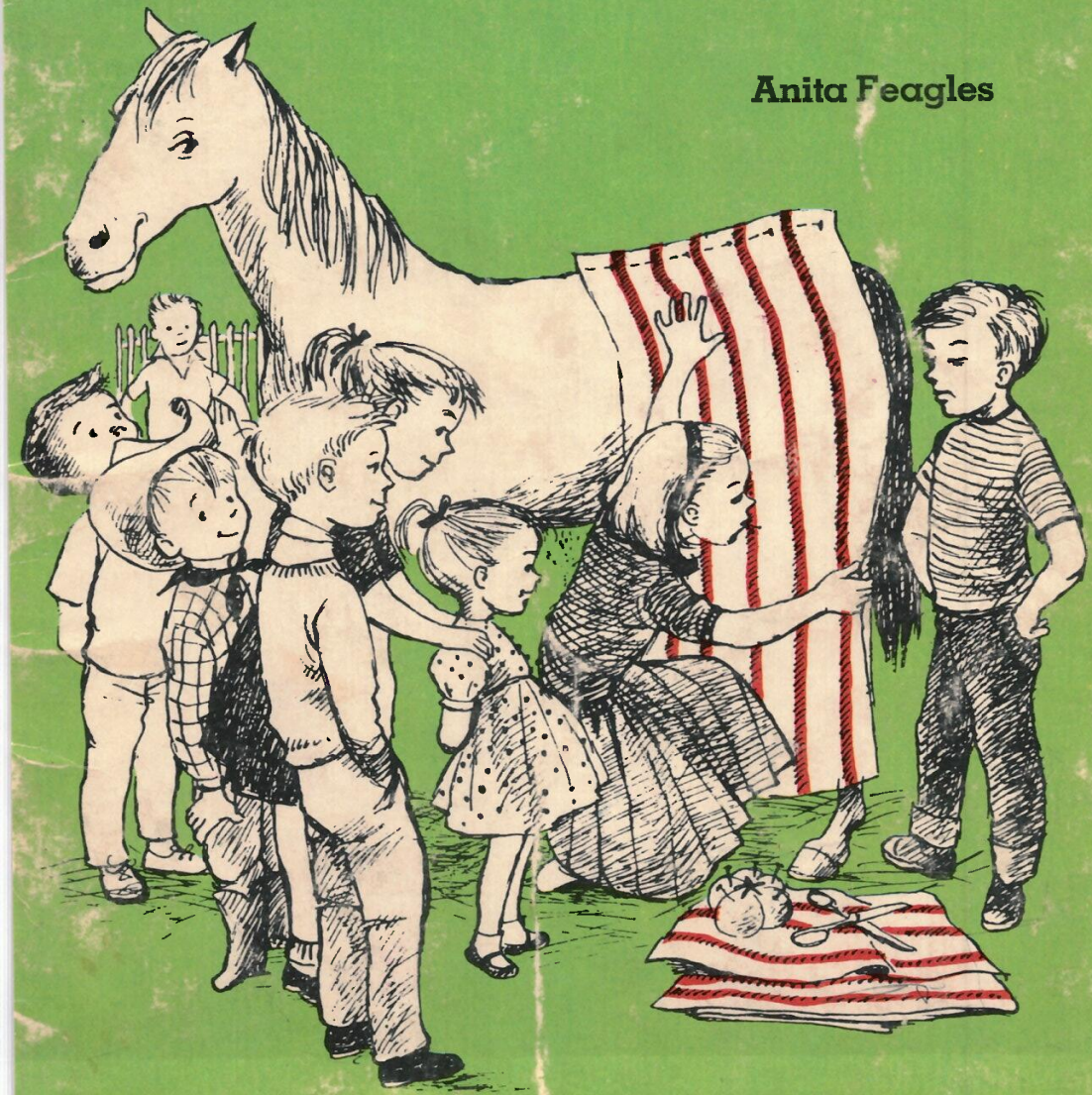
Horse Sense

selections from Casey, the Utterly Impossible Horse

Anita Feagles



HORSE SENSE

selections from

CASEY, THE UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE HORSE

by Anita Feagles

This is a story about a horse, named Casey, and his pet boy, named Mike. There is a girl in the story too, but Casey doesn't think much of girls.

Anyway, when Mike found Casey he thought it would be fun to have a real horse living in the garage. That was before Casey started being difficult. It all began when he insisted on wearing striped pajamas. . . .

HORSE SENSE

selections from Casey, the Utterly Impossible Horse

By ANITA FEAGLES

Illustrated By Dagmar Wilson

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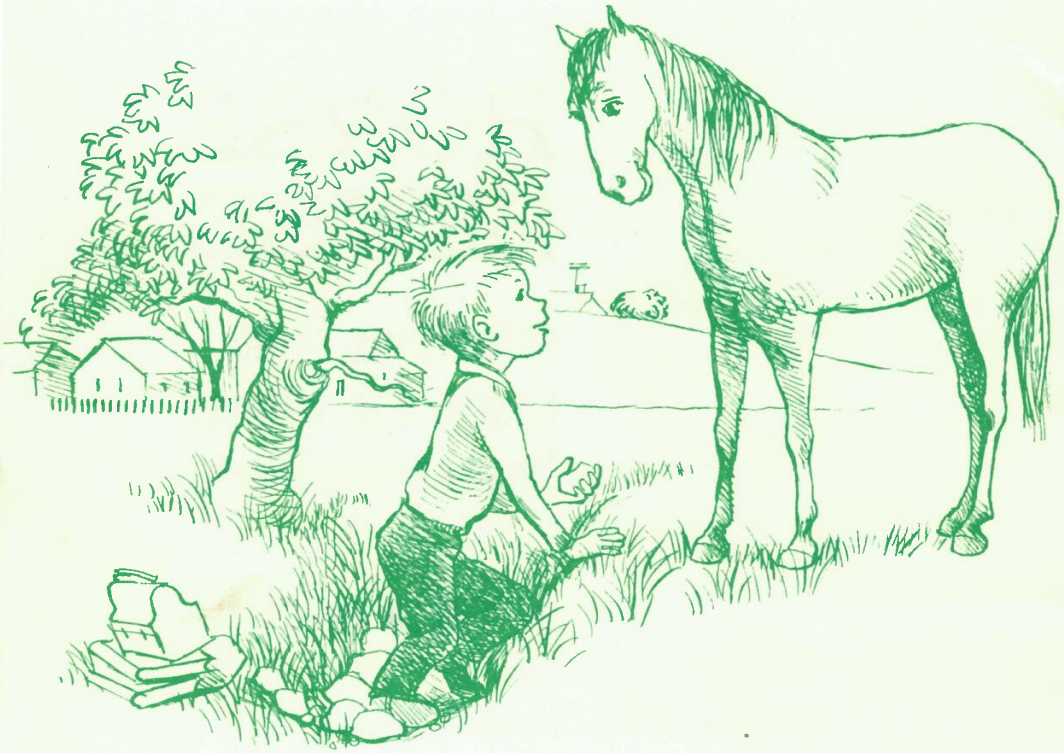

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Mike Meets Casey

Mike got off the school bus with a lot of other children, but he didn't walk home with any of them because he wanted to see if he could find some good rocks for his rock collection.

So nobody was with him when he saw the horse.

The horse was just standing there, and Mike was surprised because he had never seen a horse anywhere near his house before.

Mike got up out of the ditch, where he'd been looking for rocks, and went over to the horse.

"Hello, horsie. Where did you come from?" he asked.

"Well," the horse said, "I was just here, waiting for the school bus."

"Hey! Was that you talking?" Mike asked.

"Of course," the horse said. "You don't see any other horse around, do you?"

"Well, no," Mike said.

The horse bent over to eat some grass. Finally Mike said, "I didn't know horses could talk, though."

"Have you ever talked to a horse?"

"No," Mike said.

"Well, then," the horse said.

Mike wondered what he meant by that remark, but he waited awhile and then he said, "Why were you waiting for the school bus?"

"I was hoping some boy would take me home to live with him. You see, I don't have a boy."

"Golly, I'd sure like you to come live with me, but we don't have a barn, or anything like that."

"A garage will be all right."

"Really? You mean you'll come live with me, and be my own horse?"

"No. *You'll* be *my* boy."

"Sure, in a way," Mike said. "Will my mother be surprised!"

"Oh, I never talk to grownups."

"My mother won't mind that," Mike said. "In fact, I think she'd just as soon you didn't. Wow! I have a horse!" Mike shouted.

"What's your name?" the horse asked.

"Mike Bradford. And I have a big sister, Gloria, and my mother and father. What's your name?"

The horse thought a minute. "I guess my name will be Mike."

"But that's *my* name!"

"Don't you like it?"

"Sure, but—gee whiz, I'd feel funny calling you Mike."

"All right, then. My name will be Gloria."

"That's my sister's name. Besides, it's for a girl. Don't you like any other names?"

"Well," the horse said, "you certainly are fussy. Let me see. I know. My name will be Mr. Bradford."

"Oh, come on," Mike said. "That's my father's name. You can't have that name."

The horse started looking around. "I guess I'll find another boy."

"No, listen, horsie—"

"And I don't like to be called horsie. There must be some other boy."

"Come on, please. Listen, you can have any other name in the whole world. I mean, not Mrs. Bradford, either, but any other name. I promise."

"Well. All right then. You can call me Kitty Cat."

"Aw, gee *whiz,*" Mike said. "That's just plain *silly.*"

"You *said.*"

"Yes, but gee."

"I always wanted to be a kitty cat," the horse said. "They're so small and everything."

"But you're *not* a kitty cat. What if I wanted to be a horse?"

"I'd call you horsie," the horse said. "I've picked out four names, and you didn't like any of them. I think I'll find another boy."

"Look, I have a good idea," Mike said suddenly. "I have a *great* idea. Your name can be Kitty Cat, just as you said, only we'll call you by your initials, K.C., for short. Like Casey. Get it?"

"No. It's too complicated."

"No, it isn't. It's simple. Casey. I think that's a great name."

"Oh, all right," the horse said coldly. "I suppose I can get used to it."

"Come on, Casey, let's go tell my mother," Mike said. But Casey had found a new patch of grass.

"You tell her," Casey said, chewing.

"No, come on, now. You won't know which one is my house or anything."

"All right," Casey said, still chewing.

"Please come on, Casey," Mike begged. Finally Casey followed, and they went down the street to Mike's red house.

Casey's New Home

Usually when Mike came home from school he would throw his lunch box, his sweater, his baseball cards, and his rocks down on the front steps. Then his mother would tell him to go out and get them. But today he brought them all inside because he wanted his mother to let him keep Casey.

"Mom! Mom!" he called. "We've got a horse! A real live horse! And he can be mine and live in the garage!"

"Hello, dear," Mike's mother said. "Now, go get your —oh, you've brought them in."

"Mom, we have a horse! He's real, and he's going to live with us in the garage."

Mrs. Bradford looked out the window.

"Why, there *is* a horse out there!" she said in surprise. "For heaven's sake! I wonder where he came from."

"Can we keep him?"

"*Keep* him! Where on earth would we keep a horse?"

"In the garage. We could make him comfortable there."

"Maybe we could make him comfortable," Mrs. Bradford said, "but what would we do with the car?"

"Daddy could leave the car out."

"Mike, I'm sure this horse belongs to someone."

Mike wasn't very worried about this because he didn't think Casey would have been looking for a boy if he had already belonged to someone. So he just said, "Well, if he doesn't belong to anyone, can we keep him?"

"Well, we'll have to talk to Daddy. I'll call the police and the A.S.P.C.A. and see if they know anything about the horse."

"His name is Casey," Mike said. "If I can keep him, I'll pick up my room every day, and I'll go to bed on time and everything."

"We'll see," his mother said.

Mike could hardly wait until Gloria came home from school. She was in a higher grade and her bus got home

later. He ran all the way to the bus stop to meet her. Then he waited for the other children to start home so nobody else would hear the news. Finally he said, "Gloria, guess what?"

"Will you carry some of these books for me, Mike?" she asked.

"Sure. Listen, Gloria, I found a horse, and he can talk, only not to grownups. His name is Casey. It's short for Kitty Cat, and that's silly, but at first he wanted to be called Mike or Gloria or Mr. Bradford. He was at the bus stop, waiting for a boy."

"Jimmy Nichols said his cat can say 'Mama,' only I don't believe it," Gloria said.

"Listen, Gloria, Casey really talks. Mom's going to call to see if he belongs to somebody, but I'm pretty sure he doesn't. And if he doesn't, Dad might let us keep him. Casey is out in the yard now."

"You mean there's a horse at our house right now?"

"Yes. He's waiting for me to come back."

They started walking home as fast as they could. This time, it was Gloria who threw down her books, her lunch box, and her sweater on the front steps.

Casey had gone into the garage.

"Casey," Mike said, "this is my sister Gloria."

Casey didn't say anything. Gloria frowned at Mike.

"Casey, this is Gloria," Mike said again.

Casey didn't say anything. He looked at Gloria and looked away.

"Golly, Casey," Mike said, "this is my sister Gloria. Can't you say something?"

"I *heard* you—it's your sister Gloria. What am I supposed to do, ask her to dance or something?"

"You're supposed to say hello when you're introduced to someone."

"Hello," Casey said glumly.

"How wonderful!" Gloria said. "Oh, I hope we can keep him!"

"I'm not really crazy about girls," Casey said, looking at Gloria.

"Oh," Gloria said, stepping back a little.

"What I really wanted was a boy," Casey said.

"Well, there's a boy here, so it's all right, isn't it?" Gloria asked.

"I guess so. If you don't mind, I think I'll go out and get a snack." Casey went outside and began to eat grass, while Gloria and Mike watched.

"Casey," Gloria said, "would you mind if I invited some of my friends over?"

"Go ahead," Casey said. "You can have a nice game of dolls. Inside."

"I mean, to see you, Casey."

"I imagine they've all seen a horse before."

"Well, what I really meant was to talk to you."

Casey looked up at Mike. "Girls never say what they really mean, do they? Not until they've said two other things first."

"Well, is it all right?" Gloria asked.

Casey cleared his throat. "I think we'd better straighten this thing out right now," he said. "As you see, I have a new boy. He's a little hard to get along with, but I believe that in time he can be trained to be a fairly good pet. Now, this does not mean that I have to talk talk talk to everyone, does it?"

"No, I guess not," Gloria said timidly.

"All right," Casey said. "As a matter of fact, I have no intention of talking to anyone else at all. It only makes trouble." He ate some more grass, and then he added, "If they want, I'll eat their grass."

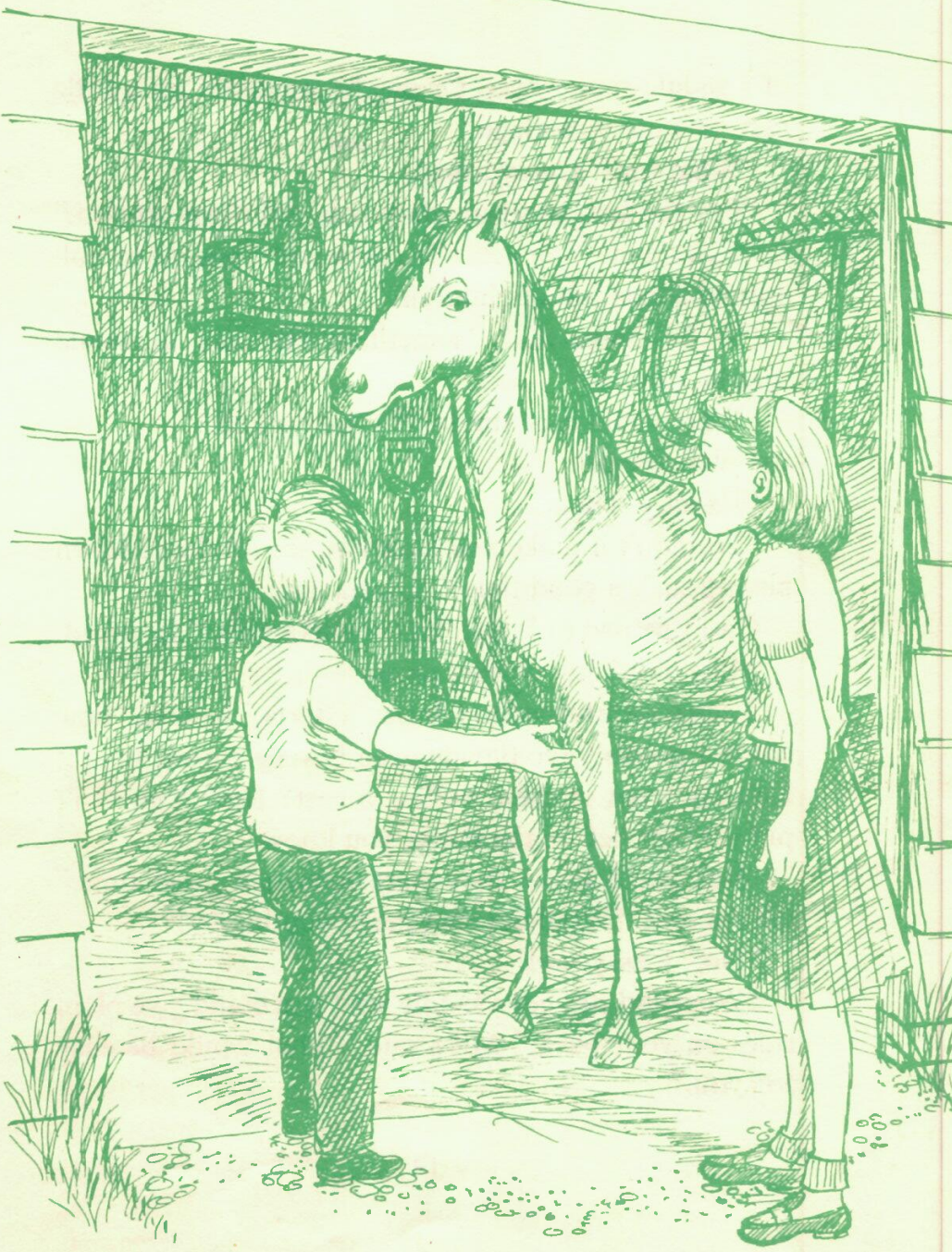
"Well, I suppose it's up to you whom you talk to," Gloria said.

"Yes, isn't it?" Casey answered.

"You wouldn't have to talk to them," Mike said. "You could just give rides."

Casey looked up. "I beg your pardon?"

"Give rides," Mike said. "Maybe Dad could get hold



of a saddle somewhere. Or maybe we could get a little cart, or even a carriage!"

"What for?" Casey asked.

"For the kids to sit in while you pull them around."

"*Pull* them? You actually mean you want me to pull around a cart full of children?"

"Well," Mike said, "something like that. It would sure be fun!"

"Who would it be fun for?" Casey asked.

"Well, them."

"Exactly. Them."

"Wouldn't it make you happy to see all the children having such a good time?" Gloria asked.

Casey turned to Mike. "Do you like girls?" he asked.

Mike didn't know what to say.

Then Casey turned to Gloria. "Gloria," he said, "how could I possibly see the children having a good time if I was in front of them pulling a cart? Hm? You can't put the cart before the horse, you know."

"But you'd *know* they were having a good time," Gloria said. "Wouldn't that make you happy?"

"No," Casey said.

"We could still get a saddle, and you could give plain rides on your back," Mike said. "That would be easy for you."

"How would you like a bunch of strangers having plain rides on your back?" Casey asked.

"That's different," Mike said. "I'm no horse."

"If you were, you'd have more horse sense, obviously," Casey said.

"But Casey," Mike said, "other horses give rides. They don't think a thing of it."

"Where?" Casey asked, looking around. "I don't see a single one."

"I mean other horses in other places."

"Then that doesn't help a bit, does it?" Casey asked. He began to eat grass again.

Mike and Gloria sighed. "Well, anyway," Gloria said to Mike, "we have a wonderful horse, and he talks to us, and that's more than most other kids have."

"I have a talking boy who has a talking sister," Casey said. "Now, why don't you two go talk to each other a while and let me eat in peace?"

That night, Mike and Gloria could hardly wait for their father to come home. As soon as he came inside the house, Mike began to bounce up and down saying, "Dad, can we keep Casey? You don't mind leaving the car out, do you? Is it all right?"

And at the same time, Gloria was saying, "Be quiet, Mike! Let me tell it! Stop bouncing!"

Finally, their mother came out of the kitchen.

"What's all this about?" Mr. Bradford asked.

"Oh, a stray horse came by here today, and I've called everywhere, but nobody seems to know where he came from or what to do with him. The children are having a fit, as you can see. They're dying to keep him in the garage."

Mr. Bradford laughed. "Let's have a look," he said. They all went out to the garage. Mr. Bradford patted Casey and said, "Hi, fellow. You're a pretty good-looking horse. Maybe you'll eat our grass and save me the trouble of mowing it."

Mike and Gloria started talking at once again, and when they got back inside, Mr. Bradford said, "If you two will calm down a minute, maybe we can decide what to do."

The children stopped talking, and he went on, "Now, I'm sure someone will claim this horse. But in the meantime, it will be all right if you keep him in the garage." He turned to their mother. "That all right with you?"

"I guess so," she said.

Mike said, "Hooray!" And Gloria said, "Oh, *thank* you!" And after dinner they all went out to the garage to make sure Casey would be comfortable for the night.

Hard to Please

The next day was Saturday, the day Mrs. Bradford went to do her marketing. Mike decided to go with her.

First, he opened the box that his sneakers came in because that was where his money was. He tied all his money into a red scarf and fastened it onto his belt. Then he was ready to go. He wanted to buy some sugar in lumps for Casey.

It was hard to find the sugar in lumps in the store, because the boxes were up high. Then he couldn't find his mother for a while, and he got sort of worried. Finally he saw her where the lettuce was, and when she was finished, they drove home.

Mike could hardly wait to get out of the car. He ran

into the garage and shouted, "Look, Casey, I brought you a surprise! Which hand?"

"I don't want it," Casey said.

"You will when you see it." Mike smiled a big smile and held out the sugar. "Look," he said.

"Oh," Casey said, turning away. "Do I *have* to eat it?"

"What do you mean?" Mike asked. "It's *sugar!*"

"I *hate* sugar," Casey said.

"You *couldn't* hate sugar," Mike said, beginning to feel a little angry. "Have you ever had any?"

"No. But I know I hate it."

"Listen," Mike said, and he was pretty mad now. "Listen, I went all the way to the supermarket, and I spent my own money, and gee, everybody loves sugar. Especially every horse. Won't you at least try it?"

"Well, I'll take a little taste," Casey said. Mike gave him a lump. Casey tried to bite it in two, so he wouldn't have to take such a big taste. The lump fell on the floor and broke.

"Oh, my gosh, take the whole thing," Mike said disgustedly. Casey took a broken half.

"Do you like it?" Mike asked.

"I guess it's all right."

"Do you want more?"

"Well, a couple of lumps, I guess." Mike gave him a few lumps. "It's not too bad, actually," Casey said. "You may as well give me the rest of the box."

"Hey, you can't eat it all in one day," Mike said.

"Why not?"

"Because! Well, for one thing, you wouldn't have any tomorrow."

"But I don't want it tomorrow. I want it right now."

"But when it *is* tomorrow, you'll want it then!"

"Well then," Casey said, "you can buy me another box tomorrow."

"I can't either," Mike said. "I don't have any more money."

"Ask your mother for money to buy more."

"Listen, I had a hard enough time convincing her to keep you."

"I can go right now, if I'm such a bother," Casey said.

"Oh, come on, Casey, don't go."

"I don't think you're a bit nice," Casey said, and he stamped his foot.

"Hey, watch it with that foot, you big horse," Mike said. "You almost stepped on me."

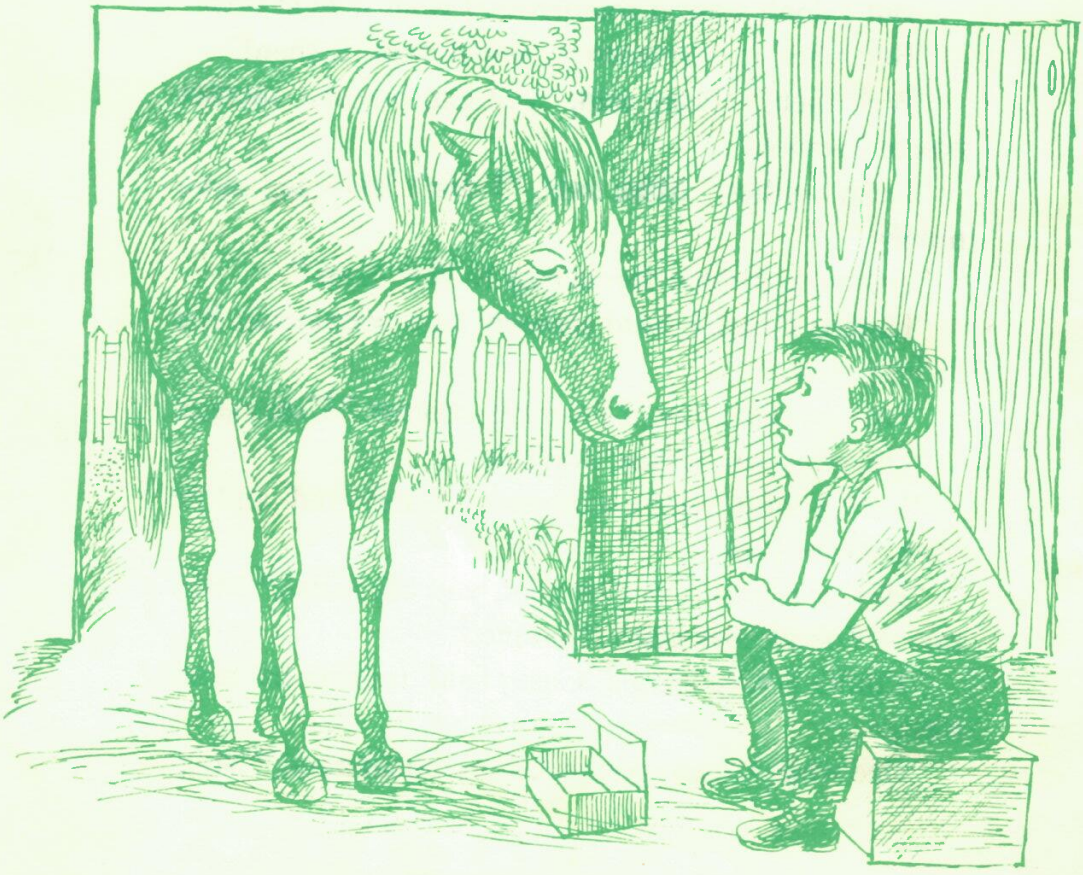
"I think you're *mean*," Casey said, turning his head away.

"Gee whiz, Casey, you just don't understand," Mike

said, and he sat down on a big wooden box. He didn't know what to do. For a long time he just sat there looking at Casey, and Casey just stood there.

Finally, Casey said softly, "I know what I *would* like."

"What?" Mike asked eagerly.



"I'd *really* like some striped pajamas."

"Good grief, Casey. Horses don't wear pajamas."

"Have you ever seen a horse in pajamas?" Casey asked.

"Of course not."

"Then how do you know?"

"How do I know what?" Mike asked. "I don't get it."

"I never had a pair of striped pajamas in my whole life," Casey said. A big tear fell on the old Army blanket Mike had put on the floor. "You *never* do *anything* I want." Another tear fell.

"Casey, there just aren't any pajamas for horses."

"You're mean," Casey said, turning his head away.

"Where in the world would I ever get any pajamas that would fit you?" Mike asked.

"How should I know?"

"Listen," Mike said, "listen, Casey, maybe Gloria could make you some. She made eight aprons last Christmas, I know that. Maybe she could make you some striped pajamas."

"Could she? Could she really?"

"Well, I can ask her," Mike said, and he ran inside to get Gloria.

Gloria always cleaned her room on Saturday mornings, and now she was just finishing. Mike sat down on

the edge of her bed and said, "Listen, Gloria, Casey wants you to make him some striped pajamas."

"Oh, for Pete's sake," Gloria said.

"No, listen, he's *crying,* and he said he might leave."

"Well, just explain to him that horses never wear any pajamas at all."

"I did, but it didn't do any good," Mike said.

"Well, I can try talking to him," Gloria said. "But you know how he is about girls."

They went out to the garage together. Casey smiled when he saw Gloria.

"I think it's perfectly grand of you to make me striped pajamas, Gloria," Casey said. "Mike told me you would."

"I did not," Mike said.

"Listen, Casey," Gloria said, "I don't know how to make pajamas. And it would take so much material. Where would I get all that material?"

"You could buy it," Casey said.

"I don't have the money to buy it," Gloria said. "I mean, I'm saving up for a certain record, and that will take another week's allowance. Then I think it would take about another month after that to save up for that much striped material, not even counting buttons and thread and everything."

"Talk talk talk," Casey said. "I've never had any pajamas in my whole life, and you don't even *care*."

"Gosh, Casey, it isn't that," she said, and she gave Mike a worried look. "Do you know what? I could make you a thing like . . ." She looked at Casey closely. "Well, sort of like an apron, only a little more like a saddle type of thing. I don't mind waiting another week to get that record. I could get some striped material and make you this darling little thing. Wouldn't you like that, Casey?"

"I don't want a *thing*," Casey said. "I want striped pajamas."

He began to cry. He turned his back on Mike and Gloria and started bumping his head against the lawn mower.

"Hey, don't fool with Dad's mower," Mike said, but Casey bumped even harder. "Casey, cut it out," Mike said.

"Why can't I have the striped pajamas?" Casey asked, snuffling and bumping. Mike looked at Gloria.

"Oh, all right, I'll *try*," Gloria said. "But I don't think they'll be very good."

"Oh gee, thanks, Gloria," Casey said. He turned around and rubbed his nose against her cheek.

"I don't know when I'll get my record," Gloria said.

"And I can tell you, Casey, you're going to look pretty silly."

But Casey just smiled.

The next chance they got, Mike and Gloria went downtown with Gloria's record money.

"I wonder what color would look nice on Casey," Gloria said. "Do you think orange stripes would be nice?"

"Great," Mike said. "Blue would look good, too."

Finally, they picked out some orange and white striped material.

When they got back home again, their mother said she didn't know where they got such a silly idea, but she let Gloria take some buttons of hers, and Gloria started making the pajamas. Every day she took the big bundle of material out to the garage and tried to fit it onto Casey, and it was a pretty hard job.

Right away, a little girl came up and said, "Oh, Gloria, what are you doing *that* for?" And when Gloria told her, she went running to look for her sister, calling, "Jean, Jean, come quick. Gloria Bradford's making striped pajamas for a *horse!*"

Pretty soon, all the children in the neighborhood came to watch.

"Why do you want to put pajamas on him?" a boy asked.

Mike could tell Gloria was a little embarrassed, but she smiled and said, "Oh, we just thought it would be different."

Someone else said, "Hey, Gloria, when you get through with the pajamas, why don't you make him a bathrobe?"

Finally, Gloria finished the striped pajamas, and Casey was very happy. He didn't even want to take them off to be washed. After a few days, Casey had the pajamas on so much it was hard for Mike to remember how he'd looked without them.

The Uninvited Guest

One afternoon Mike said, "Casey, I'm going to a birthday party down at Billy Brant's house. I'll be back after a while."

"Will you have cake and hats and balloons?"

"Sure," Mike said.

"Nothing's more fun than a birthday party," Casey said pleasantly.

Mike was surprised that Casey didn't make a fuss, but he was glad, too. He went inside and washed part of his face and hands and put on the clothes his mother had told him to wear: the scratchy trousers, the shirt that made his neck feel funny, and the brown corduroy jacket. Then he took the present his mother had wrapped and walked down to Billy Brant's house.

The party was in the back yard. There was a picnic table with a paper tablecloth on it, and little baskets and hats. Mr. and Mrs. Brant were there, and Billy was showing everyone the new bicycle they had given him.

Mike went over to Billy and handed him the present and said, "Here." Then he remembered and said, "Happy Birthday."

Billy said, "Put it on the table." Then *he* remembered and said, "Thanks."

Billy unwrapped his presents and let some of the boys try on his new holster, and two of the children played with a toy golf set.

Mike was taking a turn on the new bike when, suddenly, Mrs. Brant cried, "Oh, look!"

Everyone looked, and there was Casey, coming around the side of the house in his striped pajamas.

"Oh, George, look at that darling horse!" Mrs. Brant called excitedly to Mr. Brant. "Get your camera. Have you ever seen such a thing?"

All the children laughed, and Mike said, "That's my horse, Casey."

"Casey wanted to come to the party," Mrs. Brant said. "George, take a picture of him with the children."

"May we ride him?" someone asked.

"I don't think Casey would like that," Mike said.

"We can play pin-the-tail on the horse, instead of pin-the-tail on the donkey."

"I don't think Casey would like that, either," Mike said.

"Well, what *would* Casey like?" Billy asked.

Casey bent down and whispered very softly in Mike's ear so that nobody else could hear.

"Oh, isn't that the cutest thing," Mrs. Brant said. "That horse is kissing Mike's ear!"

"I guess he'd like a hat," Mike said.

"What a wonderful idea!" said Mrs. Brant. She picked out a straw hat and put it on Casey. "Isn't that a scream? Are you taking pictures, George? Where did he get the striped pajamas?"

"My sister made them," Mike said. He felt very silly.

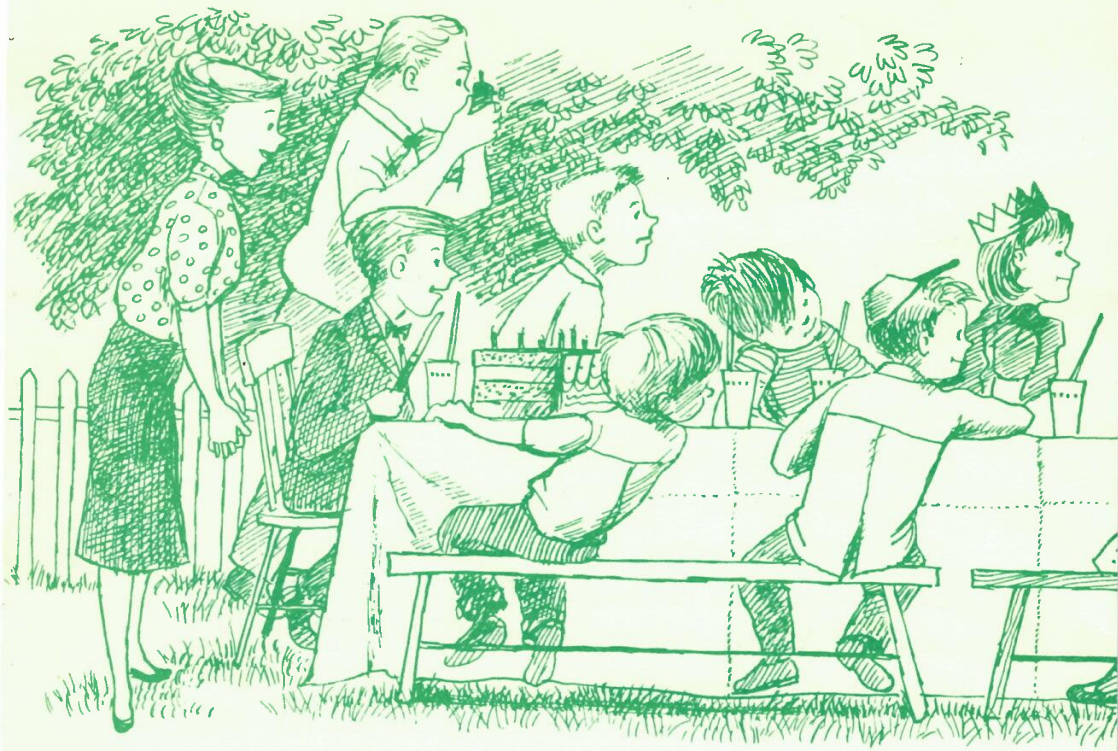
"You'd swear he was smiling," Mr. Brant said, taking pictures. The children were all laughing and patting Casey and running around.

"He certainly is good-natured, isn't he?" Mr. Brant said to Mike.

"Well, sort of," Mike replied.

Casey whispered in Mike's ear again, and Mike said, "Maybe Casey would like a balloon."

"Let's give him a red one," Billy said. "Where shall we put it?"

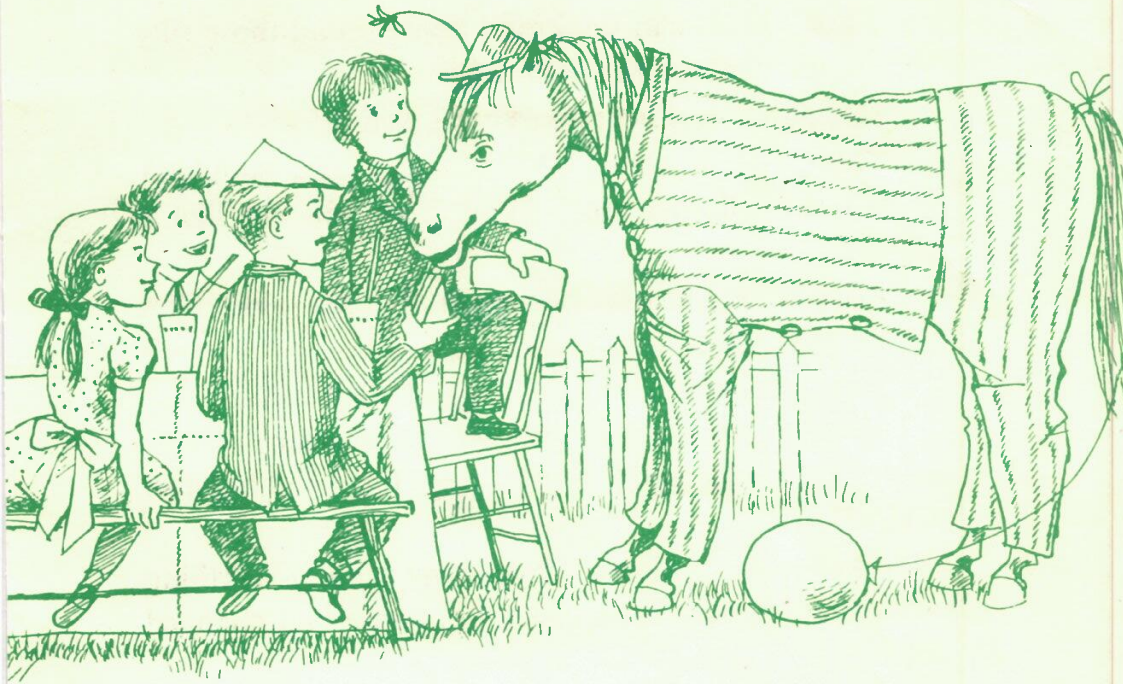


Mike was embarrassed, but Casey was looking at him, so he said, "Maybe we could tie it onto his tail."

They tied a red balloon to the top of his tail, and the children were laughing so loud that Mrs. Brant had to call lots of times before they would all sit down to eat.

Casey followed them to the table and stood next to Mike.

"Do you think Casey would like something to eat?" Mrs. Brant asked. "What should we give him?"



Casey whispered to Mike again. "I think," Mike said uncomfortably, "he would like a peanut butter sandwich, two carrot sticks, and a piece of cake."

When it was time to go, everyone said goodbye to Casey, and two of the girls kissed him on the neck.

After they got back to the garage, Mike said, "Casey, I wish you wouldn't do that again."

"Don't be silly," Casey said. "They thought I was adorable."

"I don't like them thinking I made up all those silly things, like the hat and the balloon."

"Oh, don't be ridiculous. They loved it."

"And another thing," Mike said. "You shouldn't have eaten all that stuff. Why can't you eat like a horse?"

"Why Mike, I'm surprised at you," Casey said. "That would have been very rude."

"Anyway, please don't do it again," Mike said.

"I really don't understand what you mean," Casey said, "but I hope you'll stop fussing. It's a bad habit of yours."

Mike looked at Casey. He couldn't think of anything to say, so he went back inside the house and changed into his blue jeans.

Casey goes on being utterly impossible in Anita Feagles' book *Casey, The Utterly Impossible Horse* (W. R. Scott, 1960). He even becomes a star in the school play, much to Mike's embarrassment.

You may also want to read:

Kickapoo
by Miska Miles (Little, Brown, 1961)

Billy and Blaze
by C. W. Anderson (Macmillan, 1936)

Mouse House
by Rumer Godden (Viking Press, 1957)

A Bear Called Paddington
by Michael Bond (Houghton Mifflin, 1960)

Clown Dog
by Lavinia Davis (Doubleday, 1961)

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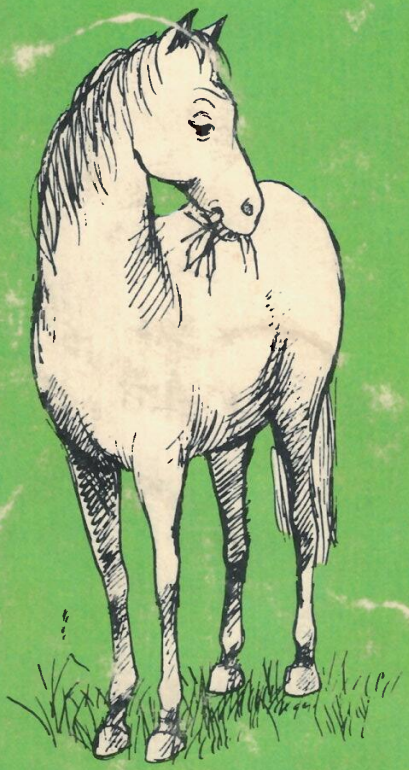

LITTLE PEAR

Eleanor
Frances
Lattimore

LITTLE PEAR

by Eleanor Frances Lattimore

Little Pear lived in a small village in China. In many ways, he was not at all like an American boy. His clothes, the house he lived in, and his toys may seem strange to you.

But like all boys everywhere, Little Pear sometimes did not mind his parents. And like any boy, he sometimes got into trouble.

LITTLE PEAR

BY ELEANOR FRANCES LATTIMORE

Illustrated by ED YOUNG

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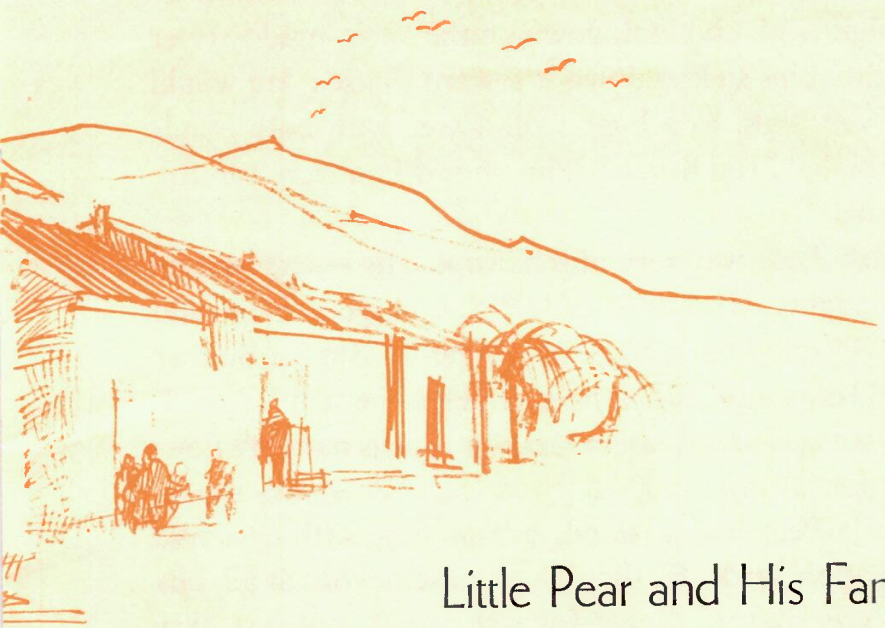


Little Pear and His Family

There was once a Chinese boy called Little Pear. He lived with his father, his mother, and his two sisters in a small house at the edge of a village in China. All around the village were flat fields of cabbages and beans and onions, and far away on one side was a great highway that led to the city, and far away on the other side was a river.

Little Pear's mother used to say to him, "You may run and play out of doors, but do not go too near the river. You might fall in." Sometimes, though, Little

Pear would disobey his mother. He loved to stand on the high bank and look down on the swift, muddy river and the ships sailing down it toward the sea. He would hold very tight to a huge willow tree with both hands and think, "I can never fall in—not if I am very careful, like this."

Little Pear was very mischievous. His sisters said he was naughty. His father said he was naughty. He would cry, "Ay-ah! what a bad boy you are!" But his mother said, "He is little; when he gets bigger he will be good; you wait and see. It doesn't matter if he is naughty now, sometimes!" And they all loved Little Pear very much.

Little Pear had a round, solemn face with eyes like black apple seeds. He didn't look mischievous at all. His head was shaved, except for one round spot just over his forehead where the hair was allowed to grow and was braided into a little pigtail tied with bright-colored string. His mother thought this looked beautiful. He was always gaily dressed in flowered jackets buttoned down the front, and striped trousers, tied in around the ankles with wide strips of cloth.

The two sisters of Little Pear were very good girls. One was called Dagu, because she was the oldest, and the other was called Ergu, because she was the second one. They both wore jackets and trousers like Little Pear, but you could tell that they were girls instead of

boys because they wore tiny gold earrings and because their jackets buttoned down the side. Dagu's hair was braided into one long braid, and Ergu's was parted in the middle and braided into two shorter ones.

Dagu was quiet and gentle and helped her mother about the house, and when Little Pear was a baby it was Dagu who had carried him around on her back and taught him nursery rhymes. But when Little Pear grew older it was Ergu who played with him the most, for she was only two years older than he, and she was a tomboy besides.

The house that Little Pear lived in, like the other houses in the village, was made of sun-baked bricks the color of dust. There was only one room, with an earthen floor and paper windows. You couldn't see through the windows unless you poked your finger through the paper, but they made the room a little lighter. There was one door, with a little window in it, that led into the courtyard in front of the house.

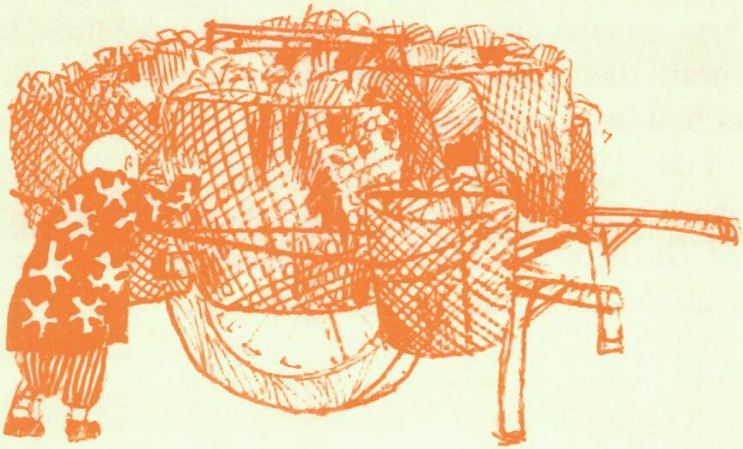
All around the courtyard there was a high wall, and in the wall there was a gateway leading to the street. There were two stone lions in front of the gateway, on either side of the red painted door. They had curly manes, and mouths that looked as though they might be laughing or might be roaring; Little Pear could never decide which.

The house was at the end of the street and at the edge of the village. You could stand in the gateway and look across the flat fields toward the river. You could not see the river, but you could see the tall masts and sails of the ships. It gave Little Pear a happy feeling to stand there and think of the river and of the sea and of the whole world. His little pigtail would stand straight up with excitement!

Inside the house there was very little furniture. The family all slept on a huge square bed made of gray bricks and built against the wall. It was wide and flat and hard. The pillows were shaped like long rolls, and they were hard too; but Little Pear and his family rolled themselves up in their warm quilts and slept very comfortably.

There was a brick stove at the back of the room where Little Pear's mother cooked the meals, and there was also a fireplace under the bed. In the winter they had a fire burning there to keep them warm. During the day they put a small table with short legs on top of the bed and gathered there for meals.

Their only pet was a yellow bird, who sang sweetly from his cage which swung by the open doorway.



Little Pear Goes to the Fair

The men in the village of Shegu, where Little Pear and his family lived, were mostly farmers. All day they worked in the fields that lay on all sides of the village. Sometimes they would go to market fairs at neighboring villages to sell their grain and vegetables and to buy what they needed from other farmers.

Little Pear's father was a farmer. One day in the summer he came in from the fields very early.

"There is a fair today," he said, "in the village of

Wuku. I am going there to sell some of my onions and cabbages, and to buy some melons and sweet potatoes. I have heard that it is a very large fair, with many things to buy besides vegetables. So I shall bring a present to each of the children when I come home."

Dagu, Ergu, and Little Pear all became very much excited. Dagu loved pretty things to wear. "I should like some silk flowers to put in my hair," she said.

Ergu liked bright-colored things to play with. "I should like a lantern," she said, "shaped like a fish or like a rabbit."

Little Pear said nothing, because what he wanted most of all was to go to the fair himself. While the others were talking he slipped out into the courtyard.

The village of Wuku was three miles away. Little Pear's father was going to walk there, pushing his wheelbarrow full of vegetables. The wheelbarrow stood in the courtyard, all ready and laden with the onions and cabbages.

Little Pear walked around the wheelbarrow, looking to see whether there was a space anywhere big enough for a small boy to squeeze into. And yes! there was one. Little Pear crawled in among the cabbages and covered himself up as well as he could with some onions. Then he lay very still.

When Little Pear's father started out in the direction

of Wuku it seemed to him that his wheelbarrow was rather heavy, but he only thought, "What a fine load of vegetables I have!" He ne er guessed that Little Pear was hidden in the load.

"Where is Little Pear?" asked Ergu, after she and Dagu had watched their father out of sight.

"That naughty boy!" said Dagu. "He is always up to some mischief."

"I hope he hasn't run away," said his mother anxiously. But then she remembered that Little Pear had on his silver good-luck chain. She had given him the chain during the last New Year's festival. "He has probably just gone to play with his friend, Big Head," she said, and went back to her work in the house.

Dagu and Ergu went back to their work, too. They sat on the doorstep sewing, while the canary sang and hopped around in his cage above them. They were making shoes—shoes of black cloth, with soles made of layers and layers of white cloth, stitched together very firmly. They embroidered flowers and butterflies on the toes of their black shoes and stitched the cloth soles. They thought of the fair and hoped that their father would return soon.

Meanwhile their father was jogging along a rough country road with his wheelbarrow, and Little Pear was curled up tight among the cabbages and onions. He was

lying very still, for he was afraid that if his father should discover him he would send him home. Little Pear thought, "I shouldn't mind being spanked—so very much; but I *do* want to see the fair!"

Joggetty, joggetty, jog. The wheelbarrow went bumping along the rough road. Little Pear wanted to poke his head out, to see the countryside as they passed. But he thought that he had better keep still.

From where he lay he could hear all sorts of strange sounds on all sides of him. There were donkey bells, and the jingling of traveling tinkers. There was the creaking of cart wheels, the grunting of pigs, and every once in a while there was the braying of a donkey. There were many footsteps, and voices—loud and high, and old and young. "There are lots of people going to the fair," thought Little Pear.

The Laughing Onions

Joggetty, joggetty, jog. Then suddenly the wheelbarrow stopped. "Is this the fair?" Little Pear wondered, and he peeped out very cautiously from under the onions with one black apple-seed eye. Yes, they had reached the village of Wuku. It looked just like Little Pear's own village, only it was more crowded than his had been even during the New Year's festival.

On every side were the people who had come to buy and sell. There were young men with round smiling

faces. There were old men with high wrinkled foreheads and thin gray beards. There were farmers and merchantmen and fruitgrowers, and men who sold pigs or sheep, and men who sold birds.

The fair was all along the main street of the village. Fruit and vegetables were arranged in tempting piles along both sides of the street. There were trays of candy, too—the thin flat kind made of sesame seeds stuck together with syrup, and cut in squares; the square black kind that looked like charcoal; and best of all, *tanghulurs,* bright red candied fruit on a stick.

There were men selling all sorts of things besides food. There were men with bundles that they untied and spread out along the sides of the street. Some of these bundles were filled with porcelain dishes, and some were filled with beads. Some had small square chests in them, with little drawers filled with curious things—small people carved out of wood, and tiny silver fishes that wriggled as though they were alive.

Little Pear saw everything as well as he could from his hiding place. He was peeping out with both eyes now, but nobody noticed him because everybody was too busy buying and selling. The middle of the street was crowded with people, all jostling each other, and each man calling out in a loud voice the name of the thing he was selling.

"Perhaps I can climb out of this wheelbarrow without being seen," thought Little Pear, but just then there was a sudden disturbance. A man who had brought some pigs to sell was trying to pass a man with a flock of sheep. The sheep and the pigs were all getting mixed up, and the two men were angry and excited. Each one shouted out that it was the other's fault. The sheep bleated, the pigs grunted, and Little Pear, who was watching, suddenly began to laugh.

"What is the matter with your onions?" asked a farmer, who had stopped to buy from Little Pear's father. "Your onions have a voice; they are laughing."

Little Pear's father grew very angry. "Some bad boy has hidden himself under my wheelbarrow," he said. And he looked under the wheelbarrow. There was no one there.

"Look inside," suggested the farmer. So Little Pear's father lifted up the onions—and there was Little Pear!

By this time a crowd of people had gathered around the wheelbarrow. They all laughed loudly when they saw what was inside.

"Did he grow on your farm?" they asked Little Pear's father. "You must have a very remarkable farm!" Then they all laughed again, and they all stared at Little Pear, who sat among the cabbages with his pigtail standing straight up in the air.

Little Pear's father started to be angry, but when he saw that everybody thought it was a joke he laughed, too. "This is not for sale," he said, patting Little Pear on the head, "but the rest is."

The men were all in a good humor now. They started to buy the cabbages and onions. Soon everything was sold, and Little Pear's father had an empty wheelbarrow and several strings of money. All of the coins had holes in the middle so that they could be tied together on strings.

"Perhaps it is a good thing that you came," he said to Little Pear. "Now I shall buy some sweet potatoes and some melons."

When they returned home that evening Little Pear rode in the wheelbarrow again, but this time he sat on top of the load instead of being hidden. In one hand he held a present for Dagu—some beautiful silk flowers fastened on long pins to put in her hair. In his other hand was the present for Ergu—a lovely green lantern shaped like a rabbit. And as for Little Pear—well! he had had a trip to the fair!

The River

It was a hot day in the middle of summer. The sun blazed down on the village and on Little Pear, who was strolling along the street, eating a cucumber. His bare feet shuffled through the thick yellow dust. "Ay-ah," he sighed, "how hot it is!—and where are all my friends?"

The street was deserted, and the reason was that nearly everyone was asleep. It was too hot for most people to want to walk about. It was even too hot for the children to want to play. Little Pear, though, always wanted to be doing something.

"I know what I shall do," he thought. "I shall go and watch the boats on the river."

Just then he saw a child trotting around the corner. He felt quite excited for a minute, because he had walked through nearly half the village and had seen only a pig and a few chickens. But when the child came nearer he saw that it was only Big Head's baby brother.

The baby was dressed in a little red apron shaped like a diamond. It was all that he had on, because Chinese babies don't wear very much in the summer. His head was shaved except for a fringe of hair across his forehead. He was trotting along in a great hurry until he met Little Pear, who stopped him.

"You must not run away," said Little Pear, and he took the baby's hand and led him back to the home of Big Head, who was leaning against the doorway, fast asleep. Little Pear lifted the little brother over the courtyard doorstep and gave him the rest of his cucumber. "Stay where you are," he said. "You might get lost if you run away."

Then Little Pear had a good idea. He took the good-luck chain off his own neck and put it around the baby's. "Now you will be safe," he said, and he patted the baby kindly on the head and strolled on, feeling very good. Again he thought, "I shall go to the river and watch the ships," and he started off in the direction of the river.

It was a long way to the river. Little Pear followed the path that cut across the fields, and soon left the village far behind him. The sun blazed down on Little Pear as he pattered along in his bare feet. The fields were as deserted as the village. As he drew near the river, there was no sound except for the singing of cicadas in the willow trees.

Presently he stood on the high bank, looking down at the river. First he looked up the river, and then he looked down the river; and all the time he remembered to hold tight to a willow tree with both hands.

The river was swift and muddy. The sun shining on it made the ripples first brown and then blue. The bank opposite Little Pear, like the bank that he was standing on, was bordered by rough-barked willow trees leaning out over the water. Between the banks the boats went busily up and down. Here everybody seemed to be very wide awake. Little Pear thought of the sleepy village he had left and was glad that he had come to the river.

There were all kinds of boats. Big boats with masts and sails and smaller boats with none, and boats with great fishing nets spread out like huge spider webs. There were flatboats, too, laden with things to sell. Some had cabbages, and some had rolls of matting, and some had bags that might be filled with all sorts of interesting things, Little Pear thought.

The big boats had eyes painted on them in front, so that they could see where they were going. The owners of these boats were careful not to let anything hang over the edge in front of the eyes, for then the boats could not have seen their way as they sailed in and out among the smaller boats.

Little Pear wished that he had a boat of his own, but he couldn't decide whether he would rather have a small one that he could row, or a larger one that he could push with a pole, or a *big* one with a sail.

Finally Little Pear decided that what he would like most of all to have when he grew up would be a fishing boat. For then he could catch fish for his meals and take fish to the city to sell, and what fun that would be!

Little Pear held tight to the willow tree and gazed at the ships going up and down. He was wishing that he would grow up soon when suddenly he saw, drawing nearer and nearer, the loveliest kind of boat on the river. It was a houseboat!

"That is the kind of boat I should like to have," thought Little Pear, as he watched it drawing nearer and nearer. It was a long flat boat with a real little house on it. The house had a hole in the ceiling for the smoke to go through, and paper windows. A man was walking up and down the side of the deck, shoving with a long pole.

Little Pear looked admiringly at the clothes hanging

out to dry and watched the children playing about the deck. The boat sailed gaily along until it was quite close to Little Pear.

Suddenly one of the children saw him. He called to his brothers and sisters, and they all flocked to the edge of the boat and waved to Little Pear as he stood alone on the bank. It made him feel very happy, and without thinking he let go of his tree to wave back. *Slip,* went his feet on the steep bank—slip, slide—and *plop,* into the river fell Little Pear!

The brown water whirled round and round him in circles as he rose to the surface, choking and sputtering. "Ay-ah!" cried the children on the boat. "He is drowning, he is drowning!" For Little Pear could not swim, and the swift current was carrying him away from the bank.

He splashed around wildly with his arms and was about to sink again when the man on the boat rushed forward and reached out his pole.

"Catch hold!" he cried.

Little Pear Decides to be Good

Little Pear couldn't hear what the man said, for there was water in his ears. He could scarcely see the man, for there was water in his eyes! He couldn't say anything himself, for he had swallowed so much water—but he splashed around with his arms—and—he caught hold of the pole! Then he held on tight while the man pulled him to the side of the boat and lifted him safely to the deck.

For some time he lay there, wondering to himself

whether he was drowned or not, and thinking that perhaps he would never see his family again. Then he opened his eyes and saw above him a circle of faces. Here he was on the houseboat, and here were the children who had waved to him and the man who had saved him. There was the kindly face of the mother, too, who had hurried out of the little house to see what had happened.

Little Pear smiled at them, and they all exclaimed over him, saying what a wonder it was that he wasn't drowned; and they admired his flowered jacket and the green string around his pigtail.

"Will you stay with us?" asked the children.

But their mother said, "No, this little boy comes from the shore, and his family will wonder where he is. He must go home when we come to the next landing place."

The boat sailed on down the river. Little Pear sat drying in the sun, while the children sat around him in a circle, telling him about their life on the river, and asking him eager questions about the land. "We have never lived on the land," they told him, "because this boat has always been our home."

Then Little Pear told them about his village, and about his family and friends and his canary. As he talked he began to think how glad he would be to see them all again. But the boat sailed on down the busy

river, taking Little Pear farther and farther away from home.

When they finally reached the next landing place, the houseboat stopped and Little Pear was set ashore. He felt very sorry to say good-by to his new friends.

He climbed the path up the bank and watched until the boat had sailed on, far down the river. The children were still waving to him, but Little Pear held tight to a tree with both hands, because he didn't want to fall into the water again. The boat disappeared around a bend in the river, and Little Pear started for home.

Away across the fields the sun was setting. Little Pear walked on, and on, and on. The way home was long, as the boat had sailed a mile or two down the river.

"Ay-ah," thought Little Pear, "soon it will be dark!" And he hurried his tired feet along more quickly. The path along the river bank was deserted, the fields were deserted, and it seemed as though in all the world there was nobody except Little Pear.

Little Pear walked on, and on, and on. The sun had been down for a long time, and the night was very dark, when at last Little Pear saw ahead of him the dim outline of the village. Dogs barked at him as he approached.

"Don't bark!" he cried. "Don't you know me? This is Little Pear!"

When he reached his own gateway the stone lions

on either side of it looked very fierce. "They are roaring now, not laughing," he thought, and he said aloud, "Don't bite me. This is Little Pear!" He ran across the courtyard to the house. "Open the door!" he cried. "It is Little Pear!"

Then the door was flung open, and "It is Little Pear!" cried his mother and Dagu and Ergu all at once, throwing their arms around him.

How glad Little Pear was to be at home again! And how glad his family were to see him! "Where have you been?" they cried. "We have hunted for you all afternoon, and the men are still out with lanterns, looking for you."

Little Pear told them all that had happened, how he had left the village and had gone to the river, and how he had fallen into the river and been rescued. Then his mother prepared some hot food for him while Dagu put the kettle on to boil and Ergu sped away to tell all the village that Little Pear had returned.

Soon there was the sound of many feet in the courtyard, and then the tiny room was filled with people. There were Little Pear's father and the other men who had been searching with him for Little Pear. There was Ergu, out of breath and with shining eyes. There were all the nearest neighbors and best friends. There was Big Head, looking very excited, and Big Head's baby

brother, eating a *tang-hulur*. He still had the good-luck chain around his neck.

"You may keep the chain," Little Pear told him, "for you are very little and something might happen to you. But I am a big boy, and I am never going to run away again."

Then everybody was very happy. They patted Little Pear on the head, and the baby brother gave him the rest of his *tang-hulur*.

"We all loved you very much when you were naughty," they said, "but we shall love you even more if you are good."

"I will always be a good boy, now," Little Pear promised, nodding his head very hard. Ergu looked at her brother and suddenly felt rather sad.

"Little Pear is growing up," she said.

Little Pear *does* try to be good. But something always seems to happen to change things around. In Eleanor Lattimore's book *Little Pear* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1931) there are many more stories about this mischievous little Chinese boy.

You may also want to read:

Mei Li
by Thomas Handforth (Doubleday, 1938)

Five Chinese Brothers
by Claire H. Bishop (Coward-McCann, 1938)

Wee Gillis
by Munro Leaf (Viking Press, 1938)

The Fabulous Firework Family
by James Flora (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1955)

The Red Balloon
by Albert Lamorisse (Doubleday, 1957)

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A Pocketful of Poems

Selected by Hazel Wilson

A POCKETFUL OF

POEMS

Selected by Hazel Wilson

Poems are to wonder with. Or laugh at. Or learn from.

Some of the poems in this collection tell stories, like the one about Isabel, the girl who wasn't afraid of anything. Others, like the one about the old lady who swallowed a fly, are silly rhymes to make you laugh. Still other poems are about dogs and cats, elephants and tigers. There is even one about a little animal that most people don't like very much. It begins:

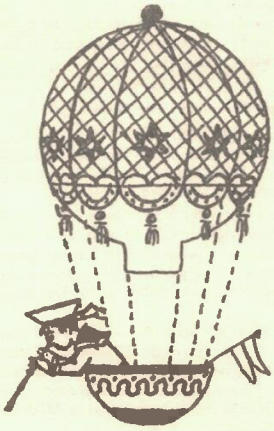
I think mice
Are rather nice.

You will probably think so too when you finish reading the poem.

A Pocketful of POEMS

Selected by
HAZEL WILSON

Illustrated by
ADELE WERBER



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1

Feather or Fur

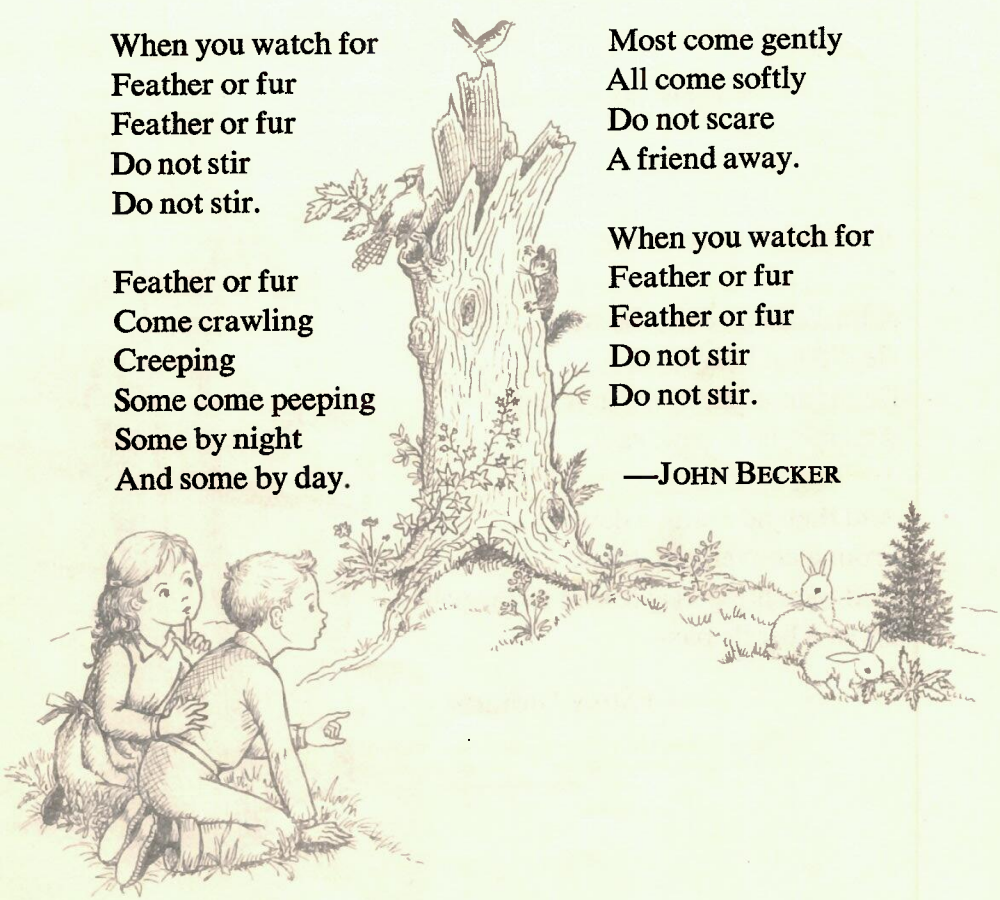
When you watch for
Feather or fur
Feather or fur
Do not stir
Do not stir.

Feather or fur
Come crawling
Creeping
Some come peeping
Some by night
And some by day.

Most come gently
All come softly
Do not scare
A friend away.

When you watch for
Feather or fur
Feather or fur
Do not stir
Do not stir.

—JOHN BECKER



The Woodpecker

The woodpecker pecked out a little round hole
And made him a house in the telephone pole.
One day when I watched he poked out his head,
And he had on a hood and a collar of red.

When the streams of rain pour out of the sky,
And the sparkles of lightning go flashing by,
And the big, big wheels of thunder roll,
He can snuggle back in the telephone pole.

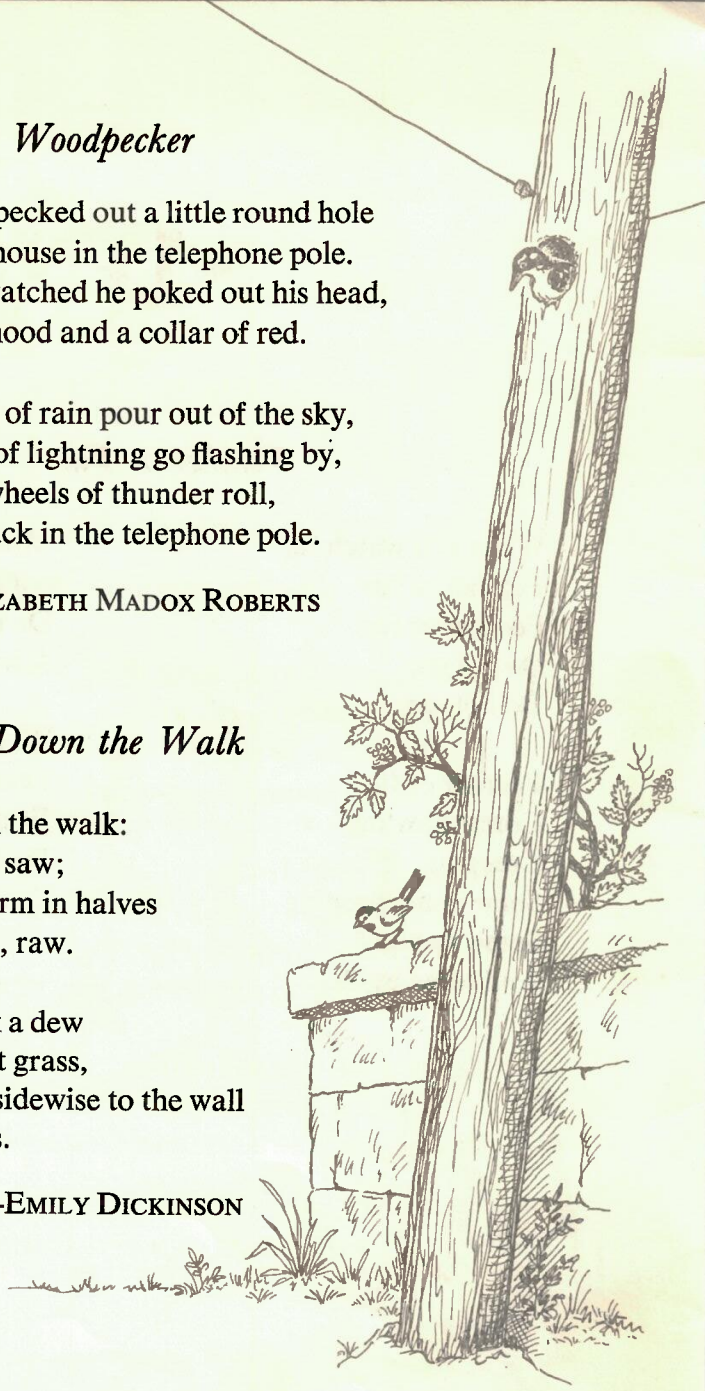
—ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

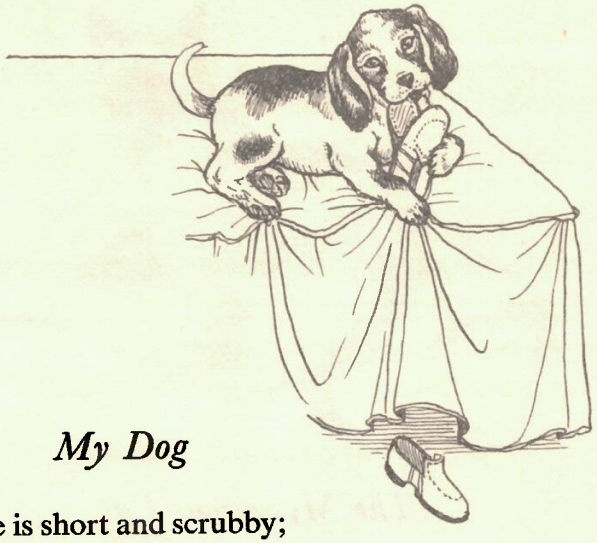
A Bird Came Down the Walk

A bird came down the walk:
He did not know I saw;
He bit an angleworm in halves
And ate the fellow, raw.

And then he drank a dew
From a convenient grass,
And then hopped sidewise to the wall
To let a beetle pass.

—EMILY DICKINSON





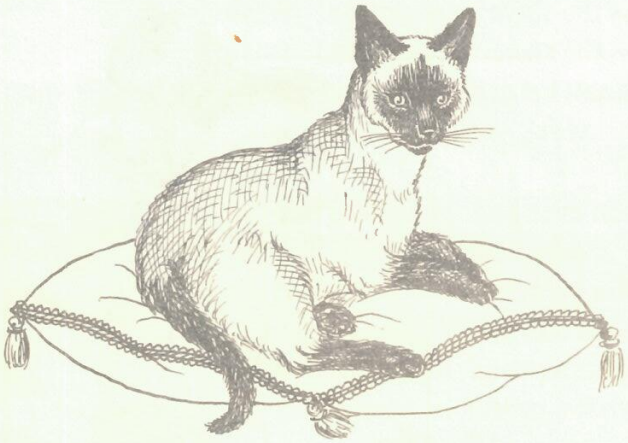
My Dog

His nose is short and scrubby;
  His ears hang rather low;
And he always brings the stick back,
  No matter how far you throw.

He gets spanked rather often
  For things he shouldn't do,
Like lying-on-beds, and barking,
  And eating up shoes when they're new.

He always wants to be going
  Where he isn't supposed to go.
He tracks up the house when it's snowing—
  Oh, puppy, I love you so.

—MARCHETTE CHUTE



The Mysterious Cat

I saw a proud, mysterious cat,
I saw a proud, mysterious cat,
Too proud to catch a mouse or rat—
Mew, mew, mew.

But catnip she would eat, and purr,
But catnip she would eat, and purr.
And goldfish she did much prefer—
Mew, mew, mew.

I saw a cat—'twas but a dream,
I saw a cat—'twas but a dream,
Who scorned the slave that brought her cream—
Mew, mew, mew.

Unless the slave were dressed in style,
Unless the slave were dressed in style,
And knelt before her all the while—
Mew, mew, mew.

Did you ever hear of a thing like that?
Did you ever hear of a thing like that?
Did you ever hear of a thing like that?
Oh, what a proud, mysterious cat.
Oh, what a proud, mysterious cat.
Oh, what a proud, mysterious cat.
Mew . . . Mew . . . Mew.

—VACHEL LINDSAY

Mice

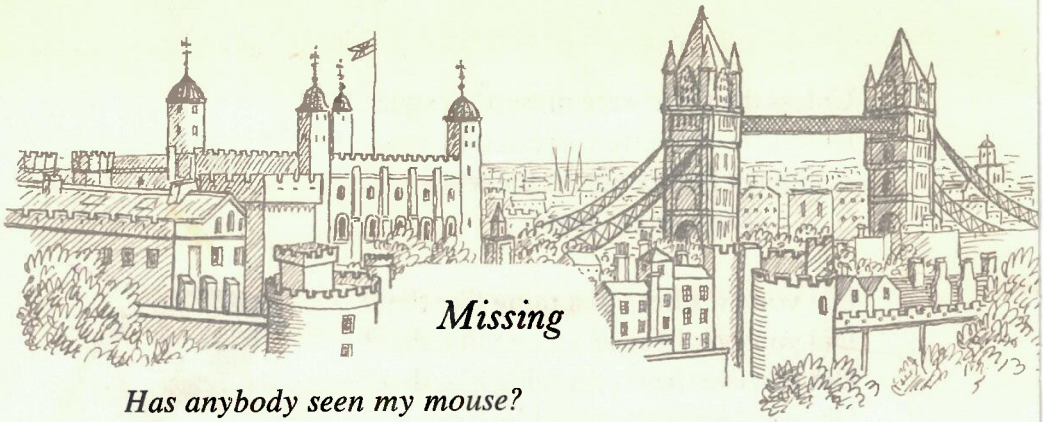
I think mice
Are rather nice.

Their tails are long,
Their faces small,
They haven't any
Chins at all.
Their ears are pink,
Their teeth are white,

They run about
The house at night.
They nibble things
They shouldn't touch
And no one seems
To like them much.

But I think mice
Are nice.

—ROSE FYLEMAN



Missing

Has anybody seen my mouse?

I opened his box for half a minute,
Just to make sure he was really in it,
And while I was looking, he jumped outside!
I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried. . . .
I think he's somewhere about the house.
Has *anyone* seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?

Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little brown one,
He came from the country, he wasn't a town one,
So he'll feel all lonely in a London street;
Why, what could he possibly find to eat?

He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt Rose:
Have *you* seen a mouse with a woffelly nose?
Oh, somewhere about—
He's just got out. . . .

Hasn't *anybody* seen my mouse?

—A. A. MILNE

Holding Hands

Elephants walking
Along the trails

Are holding hands
By holding tails.

Trunks and tails
Are handy things

When elephants walk
In Circus rings.

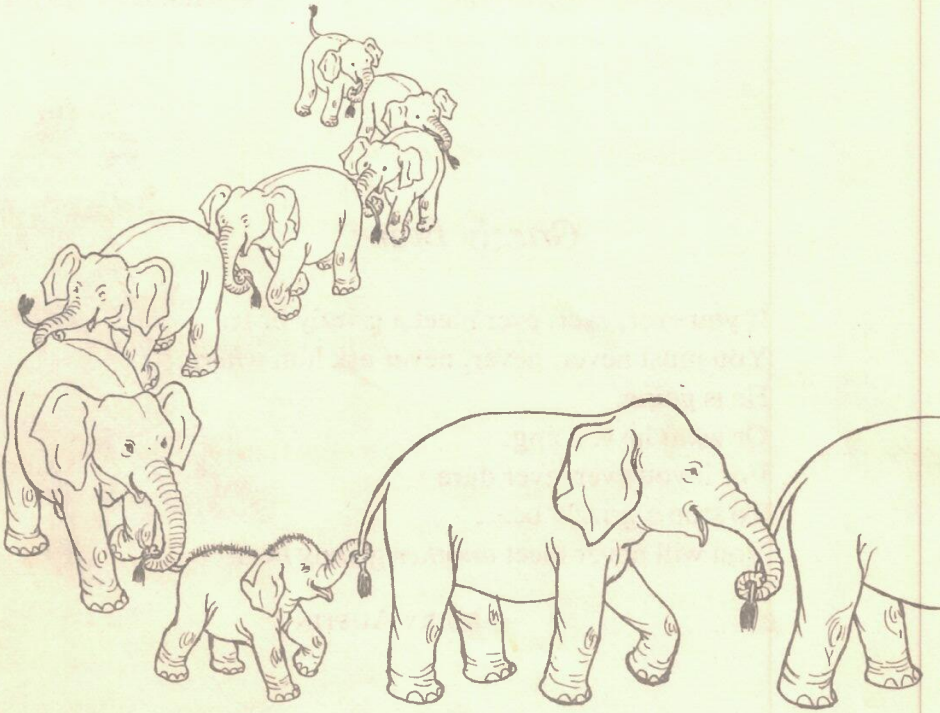
Elephants work
And elephants play

And elephants walk
And feel so gay.

And when they walk—
It never fails

They're holding hands
By holding tails.

—LENORE M. LINK

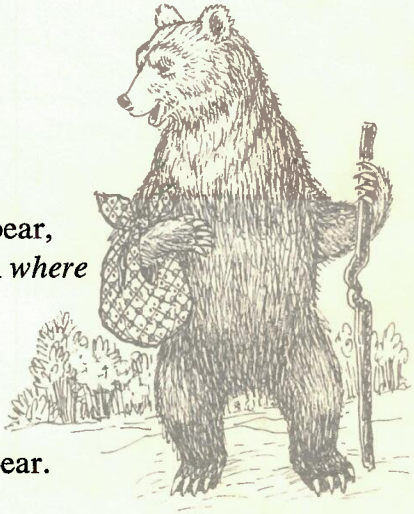


The Hairy Dog

My dog's so furry I've not seen
His face for years and years:
His eyes are buried out of sight,
I only guess his ears.

When people ask me for his breed,
I do not know or care:
He has the beauty of them all
Hidden beneath his hair.

—HERBERT ASQUITH



Grizzly Bear

If you ever, ever, ever meet a grizzly bear,
You must never, never, never ask him *where*
He is going,
Or *what* he is doing;
For if you ever, ever dare
To stop a grizzly bear,
You will never meet *another* grizzly bear.

—MARY AUSTIN

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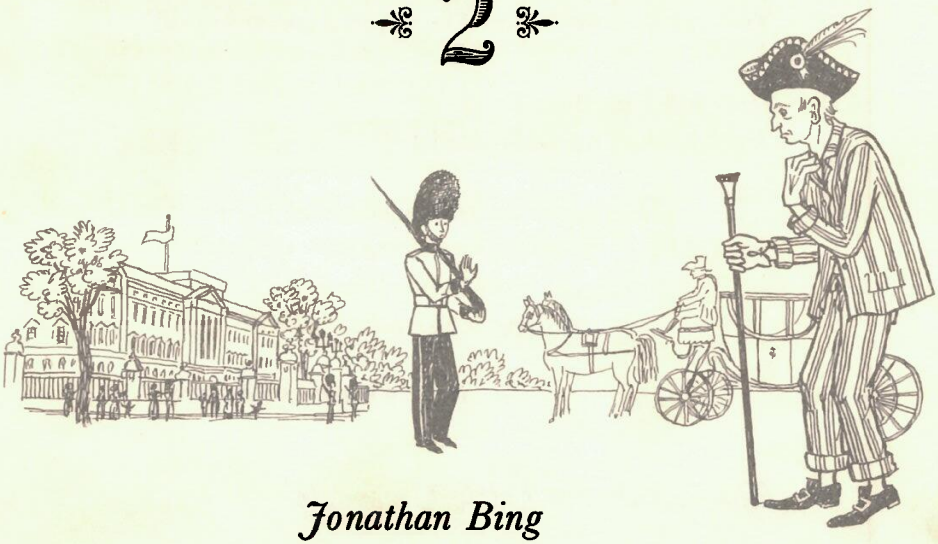


Jonathan Bing

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went out in his carriage to visit the King,
But everyone pointed and said, "Look at that!
Jonathan Bing has forgotten his hat!"
(He'd forgotten his hat!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and put on a new hat for the King,
But up by the palace a soldier said, "Hi!
You can't see the King; you've forgotten your tie!"
(He'd forgotten his tie!)

Poor old Jonathan Bing,
He put on a *beautiful* tie for the King,
But when he arrived an Archbishop said, "Ho!
You can't come to court in pyjamas, you know!"

Poor old Jonathan Bing
Went home and addressed a short note to the King:

If you please will excuse me
I won't come to tea;
For home's the best place for
All people like me!

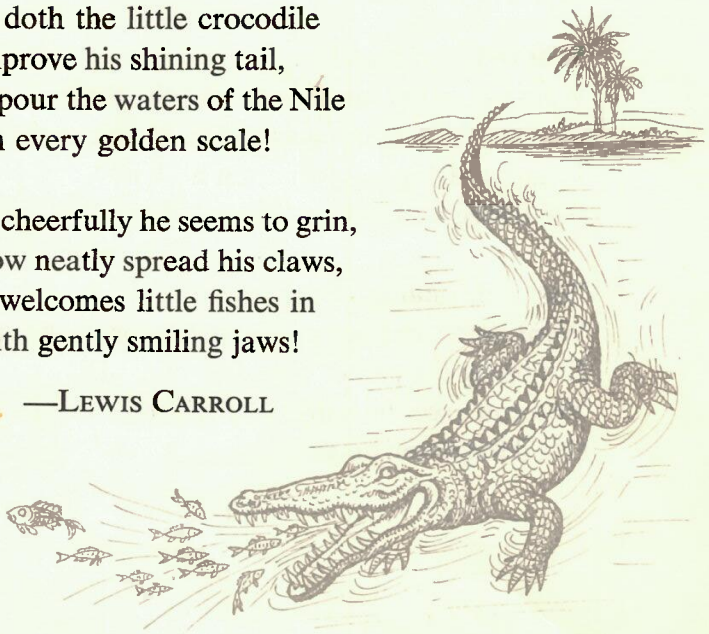
—Beatrice Curtis Brown

How Doth the Little Crocodile

How doth the little crocodile
  Improve his shining tail,
And pour the waters of the Nile
  On every golden scale!

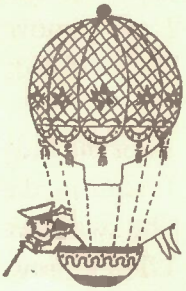
How cheerfully he seems to grin,
  How neatly spread his claws,
And welcomes little fishes in
  With gently smiling jaws!

—Lewis Carroll



Stately Verse

If Mary goes far out to sea,
  By wayward breezes fanned,
I'd like to know—can you tell me?—
  Just where would Maryland?



If Tenny went high up in air
  And looked o'er land and lea,
Looked here and there and everywhere,
  Pray what would Tennessee?

I looked out of the window and
  Saw Orry on the lawn;
He's not there now, and who can tell
  Just where has Oregon?

Two girls were quarreling one day
  With garden tools, and so
I said, "My dears, let Mary rake
  And just let Idaho."

An English lady had a steed.
  She called him 'Ighland Bay.
She rode for exercise, and thus
  Rhode Island every day.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Poor Old Lady

Poor old lady, she swallowed a fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a spider.
It squirmed and wriggled and turned inside her.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly.
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a bird.
How absurd! She swallowed a bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a cat.
Think of that! She swallowed a cat.
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird.
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a dog.
She went the whole hog when she swallowed the dog.
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider.
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a cow.
I don't know how she swallowed the cow.
She swallowed the cow to catch the dog,
She swallowed the dog to catch the cat,
She swallowed the cat to catch the bird,
She swallowed the bird to catch the spider,
She swallowed the spider to catch the fly,
I don't know why she swallowed a fly.
Poor old lady, I think she'll die.

Poor old lady, she swallowed a horse.
She died, of course.

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Old Man with a Beard

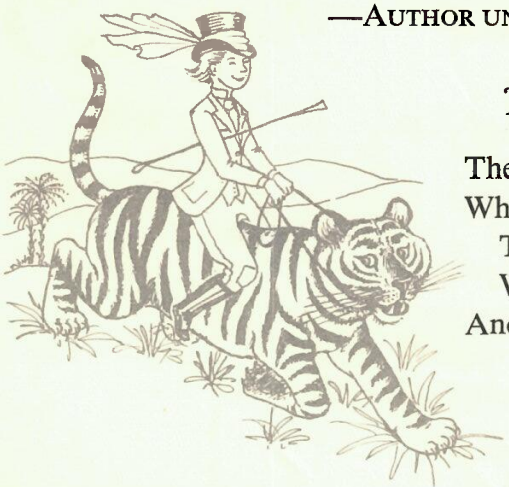
There was an Old Man with a beard
Who said, "It is just as I feared!
  Two Owls and a Hen,
  Four Larks and a Wren,
Have all built their nests in my beard!"

—EDWARD LEAR

There Was an Old Man Who Said "Do"

There was an old man who said, "Do
Tell me *how* I should add two and two?
  I think more and more
  That it makes about four—
But I fear that is almost too few."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN



The Young Lady of Niger

There was a young lady of Niger
Who smiled as she rode on a tiger;
  They returned from the ride
  With the lady inside,
And the smile on the face of the tiger.

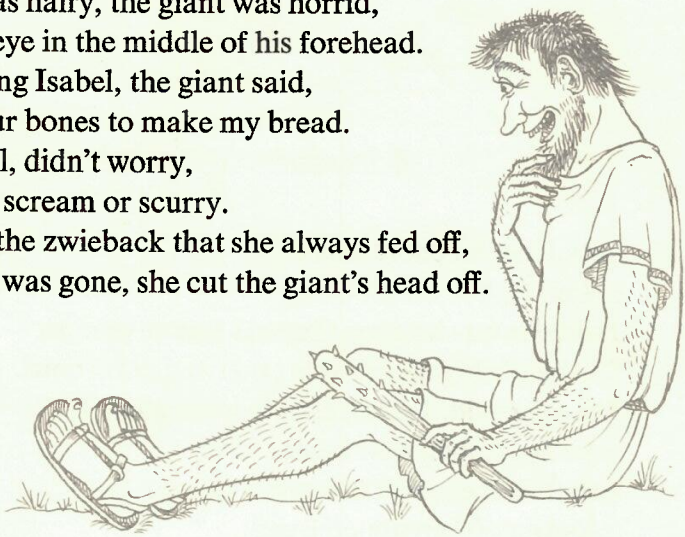
—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

Adventures of Isabel

Isabel met an enormous bear,
Isabel, Isabel, didn't care;
The bear was hungry, the bear was ravenous,
The bear's big mouth was cruel and cavernous.
The bear said, Isabel, glad to meet you,
How do, Isabel, now I'll eat you!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She washed her hands and she straightened her hair up,
Then Isabel quietly ate the bear up.

Once in a night as black as pitch
Isabel met a wicked old witch.
The witch's face was cross and wrinkled,
The witch's gums with teeth were sprinkled.
Ho ho, Isabel! the old witch crowed,
I'll turn you into an ugly toad!
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry,
She showed no rage and she showed no rancor,
But she turned the witch into milk and drank her.

Isabel met a hideous giant,
Isabel continued self-reliant.
The giant was hairy, the giant was horrid,
He had one eye in the middle of his forehead.
Good morning Isabel, the giant said,
I'll grind your bones to make my bread.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She nibbled the zwieback that she always fed off,
And when it was gone, she cut the giant's head off.



Isabel met a troublesome doctor,
He punched and he poked till he really shocked her.
The doctor's talk was of coughs and chills
And the doctor's satchel bulged with pills.
The doctor said unto Isabel,
Swallow this, it will make you well.
Isabel, Isabel, didn't worry,
Isabel didn't scream or scurry.
She took those pills from the pill concocter,
And Isabel calmly cured the doctor.

—OGDEN NASH

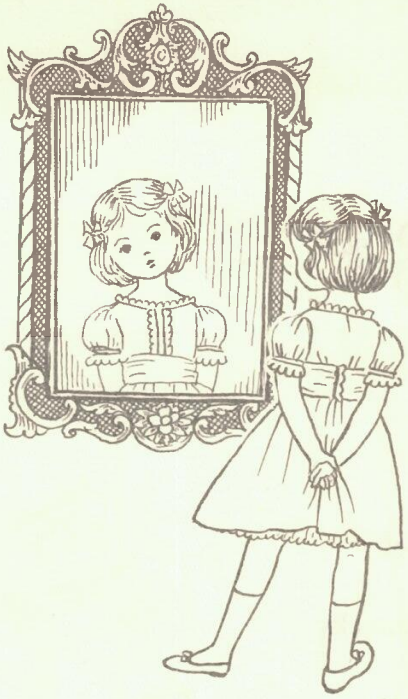
3

My Inside-Self

My Inside-Self and my Outside-Self
Are different as can be.
My Outside-Self wears gingham smocks,
And very round is she,
With freckles sprinkled on her nose,
And smoothly parted hair,
And clumsy feet that cannot dance
In heavy shoes and square.

But, oh, my little Inside-Self—
In gown of misty rose
She dances lighter than a leaf
On blithe and twinkling toes;
Her hair is blowing gold, and if
You chanced her face to see,
You would not think she could belong
To staid and sober me!

—RACHEL FIELD



Everybody Says

Everybody says
I look just like my mother.
Everybody says
I'm the image of Aunt Bee.
Everybody says
My nose is like my father's,
But *I* want to look like *me*.

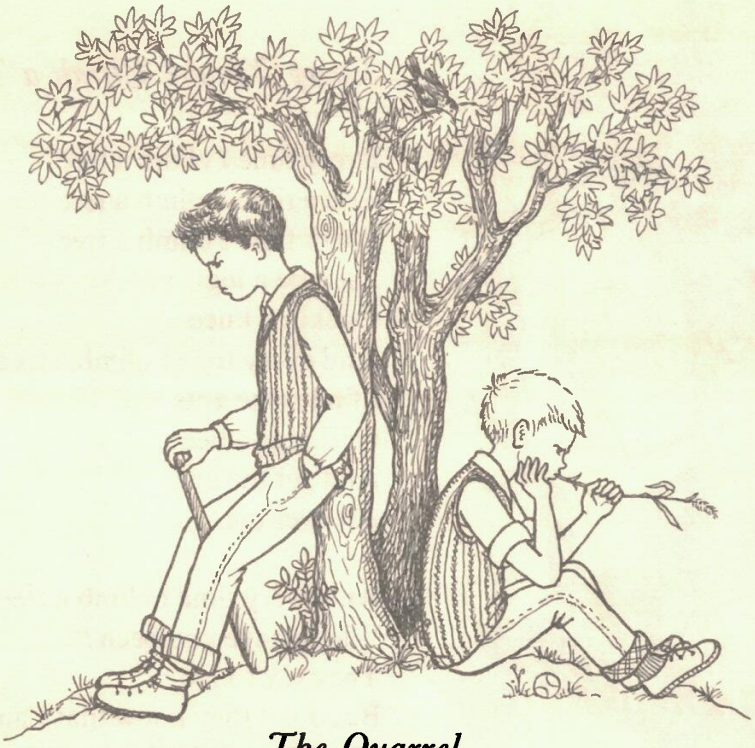
—DOROTHY ALDIS

The Birthday Child

Everything's been different
All the day long,
Lovely things have happened,
Nothing has gone wrong.

Nobody has scolded me,
Everyone has smiled.
Isn't it delicious
To be a birthday child?

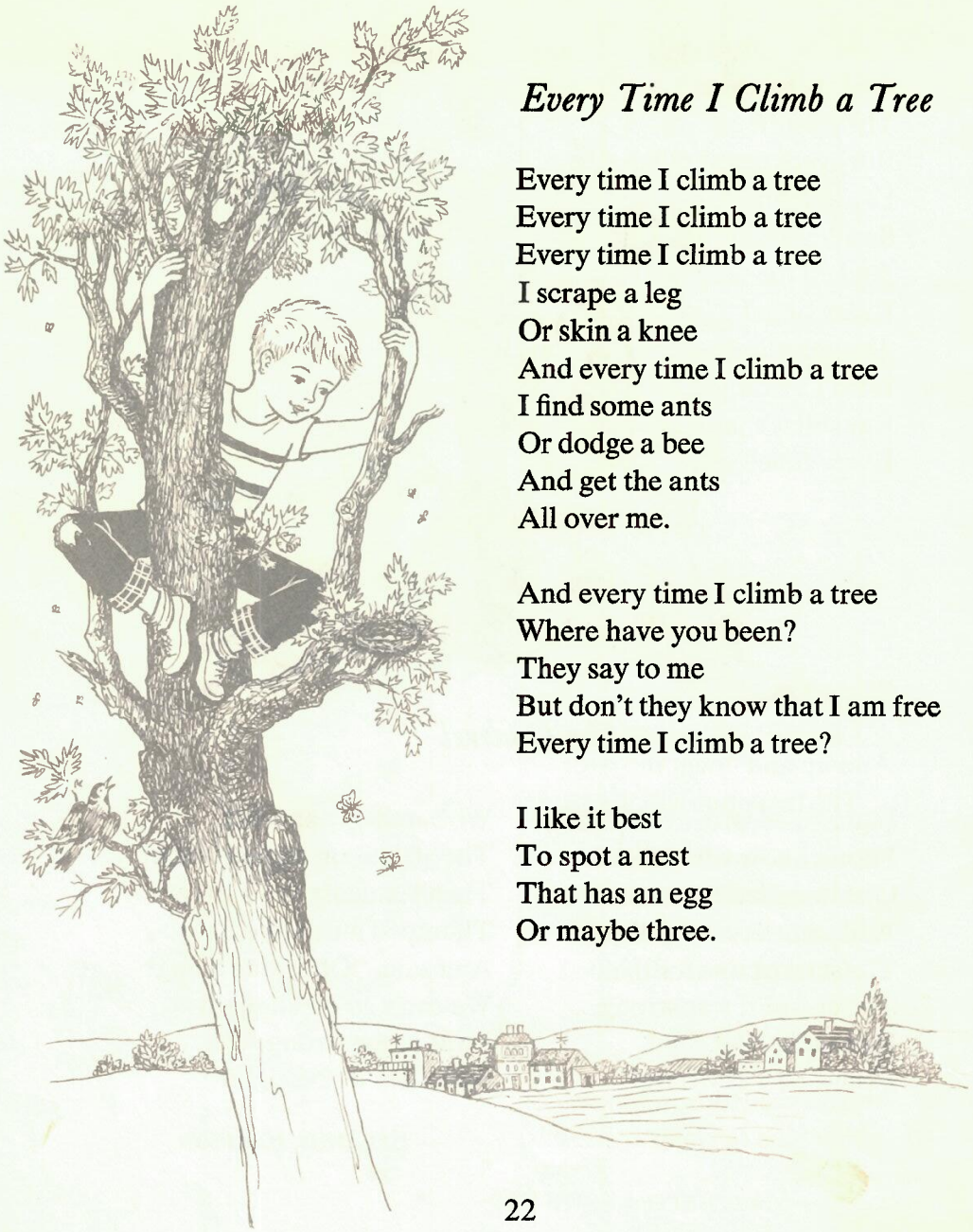
—ROSE FYLEMAN



The Quarrel

I quarreled with my brother,
I don't know what about,
One thing led to another
And somehow we fell out.
The start of it was slight,
The end of it was strong,
He said he was right,
I knew he was wrong!
We hated one another.
The afternoon turned black.
Then suddenly my brother
Thumped me on the back,
And said, "Oh, *come* along!
We can't go on all night—
I was in the wrong."
So he was in the right.

—ELEANOR FARJEON



Every Time I Climb a Tree

Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
Every time I climb a tree
I scrape a leg
Or skin a knee
And every time I climb a tree
I find some ants
Or dodge a bee
And get the ants
All over me.

And every time I climb a tree
Where have you been?
They say to me
But don't they know that I am free
Every time I climb a tree?

I like it best
To spot a nest
That has an egg
Or maybe three.

And then I skin
The other leg
But every time I climb a tree
I see a lot of things to see
Swallows rooftops and TV
And all the fields and farms there be
Every time I climb a tree
Though climbing may be good for ants
It isn't awfully good for pants
But still it's pretty good for me
Every time I climb a tree.

—DAVID MCCORD

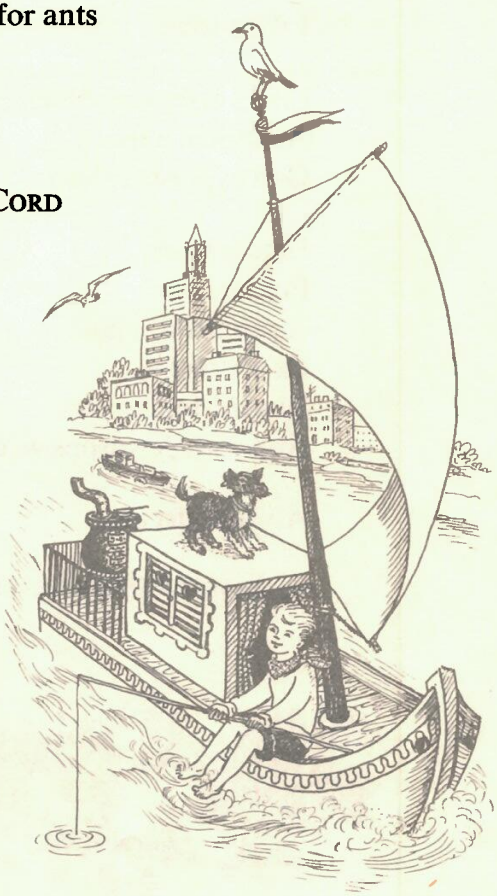
My Plan

When I'm a little older
I plan to buy a boat,
And up and down the river
The two of us will float.

I'll have a little cabin
All painted white and red
With shutters for the window
And curtains for the bed.

I'll have a little cookstove
On which to fry my fishes,
And all the Hudson River
In which to wash my dishes.

—MARCHETTE CHUTE



Me

As long as I live
I shall always be
My Self—and no other,
Just me.

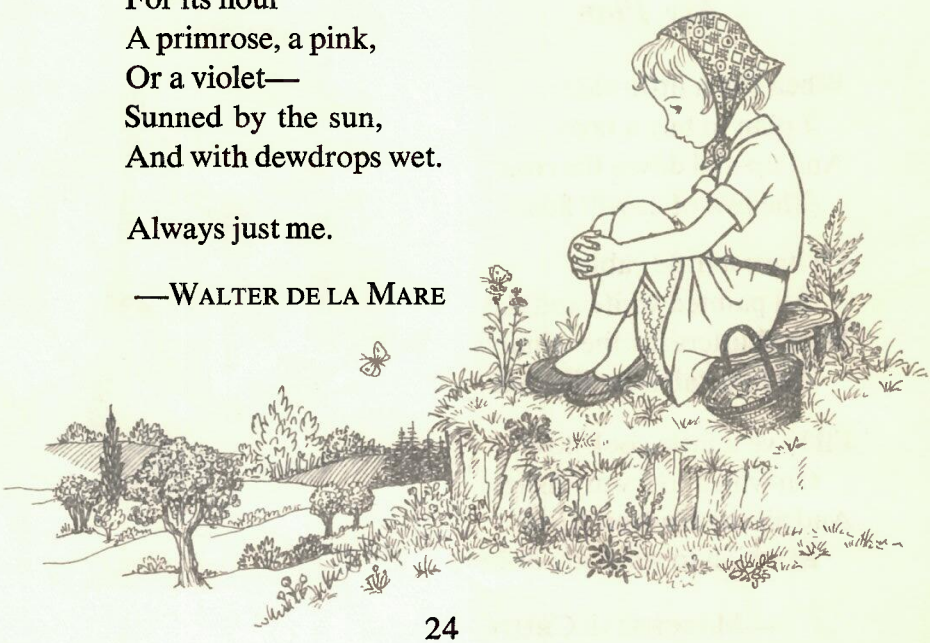
Like a tree,

Like a willow or elder,
An aspen, a thorn,
Or a cypress forlorn.

Like a flower,
For its hour
A primrose, a pink,
Or a violet—
Sunned by the sun,
And with dewdrops wet.

Always just me.

—WALTER DE LA MARE



There are many fine collections of poetry for boys and girls. Listed below are just a few that you may enjoy reading.

Favorite Poems Old and New
selected by Helen Ferris (Doubleday, 1957)

The Golden Treasury of Poetry
selected by Louis Untermeyer (Golden Press, 1959)

One Thousand Poems for Children
selected by Elizabeth H. Sechrist (Macrae Smith, 1946)

A Rocket in My Pocket
selected by Carl Withers (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1948)

A Little Laughter
selected by Katherine Love (T. Y. Crowell, 1957)

A Child's Garden of Verses
by Robert Louis Stevenson (Henry Z. Walck)

When We Were Very Young
by A. A. Milne (E. P. Dutton, 1924)

Poems for Children
by Eleanor Farjeon (Lippincott, 1951)

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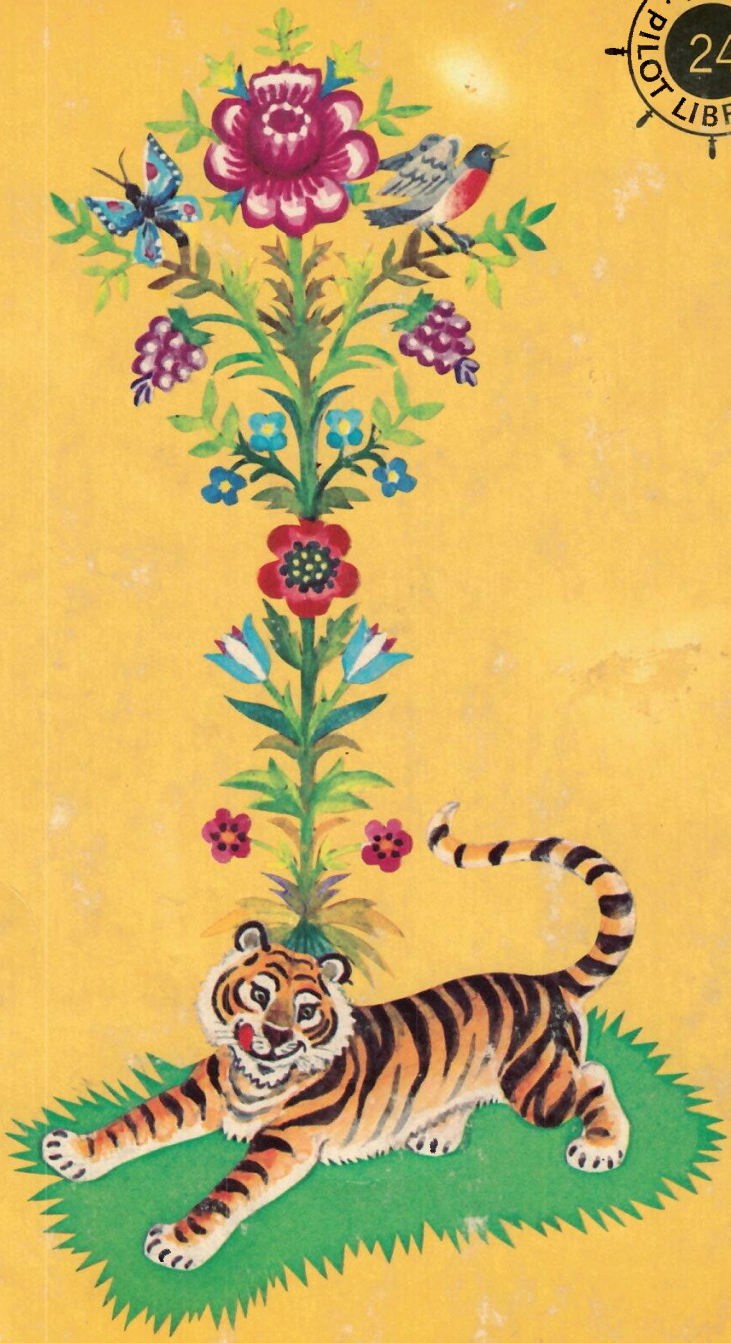

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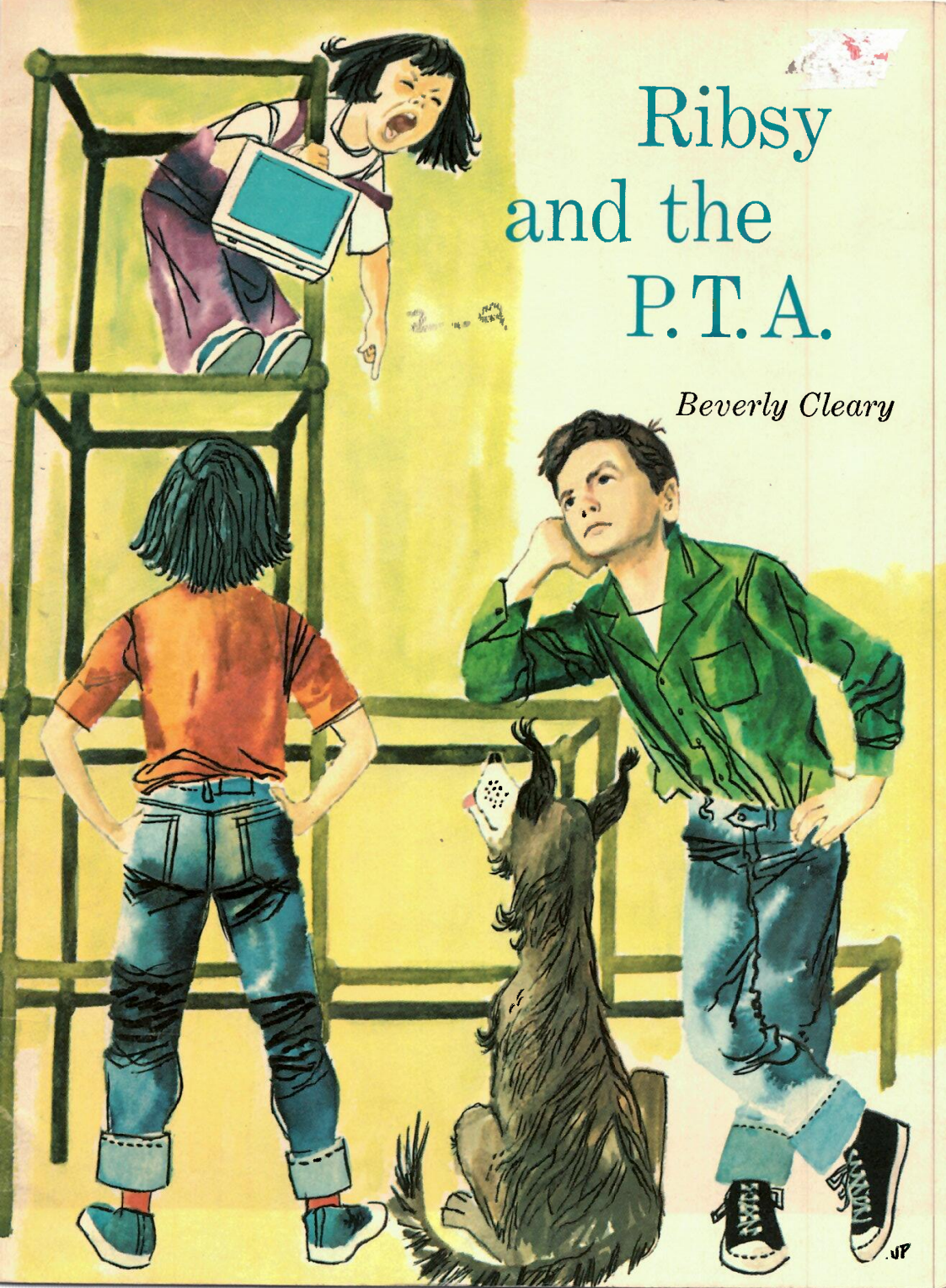

Ribsy and the P.T.A.

Beverly Cleary

RIBSY AND THE P.T.A.

by Beverly Cleary

Beezus' little sister Ramona was sometimes quite a problem. Especially when she tagged along when Henry and Beezus wanted to play together.

The day of the P.T.A. meeting, Ramona nearly got Henry and his dog Ribsy into real trouble. It certainly did look as though Ribsy had chased Ramona up the jungle gym. Henry had a hard time convincing all the ladies that Ribsy was not vicious. In his opinion, Ramona was the dangerous character, not Ribsy!

Ribsy and the P.T.A.

Ribsy and the P.T.A.

BY BEVERLY CLEARY

ILLUSTRATED BY JO POLSENO

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Ramona

Henry Huggins and Scooter McCarthy were riding home on their bicycles one day after school early in September. Henry's dog Ribsy, who always waited for him under the fir tree in the schoolyard, was riding in the box Henry had tied to the back fender of his bicycle.

"You going salmon fishing this week end?" asked Scooter, steering his bicycle through a pile of autumn leaves in the gutter.

"I don't know. Dad hasn't said anything about it," answered Henry.

"My dad took me down on the Umptucca River last Saturday," said Scooter.

"Catch anything?" asked Henry, trying to keep his excitement out of his voice. If salmon were biting on the Umptucca, maybe his father would go fishing next Saturday.

"Well, I didn't exactly catch anything," said Scooter.

"How do you mean, not exactly?" Henry asked.

"I thought I had a bite once, but I didn't exactly

land the fish," said Scooter. "But I bet I get one the next time."

The two boys pedaled along Klickitat Street. Henry was hoping his father would go fishing on Saturday. His father had promised him he could go along if he made sure that Ribsy behaved himself and did not annoy the neighbors. He would almost surely get to go, because he had kept Ribsy out of trouble—at least the kind of trouble the neighbors might complain about. Of course there had been a couple of close calls, but Henry had lived up to his side of the bargain, and now he had nothing to worry about.

"So long," called Scooter, when the boys came to the Huggins' house.

"So long." Henry rode up the driveway and parked his bicycle in the garage. The back door was locked, so he found the key under the door mat and let himself in. Beside the refrigerator he found a note from his mother that said, "Have gone to P.T.A. meeting. Don't eat all the wienies. Mother."

Henry took two wienies, which he shared with Ribsy. While Henry was eating his wienie and thinking about catching a salmon, the doorbell rang.

When Henry went to the door, he found Beezus and her little sister Ramona standing on the front porch. Beezus' real name was Beatrice, but Ramona called her Beezus and everyone else did too. The girls were licking ice cream cones. Ramona, who carried a square blue lunch box in one hand, was having trouble managing her cone with the other. Her chin and the bib of her overalls were smeared with chocolate ice cream.

"Hello, Henry," said Beezus. "Can you come over to my house and play checkers?"

"Sure, that's a keen idea," answered Henry. "I bet

I can beat you." Checkers was one of his favorite games and Beezus was a good player. She didn't take all day to make a move the way some girls did.

Ribsy looked hungrily at the ice cream cones. He knew Henry always saved the last bite of a cone for him. Maybe the girls would give him a bite too. Ribsy swallowed, and wagged his tail.

"Go away," Henry said to him. "You can't have any of their ice cream." Ribsy made a whimpering noise.

"What's Ramona carrying a lunch box for?" Henry asked. "She doesn't go to school."

"It's not a lunch box," said Ramona, as a little river of ice cream dribbled off her chin.

"It is too a lunch box," said Henry.

Beezus ran her tongue all the way around her ice cream cone. "Ramona's pretending it's a camera," she explained.

"How can she pretend a lunch box is a camera?" Henry wanted to know. A lunch box for a camera! What a dumb idea!

"Oh, she has lots of imagination," said Beezus. "Daddy says she has too much."

"I'm going to take your picture," announced Ramona. She held one end of the lunch box against her stomach. The other end she pointed at Henry.

"Ramona, look out for your ice cream cone," Beezus warned. "You're tipping it."

That was just what Ribsy was waiting for. With one sweep of his long pink tongue he knocked Ramona's ice cream cone to the porch. In three greedy licks the ice cream was gone. Then the cone crunched between his teeth.

Ramona let out a scream of rage.

"Look what you've done, you old dog," said Henry crossly. He looked around to see if any of the neighbors were watching. He didn't want people to say he had a dog that stole ice cream from little children.

Ribsy gave the porch a couple of licks to make sure he had not missed any ice cream. Ramona stopped screaming and started to hit Ribsy with the lunch box.

Beezus grabbed her little sister with one hand and held her own cone out of Ribsy's reach with the other. "I told you to be careful," she scolded.

"I want my ice cream cone," howled Ramona.

"Well, it's gone now," said Beezus.

Looking guilty, Ribsy slunk down the steps. He turned his back to Henry and the girls and began to gnaw an old bone in the corner of the yard.

"I want my ice cream cone," shrieked Ramona.

"Well, you can't have mine. I licked it all the way around." Beezus bit off the top of her cone and sucked out the melting ice cream. "Anyway, you were getting most of yours on your chin."

"I was not!" howled Ramona.

"Aw, I'll buy her another one," said Henry. Anything to quiet Ramona so he and Beezus could get started on their checkers game. Besides, since his dog had taken the cone, he guessed he really owed her another one.

"Now?" With her grubby fist Ramona scrubbed at the tears that had rolled down into the ice cream on her chin.

"Oh, all right." Henry decided he might as well get it over with. "Wait a sec." He went into the house, where he took a dime out of a marble sack in his dresser drawer.

When Henry returned to the porch, he saw Ramona walking across the lawn with her lunch box in

her hand. She stopped, opened the box, and laid it on the grass. Then she ran over to Ribsy, grabbed the bone from between his paws, and put it in the lunch box. "There!" she said, as she snapped the box shut.

Ribsy looked surprised. "Wuf!" he said.

"Hey," said Henry, "you can't do that."

"Ramona, you give Ribsy his bone this minute," ordered Beezus.

"No," said Ramona.

Ribsy sniffed at the lunch box. Then he looked hopefully at Ramona and wagged his tail.

"That's a camera," Henry reminded Ramona. "You can't put a bone in a camera."

"Now it's a lunch box," said Ramona.

"Ramona, give Ribsy his bone," coaxed Beezus. "Whoever heard of carrying a dirty old bone in a lunch box?"

"I have a samwidge in my lunch box." Ramona was firm. "I'm going to eat it."

"Oh, dear, now she's pretending his bone is a sandwich," said Beezus apologetically. "I don't suppose there's anything we can do about it."

Henry had trouble keeping up with Ramona's thinking. At least she was quiet and that was something. "Ribsy's got lots of old bones buried around. He can dig up another one. Come on, let's go to the store and get her the ice cream cone and get it over with. I want to play checkers."

Ribsy, however, did not want another bone. He wanted the one Ramona had snatched. Sniffing at the lunch box, he trotted at Ramona's heels all the way to Glenwood School, which was across the street from the store where Henry and Beezus planned to buy the ice cream cone.

"I guess all these cars are parked here because of the P.T.A. meeting," Henry remarked, as they took a short cut across the playground. "Did your mother go?"

"No, not this time." Beezus took a Kleenex out of her pocket and tried to scrub some of the chocolate ice cream off Ramona's chin. "Mother said she was too tired after watching Ramona all day."

"I want some," announced Ramona.

"Some what?" asked Beezus.

"Some P.T.A.," said Ramona firmly.

"You can't have any P.T.A." Henry didn't see how one little girl could have so many dumb ideas. "It's the Parent-Teacher Association—just a bunch of ladies talking. Come on, we'll get you the ice cream cone."

Ramona stopped by the jungle gym on the playground. "I want some P.T.A.!" she shrieked.

"But, Ramona," protested Beezus, "how can you have any P.T.A.? Like Henry said, it's just a bunch of ladies talking in the school auditorium, and the seventh grade singing some songs for them."

"It is not," sobbed Ramona. "I want some *now*."

"What's she talking about, anyway?" Henry was

disgusted. All he wanted was a game of checkers, and now it looked as if he had to stand around all afternoon arguing with a little kid about the P.T.A.

"I don't know what she means." Beezus sounded worried. "Come on, Ramona."

Still clutching the lunch box, Ramona threw her arms around one of the pipes on the jungle gym and screamed. Ribsy put his paw on the lunch box. Ramona snatched it from him. "Go away," she cried. "I want some P.T.A."

Ribsy gave a short bark.

"I like P.T.A.," sobbed Ramona, and with her lunch box in one hand she began to climb the jungle gym to get out of Ribsy's reach.

"You've got to find out," Henry told Beezus. "If you don't, she'll just sit there and yowl."

"I know it." Beezus sounded tired. "What do you want to do with the P.T.A., Ramona?"

"Eat it," shrieked Ramona, as she climbed higher.

"Aw, how can you eat P.T.A.? I told you P.T.A. was just a bunch of ladies talking." Henry kicked at a pebble in his disgust.

"Wait a minute! Now I know what she means," exclaimed Beezus. "She thinks we're spelling something in front of her."

"How do you mean?" asked Henry.

"Well, at home when we talk about something to eat that she's not supposed to have, we spell it." Here Beezus lowered her voice to a whisper. "Like c-o-k-e and c-a-n-d-y. She thinks we're spelling something we don't want her to have. That's why she wants it."

"Oh, for Pete's sake. Leave it to Ramona." Henry could see he was not going to get to play checkers that day. "Well, now what are we going to do?"

Beezus kept her voice to a whisper. "Let's go across the street to the store and get her some cookies or something, and tell her it's P.T.A."

"That's a good idea." Henry thought that for a girl Beezus was pretty sensible.

Ribsy started to follow Henry and Beezus to the store. Then he looked back at Ramona, sobbing on top of the jungle gym with the lunch box still in her hand, and decided to stay near his bone. Henry did not call Ribsy, because he knew dogs were not allowed in food stores.

Henry and Beezus looked around the store for something that cost a dime that they could tell Ramona was P.T.A. This was not easy to do, because Ramona was familiar with cookies, popsickles, and peanuts. They finally decided on a small bag of potato chips, because Beezus was sure Ramona did not know potato chips by name and because they wouldn't drip.

Vicious Dog!

When Henry and Beezus started back to the school grounds, they saw that Ribsy had his paws on the first rung of the jungle gym. "Wuf!" he said, and looked hungrily at the lunch box.

Henry also noticed two women looking at Ribsy and Ramona. One of the women was Mrs. Wisser, a friend of his mother's. She pointed to Ribsy and then to Ramona.

Now what, thought Henry, hurrying across the street. He hoped Ribsy wasn't in trouble. Not just before the fishing trip.

Mrs. Wisser was saying, "Look at the poor little thing. She's frightened out of her wits."

"I think it's simply outrageous the way dogs are allowed to run loose in the schoolyard," said the other woman. "I wonder if we dare try to pull him away so she can climb down."

"I'd be afraid to go near him," said Mrs. Wisser. "I know the dog. He belongs to the Huggins boy, and I understand he's dangerous. He bit the garbage man a week or so ago."

The Huggins boy looked at Beezus and sighed. All he wanted was to play checkers, just one little old

game of checkers, and now look what had happened. How was he ever going to explain to Mrs. Wisser? And now that Mrs. Wisser thought Ribsy had chased Ramona up on the jungle gym, she would tell everybody what a dangerous dog he was. And that meant more trouble. It probably meant his father wouldn't take him fishing.

"Come on, Beezus," said Henry. "Let's try to tell her."

"Oh, there you are, Henry Huggins," said Mrs. Wisser. "Does your mother know your dog is loose on the school grounds?"

"No, Mrs. Wisser," said Henry. "She's—"

"I thought she didn't," interrupted Mrs. Wisser.

"My little sister isn't afraid of the dog," said Beezus quickly.

Ramona, who had stopped crying to listen, let out a howl. Mrs. Wisser and the other woman looked at each other and nodded.

"Wuf!" said Ribsy again.

"Henry, you hold your dog and I'll try to get her down," said Mrs. Wisser.

Henry took hold of Ribsy's collar. He wondered if Mrs. Wisser would climb the jungle gym. He hoped so. "But she's got—" he started to say.

"Don't be frightened, dear," Mrs. Wisser called to Ramona. "We won't let the doggy hurt you."

"Come on down, sweetheart," coaxed the other woman.

Just then the seventh grade burst out of the school

building. Several boys began to play a noisy game of catch. Ribsy barked excitedly.

"Hi! We've been singing for the P.T.A.," said one of the boys, as he ran past Henry.

"I want some," howled Ramona.

Ribsy grew more excited. He strained at his collar and managed to get his paws on the lower rung of the jungle gym again.

"This is outrageous," said Mrs. Wisser. "I'm going to report this dog to the principal."

"But she's got his bone," said Henry desperately.

Ramona and Ribsy and the boys playing catch made so much noise that the two women did not hear Henry. "I think the principal should call the pound and have this dog taken away," remarked the second woman, as Mrs. Wisser started toward the building.

"But he has a license," protested Henry, wishing Ribsy would not bark so much.

"What's the old garbage hound up to now?" one of the boys shouted, as he ran off to play catch.

"You shut up!" Henry yelled after the boy, who was a friend of Scooter's. "And he isn't a garbage hound!"

The doors of the school opened and the mothers who had attended the P.T.A. meeting poured out of the building. There was such a crowd that Mrs. Wisser was unable to enter.

"Quick, get her down," Henry begged Beezus. If only they could get Ramona down and go home before Mrs. Wisser got back!

"Ramona, here's your P.T.A.," said Beezus, waving the bag of potato chips. "Come down and get it."

"No," said Ramona.

"Ramona Geraldine Quimby, you come down this instant," ordered Beezus. "You come down or you can't have any P.T.A."

"Can't you climb up and get her?" Henry was desperate. What if Miss Mullen, the principal, really did call the pound?

Beezus started up the jungle gym. "You just wait, Ramona. I'm going to tell Mother on you."

Ramona began to shriek all over again. This excited Ribsy, who barked harder than ever and attracted the attention of some of the mothers, who walked over to the jungle gym to see what the commotion was about.

"Shut up, Ribsy," ordered Henry. "Can't you see the trouble you're getting into?"

"How can I get her down?" Beezus asked. "I can't carry her down, and if I pry her loose she might fall."

"Why, the little girl is afraid of the dog," one of the mothers said.

"No, she isn't." Henry spoke up, but no one paid any attention to him. They were all looking at Ramona.

"She's so frightened she's crying," someone said. "Look at her little face all streaked with tears."

And chocolate ice cream, thought Henry.

"I think it's a shame a little girl can't play on the school grounds without being annoyed by a dog," said another mother.

"My dog isn't annoying her. She's annoying him." Henry tried to explain the situation to the mother nearest him, but she looked at him as if she did not believe he was telling the truth.

"Maybe we should discuss this at the next P.T.A. meeting," someone suggested.

"Next meeting! We'd better do something now," said another mother. "It's the Huggins dog. One of

my neighbors says she has a terrible time with him. He sits and waits for her cat to come out of the house so he can chase it up a tree."

Henry wished he and Ribsy could disappear. Now all the mothers in the whole school would think Ribsy was awful.

"Do you think we should call the police?" someone asked.

"Oh, I wouldn't do that," said one of the mothers. "I know that little Ramona Quimby. She's a perfect terror."

Henry felt better. At least he had one friend in the crowd.

"Well, really," said another mother, "just because the poor little thing is too young to have established acceptable behavior patterns doesn't mean we can let her be terrified by that dog."

Henry did not know what the lady meant but he felt it didn't sound very good for Ribsy.

"I think we should call the pound," someone said. "You can see how frightened she is."

"Why, Henry!" It was Mrs. Huggins. "What on earth is happening?"

"His dog chased that little girl up on the jungle gym and won't let her come down," explained one of the women, before Henry could open his mouth.

Mrs. Huggins glanced at Ramona and then looked sympathetically at Henry. "He's not a vicious dog," she told the woman.

"Mom, he didn't chase her. Honest," said Henry.

Then Mrs. Wisser, followed by Miss Mullen, the principal, pushed her way through the crowd of mothers. "There's the dog," Mrs. Wisser said, pointing at Ribsy.

Miss Mullen! thought Henry. Now I suppose I'll really catch it. Miss Mullen was nice, but when she said something she meant it.

Miss Mullen was tall and gray-haired. When she spoke, other people listened. "Hello, Henry, what's the trouble?" she asked pleasantly. The other women stopped talking.

Feeling uneasy, Henry looked around at all the mothers. He licked his lips and began. "Well, it looks like my dog chased Ramona up the jungle gym, but he didn't really." Henry gulped and went on. "She took his bone away from him and put it in her lunch

box, and he just wants his bone back, is all." Henry decided it was not necessary to tell about the ice cream cone.

"That's right, Miss Mullen," said Beezus, from the middle of the jungle gym.

"I have a samwidge in my lunch box," screamed Ramona.

"But the child was frightened," said Mrs. Wisser. "She was crying as if her little heart would break."

"She was crying before she climbed up there," said Beezus.

"I'm sure Ribsy wouldn't hurt anyone," said Miss Mullen. Henry was surprised to learn that the principal knew his dog's name.

Miss Mullen smiled. "We all know Ribsy very well at Glenwood School," she said. "He meets Henry under the fir tree every day after school. I've been watching him from my office window for a long time, and he has never annoyed any of the children. In fact, he's unusually good-natured."

Then Miss Mullen looked up at Ramona. "You may come down now," she said, pleasantly but firmly.

Ramona scowled but she climbed down.

"Now give Ribsy his bone," said Miss Mullen.

Ramona looked sulky as she unfastened the lunch box and handed Ribsy his bone. He took it in his mouth and looked at Henry as if to say, "Can't we go home now?"

The crowd of mothers, some looking a little embarrassed, began to drift away.

"Thank you, Miss Mullen," said Mrs. Huggins.

"Gee, thanks, Miss Mullen," said Henry gratefully. "I didn't know what I was going to do. They were going to send Ribsy to the pound."

Miss Mullen smiled. "That's all right, Henry. I understand. I have three dogs of my own at home, you know."

"You do?" Henry was astounded. Miss Mullen with three dogs! He had never thought of her as having any life outside Glenwood School at all. But three dogs!

As the principal went back into the building, Beezus took a Kleenex out of her pocket and held it to Ramona's nose. "Blow," she said. Ramona blew.

"It really wasn't Ribsy's fault," Beezus said to Mrs. Huggins.

Henry's mother smiled. "I understand."

Then Beezus handed her little sister the potato chips. "Here's your P.T.A.," she said crossly. "I hope you're satisfied."

Mrs. Wisser, however, did not give up easily. "I

know you're fond of the dog," she said to Mrs. Huggins, "but he really did frighten the child." Then she squatted down on her heels so she could look into Ramona's face. "Did the doggy frighten you, dear?" she asked.

"No," said Ramona, staring at Mrs. Wisser. Then she squatted down on her heels too. Henry thought this made Mrs. Wisser look very silly. Ramona stuffed another potato chip into her mouth as Mrs. Wisser hastily stood up. "I *like* P.T.A.," announced Ramona.

"I just bet you do," said Henry. "Come on, Beezus. If we hurry, maybe we'll have time for one game of checkers before dinner." And then because he knew his fishing trip was safe, Henry began to sing, "Woofies Dog Food is the best."

Beezus joined him on the second line and together they sang, "Contains more meat than all the rest!"

This is just one chapter from Beverly Cleary's book *Henry and Ribsy* (William Morrow, 1954). In another chapter Ribsy decides to defend the family garbage cans from the garbage collector. There is also a chapter in which Ribsy steals a policeman's lunch!

You may also want to read:

Beezus and Ramona
by Beverly Cleary (William Morrow, 1955)

Eddie and His Big Deals
by Carolyn Haywood (William Morrow, 1955)

Frosty
by Clare Turlay Newberry (Harper & Row, 1961)

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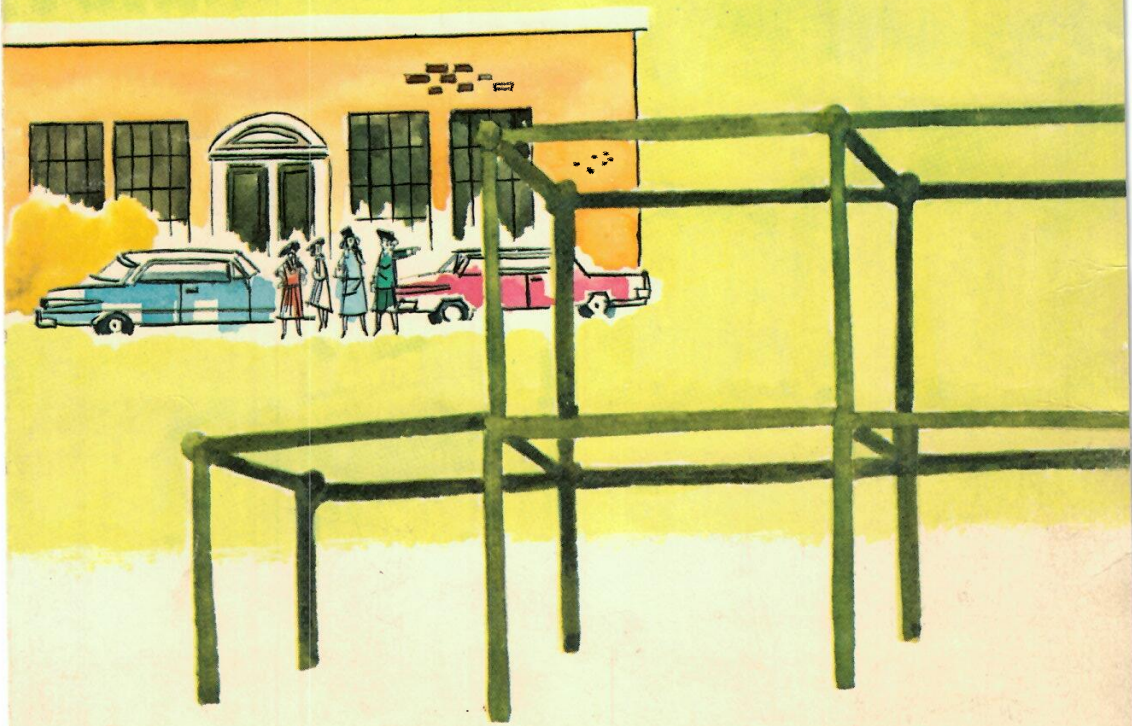

THE MAYFLOWER

Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft

THE MAYFLOWER

by Enid LaMonte Meadowcroft

Not only grownups came over on the Mayflower. There were several children as well. There was even a baby born on the ship during the voyage.

The tiny ship was crowded, and the sea was rough. None of the Pilgrims knew what to expect, for none of them had ever been to America. Some had heard stories of savage Indians and hard winters. But they were all hopeful. They knew that they were sailing toward freedom.

THE MAYFLOWER

BY

ENID LAMONTE MEADOWCROFT

Illustrated by AL SCHMIDT

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Chicago, Illinois

Before You Begin This Story . . .

Many, many years ago two boats left England to come to this country. They were called the Mayflower and the Speedwell.

Before they were out of sight of land the Speedwell sprang a leak. Both boats put back to shore. Many of the people on the Speedwell were put aboard the Mayflower. Much of the Speedwell's cargo was put on the Mayflower, too.

Once again the Mayflower set out to cross the ocean. She was alone this time, and heavily loaded.

This is the story of the long journey of the little ship and of the brave people who sailed on her.

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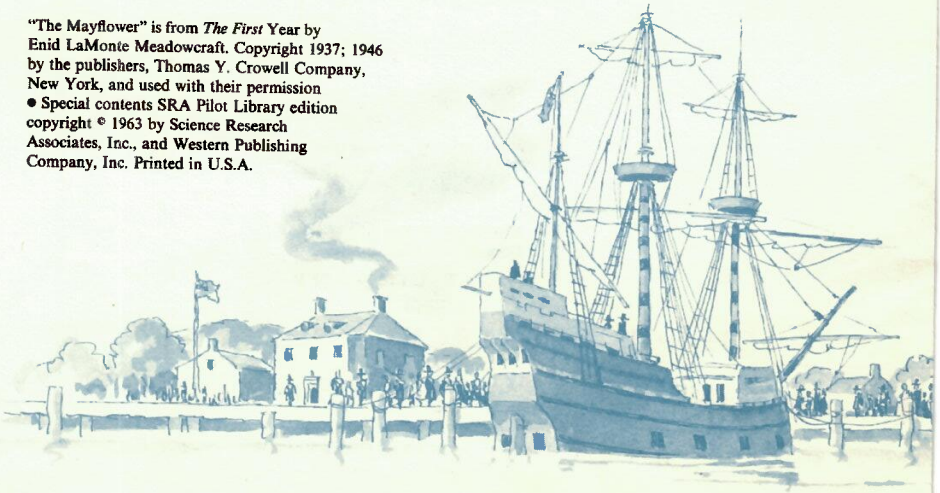

We call these people Pilgrims. But they had no such name for themselves. They were just plain people, setting out to build new homes. They wanted to live in a land where they could be free to think, and to live, as they believed God wanted them to.

You will ask, "Is this story true?"

It is just as true as I can make it. The children you will read about were real children. The things in this story did happen, but perhaps not in just the way I have told you.

Remember that these people lived three hundred years ago. It is hard to know just how things happened then. They have left us records that tell us what they did, but they do not always tell how they did it.

Now—let's begin.

PART ONE

ABOARD SHIP

Man Overboard!

The Mayflower rocked and tossed on the waves. In the sky a black cloud grew larger and larger. Lightning flashed. The wind whistled and cried.

"Get below, Giles Hopkins," called a man as he ran along the deck. He stopped to speak to a boy who held fast to the railing.

"I don't mind getting wet," the boy answered. "It's so crowded in the cabin and half the people are seasick."

"Never mind that. It's not safe here. And you are in the way."

"Let me help then, Master Howland. I'm big enough," said Giles. But John Howland had already turned to go.

Suddenly the rain came. The boat tipped until she seemed to be lying on her side. The deck slanted so that the boy could hardly stand. He clung to the railing and

shut his eyes to keep out the sight of the water that was so near. When he looked again the boat had righted herself. But John Howland had disappeared.

Giles ran to the side of the vessel. There was his friend in the water, splashing and yelling. A great wave rolled over his head and seemed to swallow him.

On the deck at the boy's feet lay a coil of rope. One end of it hung over the side of the ship.

"The rope! Grab the rope!" called Giles. He saw Howland grasp it and then disappear again under another wave.

Giles turned and ran down the deck. "Help!" he yelled. "Help! Help! Man overboard!"

Several of the sailors came running in answer to his cry. They grabbed the rope and pulled on it. John Howland still clung to the other end. But it was a long rope and he was far from the ship.

The men pulled him through the water as though he were a fish. Then slowly, slowly they pulled him up the side of the boat. He dangled at the end of the rope like a wet rag doll. The angry waves beat against him.

Then one of the sailors grabbed a large boat hook. He reached over the side of the ship and caught it in Howland's clothes. So, with the rope and the hook, the

men tugged and pulled until they had him safe on board.

"Oh!" gasped John Howland when he could speak. "I have been nearer land than any of you. And I have swallowed most of the ocean. There can't be much left between us and America now."

Then he saw Giles standing near. The boy's hair lay flat on his head. Water streamed down his face and clothes. He was as wet as if he too had been overboard.

"You saved my life, boy," said Howland. "If you hadn't brought help it would have been the end of me. I couldn't have held on another minute in that sea. Now will you go below?"

"Yes, sir," said Giles. He watched for a minute while the men helped Howland to the steerage. Then he started down the ladder to the cabin.

Below Deck

It was almost dark in the cabin. The little ship still rolled and tossed. It was not yet safe to light the oil lamps or the candles.

All day the ship had been thrown about by the great waves. Everything in the cabin was upset. Boxes and

cases would not stay in place. They slid back and forth across the cabin floor with each toss of the ship.

Some of the littlest children cried with fear. Many of them had been fastened in their bunks so that they would not be hurt by the sliding boxes, or be thrown to the floor when the ship pitched.

The older boys and girls took care of the younger ones. Or they sat on benches at the long table in the center of the room and told each other stories.

Many of the women lay in their bunks too ill to move. Others who were well enough tried to care for them. They clung to the bunks and to the table as they walked about. They tried to keep out of the way of the sliding boxes, and ran into each other.

Giles went to his mother, who sat on the edge of her bunk. A little girl was asleep in her lap.

"Where have you been, my son?" asked Mistress Hopkins. "I sent your sister to look for you some time ago. But Constance said she could not find you. You are very wet. What have you been doing?"

"I was on the main deck," the boy answered. "Master Howland slipped and fell overboard. But he grabbed a rope that hung over the side and we pulled him up. They have taken him to the steerage to dry him out. I was

the one who called for help and got the men. He said I saved his life," Giles added proudly.

"Then I suppose it is a good thing you were there," said Mistress Hopkins. "Though I heard your father tell you to stay below today. Now change your clothes at once. There are some dry ones in our box if you can find it. I saw it slide under Mistress White's bunk a minute ago. If I move to help you little Mary will wake

and she has just dropped off to sleep. Her poor mother is much too ill to care for her."

"It seems to me that almost everyone is sick," said Giles. "I'm glad the sea doesn't make me feel that way. I'm hungry."

"You'll get little to eat tonight, my boy. Just a bit of smoked beef, some bread, and some beer. No one has been able to light a fire all day. With the boat pitching so, it is not safe. Hurry now and get yourself dry or you will be sick, too," said Mistress Hopkins.

"Yes, Mother," replied Giles. He pulled the box out from under a bunk nearby. Then he took out some dry clothes and went to the men's quarters to change.

A New Passenger

After several days the rain stopped. The wind died down and the sea was calm. It was cold but the sun shone. Sails were raised again and the Mayflower sped on her way across the ocean.

Everyone felt better. The children had been shut up in the cabin for many days. Just to see and feel the sun made them race about the decks and shout for joy.

The women called back and forth to each other as they hung damp clothes out to dry. The sailors sang as they coiled ropes and hammered down the hatches.

Even the animals seemed glad that the storm was over. Ducks and chickens quacked and clucked. Goats and sheep and pigs bleated and grunted in their pens on the forward deck.

Some of the boys were playing soldier on the main deck. Wrestling Brewster was the leader. He had often watched the men as they drilled every day under Captain Standish.

"Hold your gun higher, Love," he commanded his brother. The little boy shifted his stick higher on his shoulder.

"You had better wake up, John Billington," Wrestling called to a tall boy at the end of the line. "The Indians will surely get you if you don't."

"I'm awake," growled John. "Awake enough to smell dinner. Say, what is the matter with Constance Hopkins? Look at her." He pointed to a girl who ran toward them. Several of the smaller children followed her.

"Guess what has happened! Oh, guess!" she cried. "I have a new baby brother. He was born last night. Mother just let me hold him for a minute."

"A baby brother," said Love Brewster. "What is his name?"

"It's a funny name," answered Constance. "Mother is going to call him Oceanus, because he was born on the ocean. My big brother, Giles, is making a cradle for him out of an empty case."

"Oceanus Hopkins," said Wrestling. "That is quite a name. Perhaps I can help Giles with the cradle or make a box to hold his clothes."

"Now there are four of us: Giles, Damaris, Oceanus, and me," said Constance. "Oh, Wrestling," she added, "I forgot to tell you that your mother said your dinner was ready. She says you must hurry, for the food is hot this noon."

"Hurray! Come on, Love," said Wrestling. The two boys started off to find their mother.

Hot food was a real treat on the Mayflower. There were only two ways in which it could be cooked, and both ways were hard. It could be put in a frying pan and held over a charcoal fire. Or it could be cooked in a kettle hung on an iron tripod, over a fire made in a box of sand.

Each day the food was taken from a common store and given out to the families. Even the smallest children

knew that the food they carried on the boat must last them a long time. No one knew how long it might be before there would be any more.

Wrestling found his mother standing over a steaming kettle in the shelter of the cookhouse. She was dishing food into a wooden trencher.

"It is a good stew, my son," she said when she saw Wrestling. "Dried beef, cabbage, turnips, and onions have gone into the making of it. After such terrible days of storm we all need something to make us strong. Take this for yourself and for Love." She held out a trencher filled with steaming stew.

"Thank you," said Wrestling. "It looks good and I am so hungry." He reached for the wooden dish.

"Wait," said his mother, setting the dish beside her. "I have just remembered the Hopkins children. With a new baby to care for, Mistress Hopkins will not be cooking for a few days. Go and get them, Wrestling. Ask them to share our dinner with us."

"May we eat out here on deck, Mother?" asked Love as Wrestling ran to get Giles and his sisters.

"Of course you may," said his mother. "And so will everyone else. It is so good to see the sun again."

In a few minutes the children sat together on the

deck. Wrestling and Love dipped their spoons into the same trencher. Giles shared his with Constance, and Mistress Brewster fed Damaris. There was little talking and a great deal of eating. Everyone was happy.

Land Ho!

There were sunny days and stormy ones, but still the little Mayflower sailed the sea. Everyone was very tired of seeing nothing but water on all sides.

"We have been on this boat exactly sixty-three days," said Constance one afternoon. She and Giles were leaning against the railing watching the water.

"I know how long it is, because I counted this morning while I was waiting for everyone to wake up. I hate this boat. I hate living in that stuffy cabin with all those people."

Wrestling, who stood nearby, sighed deeply. "Sometimes I don't believe we'll ever reach land," he said. "My mother said last night that she wished we were back home."

"Does she?" asked Giles. "I want to fight Indians and shoot tigers. The other day I heard two of the sailors

talking about the Indians. They said that the Indians would eat us if they caught us. And they said—" Suddenly Giles stopped speaking. He looked carefully at the water for a minute. Then he pointed excitedly.

"Look!" he cried. "Do you see that?"

"What?" asked Constance. "Oh, that's only a dead tree branch. What do you care about that?"

"Silly!" said Giles. "Do trees grow in the ocean?"

"Look! Look! Come here," he called to some of the crew who were working nearby. The sailors dropped their work and ran to his side.

"There—a tree branch!" exclaimed Giles. "It means land is near, doesn't it?"

In a minute the deck was crowded with excited passengers. All were eager to see the first sign of land. Long after the tree branch had floated past them, they talked about it.

"Watch for birds now," said one of the sailors. "If you see a wild duck or a goose you will know that we are really near the land."

So everyone who was able spent the rest of the day on deck. Each hoped to be the first one to sight land. But no one even saw a bird. At last it grew dark and the children were sent below.

"Perhaps that branch came from a tree on an island and we have sailed past it," thought Constance sadly that night. She crawled into the bunk beside her little sister and was soon asleep.

But all night long on the boat men kept watch. Eyes peered eagerly into the darkness. There was much talk of what the next day would bring. Hearts were lighter, for surely now they were near their journey's end.

It was very early the next morning that the cry rang out, "Land ho! Land ho!" It woke all who were asleep in the cabin.

Men, women, and children rushed to the decks. The morning air was cold, and they drew their cloaks about them. They peered into the distance.

Yes—there it was. At first it was only a dim shadow on the horizon. Then, as the Mayflower sailed closer, rocks and trees appeared.

Everyone was excited. Everyone was happy. The children talked together and planned what they would do when they got off the boat.

But the sailors shook their heads. It was land—but it was not the end of their journey. They knew that the land they saw was Cape Cod. They were far north of the Hudson River, where they had planned to go.

So they turned the ship south and sailed along the coast. About noon they came to dangerous waters. The breakers were so high that they were afraid the boat would be wrecked in them.

Then the captain and the men held a meeting and they decided to turn back to Cape Cod. All the afternoon they sailed north along the coast. When the children went to bed that night the ship was still moving through the water.

Early, early the next morning Giles woke and lay still for a moment wondering why he felt so queer. Suddenly he knew that the ship was not rushing through the water any longer.

He called Wrestling and the two boys hurried to the deck. The Mayflower was at anchor in Cape Cod Bay.

How would you have felt if you had stood among the Pilgrims on the deck of the Mayflower that Saturday morning in November? Before them lay a strange land. No friends were there to welcome them. There were no houses to shelter them and no stores where they could buy their food.

When they looked toward the shore they could see only rocks, sand, and a forest of trees. Indians and wild beasts might be hiding there. It was winter, cold and stormy.

Yet no one said he was afraid. No one said he wanted to go back to his home in Holland or in England.

Together they knelt on the deck and thanked God because He had brought them safely to this land, where they could live as they thought He wanted them to. Then they began to plan at once for their new homes.

They were a brave people!

PART TWO

EXPLORATION

A Noise in the Night

Almost a month had passed since the day the Pilgrims had first seen land. Still they had not found a place in which to build their homes. The weather had been very bad, with much snow and rain. And nearly everyone had been sick.

The men had made many trips ashore in the shallop. She was a large boat and would carry twenty-five or thirty men. Because the water near the beach was very shallow, they could not reach land in the shallop. So they had to jump out and wade. Their clothing was often wet.

The women and the children had been ashore too and had come back with wet clothes and wet feet. Everyone coughed and sneezed and sniffled.

The captain of the Mayflower was disgusted. So much time had passed, and not one house had been

built. The supply of food was getting low. He was afraid that there would not be enough to last his crew on their trip back to England.

One day a meeting was held in the cabin. The men could not decide where to build. Some wanted to go to one place, some to another. At last Master Coffin, the ship's pilot, stood up.

"I know of a good harbor," he said. "It is about three leagues west of here. The ground is not marshy or sandy. It is good for planting. If you want to go there I think I can guide you."

And so it was decided that an exploring party should set out, guided by Master Coffin.

The next day was gray and dreary. Early in the morning the men climbed down the ladder and took their places in the shallop. Sails were hoisted. Ropes were cast off and the boat began to move. Master Hopkins caught his breath. The wind was so cold that it seemed to cut right through his heavy cloak.

The little boat sailed along the coast all day. Spray drenched the clothes of the sailors. It turned to ice at once. At noon the men passed around some dried beef and hard tack. Their hands were so cold that they could hardly hold the food.

The wind was good and the shallop raced through the water. Once someone cried, "Look—Indians!" On the beach were ten or twelve Indians. They were very busy about something and did not see the shallop as she passed.

At last Master English, who was captain of the shallop, decided to land. He headed the boat toward a sandy beach and dropped anchor. The men waded through the icy water to shore.

Fires were quickly built and they warmed themselves as well as they could. Then everyone gathered logs and branches and helped to build a barricade. This would shelter them from the wind. It would also be something to hide behind if the Indians attacked.

It grew dark quickly. The men left the fire, one by one. They lay down behind the barricade. The ground made a cold bed and they lay close together. Soon only the sentinel was left awake. He guarded the sleeping men.

Suddenly there was a dreadful howling cry—a horrible noise that came from the forest.

"Arm! Arm!" cried the sentinel.

The men awoke and sprang to their feet. They grabbed their guns and stood ready to meet any danger.

Someone fired his gun into the air and the cries stopped as suddenly as they had begun.

Then one of the sailors spoke. "I have heard that noise before," he said. "When I was in Newfoundland I heard it often. It is nothing but the cry of hungry wolves. They won't attack while we have a fire."

"Then let us get back to rest," said Master Bradford. "We must be ready to leave here early, when the tide is high."

The men talked together as they went back to lie down. "I never knew that wolves could sound so terrible," said John Howland. "I thought surely that noise was made by Indians."

"So did I," said Master Hopkins. "Perhaps we will wake up tomorrow to find them camped on top of us. But I'm too sleepy now to care. Good night again." He lay down on the ground.

"Good night," said Master Howland. "I think I'll share your feather bed and woolen blankets with you." He stretched himself beside Master Hopkins.

Master Hopkins laughed. "Well, don't take all the covers," he said. "The night is a little chilly."

He shut his eyes, and very soon all was quiet in the camp.

A Fight with the Indians

It was five o'clock the next morning when Master Hopkins shook John Howland by the shoulder.

"Come, man," he said. "Get up. We are leaving here after breakfast. After prayers take your gun and mine down to the water's edge and pile them with the others. Come on. Hurry!"

Howland stood up, still heavy with sleep. He took the guns and stumbled toward the fire, where the men were gathered. He knelt with them and they prayed as they did every day, that God would help and guide them. Then Howland carried the guns to the beach.

It was very cold and dark, but he could see the shallop out on the water. Some of the men had left their guns and armor by the water's edge. Some still kept their weapons near them. Howland laid the guns he carried in the pile. Then he went back to the fire.

He was hungry, and breakfast tasted good. As he ate he looked at the men who stood about the fire. There was Captain Standish, leaning on his gun and talking to Master Bradford. John Carver, who was the governor

of the Pilgrims, was laughing at something that Master Winslow had said. Master English stood beside him.

Suddenly all were startled by an awful cry. It was the same noise that they had heard in the night. Now it was louder and nearer.

"Indians! It must be Indians! Arm yourselves!" cried Captain Standish. At once the air seemed filled with flying arrows.

The men ran to the shore for their guns. As they left the fire, the Indians gave a great cry and let more arrows fly.

Captain Standish, Master Bradford, and two others sprang to defend the barricade. Raising his gun to his shoulder Captain Standish fired into the dark. This frightened the Indians. For a minute they were still.

"Don't shoot until you can see to take aim," said the captain to the men with him. Then he called to those at the water's edge, "Stay there. Guard the shallop. Is anyone hurt?"

"No," called Master Hopkins. "How goes it with you?"

"All is well," answered the captain. "Have courage. It will soon be light. Then we can see what we are doing."

The Indians screamed again and let loose another shower of arrows. One sent the sand flying at Master Hopkins' feet. He held his gun but could not fire.

"Send us a firebrand so that we can light our guns," he called to the captain.

One of the men crept from behind the barricade. He grabbed a lighted log from the fire and ran toward them. Arrows whizzed about him. They seemed to come from every direction.

It was lighter now, and the white men could see the Indians crouching in the bushes or hiding behind the trees.

One tall savage, who seemed to be their leader, sneaked up behind a tree near the barricade. He raised his bow and aimed for Captain Standish.

Whang! The arrow flew. But the captain ducked just in time. He pointed his musket at the Indian. There was a flash of fire. Then with a thud the bullet struck the tree. Three times he aimed and fired. Each shot hit the tree. Bark and splinters of wood flew about. With a horrible shriek the Indian turned and ran into the woods. The other Indians followed him.

Captain Standish and some of the men gave chase at once. They followed the Indians into the forest,

shooting and calling after them. After they had chased them for some distance they went back to the beach.

Everyone was much excited. Scores of Indian arrows had whistled through the air but no one had been hurt. But when the coats that were hung up in the barricade were taken down, the men found them shot through and through.

"We had better leave here at once," said Captain Standish. "The Indians may return at any minute with more warriors."

So the men loaded the shallop as quickly as they could. They gathered up as many arrows from the beach as they could find and put them in a bundle.

"We will send these arrows back to England with the Mayflower," said Governor Carver. "When our friends see them they will understand what dangers we are meeting in this country."

He turned to Master Bradford. "Let us give this place a name before we leave it," he said.

"It is the first place where we have really met the Indians," said Master Bradford. "Let us call it the place of the First Encounter."

So it was agreed. In the dim light of morning the sails were raised and the shallop went on its way.

Plymouth Harbor

All day the men sailed along the coast. Rain and snow fell but still they kept going. Suddenly in mid-afternoon a great wind came up. The sea was very rough. The boat rolled and tossed and left her course.

"The rudder's gone," yelled Master English above the sound of the wind. "Give me an oar."

John Howland sprang to help him. The two men thrust their oars over the stern of the ship. They steered as best they could, but it was hard work. They were glad when they heard Master Coffin cry, "I see the harbor. There! There!"

"Put on more sail," ordered Master English. "Let us get there before dark."

The sailors sprang to their places and more sail was hoisted. But it was too much. With a horrible crash the mast broke in three places. It tumbled into the water carrying the sail with it. The little boat tipped until she almost lay on her side.

"This is the end," thought Master Hopkins. But the brave ship righted herself.

"To the oars, men!" yelled Captain Standish. At once each man grabbed an oar and pulled with all his strength. The tide was with them, and after a few minutes they entered the harbor.

The wind roared. Rain came down in great torrents, and huge breakers crashed on the shore. For a minute it looked as though they would carry the shallop with them and pound her to pieces.

"Pull, men. Pull!" called Captain English. "Else we will all be cast away. Row hard, every man of you. There is calm water ahead if we can reach it."

Every man pulled with all his might. It was a hard fight with wind and waves, but at last calm water was reached. Just as dark fell, they dropped anchor in quiet water near shore.

That night the men, tired, wet, and cold, slept by the campfire. No Indians disturbed them. And when they woke in the morning the sun was shining.

They found to their surprise that they had landed on an island. After breakfast they explored, looking for signs of Indians. But they found none, so they returned to the fire.

They spent the rest of the day drying out their clothes, fixing their weapons, and resting after their terrible

journey. The next day was Sunday so they did no work.

But on Monday they sailed about the harbor. They found it was deep enough to let a good-sized ship anchor near shore. Many fish swam about in the waters, and in one place they saw seals.

They landed and found cornfields that the Indians had planted and left long ago. The soil was rich and right for planting. And there were many little rivers and brooks to give them fresh water. A short distance from the shore stood tall trees. With these they could build their houses. From them they could cut lumber to send back and sell in England. So they decided that this was the place where they would build their homes.

As soon as possible they returned to their friends on the Mayflower with the good news. Three days later the Mayflower dropped anchor in the harbor and the voyage of the Pilgrims was ended.

Many hardships were ahead for the brave little band of Pilgrims during their first year. It was lucky for them that there were friendly as well as hostile Indians in America. In Enid Meadowcroft's book *The First Year* (T. Y. Crowell, 1937, 1946) you will find more adventures of these first Americans.

You may also want to read:

Christmas on the Mayflower
by Wilma Pitchford (Coward-McCann, 1956)

First Adventure
by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan, 1950)

John Billington, Friend of Squanto
by Clyde Robert Bulla (T. Y. Crowell, 1956)

Hitty: Her First Hundred Years
by Rachel Field (Macmillan, 1930)

Elin's Amerika
by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday, 1941)

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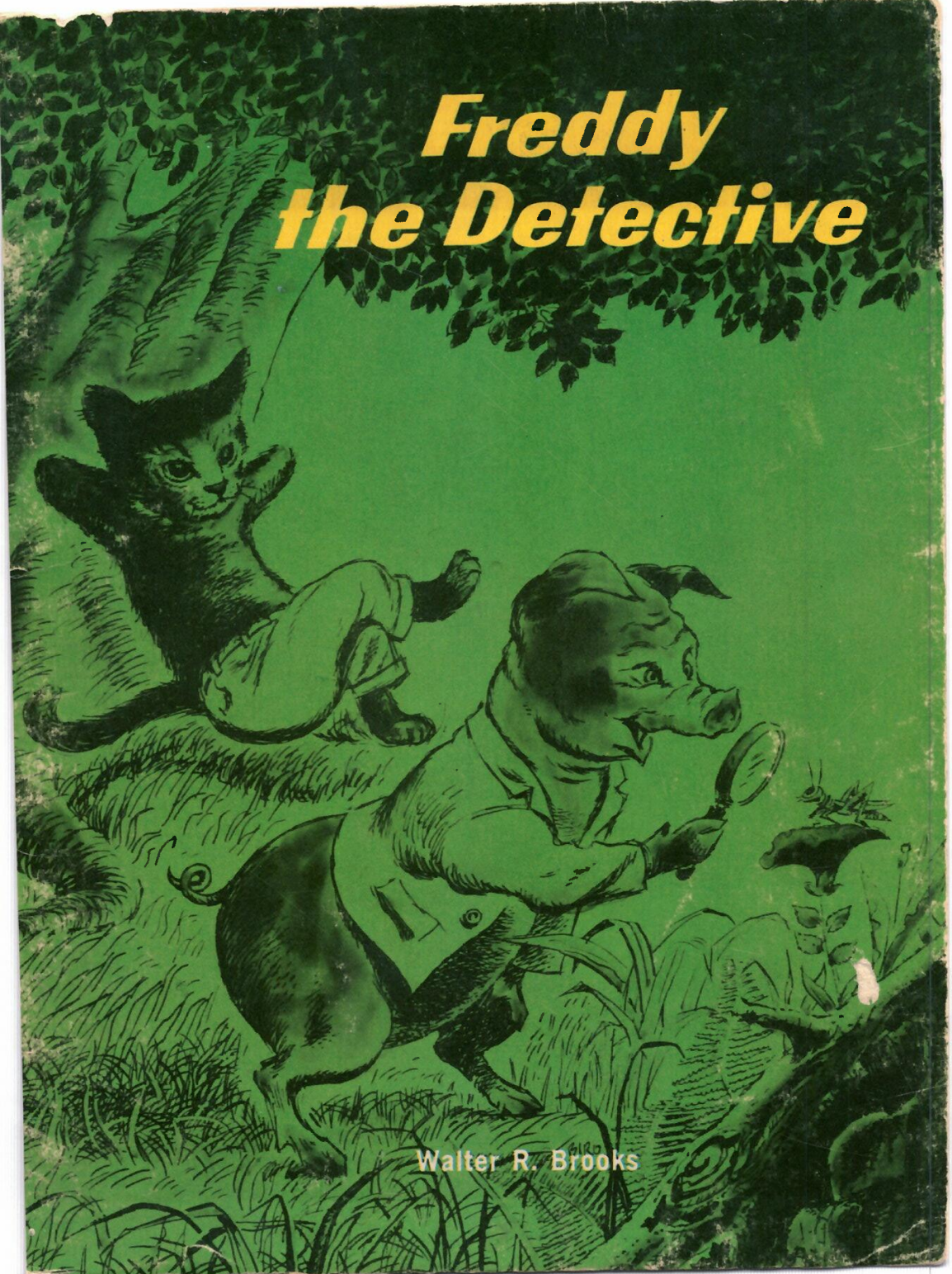
Freddy the Detective



Walter R. Brooks

FREDDY THE DETECTIVE

by Walter R. Brooks

Have you ever dreamed of capturing a dangerous criminal? Have you ever wanted to solve a mystery? After Freddy the pig read about the famous Sherlock Holmes, he decided to become Freddy the Detective.

Freddy's first case was a tough one. Someone had stolen a toy train from Mr. Bean's house. But who? No one had seen the criminal. There did not seem to be any clues. But Freddy was a very clever pig, as you will discover in this story.

Freddy the Detective

BY WALTER R. BROOKS

Illustrated by
CHARLES BIRO

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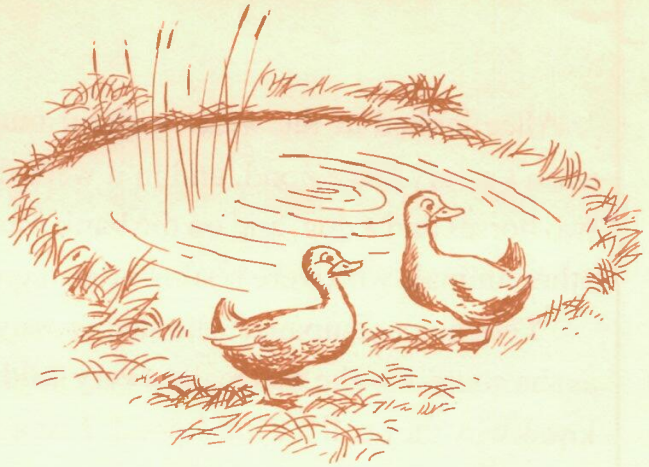


Burglars in the Barnyard

It was hot. When Alice and Emma, the two white ducks, got tired of diving and swimming about in the pond, they climbed out on the bank and looked over toward the house where Mr. Bean, the farmer, lived.

"Oh!" said Emma, "the house looks as if it was melting. All the straight lines—the roof and the door and the walls—are wiggling. Look, Alice."

"It always looks like that when it's hot," said Alice.

"Well, I don't like it," said Emma. "It makes me feel funny in my stomach. I think things ought to stay what they are, even if they *are* hot. Let's jump in again and cool off."

Alice looked at the water without much interest. It wasn't a very large pond, and in it were three cows and two horses and a dog, and on the bank were half a dozen other animals who were resting after their dip.

"Too much company," she said crossly, or as crossly as she could, for she was really a very mild duck. "I don't know why they call it a *duck* pond. Just as soon as warm weather comes, every animal on the farm seems to think he has a perfect right to use it as a swimming pool without so much as saying please. And just look at that, Emma!" she exclaimed. "What chance would you and I have in there now?"

Two of the cows, Mrs. Wiggins and Mrs. Wurzburger, were having a race across the pond and back. They splashed and floundered and snorted, making waves that would have upset the stoutest duck, while the animals on the bank cheered and shouted.

"Come on, let's take a walk," said Emma. "Let's find a place in the shade where there's a breeze. That water's just as hot as the air is, anyway."

They waddled up the lane toward the house, and in a corner of the fence they came upon Jinx, the black cat,

who was lying on his back with all four paws in the air, trying to keep cool.

"Hello, ducks!" he hailed them. "Gosh, you look nice and cool."

"Well, you don't," said Alice. "I should think you'd stifle, lying in that breathless corner. Why don't you come with us? We're going to look for a breeze."

"Whoops!" shouted Jinx, jumping up with a bound. "I'm with you, girls. Tell you what: we'll go find Freddy. That pig'll be in a cool spot, you bet. He knows how to be comfortable better than any other animal on this farm."

Freddy was indeed a very clever pig. It was he who had organized the animals on Mr. Bean's farm into a company, known as Barnyard Tours, Inc., which took parties of other animals on sightseeing trips. He knew how to read, and he had gathered together quite a library of the books and magazines and newspapers that different animals had brought in to pay for their trips with. He kept them in a corner of the pigpen which he called his study.

The ducks knew that even if Freddy wasn't in a cool

spot, he would have a new bit of interesting gossip, or some story he had just read, to tell them about, so they started out to find him.

"Have you heard about Everett's train of cars?" asked Jinx as they walked along.

"No," said the ducks. Everett and his sister, Ella, were the two adopted children of Mr. and Mrs. Bean. The animals were all fond of Ella and Everett, so no two children ever had a better time. The ducks taught them to swim and the horses taught them to ride and the cat taught them how to climb and to move through the woods without making a sound. Ferdinand, the crow, had even wanted to teach them how to fly, but of course

that wasn't much use, because they didn't have any wings. But there were always animals to play games and do things with, and they certainly had as good a time as any children who ever lived.

"Well," said Jinx, "it's the funniest thing I ever heard of. When Everett went to sleep last night, the train was beside him on the bed. When he woke up this morning, it was gone. Mrs. Bean has looked all over the house, and I've done some looking on my own account. But it's gone; there's no doubt about that."

"Well, that *is* queer," said Emma. "You don't suppose he hid it himself, as a joke?"

"Oh no, not a chance. He's been looking everywhere all morning. He's very fond of that train. I'd like to get my claws on the one that took it!" the cat exclaimed fiercely.

"Mercy!" exclaimed Emma with a slight shudder. "I wish you wouldn't glare like that, Jinx. Alice and I didn't have anything to do with it."

"No, no; of course you didn't," replied the cat soothingly. "Imagine a duck being a burglar!" He laughed heartily.

They walked round the house and down the road to the fence where the farm ended; then they walked back along the fence to the woods and across the back pasture, but saw no sign of Freddy.

"It's funny," said Jinx. "I felt sure we'd run into him. Let's sit down under this tree and rest awhile."

"You can if you want to," said Emma, "but I started out to find Freddy, and now I'm going to find him." Like all ducks, she was very stubborn, and when she had made up her mind to anything, nothing could stop her.

"Oh, all right," said the cat good-naturedly. "Only it's so hot. Let's try the pigpen. Maybe he's in his study."

But he wasn't in the pigpen, and he wasn't in the stable or the cow barn.

"He must be puttering round in the woods somewhere, then," said Alice. "Maybe he's calling on Peter." Peter was the bear who lived in a cave in Mr. Bean's woods.

"It'll be cooler in the woods, anyway," said Jinx. So they went back across the pasture and plunged into the green silence of the trees.

Freddy's First Case

It was very still in the woods, and very dark after the glaring sunshine outside. They walked slowly along, calling: "Freddy! Hey, Freddy!" every now and then.

Jinx liked the woods, but the ducks began to get a little nervous. "I don't like this," said Emma. "It's so dim and still, and I feel as if something were following us. There! Did you hear that?" She stopped, and they all looked back over their shoulders, for somewhere behind them a twig had snapped.

"Nonsense!" said Jinx. "There's nothing here to hurt you. Come along."

"Mmmmm," said Emma doubtfully. "I don't like noises behind me. Uncle Wesley always said: 'When you're out walking and hear noises behind you, it is better to go right home.' "

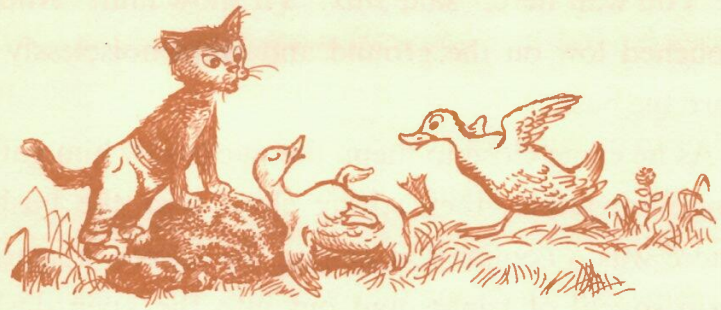
"But you're with *me!*" said Jinx.

"Oh, all right," said Emma. "We know you won't let anything catch us"; and they went on.

But the ducks were very nervous, and they walked with their heads turned round so far backward that they were continually tripping over roots and stones. Even Jinx began to feel a little uneasy, particularly as his ears, which were sharper than the ducks', told him that someone really was following them. He wasn't afraid for himself, for there was no animal in these woods that could hurt him, but he thought it might be a fox, and there's nothing a fox likes better for supper than a nice plump duck.

He was about to suggest that they turn back when Alice suddenly gave a terrified quack and tumbled over in a faint.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Emma. "She must have seen something that frightened her terribly. She hasn't



done that in I don't know when. No, no; there isn't anything you can do. She'll be all right in a minute. Just keep her head low. Dear me, I wish we were out of here!"

"We'll go right back," said Jinx, who was supporting the swooning duck in his paws. "There! She's coming round now. Well, Alice, you did give us a fright! What was it you saw?"

Alice's eyes opened slowly. "Where am I?" she murmured; then as she remembered, she scrambled to her feet. "There!" She pointed with her bill. "Right behind that clump of bushes. There was a face, with a long pointed white nose—" She broke off and shuddered violently. "It gave me such a turn!"

"You wait here," said Jinx. "I'll show him!" And he crouched low on the ground and crept noiselessly toward the bushes.

As he came close to them, the ducks saw him gather himself together, then spring clean over the bushes. There was a commotion among the leaves, a snarl, a shrill squeal of fright, and out into the open dashed Freddy with Jinx on his back. The cat was cuffing the pig soundly about the head, but as they came near the ducks, he jumped down, and Freddy stopped, shook himself, and looked about him ruefully.

"You didn't have to be so rough, Jinx," he complained. "I wasn't doing any harm."

"You scared Alice, here, into a faint," said the cat angrily. "What on earth were you trying to do—play Indian?"

"I'm sorry, Alice," said Freddy. "I really didn't mean to scare you. I didn't think you saw me. I was just shadowing you."

"Shadowing!" said Jinx. "What's that?"

"Oh," said Freddy importantly, "it's a term used by detectives. It means following you to see what you're up to. I'm going to be a detective, and I was practicing."

"Well, I don't know what a detective is," said Emma, "but you can just try it on somebody else next time. I think it's mean of you to scare us like that. You even scared Jinx."

"You did *not!*" said the cat quickly. "But you were trying to, and I'm going to get even with you for it, Freddy. I'm—"

"I wasn't; honestly I wasn't, Jinx," protested the pig. "Look here; I wasn't going to tell anybody about it, but I'll let you three in on it to make up for giving you such

a scare. I got the idea from a book I found in the barn, *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes*. It's the best book I've come across in a long time, and you'll admit I know something about literature. I'll venture to say that there isn't a pig in the country who has a finer library or a wider knowledge of—"

"Oh, cut out the hot air," interrupted Jinx rudely, "and let's have the story."

"Well, it's this way," said Freddy. "This Sherlock Holmes was a great detective. Whenever a crime was committed, and nobody knew who committed it, they'd call in Sherlock Holmes, and he'd find the criminal."

"But how did he find him if nobody knew who he was?" asked Alice.

"Because he was so clever," Freddy replied. "Maybe the criminal would leave footprints behind, and then Holmes would find out who made them. Oh, he was a wonder! He saw little things about people that nobody else would notice, for one thing. He could look at you and tell about where you'd been and what you'd been doing, just by noticing these things. Why, I'll show you how it's done; it's easy when you know how.

"Look at Jinx, here. Look on his back. There are a lot of little pieces of grass and leaves in his fur. This is a piece of a leaf off a raspberry bush. The only raspberry bushes on the farm are around the fence up by the house, so we know he's been there. Then—how did they get on his back? Well, it's a hot day, and cats sometimes lie on their backs to get cool, so we can be pretty sure he has been sleeping on his back in the corner of the fence up by the house."

"Gosh, that's pretty good, Freddy," said Jinx.

"It really isn't so good," said Freddy modestly, "because I saw you sleeping there. But of course I could have told that you had been there anyway, as soon as I saw the leaves in your fur."

"But what were you following us for?" asked Alice.

"Why, just what I've been telling you. I was shadowing you. I was practicing being a detective. I followed you all around the farm. I didn't mean you to see me, of course. If I'd been a good detective, you wouldn't have known anything about it. I was trying to see what you were up to."

"Why didn't you ask, then?" said Emma.

"Detectives don't *ask!*" said Freddy impatiently. "*Can't* you understand?"

"No, I can't. You were taking such a lot of bother to find out something we'd have told you right off. We were just looking for you!"

"He means that he was pretending that we were criminals," Jinx explained. "Of course if we had been, and we'd been going to steal something, we wouldn't have told him. It wouldn't be any use to ask then. See?"

"Oh," said Emma, and Alice said: "Oh," in just the same tone. And then they both said in their little flat voices: "Let's go back."

Jinx winked at Freddy. They were very fond of the ducks. Alice and Emma were the kindest-hearted little creatures in the world, but it was useless to try to explain anything to them that they didn't already know about, and even with things they knew about they sometimes got terribly mixed up.

They waddled along happily together, their fright entirely forgotten, and Jinx and Freddy followed them, talking about detectives. Freddy told one or two of Sherlock Holmes' adventures out of the book, and Jinx was

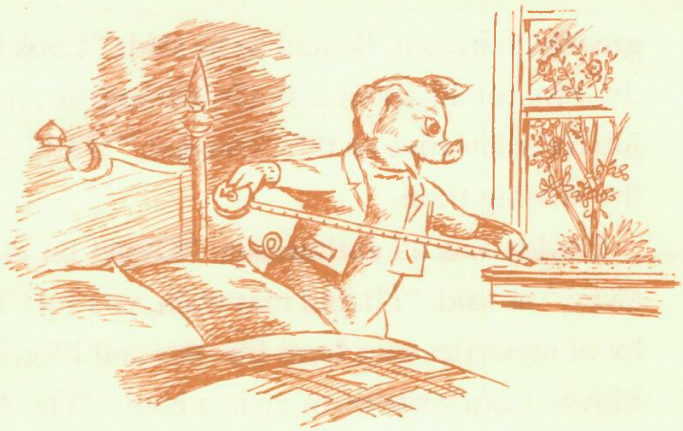
greatly interested. By and by he said: "Look here, Freddy, I forgot all about it in the excitement, but there's a job for a detective on this farm now." And he told about the missing train.

Freddy was all enthusiasm. "I'll get on the job right away," he said. "I'll find that train, you bet! There are a lot of mysteries on a farm like this and I'll solve 'em all. Maybe I can write them up in a book: 'The Adventures of Freddy the Detective.' And this'll be the first one. Freddy's First Case."

"If you find the train," said Jinx.

"Oh dear," said Freddy mournfully, "I like you, Jinx, but why do you always have to say things like that? Of course I'll find it."

"Sure you will, old pig," said the cat with a grin. "Because *I'm* going to help you."



The Scene of the Crime

"The first thing to do," said Freddy, "is to visit the Scene of the Crime."

The smaller animals always helped Mrs. Bean with the housework, and were in and out of the house a good deal. So when Jinx and Freddy went in the kitchen door and up the back stairs, Mrs. Bean merely glanced up from the peas two rabbits were helping her shell and said: "Be careful of those stairs, animals. They're pretty steep. I don't want you to hurt yourselves." The children's room was the front bedroom over the porch, next to Mr. and Mrs. Bean's. Jinx started to walk across the

floor, but Freddy stopped him. "Please don't disturb anything," he said, "until I have finished my investigation."

"Oh, I'm not disturbing anything. What's the matter with you?" demanded the cat.

"You're disturbing the clues," replied the pig testily. "All crimes have clues, and if you follow the clues, you find the criminal."

"If I knew what clues were, I'd know better what you were talking about," said Jinx.

But Freddy did not answer. He was being a detective for all he was worth. He went very carefully over the floor, and then he examined the bed and the window sill, and finally he got a tape measure out of Ella's little sewing basket and measured the height of the sill and the distance from the bed to the window and several other things.

Jinx sat down by the door and watched, trying hard to look superior and sarcastic. But it's hard to look superior and sarcastic all by yourself when nobody's paying any attention to you, so after awhile he gave it up and went to sleep.

A little later he woke up again. Freddy was standing looking out of the window, wrapped in thought. "Well," said Jinx, "found any of those—what do you call 'em? —clues you were looking for?"

"I have," said Freddy importantly. "What's more, I know who stole the train."

The cat jumped up. "Gosh, Freddy, do you really? Who was it?"

"I'll tell you in a minute. Let me ask you a few questions, first. I want to get my case complete. Now, was this window open last night?"

"I suppose so," replied Jinx. "They all sleep with their windows open. Mighty unhealthy habit, I call it, but—"

"And the door was shut, I suppose," interrupted Freddy.

"Sure. I was around the house on and off all night. I know it was shut."

"Did you hear any noises last night?"

"That's a foolish question," said the cat. "I always hear noises, every night. There are some noises that go on all night, like the clock ticking and Mr. Bean

snoring, and then I heard the wind going around the house, and the furniture creaking, and—"

"No, no," interrupted Freddy impatiently, "I mean unusual noises. Think carefully now."

"H'm," said Jinx thoughtfully, "why, let's see. I heard one thing I don't usually hear. Those four flies that sleep on the kitchen ceiling—I caught one of them this morning, by the way—they woke up and got quarreling about something in the night. Of course that's not exactly what you'd call a noise; even I could hardly hear it. And then, there *was* something, it seems to me. What was it? I just faintly remember— Oh, I know! It was a couple of thumps."

"Thumps?"

"Yes. Outside somewhere."

"What kind of thumps?"

"Oh, I don't know. Just thumps. I thought maybe it was some of those coons from over in the woods. They're always playing monkeyshines at night. But I was too sleepy to go look."

"Ah," said Freddy, "I thought so. Well, my case is complete without that, but it all hangs together very

nicely. A very nice piece of detective work. See here, Jinx. I'll show you just how I solved the case. Here's the first clue I discovered. We'll call it Exhibit A. What do you make of that?"

There were some scratches on the white paint of the window sill, and in several of them were traces of green paint. Jinx looked at them, sniffed of them, and said: "Ah! Just so!" because he couldn't think of anything else to say.

"That doesn't mean anything to you?" asked Freddy.

"Yes, yes. Quite!" said Jinx hastily. "Green paint. Very significant."

"I'm glad you follow me," said Freddy. "Now for Exhibit B." And he took Jinx over to the bed and showed him half a dozen very fine, very short dark gray hairs on the pillow.

Jinx looked at the hairs, but when he sniffed at them, he sniffed so hard that he blew them onto the floor.

"Hey!" shouted Freddy. "Be a little careful, can't you? You're destroying the evidence! We need those for our case."

"Case of what—measles?" said the cat, contemptuously. "Say, look here, Freddy; are you trying to kid me, or are you just plain silly? You talk about those little old gray hairs and that green paint as if you'd found a pitcher of cream. If this is all there is to your detective business, I'm going. I know lots of better ways of having fun than—"

"Oh, wait a minute!" exclaimed the pig. "Gosh, Jinx, I thought you *understood* what it meant. You *said* you did. Look here. Those cars in the train are painted green, aren't they? Well, what does that paint mean,

then? It means that the cars rubbed on the window sill when the thief was taking them out of the window last night, doesn't it?"

"H'm. I see what you're getting at," said Jinx.

"All right," went on Freddy. "Now, what kind of hairs were those I showed you?"

"Those hairs? I don't know. Just hairs."

"Oh, use a little sense. Were they Ella's? Or Mrs. Bean's?"

"No, of course not. Hairs like that—why, I suppose they might be cat hairs."

"Where is there a gray cat in this neighborhood?" asked Freddy.

"H'm. Mice, then," said Jinx. "No," he added, "they're too coarse for mouse hairs. But—rats!" he exclaimed suddenly. "By George, they're rat hairs, Freddy. Well, of all the nerve!"

Jinx was really very much upset, for the presence of a rat in the house was against all the rules.

"I can't believe it," he said. "Those are rat hairs, all right, but there's only one way a rat could get into this room. He couldn't climb up the porch. He'd have to

come in the door. And the door was shut all night. I don't believe any rat would dare come in during the daytime and hide."

"He wouldn't have to," said Freddy. "Look under the bed, Jinx."

The cat went under the bed and came out in a moment looking more worried than ever. "A fresh rathole!" he exclaimed. "Yes, there's no doubt about it. But it must have been a job to get that train of cars out of the window. I suppose they pushed them out and then got out on the porch roof and pushed them over the edge."

"And those were the thumps you heard," said Freddy. "Now come outside. They couldn't have carried the cars off. Each car is as big as a rat, and there were four of them and a tender, all fastened together. They must have dragged them, and we can probably find where they dragged them to."

Freddy Closes the Case

In the big flower bed in front of the porch six or seven squirrels were hard at work, pulling out weeds and raking with their claws and then sweeping the dirt smooth with their tails.

"Hey, Bill," called Freddy to the largest squirrel, who seemed to be the foreman, "come here a minute. I want to ask you something."

Bill dusted off his paws, growled to the other workmen to "keep busy, now, and no loafing while my back's turned," and came over to the pig.

"I suppose, Bill, you've heard about this train of cars that's missing, haven't you?" asked Freddy.

"Couldn't very well help it, sir," said the squirrel. "Everybody's talking about it."

"Well," said the pig, "we have reason to believe that the thief took it out of the window and pushed it off the roof. Now, I wonder if when you started work here this morning, you noticed any traces of where it fell into the flower bed?"

"That I did, sir," replied the foreman. "That's what it must have been, though I didn't think of it at the time. A leaf was broken off one of those big cannas, and there was a big dent in the dirt. And I remember that you could see where something had been dragged off in the direction of the barn. You can't see it now, since the dew has dried off the grass, but 'twas plain as plain. Straight down toward the barn, sir."

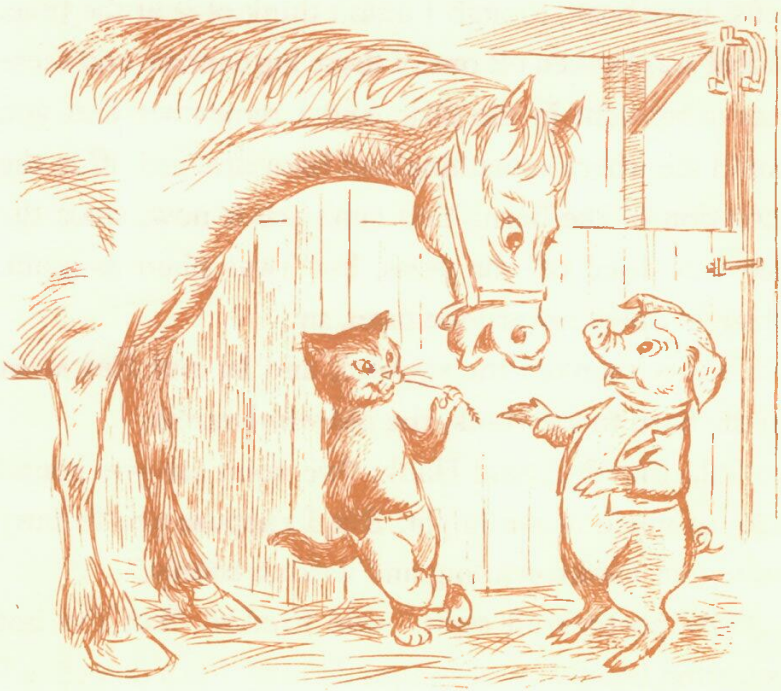
Freddy thanked the squirrel, and he and Jinx went to the barn to see Hank, the old white horse.

"Ah, Freddy," said Hank, "we don't see you round here as much as we might. But I suppose you're busy with your books, reading and writing poetry."

"Oh, poetry's all right," said Freddy, "but I've got something really important to do now. I'm a detective."

"Think of that!" said Hank admiringly. "And what do you—er, well—what are you detecting today?"

"I'm on the trail of a gang of thieves," replied the pig. "They stole Everett's train of cars last night, and I believe they've brought it down here. At least, they came by here with it, and I wondered if you heard or saw anything of them."



Hank chewed thoughtfully on some hay. "No," he said. "I don't recollect anything. Who stole it?"

Freddy said they had reason to believe it was rats.

"Rats in the house!" exclaimed Hank. "Why, that's bad for you, Jinx. What'll Mr. Bean say when he finds out?"

"I guess it *is* bad for me!" said the cat. "Darn those rats anyway."

"Now you speak of it," said Hank thoughtfully, "I remember that I've been hearing some funny noises lately. Little rustlings and squeakings under the floor. I never thought of rats, but I ain't so sure now. Maybe they've moved back into their old quarters, where they used to live before you came."

This piece of news upset Jinx even more, for the rats had had a large establishment under the barn, a maze of tunnels and passages and underground rooms. He jumped down from the manger where he had been sitting, and went outside, followed by Freddy. "Their main entrance used to be under the foundations at the back," he said. "We'll see if it shows any signs of having been used lately."

But just as they came out the door a gray shape darted across an open space and into the shelter of a clump of weeds that grew close to the barn wall.

Jinx leaped after it. "Hey, you!" he shouted angrily. "Come out of there!" But the rat had dived down a hole and disappeared.

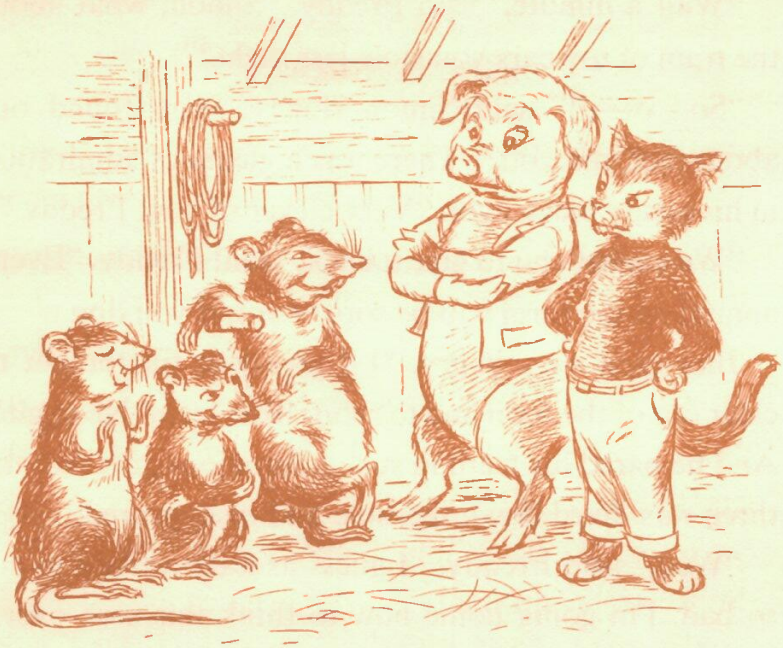
Jinx turned to Freddy, trembling with rage. "Can you beat it?" he demanded. "They're here all right. That was old Simon, their leader."

"Let's have a talk with them," suggested Freddy. "Send one of the mice down with a flag of truce. Maybe we can find out something."

So Eeny, one of the mice who lived in the barn, was sent down with a flag of truce, and pretty soon up came old Simon with two of his sons, Zeke and Ezra.

"Hello, Jinx," said Simon with an oily smile. "Long time since I've had the pleasure of seeing you. You're looking well, remarkably well for a cat. Though a little worried. Something on your mind?"

"Come, cut out the soft soap!" said Jinx roughly. "Look here, Simon; what's the big idea? I want to know what you're doing in this barn."



Simon looked surprised. "Why, Jinx—it's our old home. Our old family mansion."

"Is that so?" said the cat. "Well, I don't know what you're up to, but take my word for it, it won't last long. I give you warning—the next time I see a rat in the barn, it's good-by, rat. And that means you, and you, and you," and he glared at each of them in turn so fiercely that they moved away a little uncomfortably.

"Wait a minute," said Freddy. "Simon, what about the train of toy cars you stole last night?"

"So—o—o!" said Simon slowly, "you found out about that, did you?" There was a gleam of admiration in his beady black eyes. "Very clever of you, Freddy."

"We expect you to give it back," said Freddy. "Every animal on the farm will be sore at you if you don't."

Jinx grew very angry. "I'll give you till tonight to clear out of the barn and to return that train. Now, git!" And he bared his teeth in such a ferocious grin that the three rats dived down the hole and disappeared.

"Well," said Freddy, "I guess as a detective I'm not so bad. I'm going home now to think this case over." And he trotted off, stopping now and then to peer intently at the ground as if searching for further clues.

Simon and his gang did not give up without a fight. Freddy still had to bring them to trial.

Freddy solves many more mysteries in the book *Freddy the Detective* by Walter R. Brooks (Alfred Knopf, 1932).

You may also want to read:

Emil and the Detective
by Erich Kastner (Doubleday, 1930)

Freddy Goes to Florida
by Walter R. Brooks (Alfred Knopf, 1949)

Padre Porko
by Robert Davis (Holiday House, 1948)

Story of Ferdinand
by Munro Leaf (Viking Press, 1936)

The Cats Stand Accused
by J. David Townsend (Houghton Mifflin, 1961)

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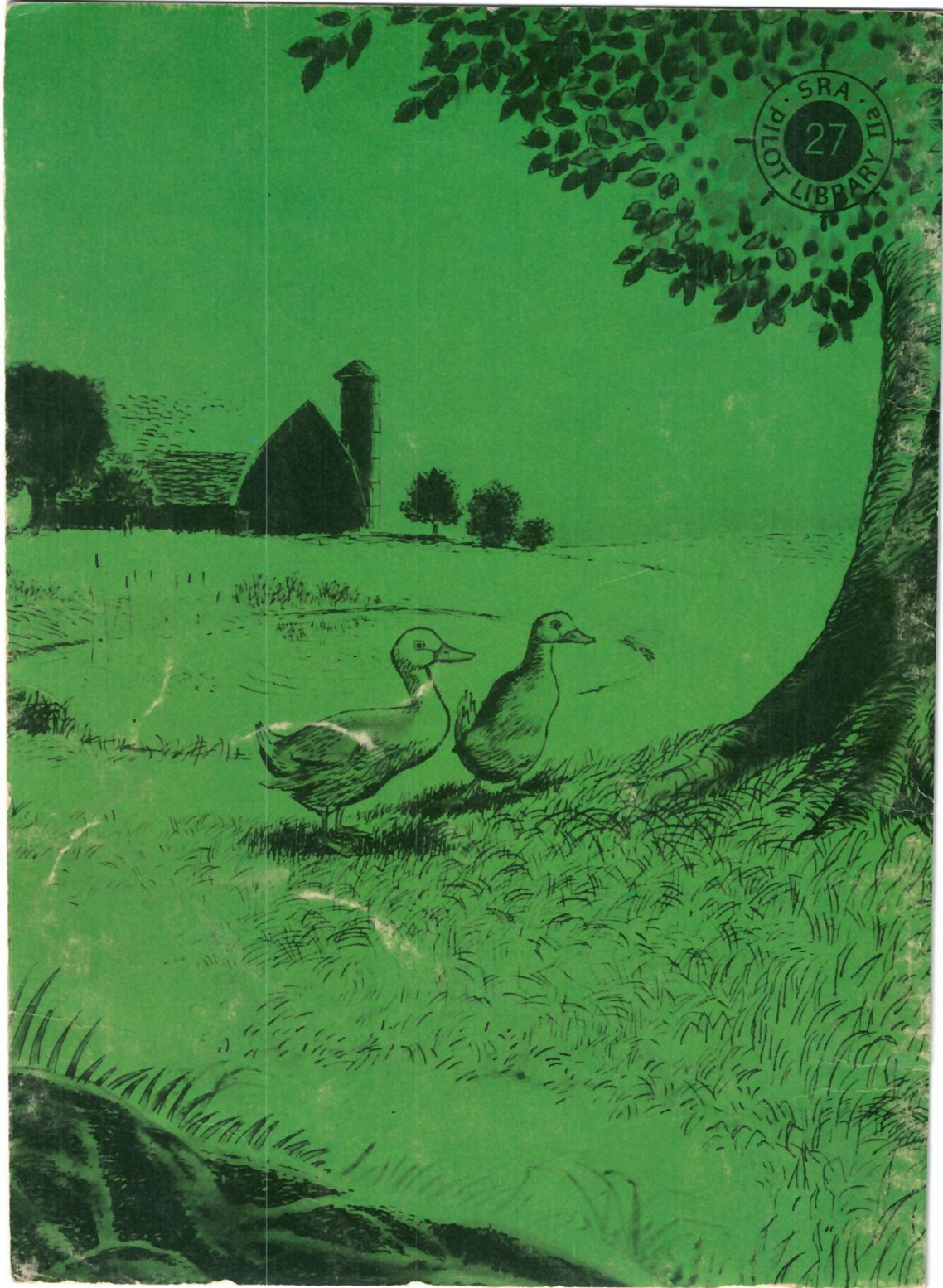
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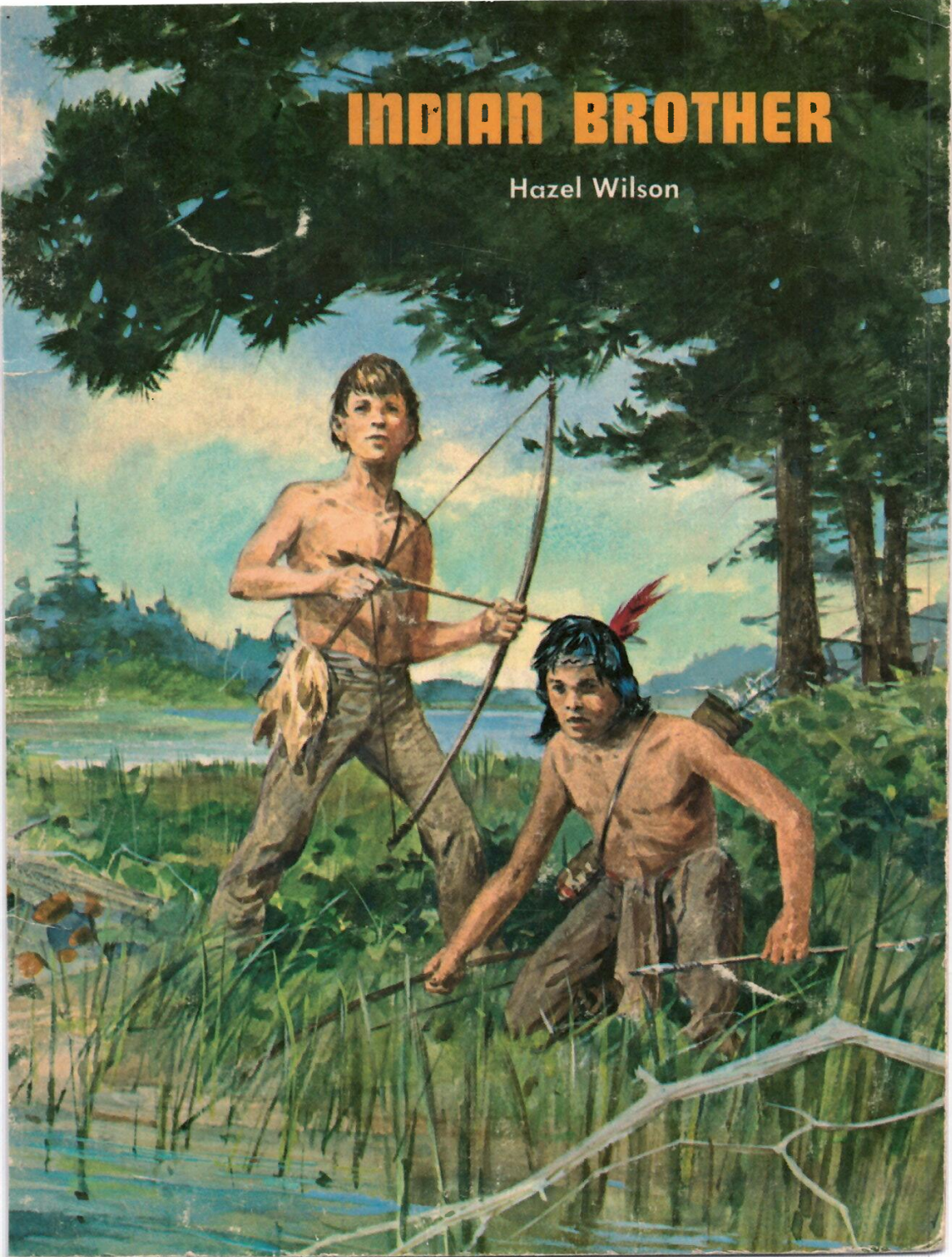
INDIAN BROTHER

Hazel Wilson



INDIAN BROTHER

by Hazel Wilson

Brad Porter and the Indian boy Sabattis were the same age. Yet Sabattis was wise in the ways of the woods, while for Brad life in the wilderness was new and strange.

At first there was rivalry between the boys. But gradually, through days of hunting and fishing together, they became friends. Brad's skill and knowledge increased, and he began to earn the Indian boy's respect. Finally, in a test of endurance, the white boy discovered that he and Sabattis were truly Indian brothers.

INDIAN BROTHER

INDIAN BROTHER

BY HAZEL WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HAMILTON GREENE

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Indian Brother

In the spring of 1809, Brad Porter and his father went by canoe up the Penobscot River into the heart of the Maine woods. They made a clearing and built a log cabin. Then Mr. Porter left to fetch the rest of the family from Boston.

Brad soon had troubles. He lost his rifle. Then a bear got into the cabin and ate most of his food. Brad then had little to eat but the berries he could find in the woods. By the end of a month, his family still had not come and Brad was starving.

The boy decided that a slim hope of survival was to try to walk fifty miles to the nearest town. But before

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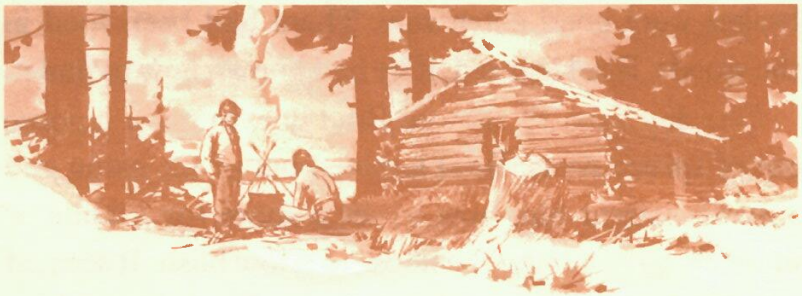
leaving he would take one last look downriver from a ledge where he had watched so many times for his father's canoe.

Weak with hunger, Brad climbed the cliff. He saw two Indians near the riverbank. Frightened, Brad stepped back, twisted his ankle, and fell off the cliff.

The two Indians, Chief Kineowa and his son Sabattis, carried Brad back to his cabin. They gave him food, and the chief bound up his sprained ankle. Then he made Brad understand that he was leaving his son Sabattis to look after Brad.

"I come back four moons," said Chief Kineowa.

He would be alone in the woods with a strange Indian boy for four months, Brad thought in dismay.



Their Daily Bread

Chief Kineowa had said that Sabattis and Brad were brothers. Brad was sure the chief had not said that he was the younger brother. Brad did not think that Sabattis was a bit older than he was, yet the Indian boy certainly acted as if he were sure he knew more. Like an older brother, he told Brad what to do and scolded him for his awkwardness. But, like a brother, he took care of Brad until he was able to hop about the cabin on one foot, then cut a stout cane for him to use. Yet Brad was sure that Sabattis looked after him because he had been told to, not because he really liked him.

Sabattis taught Brad that certain kinds of lily bulbs were good to eat when boiled; that the knoblike ends of

brakes were good eaten raw. There had been food in the woods, Brad learned, if he had known how to find it.

One day Sabattis showed Brad how to make a noose out of spruce roots. Brad hobbled out of the cabin and Sabattis taught him how to set a snare for rabbits or squirrels by fastening the noose to a low bush. It seemed good to Brad to be outdoors again. He made and set another snare by himself.

The next morning Brad found he had caught a plump rabbit. He was proud of the first food he had contributed, though Sabattis seemed to take it for granted. He made Brad understand that as soon as he was able to and had learned a little more, he would be expected to do his share in providing their food.

Tough, fine spruce roots made a strong fishline. Brad sat one afternoon in the sun outside the cabin and knotted into a long fishline the roots Sabattis had brought him. Sabattis had seemed surprised that Brad knew how to tie firm knots.

"I really know more than he gives me credit for knowing," Brad thought. He was looking forward to going fishing the next day. "I'll show that Indian boy I can fish—I hope," he thought.

The next day was warm and sultry, even early in the

morning. "Be better fishing if the sun stays behind the clouds," Brad thought.

The boys did not stop to eat before starting out. Sabattis did not care when he ate, Brad had discovered. He ate when he was hungry or when there was plenty of food on hand. Some days the boys feasted, other days they ate sparingly. Yet, after several weeks of living with Sabattis, Brad had gotten back flesh on his bones. Except for his lame ankle, he felt as well as ever.

Now, naked to the waist like Sabattis, Brad limped along behind him. Each boy had a fish pole over his shoulder and a rabbitskin pouch filled with angleworms hitched to his belt.

They walked upstream, keeping close to the river. Not far beyond the clearing, Sabattis knelt and tasted the water in his cupped hands. "No good," he said in English, and added some words in Indian language.

Brad made out that Sabattis had decided that there were no fish in the river at this particular spot. "But how can you tell by tasting the water?" Brad asked, using both words and gestures.

Sabattis either did not understand or pretended not to. Brad suspected that the Indian boy did not often try to understand English. Brad had learned at least two

Indian words to Sabattis' one word of English. Brad was sure that Sabattis believed that the Indian language, like Indian ways, was best.

They walked on. Sabattis stopped to taste the water a second time and shook his head. They walked quite a distance, and Sabattis made several tastings before he found water good to fish in. He was not willing to share it with Brad. He motioned for Brad to go farther upstream.

Brad followed Sabattis' example and tasted the water before fishing in it. The river water did not taste as good as spring water, but whether it tasted of fish or not, Brad could not tell. He baited the hook Sabattis had found for him—part of a bird's breastbone—and tied a small stone to his line for a sinker. Then Brad swung his pole, letting his hook sink until he felt it touch bottom, then raised his line a few inches and waited for a bite.

Brad watched the dragonflies skimming on the smooth water. He saw the widening circle a fish made when it came to the surface to feed on bugs and flies. There were fish here. Brad longed to catch one—any kind of fish as long as it was a big one. He would enjoy showing Sabattis that he did not have to be taught to fish.

A slight quiver of his line told Brad that a fish was nibbling at his bait. He yanked his line in and found that the fish had taken the bait. He had been too eager. He realized that he must be sure he had the fish hooked before trying to land it.

He looked downstream to see if Sabattis had caught any fish yet. Brad could see no fish on the grass beside Sabattis. The Indian boy was standing as straight and still as a tree trunk.

Brad remembered the first time he had gone fishing. He had not been much over six. He had fished off one of the Boston wharves, and his father's hand had been over his on the line. His father had taught him a lot about fishing. Now, feeling another nibble, it was almost as if he again had his father's hand to guide him. He gave a skillful jerk to set the hook, then a quick swing with his pole, and a large speckled trout was on the riverbank beside him. Brad had caught the first fish. Sabattis was still just fishing.

"How Pa would have enjoyed fishing this river!" Brad thought. One of his recurrent pangs of grief dulled his joy at catching his fish. Then he became pure fisherman, thinking only of the ways and appetites of fish.

He caught a tiny frog in his hands and used it instead

of a worm for bait. With the frog he pulled in a slim pickerel, a beauty of a fish if he ever saw one. One, two, three, four, five, six fish joined the first speckled trout on the bank. Then the sun came out bright and the fish sought deeper, cooler water. Brad realized that the best fishing of the day was over.

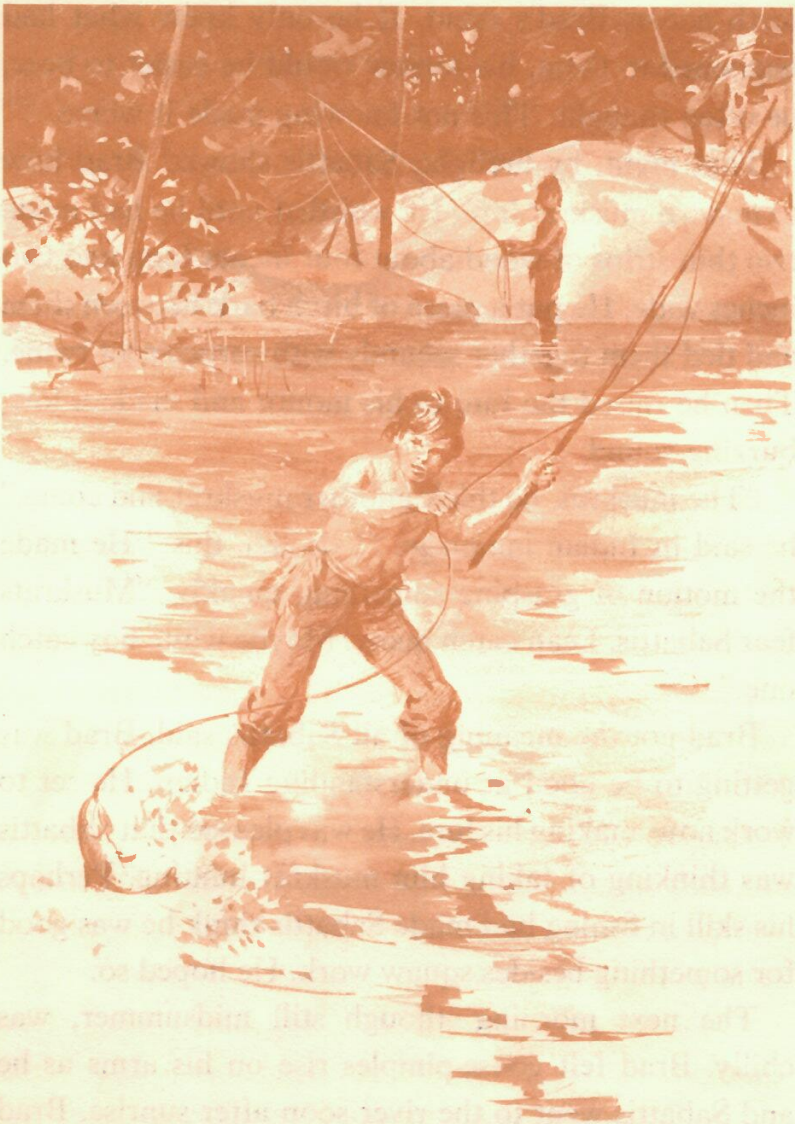
Brad liked the look in Sabattis' eyes when he saw how many fish Brad had caught. The Indian boy had caught only four. Brad even had the biggest fish. It was a great satisfaction to him to prove that there was one thing he could do as well as Sabattis.

Sabattis tasted the water where Brad had fished. "More good for fish here," he said.

"It is not. It's just that I'm a better fisherman," Brad felt like saying. But he held his tongue. There were still too many things about living in the woods that Sabattis knew and he did not.

On the way back to the cabin, the boys stopped to eat their fill of blueberries. A recent rain followed by a warm sunny day had plumped them until some of them were as big as marbles.

"Ma would have made a blueberry pie," Brad thought. He felt he would never eat one of Ma's pies again. Thoughts of his family kept weaving back and



forth across Brad's mind. If he only knew what had happened to them, his sorrow would be easier to bear, he often thought. This not knowing made it worse.

That night, by firelight, Sabattis showed Brad how to make a muskrat lure. He whittled until he had made two thin strips of wood about four inches long and two inches wide. He put a piece of birch bark between them and tied them together securely with spruce-root twine. Then he raised the lure to his mouth and made a low, buzzing sound.

"The muskrat, he think another muskrat and come," he said in Indian language. "I do like this." He made the motion of grasping something quickly. "Muskrats fear Sabattis. I can catch many. Maybe white boy catch one."

Brad got the meaning of all Sabattis said. Brad was getting to be good at understanding Indian. He set to work now, making his lure. He was pleased that Sabattis was thinking of taking him muskrat hunting. Perhaps his skill in fishing had made Sabattis think he was good for something besides squaw work. He hoped so.

The next morning, though still midsummer, was chilly. Brad felt goose-pimples rise on his arms as he and Sabattis went to the river soon after sunrise. Brad

still wore his homespun trousers, but he had long since given up wearing a shirt. He was sure Sabattis thought that only a weakling would wear a shirt in the summer.

Sabattis chose a spot where tall grass grew by the river. He crouched down and motioned for Brad to do the same. "I'll show you how to do this," his manner said as he raised the lure to his mouth.

No muskrat seemed to hear. The boys waited and waited. Brad had a cramp in his leg and moved to straighten it. Sabattis gave him a black look that ordered him to keep still. The Indian boy was motionless except for his lips against the lure. "He's playing it like a fife," Brad thought, though the sound was so thin he could hardly hear it.

It was a buzzing sound that finally carried to the ears that were meant to hear it. A small furry animal drew near. At the right instant Sabattis' hand darted out, quick as lightning. He had the muskrat by the throat and pressed out its small life.

"Now white boy try," Sabattis said.

Brad made hard work of making a buzzing noise through the lure. Once, instead, he made the shrill sound one makes with a blade of grass. He could not seem to get the noise just right.

Sabattis soon grew impatient. "You no can do. Me catch another muskrat," he said.

"I bet he didn't catch one the first time he tried," Brad thought, feeling that Sabattis was unfair in being so impatient with him.

It did not take Sabattis long to catch another muskrat. "Only Indians can do," he told Brad. "I have enough for today."

"I'm going to try it a while longer," said Brad, gesturing to Sabattis to go back to the cabin without him. "Sabattis thinks I'm no good at hunting muskrats," he told himself. "Maybe so, but I'm not going to give up yet."

All the rest of the morning Brad crouched in the tall grass. Every few minutes he blew into his muskrat lure. Once he enticed one of the little animals, but when he tried to grasp it he found himself holding only empty air. His hand had not been quick enough. He tried again and failed. Again he tried. Still he had not caught a muskrat.

It was now past noon. The reflection of the trees in the river was so plain that the river almost seemed an extension of the forest. Trees were everywhere, even in the river. There were fat lazy clouds in the blue sky.

Bees hummed in the clover. A white butterfly lighted on a tall spear of grass close to Brad's hand. The sun was warm on his back. He put his ear to the earth, and it seemed as if he could hear the grass grow. He felt a sudden kinship with his surroundings as if he, too, were as much a part of the forest as a tree or a stone. It was a warm sense of belonging.

Again he lifted the muskrat lure to his lips and breathed through it gently. A small muskrat nosed its way toward the sound. Brad willed to grasp it, and this time his hand obeyed his will. He caught his first muskrat. This time his quickness was enough.

Full of pride, Brad took his muskrat back to the cabin. "You see a white boy *can* lure a muskrat," he said.

Sabattis looked surprised but pleased. "White boy small part Indian," he said, as if that were the only way to account for Brad's success.

"I'm not part Indian," Brad said hotly. Then he knew it was no use to argue with Sabattis. The Indian boy would close his ears; would choose not to understand. Besides, Brad did not feel insulted to be called part Indian. He realized that Sabattis meant it as a compliment.

The boys skinned their muskrats and put the meat into the stewing kettle. At first it had bothered Brad that Sabattis saw no need for washing the kettle after each meal. By now, Brad seldom washed it himself. If any meat was left in the kettle from the day before, so much the better.

Brad was so hungry after his day in the open that he could hardly wait for the muskrat stew to be done. As soon as the kettle was off the fire, he dipped in and brought out a piece of meat so tender that he was sure it was *his* muskrat. The joy of achievement gave it a special flavor.

To Run with the Moose

The months passed. Brad's ankle completely healed, and he and Sabattis hunted and went fishing together. Sabattis taught Brad much about woodcraft, and the boys grew to like each other. Brad grieved often for his family, but as he learned Indian ways he hoped to be adopted as a second son to Chief Kineowa. Then he and Sabattis would truly be Indian brothers.

There were golden Indian summer days in October; bright mornings when the river shimmered with light. There were cold, gray days, with the river slate-colored. Sharp winds tore the last autumn leaves from the oaks

and the birches. Mornings were always cold. Before a brisk fire warmed the cabin, the boys could see the smoke of their breath. Often the grass outside was stiff with frost.

On the coldest days the boys wore deerskin hides tied across their backs. They needed hunting shirts and leggings, but their skill at sewing was not equal to making them. Most of the time their young blood and their coat of tan kept them warm. And they were constantly on the move when out of the sun or away from the fire.

One bright, frosty morning Sabattis looked at the sky to read the weather. "The day will be fair and the hunters' moon bright in the evening," he remarked. "Today let us run down a moose. Did you know, my brother, that a man cannot become a chief of my tribe unless he has run down a moose?"

"Isn't a moose hard to chase?"

"Naturally. But to run down a moose is the test of a great hunter. We must follow the moose wherever he leads. Even if we run after him all day we must keep on until he tires. For we must show the moose that we are stronger than he is. He must know this before we send our swift arrows to kill him."

"Will we both shoot at the same moose?" asked Brad.

"Unless you prefer to chase a moose by yourself," said Sabattis. "I had thought we would hunt together."

"I'd rather hunt together," said Brad quickly. "I got chased by a moose once, so now it's my turn to do the chasing."

Brad had told Sabattis about his experience with the cow moose and had been relieved that Sabattis had thought none the less of him for climbing a tree to get away from the angry animal. Sabattis had said that any Indian would have done the same if threatened by a moose protecting her young.

"We hunt a bull moose, not a cow moose, today," Sabattis remarked. "This is the time of year for hunting moose. But before we start we must make moose-calls out of birch bark."

The boys ripped off thick sheets of birch bark and cut two squares about a foot long and wide. Sabattis showed Brad how to roll his square of birch bark into a cornucopia and hold it in place with a thong of rawhide. Then, after Sabattis had made his moose-call, he taught Brad how to make the right noises to entice a moose.

"If you hear the moose near you, you grunt like this." Sabattis made a low, grunting noise, with his moose-call level with his lips. "But if the moose is far away, he can

hear this better." And Sabattis pointed his moose-call downward and made an ear-splitting squeal.

"The moose thinks it's another moose," he said. "It also helps if you can feel a little like a moose."

Chilly though the morning was, the boys went into the forest clothed only in their deerskin breeches. They had smeared their bodies with muskrat grease, but that did not keep out the cold. Goose-pimples rose on Brad's arms. After he had jogged along awhile, he felt warmer.

The boys slipped through the underbrush, hardly snapping a twig. They were deep in the woods before Sabattis squealed through his moose-call. They waited, but there was neither sight nor sound of a moose. Then Brad tried his moose-call, and then both boys made their moose-calls squeal together. Still no moose.

"The moose stays very deep in the woods," said Sabattis. "We must go farther."

When the sun was overhead, the boys stopped to eat some dried venison and to drink from a brook.

"Drink only a little," Sabattis advised Brad. "For when we find a moose we will have to run far and fast. Drinking much water is not good for a person's wind."

They paused only a few minutes. Soon they were

walking again—listening, calling, listening. Now and then they talked.

"I guess a bull moose is bigger than that cow moose I saw," said Brad. "And she looked 'most as big as a house."

"A moose is the largest animal in the forest," said Sabattis. "Moose used to be whales, you know."

"You're just making that up," said Brad.

"I speak only what I have been told is true," said Sabattis. "They *were* whales long ago. But a certain family of whales got tired of living in the ocean and came to live on land. On land, it is more convenient to have legs, so they grew legs. Soon after that they became moose instead of whales. The biggest whale turned into the king of the moose. He is said to live in the woods even now. My uncle had a glimpse of him once. He is as tall as a small mountain and his antlers are as wide as the branches of a giant pine."

"A moose couldn't be that big," protested Brad.

"How do you know? It was my uncle who saw him, not you," said Sabattis.

The boys stopped talking and sounded their moose-calls again. And not even an echo answered.

"You don't make the right noise," Sabattis com-

plained. "Try to sound more like a moose or like his cousin."

"Who's the moose's cousin?" asked Brad.

"Another moose, of course," said Sabattis with a hint of a chuckle.

A startled deer ran from them. They found many signs of deer. Then Sabattis saw tracks he thought had been left by a moose. "Walk softly," he whispered to Brad. And the Indian boy raised his moose-call and grunted through it.

There was an answering sound.

The boys quivered with excitement. They managed to stand motionless, however, as the moose approached them. First they caught a glimpse of dark brown hide. Then the moose was near enough for them to see his broad chest and powerful body. The spread of his antlers was nearly as wide as the boys were tall.

The moose caught sight of them and snorted. Brad saw his startled eyes before he leaped and ran. The boys ran after him.

It was the beginning of a long race through the forest. When the moose swerved to the right, so did the boys. When he backtracked, so did they. Wherever he turned and twisted between the trees, they followed. Once the

big animal turned his thick neck to look back at his pursuers. Then he made such a spurt of speed that they nearly lost him.

Brad was a good runner, and his life in the woods the past few months had hardened him. Yet there came a time when running after the moose stopped being fun and became a matter of painful endurance. His heart pounded, his legs ached, he had a sharp pain in his side, and every breath he drew hurt his chest. But until Sabattis gave up the chase, neither would he. Brad ran on and on until his body begged him to stop and only his will kept him running.

Farther and farther the moose led the boys into the woods. Here the forest was so dense that neither they nor the moose could go fast. And Brad had a chance to recover his breath before the moose gave a new spurt of speed.

Through the long afternoon the boys ran with the moose. Sometimes he was almost hidden by underbrush. Once, when Brad glimpsed him beyond a fallen tree, the moose looked so huge that for an instant Brad had the illusion that this must be the very moose Sabattis' uncle had seen, the king of the moose himself. If it were a moose spirit they were chasing, he might run them to

death. Then Brad shook off his superstitious fear. This was a real animal, an actual moose. And, like humans, he could tire.

"But the moose has four legs and Sabattis and I only two, so we get tired in half the time," Brad thought wearily. He saw that Sabattis was still running easily. "I'll keep on as long as he does," Brad vowed. "I'll run until I drop."

It was close to twilight when the moose stopped running and stood still. He lifted his head.

"He sees us," whispered Sabattis, and fitted an arrow to his bow.

Brad's fingers were shaking as he raised his bow. Then tiredness suddenly left him. His hand was steady and his aim was true. His arrow sped through the air at almost the same second as Sabattis'. The two arrows struck the wide chest not six inches apart. The big animal gave a leap, then fell heavily.

"The foolish animal could have outrun us if he had not become afraid," said Sabattis. "When we would not be left behind, he grew frightened. It was his fear that made him lose the race. He knew before he died that man is master of all the animals of the forest. Moose know that, but they forget. It is well to remind them."

The boys gazed with pride at the dead moose. They had had a contest with a creature several times their size and had won.

"Only great hunters ever run down a moose," said Sabattis. "My father will be pleased with me. And with

you, too," he added generously. "If you had been a full-blooded Indian you could not have run better or shot more truly."

Brad flushed with pleasure. He was glad he had kept his legs going. "Guess I could outrun a moose most any time, but I wouldn't want to do it too often," he said.

The sun was low. It was already dusk in the woods. The boys were a long way from the cabin. "It's too late

to go back to the clearing. We will sleep in the woods tonight," said Sabattis. "Help me skin the moose, my brother. The skin and antlers we must save to prove to my father the great size of this moose we ran down and killed."

The woods were dappled with moonlight before the boys finished skinning the moose. The night air had frost in it. The boys pushed back the cold a few feet by building a fire. They stood close to it and cooked tender pieces of moose meat hung from the ends of sticks. The meat was a little tougher than venison but tasted good.

The woods were so damp that it was safe to keep a fire burning all night. The boys piled fir boughs for their bed as close as they dared to the fire. Then they crawled in among the balsam needles, which were both mattress and blanket. They lay close to each other for warmth, but Brad was still too cold to sleep. At last, shivering and aching with cold, he got up and put another log on the fire. Then he jumped up and down to warm his blood.

The moonlight was very bright. "October moons always seem the largest of all the year," Brad thought, looking up at the silvery disk high in the sky. The moon shone on a nearby ledge and made the mica in the rock

sparkle like diamonds. The cold, clear light touched the forest with mystery.

An owl hooted. There were rustlings in the woods, the sound of snapped twigs. The antlers of the dead moose looked like a leafless branch. What if other moose came to avenge their dead king, Brad mused. He put more wood on the fire. He could get only one part of him warm at a time.

"Why are you not sleeping?" Sabattis stood near him, his voice drowsy.

"I was too cold to sleep."

"I, too, am cold," said Sabattis. "Go back and lie down. I will bring a blanket to keep us warm."

Wondering what Sabattis meant, Brad went back to his bough bed. He saw the Indian boy dragging something toward him. It was the moose hide. Hairside down, it was a warm covering.

Brad soon fell asleep. He dreamed of a giant moose as tall as a mountain and with antlers that reached the sky. "It is my turn now to chase you," the moose said, and Brad saw he had a crown on his head. "You must run fast or I shall overtake you."

"Stop kicking me," Sabattis complained.

"I had a queer dream," said Brad, waking up.

"This is no time for telling dreams," grumbled Sabattis, and was immediately asleep again.

Brad saw that the moon had set. The stars now shone more brightly. They were farther away but seemed friendlier than the moon. Brad found it pleasant to look up at them and think how he had passed the test of a great hunter. Sabattis had said that no man could be an Indian chief until he had run down a moose.

Brad hoped the time would come when he would be a chief. He hoped he would be brave, and strong, and wise. Like his own father and like Chief Kineowa, who might adopt him as his second son. Then he and his Indian brother, Sabattis, would hunt and fish together for many, many moons.

In her book *His Indian Brother* (Abingdon Press, 1955) Hazel Wilson writes of days of danger and suspense. Brad is forced to choose between the white men and the red.

You may also want to read:

The Ordeal of the Young Hunter
by Jonreed Lauritzen (Little, Brown, 1954)

Indian Picture Writing
by Robert Hofsinde (William Morrow, 1959)

Hominy and His Blunt-nosed Arrow
by Miriam Mason (Macmillan, 1950)

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FIERY FURNACE

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FIERY FURNACE

by Robert Irving

A volcano begins as a tiny crack in the ground. From deep in the earth, melted rock, or lava, pushes up through this crack. The white-hot stream of lava cools and hardens. Layers build up. A great mountain with fiery jaws is born. It is beautiful but dangerous.

Volcanoes have killed millions of people. Whole cities have suddenly been buried. Volcanoes have caused some islands to sink mysteriously into the sea, and others to rise in their place. The sunlight itself has been blotted out for days by volcanic ash and smoke. These fiery furnaces are among the natural wonders of our earth.

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FIERY FURNACE

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CHAPTER I

Portrait of a Volcano

A baby volcano begins life as a crack in the ground. The crack is made by melted rock, or *lava,* that is pushed up from deep under the ground. When the lava comes out into the open, it flows along in a white-hot stream. It cools off after flowing for a while, and hardens into solid rock. More lava flows out of the old crack, or breaks through new ones. The later streams of lava flow over the earlier ones, so that new layers of solid rock are formed, one on top of the other.

Sometimes the lava hardens in the crack through which it flows out of the ground. The hardened lava

forms a plug that closes the passage through which the lava flows. Then the lava pushes and pushes against the plug until it breaks through in a great explosion. Pieces of rock and lava and ashes are blown up into the air from the hole made by the explosion. When they fall to the ground, they pile up around the hole over the layers of hardened lava already there.

A full-grown volcano is a mountain that the volcano has built for itself. It is made of the layers of lava that hardened when they cooled, and of the piles of broken rock and ashes that fell to the ground after explosions.

The mountain may have many different shapes. If it is formed mostly by lava flows, it is broad and round like a big bowl that is upside down. Then it is known as a *shield* volcano. If it is made up mostly of rock and ashes that piled up from many explosions, then it has the shape of a steep cone, like a pile of coal in a coal yard. In this case it is known as a *cinder cone*. If it is built of both lava flows and piles of ashes and broken rock, then it is a cone with a broad base and a rounded slope. This mixed type is known as a *composite* volcano.

In an old volcano, the lava often breaks open new cracks, or *vents,* on the slope of the mountain. Ashes

blown out of a vent pile up around it when they fall, and build up a new cone. So old volcanoes often have new cinder cones growing up on their slopes. Sometimes a new cone grows larger than the one on which it rests.

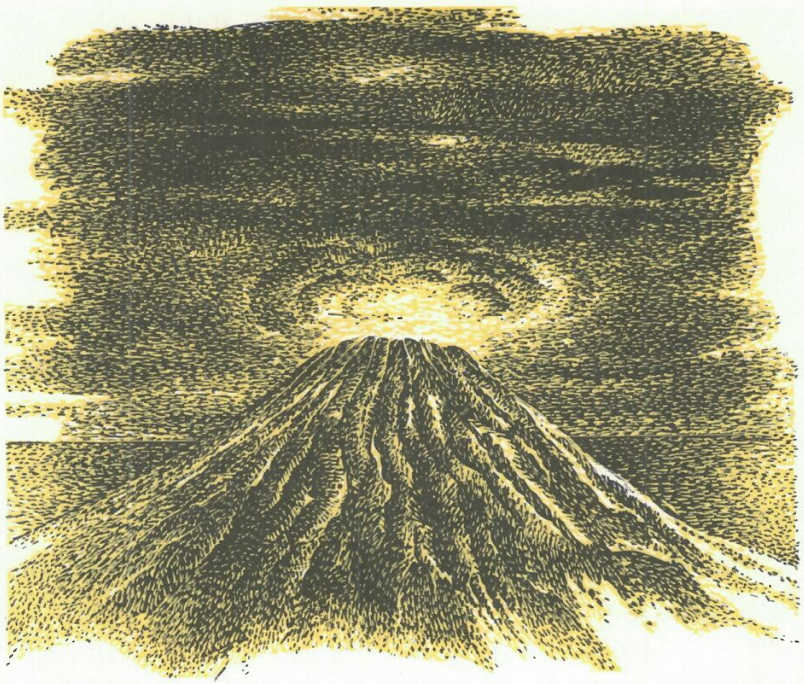
A Hole at the Top

At the top of a volcano there is a great hole called a *crater*. This is usually the first place where lava began to flow. It has grown larger because of many explosions and cave-ins. Some craters are several miles wide. The inner edge of a crater is a steep cliff. It may be hundreds or even thousands of feet deep.

At the bottom of the crater is a big pool of lava. In some volcanoes, the top of the pool has cooled and formed a hard crust. In others the lava in the pool is hot enough to stay liquid all the time. Then the pool is like a white-hot lake inside a mountain. When the volcano is not active, the pool is calm and does not grow. But when the volcano is active, or *erupts*, the pool spreads out and rises in the crater. Then it flows over the top or through cracks in the crater wall, or is blown out by explosions.

A White Crown

When a volcano erupts, large amounts of gas come out of the ground with the lava. Most of this gas is *steam*. In the air the steam cools to form droplets of water. The droplets collect in a great white cloud that hangs over the top of the volcano. In some volcanoes, there is steam escaping all the time. These volcanoes have a cloud hanging over them every day.



The Italian island of Stromboli is in the Mediterranean Sea, not far from Sicily. It has a crown of white cloud over its head. At night the glow from the lake of lava inside its crater is reflected from the under side of the cloud. So Stromboli is known as the *Lighthouse of the Mediterranean.*

A Volcano's Deadly Breath

There are other gases besides steam that pour out of a volcano. The chief gas is *carbon dioxide.* It is the same as the gas that is produced by the burning of coal or wood in the open air. It is the same as the gas we remove from our lungs when we breathe out. The other gases in a volcano's breath may be sulphur gases, chlorine, and hydrochloric acid, all of which are poisonous.

When lava flows out of a volcano, bubbles of gas keep rising from the lava. So, as the lava creeps along the ground, it is surrounded by an invisible blanket of gas. When animals are caught in the path of the lava, the gas reaches them before the lava does. Often the animals are suffocated by the gas before they are burned by the lava.

Short or Long Rests

A volcano is not active all the time. It erupts, and then rests, and then erupts again. Stromboli erupts every few minutes, throwing small lumps of lava into the air. Other volcanoes usually rest for months or years between eruptions. Some volcanoes rest for so many years that forests grow up on their slopes. Then the forests may be destroyed by the next eruption.

Warnings

Before a volcano erupts, there are certain changes that can be seen, or heard, or felt near the volcano. These changes are warning signs that the volcano's rest period is over, and that there will soon be trouble.

The first sign that an eruption is coming is a series of small earthquakes that can be felt near the volcano. There may be thousands of these small quakes in a few days. Steam may start rising from the crater of the volcano, like smoke rising from a chimney. Rumbling noises, like the sound of distant thunder, may be heard.

Just before it erupts, the volcano swells out a little,

like a balloon being blown up. Because of the swelling, the ground at the top and on the slopes of the volcano begins to tilt. The swelling is a sign that the volcano is filling up with lava. Then the ground on the volcano begins to rock gently back and forth. The rocking is a sign that the lava is flowing through underground passages and will soon break out into the open.

Blowing Its Top

Then the fireworks begin. The lava pours out of a vent in the crater, or breaks open new cracks in the ground. Sometimes a stream of lava shoots up into the air, like a great fountain of fire. Lava flows down the slopes of the volcano and invades the surrounding land. As the white-hot river of lava pushes forward, it throws down and burns any trees or houses that are in its path.

Sometimes the top of the volcano explodes. Then the sky becomes dark, as lumps of lava, pieces of rock, and ashes are thrown into the air. In some eruptions a hot wind of steam roars out of the volcano. Loaded with ashes and suffocating gases, the wind races down the slope of the volcano with the speed of a locomotive.

CHAPTER II

Great Eruptions

Dionisio Pulido, a Mexican Indian farmer, lived near the small village of Parícutin. On February 20, 1943, he went out to till his cornfield. It looked like an ordinary day when he left his house. It is true that the ground shook beneath him as he walked along, but this did not disturb him. The ground had been shaking this way for three weeks, so he was used to it.

"And what if the ground does shake?" he thought. "The field must be tilled if the corn is to grow." But he never did any tilling that day, for it was no ordinary day after all. There was a great surprise waiting for him in his cornfield.

When he reached his field, he found a thin column of steam rising from the ground. The steam was coming from a hole that was a few inches wide. This hole was the beginning of a brand-new volcano, born that day.

After a few hours the hole had grown to be thirty feet wide, and ashes were pouring out along with the steam. That night the hole began to spit out cinders and white-hot bombs. As they fell to the ground, a cinder cone began to grow up around the hole. By morning the cone was 120 feet high. Two years later it was a mountain 1,500 feet high, and was known as Parícutin volcano.

When the volcano was two days old, a stream of lava began to flow out of the vent and spread over the ground. As the months went by, other streams of lava broke out at the base of the cone. Explosions continued to throw bombs in the air while the lava spread over the countryside.

On October 19, 1943, a new vent opened up at the base of the cone, and explosions from this vent began to build a new cone, called Zapicho. Great fiery fountains of lava spurted out of Zapicho's mouth. Parícutin became quiet while Zapicho kept up the fireworks for seventy-nine days. Then Zapicho became quiet, and Parícutin became active again.

At the end of two years, lava from Parícutin covered an area of four and a half square miles. The village of

Parícutin and the nearby town of San Juan had been completely buried by lava and ashes. Near the base of the cone layers of lava had piled up to a height of 600 feet. Parícutin was no longer a baby volcano. It was fully grown, and already larger than some volcanoes that are millions of years old.

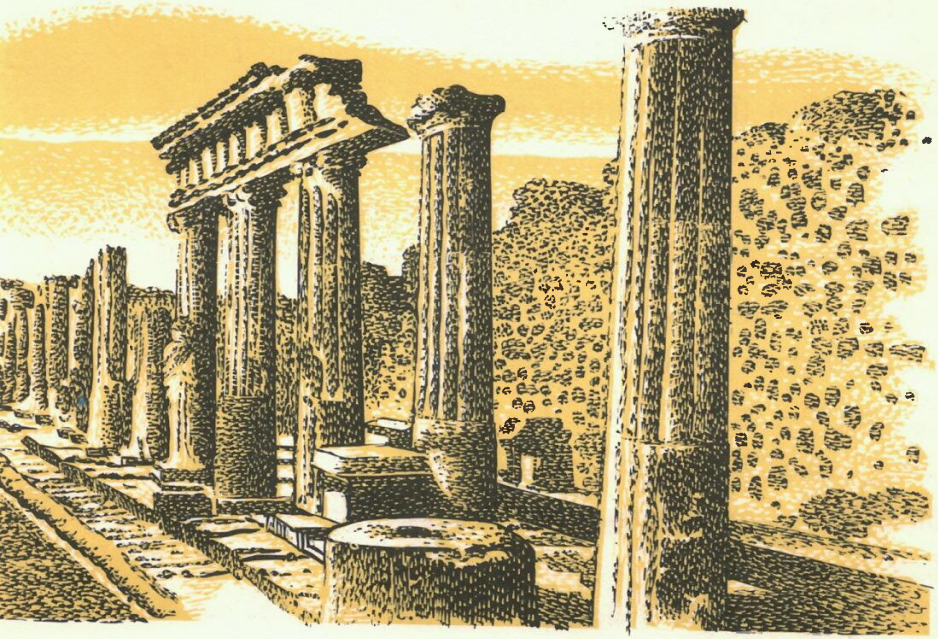
Buried Cities

What happened to San Juan in Mexico in 1944 had also happened to Pompeii and Herculaneum in Italy almost two thousand years earlier. Pompeii and Herculaneum were seaports, built at the base of the great mountain Vesuvius on the Bay of Naples. Vesuvius was an old volcano that had not erupted for hundreds of years. Wild vines grew inside its crater. Local farmers were so sure the volcano was dead that they planted grapes all the way up its slopes.

But in A.D. 79 the volcano came to life again. It erupted in great explosions that poured ashes and pumice over the land for miles around. By the time the eruptions stopped, both cities were completely buried under twenty feet or more of ashes. More eruptions in

later centuries piled new layers of lava and ashes on Herculaneum up to a height of 120 feet above the old ground level.

The two cities were almost completely forgotten for about 1,600 years. People heard stories about buried cities, but didn't know where they were. In fact, they weren't even sure if the stories were true. Then, in 1713, a farmer who was digging a well found some of the remains of Herculaneum. In 1748, another farmer dig-



ging a well discovered the site of Pompeii. Since then, the two cities have been uncovered, and are kept as museums that are open to the public.

When Pompeii was buried, some of its people were trapped in the street by the falling ashes. The ashes covered their bodies, and then, as years went by, hardened into stone. Meanwhile the bodies rotted away, leaving hollow spaces inside the stone. Casts have been made of these bodies by pouring plaster into the spaces.

The digging in Pompeii was done carefully so that the walls of many of its buildings were left standing. Today you can visit this dead city and see how people lived almost two thousand years ago. The streets are paved with large blocks of stone. There are deep ruts in the stones, worn down by the iron wheels of the chariots that used to ride over them. In many of the houses, just inside the gate, the floor is covered with small tiles forming a picture of a dog and the Latin words *cave canem,* which mean "beware of the dog." You can see temples and country homes, shops, public baths, and a great outdoor theatre.

Many household articles, and some beautiful paintings and mosaics were found in the buildings. Most of them are now kept in the National Museum in Naples. There you can see statues from the gardens, and pots and pans from the kitchens of Pompeii. You will even see blackened loaves of bread baked by the Pompeiians before fire rained on them from the sky.

In one of the buildings in Pompeii there are skeletons of a whole family that had locked itself in the house to escape from the ashes falling on the street outside. Later when they realized that they were trapped, they tried

in vain to dig themselves out. You can see the hole they started making in the wall before they died from lack of air. Near their skeletons is the pickax with which they tried to break through the wall.

After Pompeii and Herculaneum were buried, Vesuvius erupted about once every hundred years until 1631. It erupted once more in 1666, and since then it has erupted at least once every ten years.

Today, tourists who visit Naples usually make a side trip to see Vesuvius. They go halfway up the mountain by car. Then a chair lift carries them all the way up to the top. There they can walk along the rim of the crater and watch steam rising from active vents. When they drive down the mountain again, they pass lava flows that are only a few years old. These flows are reminders that Vesuvius, which the people of Pompeii thought was a dead volcano, is still very much alive.

CHAPTER III

Island Volcanoes

There are some volcanoes that were born under the sea. Lava flowed out of holes in the sea floor and hardened to form layers of basalt. As the layers piled up, one on top of the other, they built up some shield volcanoes under the sea. If the volcanoes grew high enough, they poked their heads out of the water and became islands.

The islands of Hawaii were formed in this way by volcanoes that rose out of the sea. The islands of Indonesia in southeast Asia, and the Azores in the Atlantic Ocean are also volcanic islands.

Birth of an Island

The Azores are a family of nine islands that lie 800 miles west of Portugal. For one month in 1957 there were ten islands in the family instead of nine. A half-mile away from Fayal Island there is an underwater volcano. On October 1, 1957, this volcano began to erupt and grow. It pushed its head out of the water and became a tenth island of the Azores. It continued to grow for a month, until it reached a height of 300 feet above the water. Then, on October 30, 1957, two great explosions tore the island to pieces, and the Atlantic Ocean covered the volcano again.

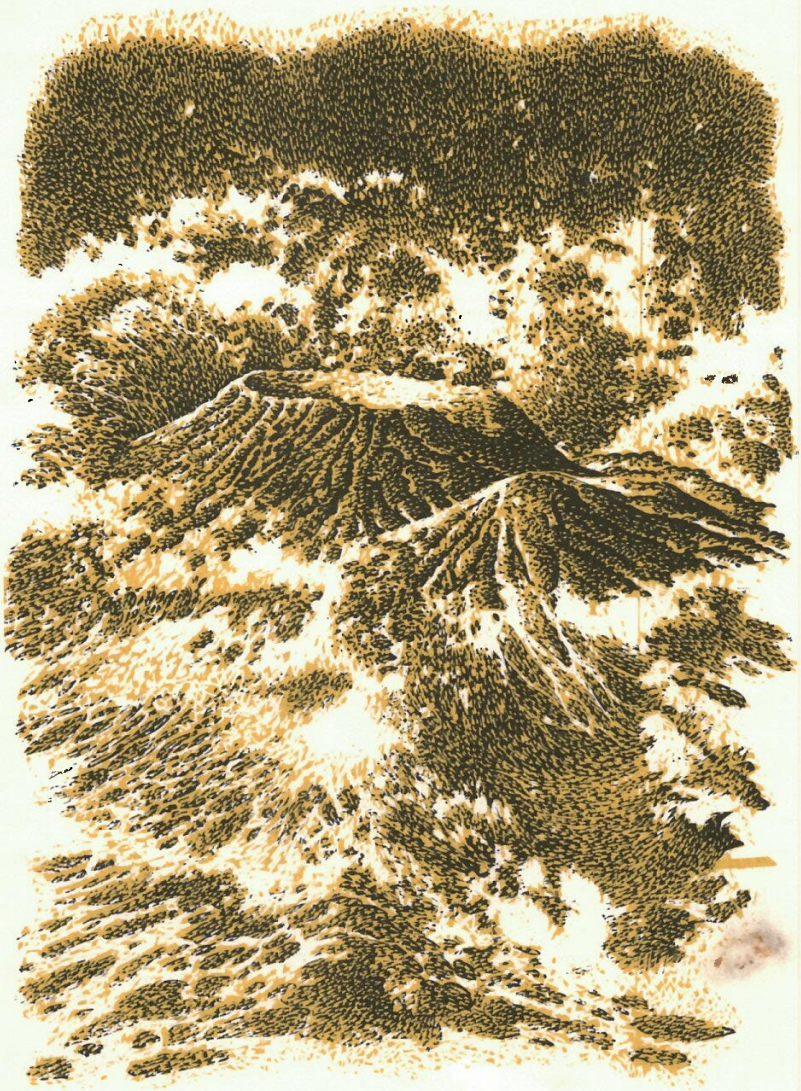
On November 7, 1957, another volcano rose out of the sea near Fayal and grew up into an island 200 feet high. As it grew it came closer and closer to Fayal Island. Finally it joined Fayal Island. So now, instead of being a tenth island, it is only a half-mile finger of Fayal pointing out to the sea.

The Island That Lost Its Head

Krakatoa is a small Indonesian island in the narrow Sunda Strait that separates Java from Sumatra. It is the top of a volcano that had raised its head out of the water thousands of years ago.

Before 1883, Krakatoa had an area of twelve square miles, but now it is only half that size. In May, 1883, the volcano of Krakatoa began to erupt. On August 26, 1883, the highest mountain on the island exploded several times. The explosions blew more than a cubic mile of rock, dust, and ashes into the air. When the dust settled, half of the island was gone. In its place was a hole in the floor of the sea 1,000 feet deep.

The explosions on Krakatoa made waves 100 feet high in the water surrounding the island. These waves climbed up the beaches of Java and Sumatra, where they wiped out many villages and killed over thirty thousand people. The noise of the explosions was so loud it was heard 2,500 miles away. The dust blown up by the explosions was estimated to have reached a height of seventeen miles above the ground. There it was caught by the wind and blown all around the world.



For almost three years after that, the sky over Europe had bright red colors at sunrise and sunset because of all the dust in the air.

In 1927, a new cone grew up under water on the slopes of Krakatoa volcano, and became an island alongside Krakatoa Island. In 1929 this new island exploded. The rocks and dust from the explosion fell into the hole made by the eruption of 1883, and built a new island in the hole.

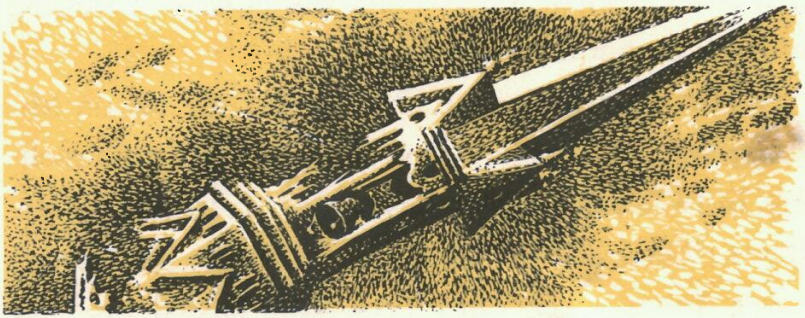
Funeral of a Town

In 1928 there were ten thousand people living in the town of Mascali on the island of Sicily. They went about their business and paid no attention to the old volcano, Mt. Etna, that was near the town.

As in all Italian towns, the main events of their lives took place in its many churches. When children were born, they were christened in a church. Young folks were married in the churches. And when one of the old folks died, his funeral services were held at a church. Then, as the church bells tolled, his body was carried to the cemetery high up on a hill.

In November, 1928, Mt. Etna began to erupt. Rivers of white-hot lava began to flow down its slopes toward Mascali. The government ordered the inhabitants of the town to leave. By the time the lava reached the town, on November 7, the town was completely empty. The lava pressed its way into the town, throwing down buildings one by one, and sinking them beneath the fiery flood of melted stone.

The last building to fall was the main church of the town. As its tower toppled, the bell tolled as it had done many times before for funeral processions. Only one part of the town now remained. The cemetery, high up on the hill, was never reached by the lava. It stood there as a reminder to the world that the town was buried next to the people who had died in it.



At the top of Mt. Etna the snow piles up in large masses. Then the snow, squeezed by its own weight, is pressed into a great mass of ice known as a glacier. In an eruption that took place in 1755, lava flowed over the glacier. The hot lava melted the ice quickly, turning it into a great mass of water. The water swept downhill in a flood, and carried large amounts of sand and stone to the foot of the mountain.

To the people down below, it looked as though Mt. Etna were erupting water. For many years after this eruption, they put their imaginations to work, and made up stories about how water came up out of the earth and poured out of the crater of Etna. The water was salty, they said, and full of sea shells, and was boiling as it raced down the slope. These stories were interesting to listen to, but they weren't true.

While the eruption of 1755 melted the ice on Mt. Etna, another later eruption saved the ice from melting. In 1828 a thin layer of lava crawled out over the ice. It was chilled, and hardened immediately to form a rock cover. Later, when other lava flows passed over the

same place, the rock cover shielded the ice from the heat, and saved it from being melted. The ice was found under the rock cover many years later.

A Wind of Steam

There is a chain of islands that stretches from Puerto Rico to Venezuela between the Atlantic Ocean and the Caribbean Sea. Martinique is one of these islands. St. Pierre is a city on Martinique, located at the base of the volcano called Mont Pelée. In 1902 St. Pierre was completely destroyed by a single blast of steam from Mont Pelée.

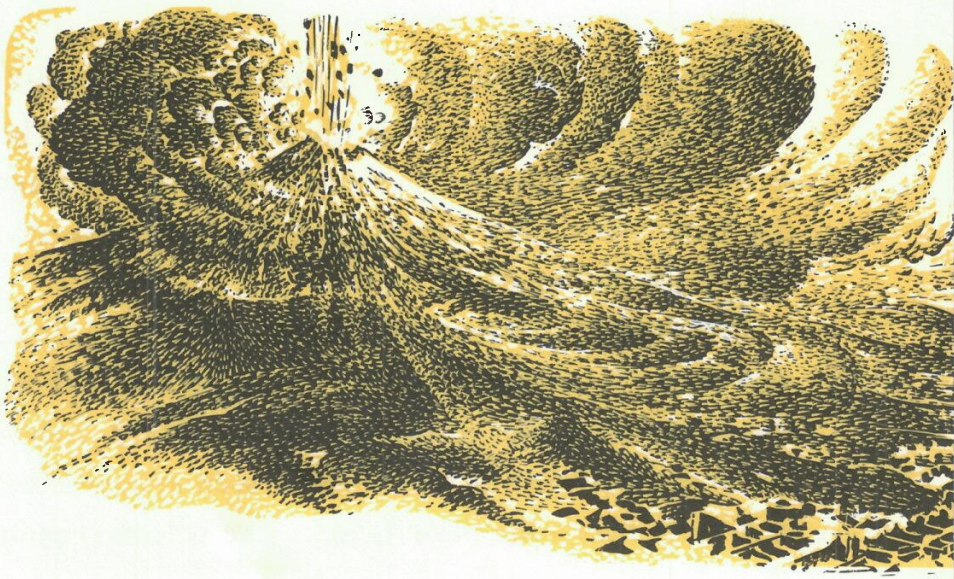
Before the eruption of 1902, Mont Pelée was 4,600 feet high and had a crater that was 2,000 feet deep. The crater was a big cup that had been collecting rain water for many years. The accumulated rain water lay in a lake at the bottom of the crater.

The eruption of the volcano began on April 23, 1902, and at first it was very mild. The only sign of activity was steam rising out of the crater. On May 2, things began to get livelier. A red glow was seen in the crater, as if there were a fire burning in it. The volcano began

to throw ashes into the air, and growled like a thunder-cloud.

As the ashes settled on their fields, the local farmers became frightened and fled to St. Pierre for safety. Meanwhile, lava rising in the crater pushed the lake out of its bed and heated the water at the same time. The water began to pour out of cracks in the crater wall and flow down the slope of the mountain. On the way down it picked up earth and ashes to make a hot flood of mud.

On May 5, birds began to drop dead, suffocated by the gases escaping from the crater. Then, on May 8, a



great explosion tore the top off the mountain. A blast of steam rushed out of the crater at a speed of about sixty miles an hour.

Blackened by dust and ashes, the wind of steam roared down the slope of the volcano and swept across the city of St. Pierre. It blew down the walls of the buildings and set the houses on fire. This one puff of steam killed 36,000 people in a few minutes. Only one person lived through the destruction of the city. He was a prisoner, locked in an underground cell in jail.

After the eruption, a great column of stone was found in the crater where the lava had risen up out of the ground. The column was 1,600 feet high, and its base was 350 feet wide.

CHAPTER IV

Dead Volcanoes

In some parts of the world there are mountains that look like volcanoes, but do not behave like volcanoes. They are cone-shaped, they have craters at the top, and their slopes are made of layers of basalt or piles of cinders. But no steam rises from the craters, no lava flows down the slopes, and no explosions scatter stones and ashes around them. These mountains look like volcanoes because they *are* volcanoes. They are dead volcanoes which were active millions of years ago.

In the United States there are many dead volcanoes in the states of Washington and Oregon. In fact, the

entire Cascade Range is a chain of old volcanoes that grew up over other volcanoes that were active before them.

Fifty million years ago a series of eruptions began that built up volcanic cones east of the Pacific coast. Fifteen million years ago lava flowed out of the ground and filled in the spaces between the cones. In this way a long, fairly level plateau was built up. About ten million years ago, new eruptions began building shield volcanoes on the plateau. Then cinder cones began to grow on top of the shield volcanoes.

Mounts Shasta, Mazama, Hood, and Rainier are among the newer volcanoes in the range. They are less than one million years old.

Crater Lake

Crater Lake in Oregon is one of the world's great natural wonders. The lake is more than 6,000 feet above sea level, inside a large crater at the top of the ancient volcano, Mt. Mazama. The lake is 2,000 feet deep. It is completely surrounded by the rim of the crater. The rim is like a circular wall, 500 feet high at its lowest

point, and 2,000 feet high at its highest point. Near the southwest end of the lake there is an island called Wizard Island.

The story of the formation of Crater Lake begins about ten thousand years ago, when Mt. Mazama was 12,000 feet high. A series of great eruptions took so much lava out of the mountain that a big hollow space was left inside the mountain. The top of the mountain collapsed into this space, forming a crater five miles wide and 4,000 feet deep.

A thousand years ago, Mazama erupted again, and a great cone was built up in the southwest corner of the crater. After that, rain, melted snow, and springs filled the crater with water to make the lake that is in it now. The thousand-year-old cone in the crater pokes its head out of the water as Wizard Island.

In Robert Irving's book *Volcanoes and Earthquakes* (Alfred Knopf, 1961), there are more stories about volcanoes—volcanoes in the sea, under the ice, and even on the moon. You will also learn why earthquakes are just as deadly and strange as their brothers, the volcanoes.

You may also want to read:

All About Volcanoes and Earthquakes
by Frederick H. Pough (Random House, 1953)

What's Inside the Earth?
by Herbert S. Zim (William Morrow, 1953)

The First Book of the Earth
by Irene O. Sevrey (Franklin Watts, 1959)

The Land We Live On
by Carroll and Mildred A. Fenton (Doubleday, 1944)

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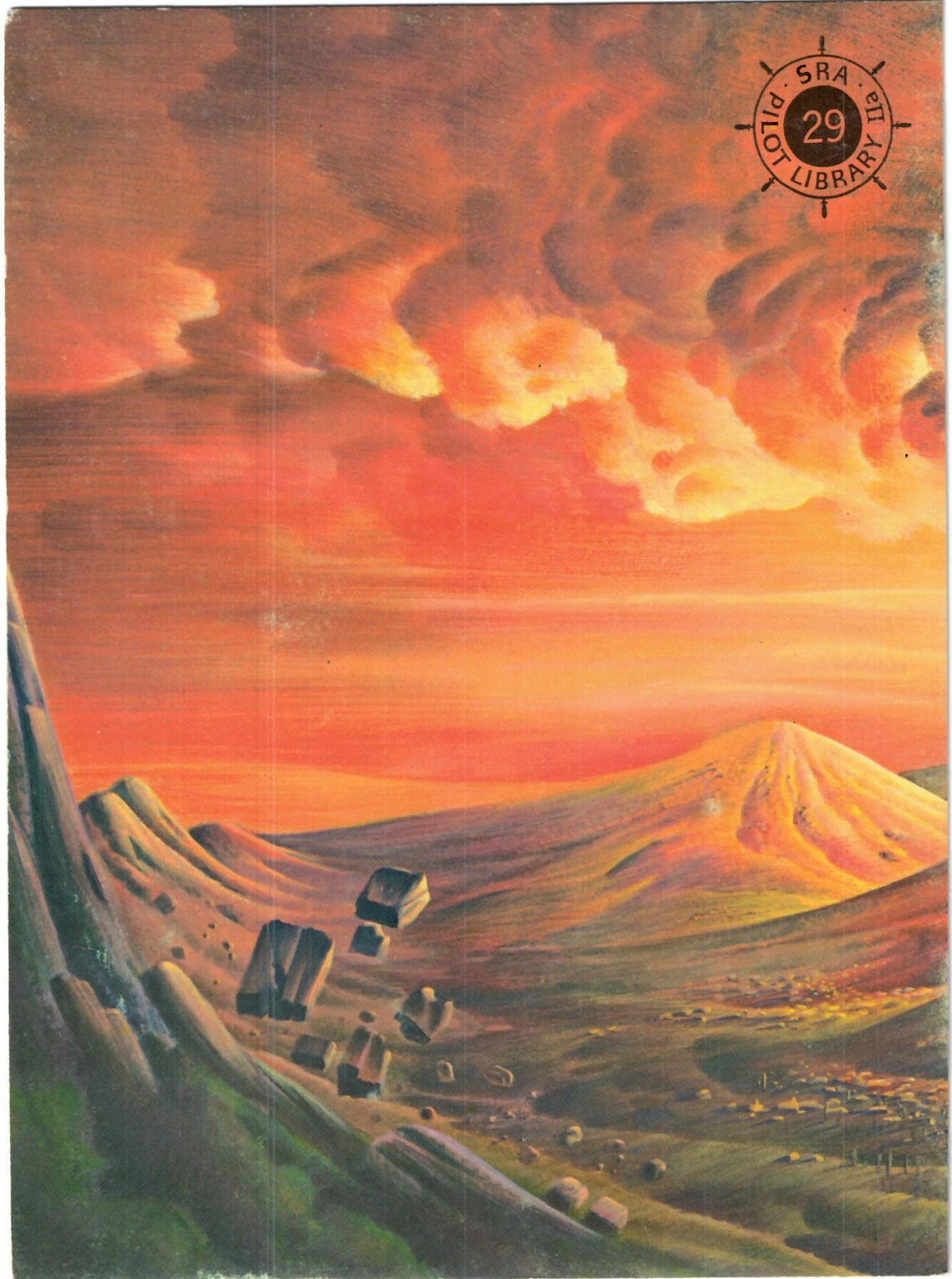
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PEDDLER'S BOY

Julie Forsyth Batchelor

PEDDLER'S BOY

by Julie Forsyth Batchelor

In the year 1790 a peddler's boy needed to be brave. The countryside was still wild and unsettled, and there were many bad men as well as good traveling the roads.

Tim wished he were not afraid of so many things—of the dark, of strangers, of new places.

Before Tim left home his father gave him a whistle to blow in case of danger. He told him it would give him courage. Tim hoped he would never need to blow the whistle. But he wore it around his neck, just in case.

PEDDLER'S BOY

BY JULIE FORSYTH BATCHELOR

ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM HUTCHINSON

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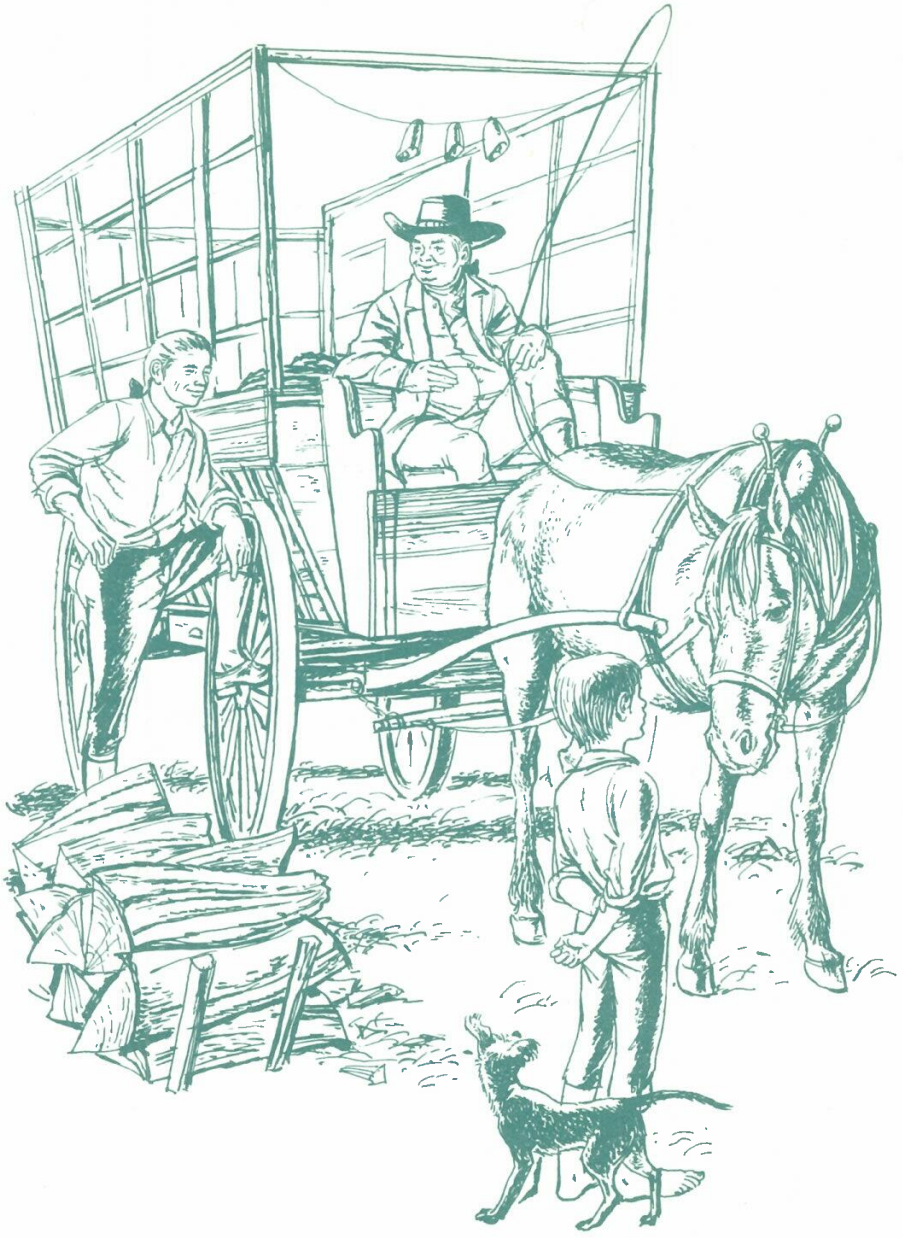

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Chapter 1
The Red Cart

The early sunbeams, slanting through the homespun curtains of the little bedroom, tickled Tim's face. But he didn't move except to squeeze his eyelids tighter.

The day started like every other June morning of 1790. There were noises from the kitchen downstairs. Then Tim's small, black dog jumped from the box by the fireplace and scrambled onto the high feather bed. As they snuggled down together, Tim told his pet, "I'm glad you sleep in my room now, Bigsy. I'd be lots more scared nights without you."

He scowled, thinking, why are there so many things

to be afraid of—the dark, being alone in the house, going to strange places and meeting new people? However does one get over being a scare-cat? Will the boys always call me that? he wondered anxiously.

He felt a gentle lick on one cheek and turned to hug his pet. "We won't get up, Bigsy, 'til we smell the ham frying."

Each morning, now that school was over, there was work to do. So after breakfast Tim followed Father into the new tin shop, a large room at the back of the farmhouse.

It's a fine shop, thought Tim, even if it is our old summer kitchen. What sturdy tables Father had built on which to cut the sheets of tin. And what a strong stone anvil they'd made where pots and pans could be pounded out. Why, there couldn't be a better tin shop anywhere!

But Father seemed worried. "I wish our ware would sell faster," he said, looking about at shelves full of plates, mugs, and dippers. "Maybe I should have stuck to farming. Already we need money for more tin."

"I'll sell some ware to the village store," Tim suggested eagerly.

Father shook his head. "They've bought all they

want for now. Well, son, let's get to work on the tin that's left."

It was late in the afternoon before Father said, "That's all for today."

As Bigsy and Tim raced for the sweep well for a cool drink they heard a tinkle of bells. Down the road came a large red wagon.

"A peddler's cart!" cried Tim. "Hope it turns up our lane."

It did. The plump, jolly-looking driver stopped right beside Tim. "By the livin' laws," he exclaimed in a booming voice. "You must be Timothy Allen's son. Same brown hair and brown eyes. Same pailful of freckles, spillin' out all over. Yup, you're the spittin' image of your father. 'Cept he's taller than a church steeple and you're no higher than a gatepost."

Tim smiled shyly at the stranger.

At that moment Father came from behind the wood pile. "Why, Josh Walker," he called out. "What you doing in these parts? And with a spanking-new cart. Thought you peddled on horseback."

Mr. Walker's small, blue eyes twinkled. "Cart's on its first trip. Painted it red to match my best waistcoat." He patted the scarlet vest that hugged his bulging

stomach. "Then I just had to hitch my good horse Jonathan to it. Say hello, Jonathan."

The gray horse slowly bobbed its head.

"Hello," answered Tim, glad he wasn't afraid of horses.

"And now," Mr. Walker continued, "I'm here to buy tinware for my new wagon. That is, if I can pay you in three weeks, after I've been to the Northtown Fair."

Tim looked quickly at Father. Just what they needed. Money for tin that must come all the way by boat from England, and then from Boston by horseback. Oh, this was wonderful luck!

"I'll trust you, Josh," Father answered. "Come in and spend the night with us."

During supper it was exciting to hear about the trip Mr. Walker planned. Tim listened so hard he forgot to eat.

"By the livin' laws," Mr. Walker announced. "Wish your boy here was a mite older. If he were fourteen I'd take him along as my helper."

Tim's heart began beating very fast.

Father said, "I wish he was, Josh. For he's never been more than ten miles from this farmhouse."

"Lad," Mr. Walker asked, "could you remember the

first rule of a peddler's boy—never leave the cart alone?"

"Why a . . . yes, sir," stammered Tim.

"Then tell you what," burst out the man. "Come ride with me the next three weeks. My spankin'-new cart needs a peddler's boy. Stay on it far as Northtown where I know an older boy. After the Fair there I'll send you home by stagecoach with the money I owe your father."

Tim's first thought was, how wonderful! Then quickly he remembered how scary this trip might be. All the things that were so frightening—noises at night, dark woods, strange people, wild animals—would be on this trip. Much better to stay home!

But Father was saying, "Tim's a good worker, only he's a little timid yet. More so than most boys his age."

"Trip would do him good!" cried Mr. Walker.

"It might," agreed Father as Mother nodded her head. "Yes, Josh, we'll let him go with you far as Northtown."

Tim was glad all over. The next minute he was very unhappy, thinking, if only I wasn't such a scare-cat.

But it was all settled that he should leave with Mr. Walker in the morning.

That night it was hard to get to sleep. Tim kept remembering the tales Old Joe the book peddler told, when he stopped by the farmhouse every few months. That terrible knife fight between the two peddlers. The runaway horse that scattered baskets from its cart for twenty miles. The time Old Joe fell into a deserted well and clung to the rope for two days before being rescued.

Tim called Bigsy from his box. With both arms tightly about the little dog he finally fell asleep.

Chapter 2
The Pack Peddler

The next morning they didn't wait to smell the ham frying. Mother called them right after the robins were up. As Tim slid into his chair at the breakfast table Mr. Walker slapped him between the shoulders. "Lad," he cried heartily. "You'll soon be seeing the fine state of Connecticut. Hills, brooks, woods, and all."

Tim gulped, thinking, Mr. Walker is so different from Father. Hope I get used to him.

Breakfast over, the men went to the barn to get the cart. Even back in the kitchen Tim and his mother could hear Mr. Walker roar, "Bust my musket! I'd like to meet that fellow who sold me this wagon. A wheel spoke snapped already!"

"Son," Mother said quietly. "Don't mind the way Mr. Walker talks. He's stern at times, but he has a kind heart."

Tim nodded slowly. But he thought anxiously, what if he gets angry at me? Just another thing to be afraid of!

While the men fixed the wheel, Mother said, "Will you go to the village, son? We haven't had black pepper for months. I hear a sailing vessel came into Boston with spices from the Indies. So maybe our store has peppercorns once more. Hurry back!"

Tim started eagerly to town. Now he could tell Sammy about the trip. Sammy was his best friend, and the two of them planned to own a peddler's cart when they grew up.

Middle-Meadow was a half mile by the main road. Reaching the village green, Tim and Bigsy raced pell-mell across it to Sammy's house. They found him in the woodshed, pumping the butter churn for his mother.

"I'm going to be a peddler's boy!" cried Tim. "And ride Mr. Walker's new cart."

"You are?" In his astonishment Sammy almost forgot to keep the stick moving up and down. "Wish't I was going too."

"Wish you were," Tim answered. "But, Sammy, I'll remember everything. So's when we have our cart we'll know what to do."

"When you leaving?" asked the other boy.

"This morning," Tim told him. "Oh, Sammy, there'll be lots of adventures like Old Joe tells about."

"Bet you'll be scared," taunted his friend.

Pretending not to hear, Tim bent over to pick up a colored stone near his feet. It belonged to his and Sammy's collection which they kept on shelves in the woodshed. Besides interesting stones there were large, fancy buckles off men's shoes, and any number of flint arrowheads found near the village. Best of all was an Indian tomahawk Sammy's father had dug up in the back yard.

"Sammy," Tim said as he and Bigsy were leaving, "I'll bring back something for our collection."

They were almost out of town before Tim remembered why they had come. The peppercorns! So back they ran to the general store. Sure enough, spices had arrived from Boston. Tim bought a cloth bag full of the small dried berries. Plenty to last awhile if they were ground carefully.

They chose another way home, following a noisy

brook which meandered across the fields. Splashing along in it Tim said, "I'm not so afraid when you're with me, Bigsy. I'll ask Mr. Walker to take you too."

They were nearly home, where the road and brook came together to go around a high hill, when the dog stopped. His head went up, both ears at attention.

Tim stood still too. He could hear the crack of a whip.

Around the bend of the road came a man on horseback. Tim knew at once that he was a pack peddler, for a tin trunk was strapped to his back.

As the old horse tried to hurry, the man called out curtly, "Lad! What town is that with the church spire?"

Tim, startled by the unfriendly tone, could only stare at the peddler. Instead of the homespun breeches most men wore he had on leather ones. A long dark coat hung to his knees. His black eyes, under scraggly eyebrows, glared so angrily that Tim shrank back.

The man called out, "Are you buffle-brained? Speak up or I'll slit your tongue wide open! What village is that yonder?"

Bigsy growled, but Tim managed to stammer, "It's . . . it's Middle-Meadow, sir."

"Well, next time speak up quickly!" snarled the peddler. Bigsy growled again.

Quick as a diving hawk, the man leaned over and snapped his long whip at the dog. But it didn't quite reach. Then the peddler kicked the horse to move on.

Tim, still shivering, whispered, "Poor horse. And he'd better not whip you, Bigsy. Hope we don't meet *him* again!"

It was comforting to come around the hill ahead and turn up the Allen lane. They raced toward the barn where the men were loading the red cart. It's the very kind Sammy and I'll have, thought Tim.

The wagon, built for country roads, was long and narrow with large rear wheels. All four sides were made of slats, the back fixed so that it could be lifted off. Tinware hung from hooks fastened to the slats. Plates, washbowls, and candlemolds were piled on the floor. In one corner was a stack of women's straw bonnets. "Made them myself," announced Mr. Walker. "From reeds that grow near my brook."

He pulled out the two large drawers under the cart for Tim to see. These held pins, buttons, combs, and candles, for it was the fashion for tin peddlers to carry many kinds of notions.

"Lots of room," the peddler told Tim. "Pleasant nights we'll move things aside and sleep in the wagon."

Sleep in the wagon? Tim stopped smiling. He thought again of dark woods and all kinds of horrible things!

"Mr. Walker," he asked slowly. "Can we take Bigsy with us?"

The peddler shook his head. "No room for him. Might get lost."

"But he's such a good little . . ." began Tim.

Father interrupted. "Josh is right, son. A cart's no place for a dog. Get your bag now."

Chapter 3
Tim's Tin Whistle

As Tim came down the stairs with his bag, Father met him. "Son, I've a present for you," he said. "Made it last night. It's to use when you're afraid." He held up something on the end of a long piece of white yarn.

"A tin whistle!" exclaimed Tim. "And it's painted purple."

Father nodded. "Purple is for bravery. Many people are afraid of things, even grownups. But, Tim, down inside most people are brave. If they try hard enough they get brave on the outside too. Blow your whistle only when you're very much frightened. Some day you won't need it any more."

Tim put the yarn around his neck and tucked the whistle into his shirt pocket. This is a wonderful gift, he thought. Now maybe I won't be a scare-cat all my life.

"Help Mr. Walker as you help me," Father went on. "Remember what he tells you to do. You sometimes forget, you know."

Tim nodded. Like I almost forgot the peppercorns this morning, he thought.

Saying good-by to Bigsy was the hardest part, for they'd never been separated before. Tim locked the little dog in the buttery so he wouldn't follow the cart.

And now he and Mr. Walker were off, the wheels of the new wagon creaking and its bells tinkling merrily. Tim didn't know whether to be sorry or glad. Clutching the whistle with one hand, he waved to Father and Mother as long as he could see them.

But when a bend in the road shut the house from view he began to wiggle with excitement. Wait 'til Sammy and I have our own cart, he thought.

Mr. Walker chose a road that led away from Middle-Meadow. Tim suddenly recalled the cruel peddler he'd met that morning. Probably he's selling in the village right now, he thought, shivering a little again.

"By the livin' laws," cried Mr. Walker. "You're on your first job, lad, and you'd better learn what it is. Remember to stay by the cart. Most people are honest, but a few aren't. A man who owns a store can lock it when he's away. But you can't lock a cart. So unless we're at an inn with a stable boy to watch, you stay by the wagon when I'm not around."

"Yes, sir," Tim answered. That should be easy to remember.

"Your other work," continued the hawker, "is to help care for Jonathan, run errands, and deliver for housewives. Every morning you wipe off the tinware. With all roads dusty 'cept some brick ones in towns, things'll get mighty dirty. I've a jar of sand to rub black spots off with."

They jogged along for a way. Then Mr. Walker asked, "Lad, can you keep a secret?"

Tim nodded.

"Well then, see the short board under your feet? Press it lightly."

Sure enough, one board was shorter, but you'd have to look sharp to see that. Tim pressed it until it tipped. Underneath was a small drawer with something inside —a gray, calfskin bag.

"Take it out," ordered Mr. Walker.

As Tim lifted the soft bag he saw two letters sewed in blue yarn. "Your initials," he exclaimed. "J. W. for Josh Walker."

"Right," said the peddler. "It's for our money—my money and the money I owe your father. We'll make change from a mug. But when we're alone we'll put the money in here for safekeeping. And nobody will be the wiser."

Tim felt tingly all over as he slipped the bag back into its hiding place. Sammy and I'll have a secret drawer in our cart, he told himself.

The first sale was at a small farmhouse. Four children and their mother were standing beside the road as the cart came along.

"Have you any fancy buttons?" asked the woman. "I've just spun wool for my husband's go-to-meeting suit, and need big buttons for trimming."

"I've the best, the biggest, and the shiniest buttons in these thirteen states," Mr. Walker told her. "Be seated on your stone wall, Madam, and I'll show them to you." He pulled out one of the big side drawers and placed it beside her.

"I'll take six of these," she said, holding up a large

brass button with a goat's head carved on it. As she paid her copper pennies she turned to Tim. "Take care, young man, you don't sell any wooden hams."

Tim grinned shyly as he shook his head. He knew this joke. Some peddlers weren't honest like Mr. Walker. They'd been known to paint logs to look like delicious hams. Yankee trick, the village people laughingly called it. But those fooled by it were as mad as wet hens.

As they were leaving, Mr. Walker said, "This is our first sale, Madam. So here are four combs, made from the best cow horn. One for each of your beautiful children."

He has a kind heart just like mother said thought Tim.

Out of sight of the farmhouse Mr. Walker nodded toward the secret drawer. They grinned at each other as Tim dropped the coins noisily into the gray bag.

Then Tim told him, "My friend Sammy and I are going to be peddlers when we grow up."

"Good for you!" boomed Mr. Walker. "Don't know what this new country of ours would do without hawkers. No other way to get goods to so many people. Bust my musket, we peddlers are mighty important!"

There were many houses to stop at now. If no one appeared, Mr. Walker sent Tim to the door to say the peddler was outside.

At first Tim did this timidly, one hand clutching the whistle. But after awhile he found it didn't frighten him, for most people were friendly.

Chapter 4

The Night Visitor

Soon they came to a large village. The merry bells brought children and dogs skipping after the cart. One dog looked so much like Bigsy that Tim's heart beat faster. But it wasn't Bigsy.

Jonathan halted near the town's fire alarm—a huge, iron triangle on the village green. Mr. Walker called out, "Scamper for your mothers. Tell 'em the tin peddler's here. Tell 'em to come quickly before all the goods are gone."

Then he winked at Tim who winked back. As if all the goods would be gone that soon. Oh, what fun this was!

As the crowd gathered Mr. Walker said cheerfully, "Step up, step up and see my wonderful bargains. Throw away your dull pewter and buy my shiny tinware. And I have more notions than you've a notion of—the world's finest pins, needles, and combs. See these beautiful straw bonnets. Try one on, Madam. My boy here will hold up a shiny tin plate for a mirror."

Mr. Walker let Tim make change. Soon the mug was full of pennies, shillings, and several Spanish coins.

After that village there were others. When the sun began to nudge the far hills Mr. Walker said, "We'll try one more town."

As Jonathan ambled down the main street the peddler remarked, "There's another chapman ahead. We'll stop 'side him, for two peddlers together get a better crowd."

Several people stood about a horse tied to the church's hitching post. Tim saw a man squatting beside an open trunk which held spices and small notions. He caught his breath. It was the peddler who'd beaten his horse. The very man who'd tried to whip Bigsy!

Mr. Walker knew him. "Hello, there, Sharp," he said. "Mind if I stand here too?"

The other shrugged sullenly. A second later he

squinted up at them again. He remembers me, Tim thought, his heart beating faster.

Mr. Walker cheerfully started with his usual speech. "Step up, step up and see my wonderful bargains. Throw away your dull pewter and buy my shiny tinware." Soon a larger crowd gathered, laughing at the peddler's quips.

Suddenly the other hawker scooped up his spice cans and banged the trunk shut. Mounting the old horse he muttered, "Enough of this."

"What?" asked Mr. Walker in surprise. "Why, Sharp, there's plenty of business for both."

But Tim was very glad to see the rider move out of sight down the road.

Half an hour later, as the sun's colors were growing dim, they stopped for the night in a thicket of pine trees with a brook nearby. Jonathan shook himself when Mr. Walker pulled off his harness, and drank noisily from the stream.

In no time Tim had collected dry sticks for a fire. How good the bacon and eggs smelled and tasted. There were wild strawberries for dessert.

"Mighty elegant food we have," observed Mr. Walker. "Scrumptious enough to please even President

Washington in his fine home in New York City." Tim nodded. It certainly pleased him!

But when the tree shadows began to join hands about them he made sure the whistle was still in his pocket.

"Any wild animals near here?" he asked anxiously.

Mr. Walker nodded. "Woods are full of 'em. When it's dark you'll see their eyes a-gleaming. They won't hurt us, though. Just look us over, then go about their business."

Tim wished fervently they'd just go about their business. Also, that he was home safe in his own bed!

The bark of a fox close by made his skin tingle. Bet Sammy'd be scared too, he thought, trying to keep his teeth from chattering.

After Mr. Walker cleared the wagon floor he said, "Lad, fetch me the money bag. 'Tis safer under my pillow."

Tim was very glad to climb up onto the cart for the night. Fearfully he pulled the coverlet over his ears. But before he knew it he was fast asleep, both hands clutching the purple whistle.

The dawn had opened one eye when Tim awoke from a nightmare. A horrible wolf was chasing him. As he looked up he screamed. It was a real wolf. It was on the

cart trying to bite him! Frantically he buried his head in the coverlet.

Mr. Walker sat up, shouting, "What is it?"

"A wolf!" cried Tim.

Then he heard the peddler roar with laughter. "Fine wolf, lad. It's your little dog Bigsy. By the livin' laws, now how did that animal catch up with us?"

Tim raised up slowly. Sure enough. It was Bigsy who

had jumped on the cart to lick his face. Then Tim's arms were about his pet, their noses rubbing happily.

"What will we do about him?" he asked anxiously.

Mr. Walker answered, "Send him home with somebody going to Middle-Meadow."

"But the man might lose him," protested Tim.

"Oh, 'twill be someone I can trust."

Tim hugged his pet again as they snuggled down together. "With you and the whistle, maybe my inside bravery will come outside," he whispered to the dog. "But you mustn't make Mr. Walker cross."

Chapter 5

Bigsy and the Bear

That morning the dusting of the tinware was more of a job than Tim expected. "Hustle along," the peddler told him impatiently. "You're slower'n a jill-poke."

In hurrying, Tim knocked down a large kettle. It took a lot of spit and sand to rub off the smudges of dirt.

This day went much as the day before, but it was wonderful having Bigsy beside him or trotting at his heels. Mr. Walker didn't seem to mind the little dog too much. But he did ask two cart peddlers they met if they were going to Middle-Meadow. Neither were.

That night seemed a little less frightening. Tim went to sleep with one hand on Bigsy, the other on the whistle.

During the afternoon of the fourth day something happened to make Tim feel very bad. For he did want to please Mr. Walker.

They stopped at the edge of a town with dense woods on one side and farm lands on the other. A friend in one of the fields hailed them. "Josh," he called. "Come see my new flour mill. It's over by the river, three stone fences away."

The men had crossed the fields when a white cat stalked from some bushes near the cart. Bigsy barked, and when the cat scooted into the woods the little dog dashed after it.

"Come back, Bigsy!" ordered Tim. But both animals were out of sight. I've got to get him before Mr. Walker comes, Tim told himself. So he jumped off the cart and ran into the woods.

The trees stood so closely together that it took a long time to find Bigsy and scoop him up. Getting back to the cart was even harder. Which way could it be? Panic-stricken, Tim ran here and there, as the trees seemed to press closer. He tried to call out, but fright had taken away his voice.

At last he remembered the whistle. Yanking it out of his pocket he drew a long breath and blew. It made a

fierce, shrill noise. After four more blows Tim heard Mr. Walker stamping toward him.

The peddler was very angry as he led the way back. "You forgot to stay by the cart, lad! You left our money and all our goods alone!"

Tim tried to explain, but Mr. Walker interrupted him. "Dog's no excuse. Shouldn't be along anyway," he snapped. "A peddler's boy stays by the cart no matter what!"

Tim huddled down in the seat as they drove off. I should have remembered, he told himself. It's bad enough being a scare-cat without being buffle-brained. Maybe now I won't get to ride even as far as Northtown.

After this accident, every time Mr. Walker left the wagon for even a minute he'd say sternly, "Stay by the cart, lad."

The next day they met a broom peddler on horseback who was headed toward Middle-Meadow. He carried dozens of short oven brooms for kitchen fireplaces. Some were tied across his back, while others switched from the saddle.

"What can I do for you in that village?" he asked.

"Want to get a bothersome dog home," answered Mr. Walker. "But by the livin' laws, don't know where you'd

put him. With all those brooms you couldn't carry anything but witches!"

They all laughed. However, Mr. Walker did say, "Stop at the Allen farmhouse outside Middle-Meadow. Tell 'em we've got Bigsy and will send him home soon's we can."

By now the money bag was fattening. Tim patted it fondly each time he dropped coins in. Father's money!

Sometimes housewives offered "country pay" instead of money. Mr. Walker took three beaver skins for a saucepan, woolen cloth for a bonnet, and a dozen duck eggs for two candles.

One woman gave them a comb of honey as "country pay" for some needles. How good it tasted at supper that evening!

Sometime later that night, when the moon was high, Bigsy's growls awakened them. Mr. Walker sat up, while Tim peeked out from under the coverlet with one hand on his whistle. Both saw the huge bear that stood at the end of the wagon. It was boldly reaching for the basket of honey.

At that moment Bigsy jumped. Down on the bear he went, the two tumbling over together. For a minute there was a terrible noise. But the dog's sudden jump

must have frightened the larger animal. For, big as it was, it didn't stay to fight but ran off, crashing through the bushes.

Tim held a candle in shaking hands while Mr. Walker looked Bigsy over carefully. "Not hurt that I see," said the peddler. "Brave little animal. Scared the fur and tail right off that bear!"

At this Bigsy jumped up and barked, as if to tell them he was all right. Tim hugged his pet. Perhaps now, he thought happily, Mr. Walker will let him stay with us.

Tim does not meet any more bears. But he does meet Sharp again!

In the book *Tim and the Purple Whistle* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1955), Julie Batchelor shows how, little by little, Tim becomes as brave as his dog Bigsy.

You may also want to read:

Away Goes Sally
by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan, 1934)

F. W. Woolworth: Five and Ten Boy
by Elizabeth P. Myers (Bobbs-Merrill, 1962)

Nate and the Traveling Store
by Elizabeth Holden (Hastings House, 1962)

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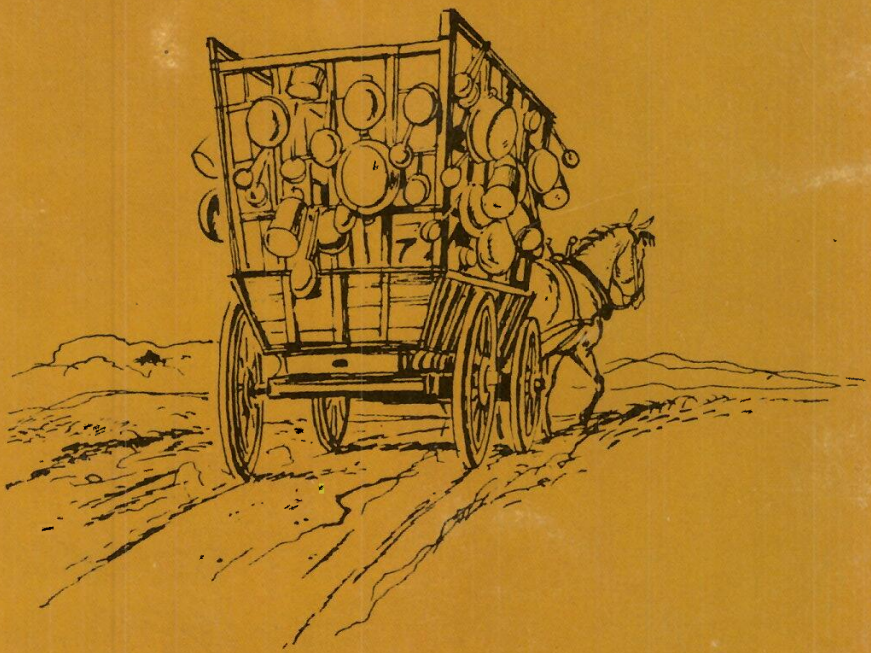

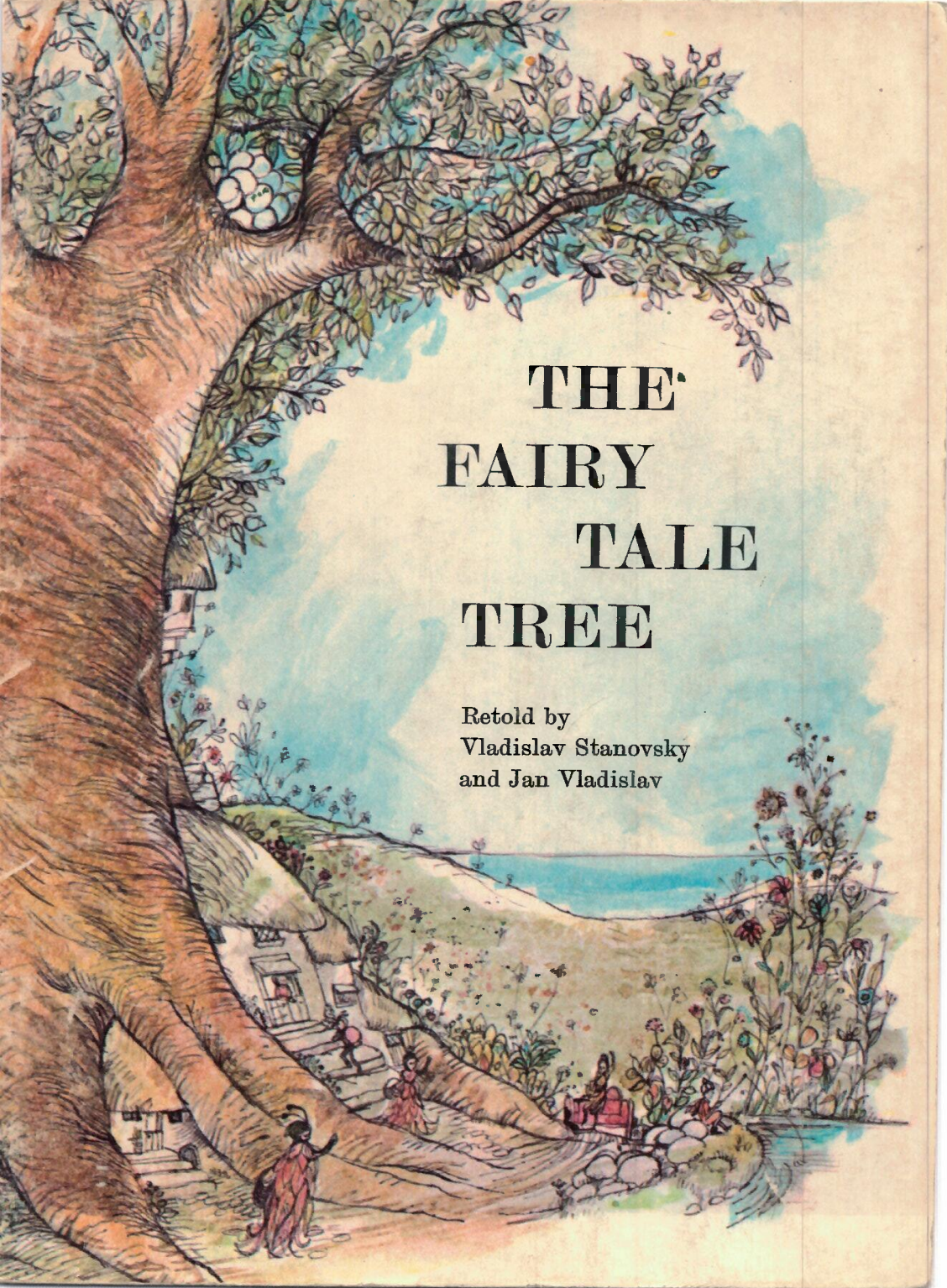

THE FAIRY TALE TREE

Retold by
Vladislav Stanovsky
and Jan Vladislav

THE FAIRY TALE TREE

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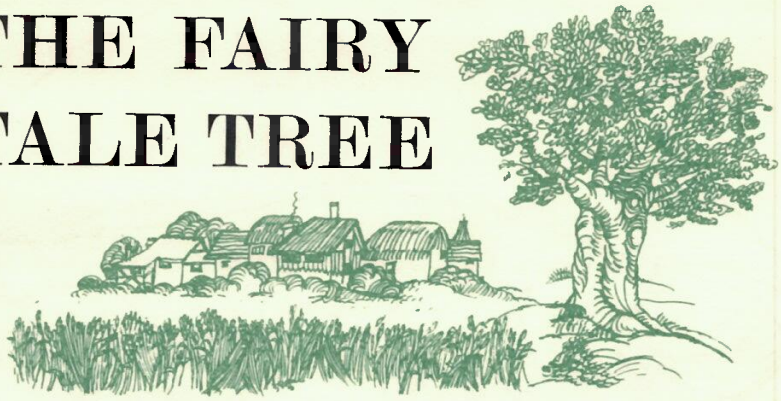
An old legend tells of a golden fairy tale tree that stands on a remote green island. On each branch of the tree there is a nest, and in each nest there lie eggs of clearest crystal. "You've only to break the crystal shell, and each has a fairy tale to tell," says the legend.

Here is a collection of fairy tales from all over the world. The places in the stories are far away, but you will recognize many of the people. Some of them are wise, some are foolish, some are wicked, and some of the people are funny, like the hunter who called his three dogs Afterit, Catchit, and Igotit. You will enjoy reading about all of them.

The Fairy Tale Tree

THE FAIRY TALE TREE



Retold by VLADISLAV STANOVSKÝ
and JAN VLADISLAV

Translated by JEAN LAYTON

Illustrated by JEAN WINSLOW

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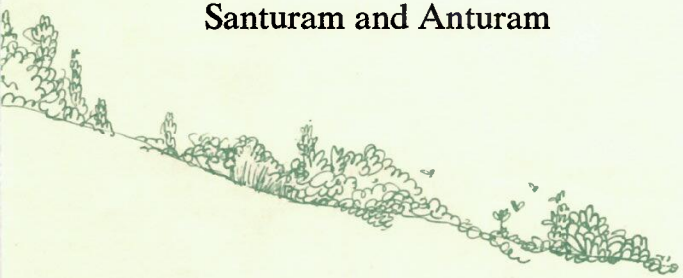
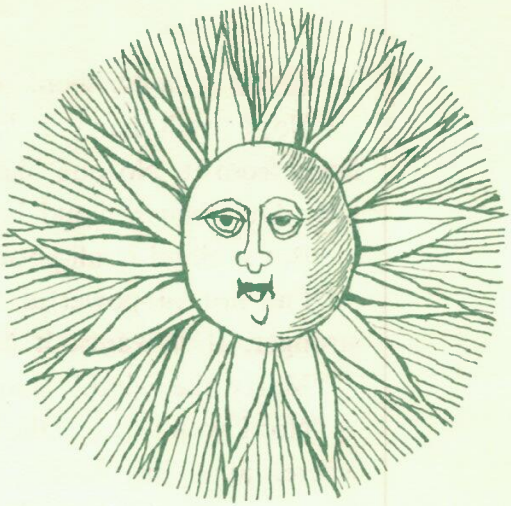




The All-Powerful One

INDIA

One day a mighty magician went swimming and saw a mouse drowning in the river. He pulled the mouse out of the water and transformed it into a beautiful maiden. She was so lovely that the magician thought he would try to find her the most splendid husband of all.

"Marry the sun!" he said to the girl.

And the girl replied, "No, I won't marry the sun. It hasn't any legs and has fiery arms. All day it wanders round the world and at night it disappears. And anyway, it already has two wives, light and shade."

"But the sun is all-powerful," objected the magician.

"No, I'm not all-powerful," interrupted the sun. "A cloud is stronger. If it wants, it can conceal me."

"Marry a cloud, then!" said the magician to the girl.

"No, I won't marry a cloud. A cloud is black, and water flows from it. No one likes clouds; they make everything wet. And then a cloud has a wicked son, lightning."

"But a cloud is all-powerful," said the magician.

"I'm not all-powerful," said a cloud. "The wind is stronger. If it wants, it can blow me away."

"Marry the wind," said the magician to the girl.

"No, I won't marry the wind. It's always running somewhere, annoying people, and if it touches things they break or dry up. I don't want to marry the wind."

"But the wind is all-powerful," said the magician.

"I'm not all-powerful," howled the wind. "The hill is stronger. I always dash myself to pieces against it."

"Marry the hill, then!"

"No, I won't marry the hill. It's nothing but stones and thistles. What would I do with a hill?" said the girl.

"But the hill is all-powerful," said the magician.

"I'm not all-powerful," thundered the hill. "Brother Mouse is stronger. He can gnaw away and undermine me, if he chooses."

"Will you marry Brother Mouse, then?" asked the magician.

"Yes," replied the girl, and she smiled at the mouse with his strong, sharp teeth and red eyes.

So the magician changed the girl back into a mouse and she ran off with the other mouse into a field.

The Six Wise Neighbors

FRANCE

In a certain village there lived six wise neighbors and these six neighbors knew everything, understood everything, and had seen everything except one thing—and that was the sea. One fine day they resolved to go and have a look at the sea. They set off early in the morning and walked and walked, until they came to a large field, and in this field flax was growing and it was in flower.

When the wise neighbors saw this great blue field waving before them, they shouted with delight, "The sea!"

They slipped off their clothes and dived into the flax, in order to swim across.

After a while they came to a deep well.

"Goodness, it's deep," said one of the neighbors.

"Let's hope none of us falls in," added another.

"And supposing one of us has fallen in already?" said a third.

"We'll find that out; I'll count us," said a fourth. "One, two, three, four, five," he counted promptly, but he forgot to count himself.

"Five! Alas, one of us must be missing!"

"Wait a moment," said the fifth neighbor, "I'll count again." And he counted, pointing to the others with his finger, "One, two, three, four, five," but he, also, forgot to

count himself. "Oh, dear! One of us must have fallen in!"

"Then we'll shout down to him," advised the wise sixth one, and he leaned over the side of the well. "Ho, there! Did you fall in?"

"Fall in!" echoed the well.

"He's there," said the sixth neighbor. "We must rescue him!"

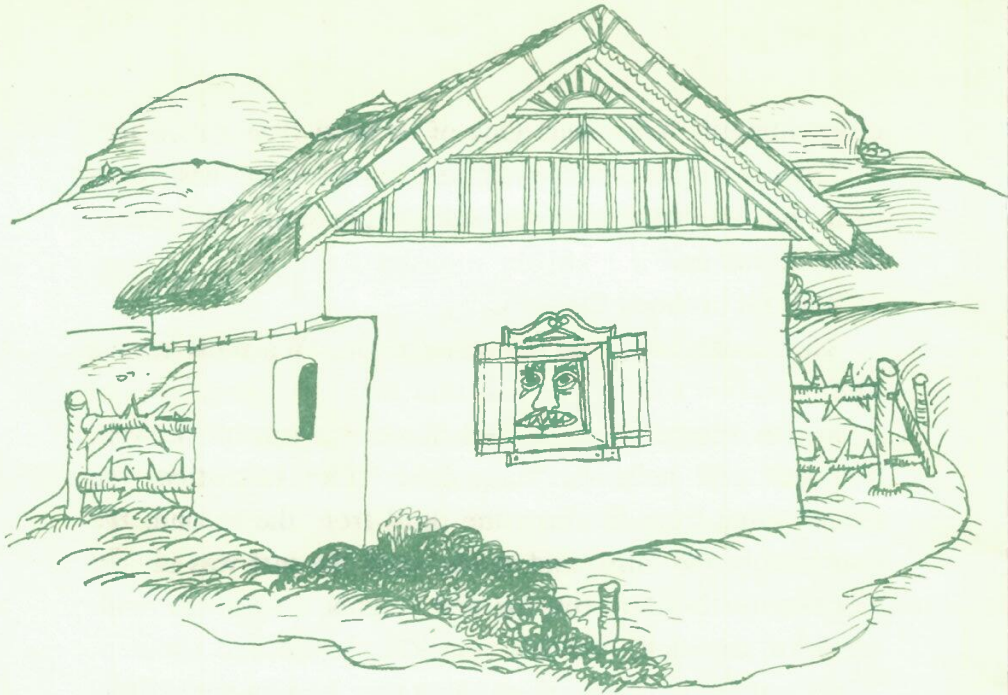
So they placed a strong stick across the rim of the well. The strongest neighbor hung down from this stick, the second hung from the first, the third from the second, the fourth from the third, and so on, until the last was almost touching the bottom. But the first neighbor, who was holding onto the stick, couldn't stand the strain and shouted, "Hey, you fellows down there! Can you see him yet? Hurry up, my hands are aching."

"I can't see him," said the end one.

"Well, all of you hold on tight," said the first. "I am going to spit on my hands."

The neighbor let go of the stick so that he could spit on his hands. And, of course, they all fell to the bottom of the well. And they certainly would all have drowned, but the well had a paper bottom, and they fell no farther than that.

So the six neighbors lived to tell their tale, and, for all we know, they are still telling it.



The Weaver and the Monster

RUSSIA

Once upon a time, so they say, there was a king, and the king had a beautiful daughter. A terrible monster, as enormous and strong as a giant, wanted to marry this daughter. The king sent his army against the monster, but the monster destroyed the army down to the very last soldier.

So the king proclaimed throughout the land, "Whichever hero overcomes this monster will receive my daughter's hand in marriage."

A certain weaver heard of this. Things were going bad-

ly for him. What he earned was too little for a livelihood. So he said to himself, "Why shouldn't I try my luck against this monster? In any case my livelihood is not really a livelihood, and if I kill the monster I shall win the king's daughter."

So he set out. He walked along, and on his way he found a cow's tail. "I'll take that with me. Perhaps it will come in handy." And he took the cow's tail and went on.

After a while he found a tortoise. "I'll take that with me, too. Perhaps it will also come in handy," said the weaver, shoving the tortoise inside his shirt. And on he went.

Finally he came to some high cliffs, and in the valley beneath these cliffs the monster had his cabin.

"Come out, monster!" he shouted.

"Who is that shouting for me?" grumbled the monster.

"I am shouting for you. I've come to kill you!"

"And who are you?"

"I'm the weaver!"

In all his days the monster had never heard of such a thing as a weaver, and he began to be afraid. He called out, "Tell me, weaver, how strong are you?"

"Come out and you'll see!"

But the monster didn't want to come out. And he called again, "Pull out a hair and let me have it, so that I can see how strong you are!"

The weaver threw down the cow's tail which he had found by the roadside. The monster took the tail, pulled

out one of his own hairs and measured them against each other. The tail was four times as strong and twice as long.

"And now catch one of your fleas and throw it to me," called the weaver.

The monster caught one of his fleas and threw it up onto the cliff. The flea was as large as a sparrow.

"That's nothing!" laughed the weaver. "See what size fleas I have!" And he threw the tortoise to the monster.

That made the monster more afraid than ever. Even so, he called out once more, "Very well, let's both sneeze and we'll see which of us is the stronger."

The monster sneezed till the cottage shook and the doors flew off their hinges.

"That's nothing," shouted the weaver. "Now I shall sneeze, but block your ears so that you aren't deafened."

The monster blocked his ears, and the weaver rolled an enormous rock to the edge of the cliff and over and down onto the cottage. The rock plunged through the roof and fell right on the monster's head.

The monster clutched his head and thought to himself, "I'm not going to fight with a creature like that, with hair like a cow's tail, fleas like a tortoise, who sneezes till the rocks fall."

So saying, he ran out of the cottage and fled away over the hills and down the valleys and never came back again.

And the weaver married the king's daughter and lived contentedly to the end of his days.

The Twelve Months

GREECE

Once upon a time there was an old woman who went to her field to fetch some cabbages. On her way there she passed a cave, and in it she saw twelve young men. They were the twelve months of the year.

They turned to the old woman and said, "Granny, please tell us which is the most beautiful month of the year?"

"They are all beautiful," said the old woman. "In January there is snow, in February there is rain . . ." And she went on to praise each month.

Then they said to her, "Granny, since you have praised us all, we shall reward you for it. Give us your kerchief."

And they filled her kerchief full, so full that she could hardly tie the ends together.

"Thank you kindly," said the old woman, and she went home. At home she said to her children, "Now we shall have enough to eat at last. See what I have brought you!"

And she untied the kerchief and poured out a pile of ducats. All went well for some time.

One day a neighbor came to see the old woman and she wondered where she had got so much money. The old woman told her that the money had been given to her by the twelve months, who lived in a cave by her field.

Upon hearing this, the neighbor went off to the cave to see the twelve months.

"Good day to you," she said, when she came upon them.

"Tell us, Granny, which is the most beautiful month."

"Which is the most beautiful?" mused the woman. "None of them are up to much. In January there is snow, in February there is rain. . . . Indeed, there's nothing much to choose between them."

"Very well, then," said the months. "Give us your kerchief and we will reward you for what you have told us."

The neighbor gave them her kerchief, and they filled it right to the top, so that she could hardly tie it up.

"Thank you kindly," said the woman, and she hurried home.

There she said to her children, "And now we shall live as well as our neighbors. See what I have brought you!"

She untied the kerchief, and from it she tipped out nothing but dirt.

The neighbor was very angry and ran to the old woman, complaining that she had advised her very badly.

"And what did you say to the months, when they asked you which of them was the most beautiful?" the old woman asked her.

"I said that none of them was up to much."

"Then they simply rewarded you accordingly!"

The Three Dogs

YUGOSLAVIA

Once upon a time there was a hunter who had three dogs. One was called Afterit, the second was Catchit, and the third Igotit.

One day the hunter went out hunting and called the first dog, "Afterit!"

Then he called the second dog, "Catchit!"

Finally he called the third dog—but, dear me, what was the third dog's name . . .?

"Igotit!"

Well, if you've got it, then you must understand this tale better than I do, and can tell the rest of it yourself!

The Borrowed Egg

ISRAEL

One day King David's warriors had two hard-boiled eggs each for dinner. However, one of them was so hungry that he ate both his eggs before dinner time.

Now when the others sat down to eat, he was so ashamed that he had nothing on his plate that he asked the warrior beside him, "Lend me an egg, my friend!"

"I'll lend it, but you must pay it back when I ask for it."

"Certainly," said the warrior, and he ate the egg.

Three years later the warrior who had lent the egg asked the other one to pay him back.

"To be sure," said the debtor. "You lent me an egg and so I'll pay you one back."

"Oh no! I lent you an egg, but from that egg there could have come a chick, the chick could have grown into a hen, and she could have hatched out eighteen chicks, and these eighteen chicks could have become eighteen hens and each of these could have hatched out eighteen chicks. So I should receive from you a chicken and then another eighteen chickens and, in addition, eighteen times eighteen chickens."

And since the warrior did not want to pay so much, they went to King David and asked him to judge the dispute.

King David listened to both and then said, "The lender is in the right, he deserves the compensation that he asks for."

Both warriors then left the palace. The lender walked gaily along, but the borrower was very sad.

Now in front of the palace sat Solomon, the king's son, and he asked the sorrowful warrior what was the matter. The warrior explained the whole story to him, and Solomon said, "I'll give you some good advice. Tomorrow morning go to the field by the path where my father takes his walk and start sowing cooked beans there. When the king asks you why you are sowing cooked beans, tell him, "If a chick can be hatched from a boiled egg, then why shouldn't cooked beans start sprouting?"

The warrior thanked wise Solomon and the next day he went to sow cooked beans.

When King David walked past that way, he was surprised to see the man sowing cooked beans. He said, "Why are you doing that? You know cooked beans don't sprout."

The warrior answered, "If a chick can be hatched from a boiled egg, then why shouldn't cooked beans start sprouting?"

And King David recognized that it was the warrior who had borrowed the egg. He thought a moment and then said, "You are quite right. And you need only give back one egg to your friend."

How the Jealous One Was Punished

BURMA

In an Eastern city on the banks of a great river there once lived two friends, a potter and a dyer. As long as they were both poor and scarcely had enough to eat, they lived together in harmony. But as soon as the dyer, by hard work, became a bit better off, the friendship came to an end. The lazy potter began to envy his friend. And his jealousy grew year by year as his friend got richer and he got poorer.

In the end the potter could bear his friend's good luck no longer and he decided to avenge himself. "If you're such a famous dyer, I'll see to it that you have work to do!" he said to himself, and set off for the royal palace.

There he prostrated himself on the ground before the monarch and said, "Your Highness, I know that you long

to possess a rare white elephant, such as belongs only to the King of India. If you'll allow me, I'll tell you how you can have one, too!"

The king, delighted to hear that he would be the possessor of a rare white elephant, told the potter to proceed.

The potter went on, "O mighty king! My neighbor, the dyer, has a secret means of bleaching anything you like in the world. Summon him here and order him to bleach your black elephant. He'll try to get out of it, but do not let him dissuade you. Threaten him severely. You'll see, he'll obey in the end."

The king, who wasn't really very bright, praised the potter for his efforts and immediately had the dyer summoned to his presence.

The moment the dyer reached the palace, the king thundered out at him, "Dyer, I hear that you have a secret means of bleaching anything one wishes. I therefore order you to bleach my black elephant. If you don't do it, then you'll be beheaded."

The dyer thought at first that the king was joking, but then he realized that the monarch was in earnest and he was dreadfully upset. For he knew just as well as the potter did that no such means existed and that it was quite impossible.

He was about to prostrate himself with weeping at the monarch's feet and beg for mercy, when suddenly he noticed the malicious face of his neighbor, the potter, and

realized what was up. He bowed to the ground in front of the king and said, "Mighty lord, I would like to carry out your wishes from the bottom of my heart. But, as you know, if something is to be dyed or bleached, it must first be soaked for a certain length of time in a pot. And, indeed, I have no pot large enough to hold your elephant."

The king did not ponder long, but said, "That's easy, dyer! I'll have one made for you!"

And he turned to his adviser, the potter, and said: "Potter, my friend, you heard what the dyer needs. Go and make him a large pot right away, one that is big enough to hold my elephant."

Now the potter had really got what he deserved! In vain he tried to get out of it, in vain he made excuses, but there was no escaping the king's order. And so the potter began trying to make a pot that would hold an elephant.

But who on earth could make such an enormous pot? Certainly not our potter! The first time he tried, it crumbled to pieces before he had baked it, the next time it burst in the oven, the third time it got broken while it was being carried, the fourth time it was smashed by the elephant when it trod on it. And so it went on and on.

For months and months the poor potter did nothing but try to make a pot that would hold an elephant, until he was almost ruined. And had it not been for the dyer, who took pity on him and interceded for him with the king, in the end he would certainly have died of hunger.

The Long Day

LITHUANIA

One day his lordship, the count, went out into the fields to see how his servants were working. They worked diligently from morning till evening, but to his lordship, it did not seem enough. The day was too short for his liking. So he called his people together and said, "The day is too short and you don't do enough work. We shall have to stretch the day. Whoever succeeds in doing that will get a gold ducat."

A young man stepped forward and said that he would invent a machine for stretching the day. He took an enormous wheel from a cart, fixed the wheel to an axle, added a handle, and the machine was ready.

The count shook his head and said, "But that's just a wheel with a handle."

"Certainly, but it's a good machine. The only trouble is

that you have to turn it yourself, sir, otherwise it will not stretch the day. And it must be turned without stopping from sunrise to sunset."

"Well," said the count, "if there's no other way, I'll have to do it."

And when the servants went off to work the next morning, the count took hold of the handle and turned the wheel from morning to evening, without stopping. The wheel was large and heavy, and the count was exhausted. His back ached, he could not feel his hands any longer, and he longed for evening.

When, finally, the sun set, the young man went to the count and said, "Well, your lordship, was the day longer today?"

"Indeed it was. As long as a whole week. I was beginning to think it would never end. It's a good machine, but couldn't someone else turn it?"

"Of course, someone else could easily turn it, but then the day would not be longer."

The count considered this for a moment and then said, "A pity! Well in that case I think the day had better remain as short as it was before."

But he had to pay the inventor the gold ducat.

The Blind Singer's Gold Ducats

ITALY

Many years ago there was a blind beggar who used to wander from fair to fair, and for a penny he would sing to give people pleasure. Over the years he managed to save one hundred ducats, which he hid under an old tree in a large meadow. He thought that no one had seen him, but it happened that a miserly farmer was weeding the neighboring field just at that time.

"What can that beggar be doing there under that tree?" said the farmer to himself. And the moment the beggar went away, he ran to the tree and began digging up the earth. After a while he uncovered the hundred ducats buried there in the ground. He danced with delight, took them, and ran off home.

Some time later, the poor blind beggar needed his gold ducats, and went to the familiar tree in the middle of the large meadow. But, alas, his treasure was gone. The blind singer guessed that someone had seen him hiding the money, and that that person had taken the money away.

"Oh, unhappy me, unlucky me, what shall I do now?" he wailed. "Whoever could have done such a thing to me?"

Then suddenly he had an idea. "Just you wait, whoever you are! Friday is market day and on that day I shall sing

a little song, and I'm quite sure it will make you bring back my money!" And he cheerfully went off home.

The market began early on Friday morning, and the blind singer took up his place as usual by the gates of the town. This time, however, his song was rather different from the ones he usually sang, and it went like this:

"A hundred ducats I hid in the hollow,
A hundred more I'll put there tomorrow!
A hundred ducats I hid in the hollow,
A hundred more I'll put there tomorrow!"

The blind beggar was right. Those who went to the market that day included the farmer who had stolen his ducats. When he heard the blind man's song, he didn't laugh like the others. On the contrary, he was thoroughly frightened.

"What now? When he comes there tomorrow and cannot find his ducats, he won't put any more there, and I shall be cheated of one hundred ducats."

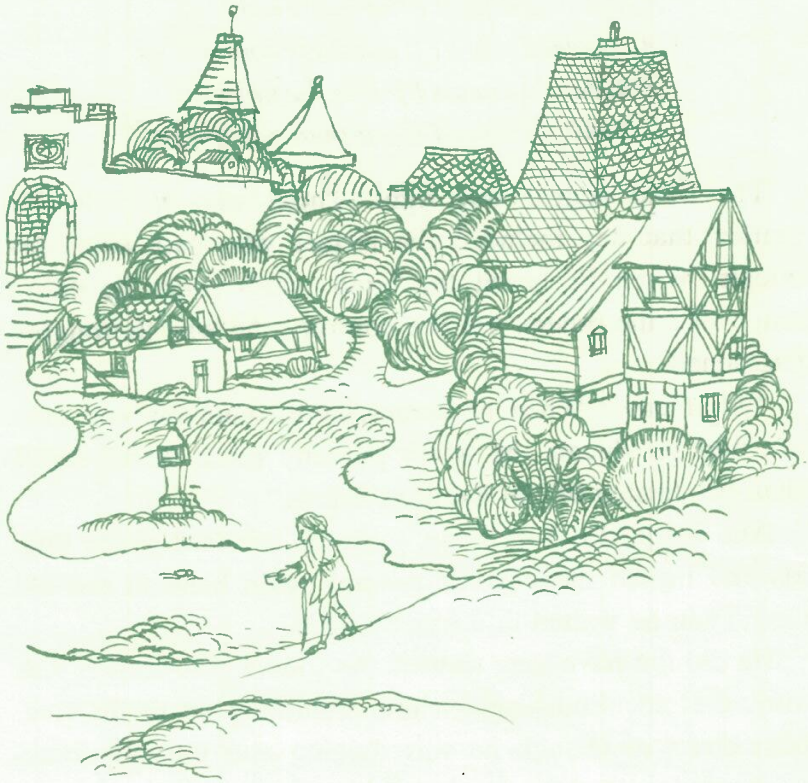
And he quickly ran home, took the hundred stolen ducats and buried them in the ground again beneath the old tree. Then he waited in a nearby thicket.

He did not have long to wait. As soon as the market was over, the old blind beggar came stumbling up to the tree, bent down as though he was digging and burying something there, and then slowly hobbled off again.

The moment the blind man had left, the greedy farmer

raced to the tree and began digging too. But however hard he dug, he couldn't find any ducats. The blind man had taken them off to a safer hiding place.

So that was how the blind beggar outwitted that greedy farmer.



Santuram and Anturam

INDIA

Once upon a time there were two friends. One man was called Santuram, the other Anturam. Santuram was a good, straightforward fellow. Anturam was a hypocrite and a scoundrel.

One day Anturam borrowed a hundred rupees from Santuram and promised he would soon pay back the debt.

Time passed and in vain Santuram begged his friend to return the money. In the end Santuram had no choice but to take the case to court. But on oath to the judge, Anturam proclaimed that he had not received a single anna from Santuram.

The judge listened to Anturam, and then he asked Santuram, "And who was present when you gave Anturam these hundred rupees? Have you any witnesses?"

"No, I haven't," said Santuram. "I gave them to him beneath a great tree in the middle of the forest, and there was no witness present."

But Anturam again assured the judge that he knew nothing of the whole affair, had never been in any forest, had never seen any tree, and had received no money.

The judge thought for a while and then said, "Listen to me, Santuram; go to the forest, find the tree beneath

which you gave the money to Anturam, and bring the tree here. It will be your witness!"

Santuram couldn't believe his ears and asked the judge, "Your Worship, how can I bring the tree here if it cannot walk? How can it bear witness if it cannot talk?"

The judge answered, "I'll give you a note and you must give it to the tree. You'll see! The tree will come and bear witness."

And the judge wrote a note and gave it to Santuram. So Santuram set off for the forest. Anturam remained behind with the judge.

About half an hour after Santuram had left, the judge looked toward the forest and said, "What a time Santuram is taking. That tree must be a very long way off. A pity we didn't summon it to the court earlier."

Without much thought Anturam added, "Your Worship, Santuram is now about halfway there. Walking like that it takes a man about an hour to reach that tree."

And in truth, exactly two hours later Santuram returned and said, "Your Worship, I placed your note in front of the tree, as you ordered, but it didn't move an inch from the spot, so I had to return without a witness."

"Santuram, you're mistaken," answered the judge. "The moment the tree received my note, it immediately hurried here and explained to me exactly what had happened. Now listen to my verdict: Anturam must return you your money and he will serve a year's sentence in prison for deception."

Anturam, to be sure, had not expected such a sentence and began complaining, "Your Worship! I sat beside you all the time, and I certainly didn't see any tree come to you. How can you say that the tree was here and bore witness?"

The judge answered, "You fool, don't you realize that your own tongue bore witness in place of the tree? When you first came to me, you swore that you had never been in any forest, that you hadn't seen any tree. If that was the case, how could you know when Santuram was halfway there? From this it is clear that you knew where the tree was. And if you knew where it stood, then you were there beneath it with Santuram."

And thus the honest Santuram won his case and the liar Anturam got a well-deserved punishment.

You will find more than a hundred other fairy tales in the book *The Fairy Tale Tree* (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1961). This fine collection contains stories from more than fifty countries. Some of the tales are old and familiar, but most will be new to you. In each case, the authors have gone back to the original stories and retold them in language that is fresh and sparkling.

You may also want to read:

The Wonder Clock: or Four and Twenty Marvelous Tales
by Howard Pyle (Harper & Row, 1915)

Once Upon a Time: Twenty Cheerful Tales
edited by Rose Dobbs (Random House, 1950)

Ride With the Sun
edited by Harold Courlander (Whittlesey House, 1955)

Noodlehead Stories from Around the World
by M. A. Jagendorf (Vanguard Press, 1957)

Japanese Fairy Tales
translated by Mildred Marmur (Golden Press, 1960)

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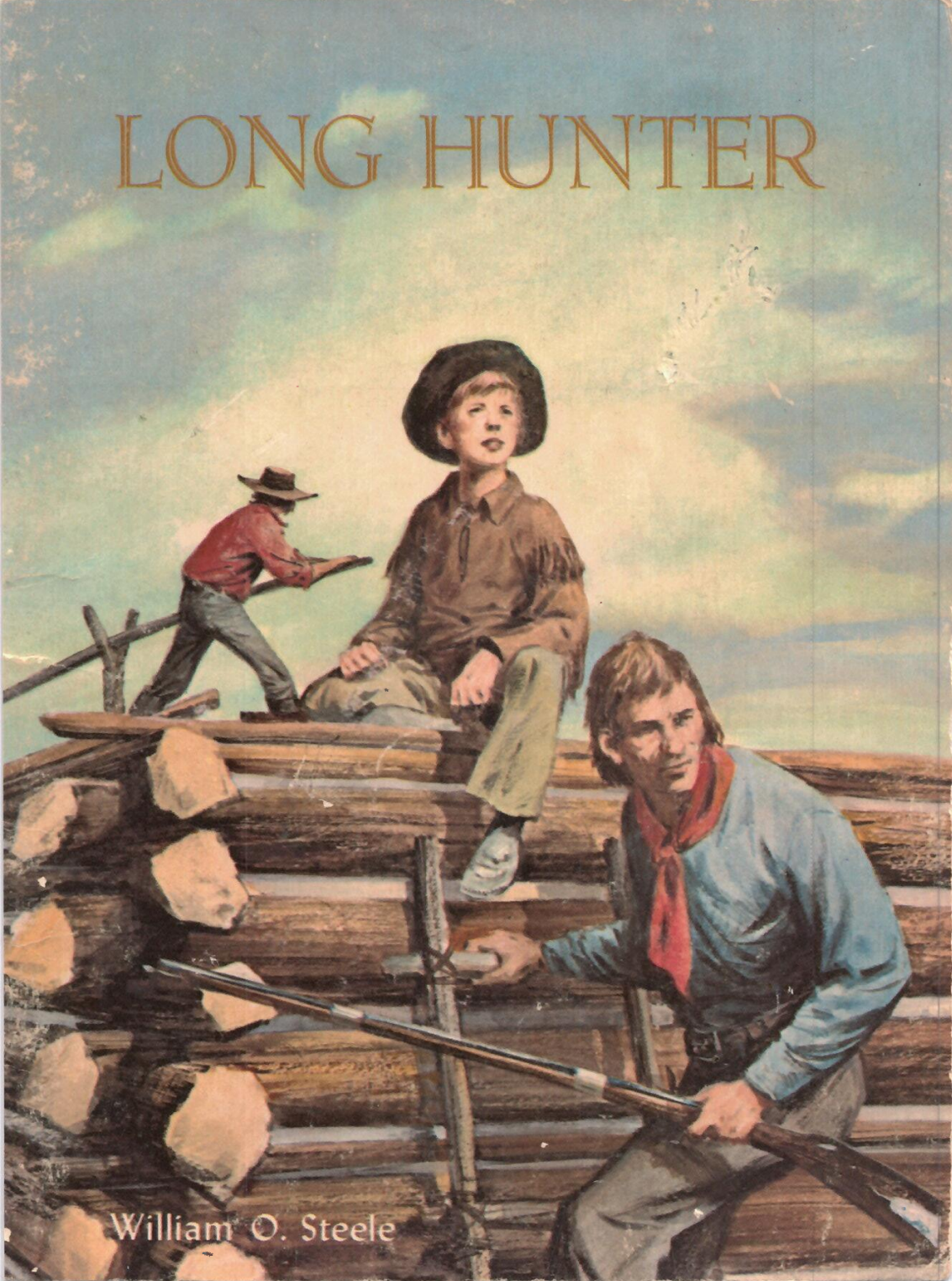
LONG HUNTER



William O. Steele

LONG HUNTER

by William O. Steele

Andy dreamed of being a "long hunter" like his Uncle Az. He too wanted to fight Indians, shoot bears, and tell tall tales.

Finally Andy got his chance. His family was moving into new territory. They would travel down the Tennessee River by flatboat. It was to be a testing time for Andy.

When the Indian war canoes began closing in on the small river party, Andy knew that he would have to meet the challenge to his courage.

LONG HUNTER

BY WILLIAM O. STEELE
ILLUSTRATED BY HAMILTON GREENE

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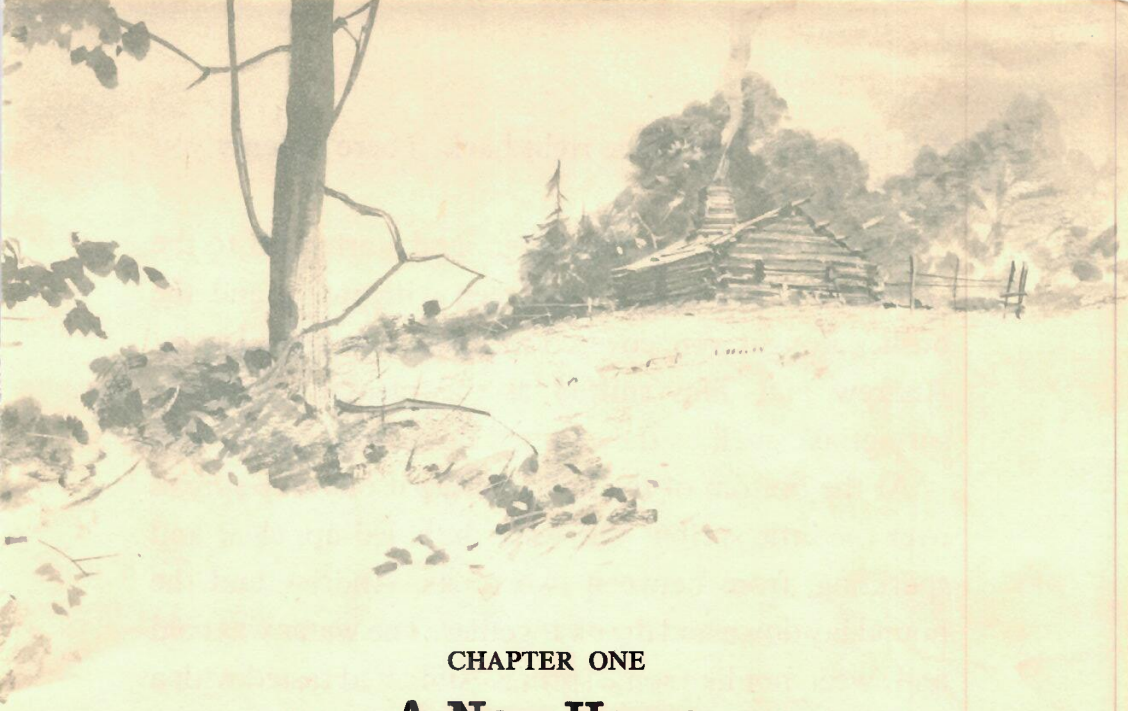


CHAPTER ONE

A New Home

"Andrew! Andrew Clark, where are you?"

"Yes'm, Ma, here I am," answered Andrew, coming out of the service berry bushes, followed by his old hound dog, Silas.

His mother smiled. "I declare, Andy, sometimes I think you and that dog are growed together. Can't one move without the other."

Andrew grinned and the dog pressed against his leg.

"Here," Mrs. Clark went on, handing him a wooden bucket. "Go down to the spring and fetch me this piggin

full of water. And come right back. There's plenty you can do here."

Andy took the wooden piggin and started off to the spring. The little path was green with moss, and the bushes along it were covered with tiny new green leaves. Andrew and Silas sniffed at the pleasant, woodsy, springtime smell as they trotted down into the hollow.

At the bottom of the hollow a great oak tree spread over the little spring. The water bubbled up, clear and sparkling, from between two rocks. Andrew and the hound lay down and drank together. The water was cold and sweet, not like some springs Andy had tasted with a bitter tang of iron or a sickening smell of sulphur.

He filled his piggin and set it down while he ran over to the little pool the spring made when it swirled around the oak tree. Across one side of the pool floated a thin jelly full of frog's eggs. Andrew counted the tadpoles. Twelve new ones since he had been here this noon!

He ran back to pick up his bucket, and as he stooped for it, he noticed Silas staring up the hill, his ears cocked and his tail still. Andy listened hard. Who was coming? Suppose it was—Indians!

Lots of times he'd heard of Indians hiding by a spring to catch boys who came down for water. For a minute

he was so scared he couldn't move a muscle, he just stayed leaning over with his hand braced on the piggin handle. Then he straightened up. What a tomfool he'd been. Silas would have barked if he'd smelled an Indian. It must be the dog had seen a squirrel or a rabbit.

No, someone was coming, but someone who was whistling softly and carrying a piggin like himself. It was Isaac Brown, coming for water.

"Hi," said Isaac.

"Hi," answered Andy. He was a little shy with Isaac. Although Isaac's father's land ran beside Andrew's father's fields, the two boys had never been friendly. During the two years the Browns had been neighbors of the Clarks, Isaac had been away in Salisbury for a good part of the time. When he was at home, he was too busy helping his pa to play much with other boys. Isaac was the oldest of the Brown children. Andy was thankful for his older brother and sister, who did most of the chores.

Isaac was ten, nearly a year older than Andrew. Last winter they had gone to the field schoolmaster's together to learn their letters. Isaac was quick at his books, Andrew remembered, but he was good at running and wrestling too. Just as the two boys had begun to get acquainted, Isaac's uncle had come from Salisbury and

taken his nephew to town with him again. Isaac had returned only two weeks ago.

Now things were different. From tomorrow on, Isaac and Andrew would have to be best friends. In fact they would be only friends for the next few months. Tomorrow Isaac's family and Andrew's family, with all their belongings including the dogs and pigs and chickens, would go aboard the big flatboat Mr. Clark and Mr. Brown had built, and sail down the Tennessee River.

Tomorrow they would begin the long and dangerous voyage to the French Salt Lick to make their homes one thousand miles away from the Holston River settlement. It gave Andy the shivers just thinking about it. His hands felt hot and cold with excitement. He didn't know how he'd ever *wait* 'til tomorrow morning.

"You folks all ready?" asked Andrew, feeling grown-up.

"We're all ready," said Isaac, and he stooped and filled his piggin.

Isaac set the water down and, reaching inside his shirt, drew out his pocketknife. He opened it and, going over to the big oak tree, began to work on the place where he had carved his initials and the date on the trunk of the tree—*I. B. 1782*. He pushed the steel blade

deep into the wood as though he wanted to make sure the marks stayed on that tree a long time.

Andrew watched enviously. More than anything in the world he wanted a knife of his own, a knife to whittle and carve and skin rabbits with, one he could heave at trees and Indians. He didn't want a pocketknife with a folding blade like Isaac's; he wanted a long, shining, hunting knife like the one his Uncle Aswell, who was a Long Hunter, carried.

To keep himself from thinking about the knife he began to talk about the trip. "Isaac, reckon we'll see many Chickamauga Indians when we get down to the Great Bend? Reckon there'll be any shooting?"

"I don't care," said Isaac gruffly.

"Don't care? What's the matter?" asked Andrew.

"I don't want to go," said Isaac, turning his head away.

"Don't want to go?" Andy was astonished. He simply could not believe it. "You mean you don't want to go down the Tennessee and see the Chickamaugas and Muscle Shoals and all the new country at French Salt Lick?"

"No," said Isaac shortly. "I want to go to Salisbury and live with my uncle. He wants me to come. He's got

a store there, and he'd learn me to be a storekeeper if I'd come. I already know a heap about it."

Isaac turned, then, with sparkling eyes to Andrew and spoke with enthusiasm.

"You ought to see what he's got in his store. Furs, and cloth dyed every color you can think of, and all the sugar you could eat, and guns and knives and hatchets. And things you ain't never seen—glass for windows, clocks to tell the time by, and dishes that ain't made out of wood or pewter. That's a fine sight, I can tell you."

"You mean you'd want to live in Salisbury? In a *town?"* asked Andrew.

"You ain't never been there," said Isaac. "You don't know what a fine thing it is to walk on a street, instead of slipping on a muddy old cowpath. And houses, setting as close to each other as I am to you, and a church and a schoolhouse, and . . . and . . . and a real jail!"

"I wouldn't like it," said Andrew firmly. "I like to be out in the woods, and I can't hardly wait till I'm big enough to go out and shoot me a deer or a bear."

"It's all right to live in the woods," answered Isaac, "but me, I want to get to town and get some real book-learning and *be* somebody."

"Well, why don't you go, then?" demanded Andy.

Isaac straightened his shoulders and looked serious and older. "Because my pa needs me. I'm the oldest at my house and my pa'll need help when he goes to a new place and starts clearing fields and building a cabin." He stooped for his piggin. "I got to go."

"Me, too," said Andrew, remembering his mother's warning to come right back. He scooted up his path without looking back at Isaac going up the other way.

There was a horse tied to the sycamore tree by the front door when Andy got back to the cabin. He almost spilled the water hurrying to get in. That was Sal, his Uncle Aswell's mare.

Andrew reckoned nobody ever had an uncle like his Uncle Aswell. Maybe if Isaac's uncle had been like Uncle Aswell, Isaac would have known how much better it was to live in the woods than in the town—how much freer and cleaner and more exciting and, well, better. When Uncle Aswell talked about the Long Hunts he made, about Indians and about the forests and rivers, it was almost more than Andrew could do to stay home and sleep in his bed.

He wanted to be off down the trails, into the woods. He wanted to go where white men had never gone before, and come home to tell the others of sights he had

seen, great rivers and mountains, plains where buffalo and deer grazed in herds of thousands. Oh, the tales Uncle Az could tell of game he had seen and shot and trapped!

Andy's mother met him at the door and took the piggin. "Mercy on us, Andrew. You were gone such a time I made sure a catamount had you. Come in and speak to your Uncle Aswell."

Andy did not need to be told. "Uncle Az, Uncle Az!" he yelled, flinging himself on the tall young man with the brown beard who sat by the table.

Uncle Aswell laughed and grabbed Andy's hair with one big hard hand and pulled it gently.

"How many bears you shot since I seen you last?" he asked teasingly.

"About a thousand, I reckon," said Andrew. "I killed three or four down at the spring just now, just little bitty ones. That's how come I took so long," and he grinned at his mother.

"You ready to go down the river?" Uncle Aswell asked. Mrs. Clark set a plate full of food in front of him and he began to eat.

"I sure am," exclaimed Andy. "Why don't you come with us?"

"Why don't you come on the trail with me? We'd get there first."

"Now, Aswell," said Mrs. Clark. "Don't go putting notions in Andy's head. He's hard enough to hold down as it is."

"Your mammy thinks you're too young to go on the trail, lad," said Uncle Aswell sadly, shaking his head. "But anyway, you ought to go along with your folks to help fight the Indians."

Andy would much rather have taken the overland route through Kentucky with Uncle Aswell. He guessed Kentucky was full of Indians! He knew nine was too young to go on the trail, but he couldn't help feeling he'd be a help to his uncle. Still, maybe going by water through Chickamauga country wouldn't be so bad. Maybe he'd scalp a few Indians, just to show them he was almost ready to be a Long Hunter like Uncle Az.

CHAPTER TWO

On the River

Andy sat on the roof of the flatboat, wondering why he'd ever wanted to go to the French Salt Lick anyway. It was a week, now, since they'd left their home. The river got longer and the flatboat got smaller every day.

The boat was really a huge raft made of split logs. Its front was sloping, slanted from the top to the waterline. A flat-roofed cabin took up the rear half of the raft, and from the top of this cabin the men did all the steering and poling. The deck in front of the cabin was enclosed with a wooden wall higher than Andy's head, so if he wanted to see anything, he had to go up on the cabin

roof. On this lower enclosed deck were the crude pens for the dogs and pigs and chickens.

Andy was tired of playing games with Isaac and the girls. It seemed as though he didn't have room to stretch out his legs any more. He'd give a barrel of powder for the chance to spend an hour running in the woods.

Suddenly he stood up and glanced about him. Mr. Brown was steering the flatboat to the bank. What was the matter? Why were they stopping here in the middle of the day?

Isaac's head appeared over the roof's edge, and he scrambled up, calling to his father who was steering, "Pa, Pa. Are we going to stop? What for?"

Mr. Brown grinned at his son. "We thought we'd tie up here and let you boys chase rabbits for a spell."

Andy wanted to jump off the boat and swim to shore. He thought he couldn't wait to get his feet on the ground.

A wide meadow stretched away from the riverbank to the foot of a little hill. The grass was so green and fresh and springy underfoot it was a pleasure to run on. Andy's moccasin-clad feet flew over the field with Isaac close behind, as he headed for the little creek that flowed into the river.

A few feet from the stream a bird flew up suddenly right under him, and he jumped a yard in the air, while the bird sailed away screaming, "Killdee, killdee." Andy flopped backward against Isaac and the two boys fell in a heap on the grass, laughing and panting. They leaped up and once again ran, chasing each other, yelling and shrieking, until finally they fell breathless in the grass.

Looking around they could see Andy's sister Kate gathering wild flowers with the younger children, while Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Clark spread clothes to dry in the hot sun. Presently the two fathers walked by carrying their rifles.

"You boys stay in sight of the boat," said Mr. Clark. "Remember, now, bears and snakes are hungry and mean this time of year."

"We will," the two boys promised. Together they watched the hunters go up the hill and disappear into the woods. They lay on the warm earth watching the clear blue sky where killdees flapped and screamed. They broke sweet-gum sticks from a bough nearby and chewed the twigs a bit, and then they got up and threw rocks at the water striders on the creek. They jumped back and forth across the little stream while the frightened minnows darted from shadow to shadow.

Now that they were off the boat, they were good companions, though they'd hardly spoken to each other during the past week.

"Come on, Isaac," Andy yelled, coming up to the other boy. "Race you to the top of the hill!"

Andy had to admit that Isaac was a good runner and he had to run hard to keep up with him. But as they scrambled up the slope, pushing their way through blackberry bushes and long grass, Andy's slighter, wirier build stood him in good stead. He reached the top a moment before Isaac, and stood looking around. The blood pumped in his ears and his heart pounded.

As Isaac came up to stand beside him, Andy cocked his head to listen. Ahead and a little to one side, there was a noise of something crashing in the underbrush and a sound of snarling and grunting.

"Animals fighting," Andy breathed. He was about to start off in the direction of the noise when Isaac laid a hand on his arm.

"Your pa said stay in sight of the boat."

Andy twisted his head to look at Isaac. "You scared?"

For a moment Isaac's eyes were angry. "No, I ain't scared. And I reckon your pa'll give you a licking, does he find out."

"He won't find out; it ain't but a little piece over this way," said Andy, trotting off.

Isaac followed through the trees. As they came nearer the noise of fighting they dropped to their knees and crawled through the undergrowth. Andy's heart beat fast with excitement. This was the way his Uncle Aswell hunted in the woods. This was the way a Long Hunter crept up on a buffalo or maybe an Indian camp.

But Isaac glanced behind him. The trees were thick, and he was not quite sure which way they had come. They were out of sight of the boat, and that was certain.

Andy poked his head through an elderberry bush, and stopped. Isaac leaned over his shoulder.

In a clearing just ahead a great elk stood with lowered head, stamping and pawing the earth. A yard or so away a black bear, looking as big as a mountain, reared up on his hind legs. As the boys watched, the bear dropped on all fours and advanced a step, snarling and showing his yellow fangs.

The elk retreated, watching his foe alertly, and the bear reared again. Instantly the elk charged, bellowing with a noise like thunder. Swiftly the bear twisted his

huge body to one side, so that the elk missed him, but the big deer swung around at once, thrusting his pronged horns into the bear's haunch. The bear's great paw crashed against the elk's shoulder and a long red wound appeared on the brown hide.

Isaac in his excitement pressed against Andy till the younger boy nearly fell out into the clearing. As Andy struggled for balance, he glanced across the clearing. For a minute he couldn't believe what he saw. It must be a trick of light on the dry leaves, the lean copper-colored face with the tuft of black hair crowned by feathers.

As he stared at the face in the brush, the Indian moved his small black eyes from the two animals and stared full at Isaac and Andrew.

CHAPTER THREE

Chickamauga!

Andrew's blood froze in his veins. For a moment he stared into the cruel, unwinking eyes of the Chickamauga Indian. He couldn't move a muscle. Then behind him he heard Isaac suck in his breath, and he knew the other boy had seen the Indian too. The sound seemed to set him in motion and there was a wild scurry of boys, branches, and leaves.

Then he was running, back the way they had come, and he could see Isaac a yard or so ahead of him, jumping over sumach and huckleberry bushes as if they

weren't there. Andy reckoned he was going pretty fast himself; the trees and bushes were a black blur going by.

Then all at once his foot caught in a brier and he went head over heels among the underbrush. The breath swooshed out of him as he hit the ground, and for a little bit he had to lie on the damp earth wondering whether the Indian would scalp him with his tomahawk or take him prisoner.

"If only I had a buffalo knife like Uncle Az," he thought desperately.

Finally he managed to scramble to his knees, but his head swam and he couldn't remember which way they had come. He staggered on in what he hoped was the right direction. The undergrowth was thinner now, and he could run more easily as his breath came back to him.

When he heard the Indian coming behind him he really raced. He didn't know he *could* run so fast. His feet never seemed to touch the ground. But he was still scared he had gotten turned around. He ought to be out of the woods by now.

Just then up ahead of him he saw Isaac's fleeing back, and his heart leaped. He wasn't lost, he rejoiced, and at that moment he sped out of the woods and down the little slope. Across the meadow he could see the boat. It

looked like half a world away. He was tired and he could hear his breath coming in great sobbing pants.

And what if they did get away from the Indians and aboard the boat? His father and Mr. Brown were off in the woods and they had the guns with them. Maybe the Indians had already captured the men.

He couldn't hear the Indian behind him any more. He remembered what his Uncle Az had told him, that any white boy who was a good sprinter could outrun an Indian for a short distance. The Indians did their best running over a long distance. They could run for days without stopping, with the endurance of a horse. Andy had his second wind now and he felt as if he could run a good long way himself.

He raised his eyes to the boat, and suddenly saw Mr. Brown leaning over the side while Mr. Clark swung himself down to the riverbank. Andy's father ran a few steps toward the boys and raised his rifle. Andy was almost even with him when he fired, and the sound of the shot roared in his ears.

Andy scrambled up the side of the boat a second after Isaac, and fell to the deck. He lay on the rough floor, wondering if he would ever get his heart to stop pounding and his ribs to stop pumping. He could hear his

father and Mr. Brown talking, and then Mr. Clark climbed up the side.

The two men pushed the boat away from the shore with the poles, and Andy reckoned he couldn't remember ever being as glad as he was when he felt the river tugging the big flatboat downstream. When the Indians were around, it was a heap safer to be out in the river.

Andy sat up. His mother, Mrs. Brown, and Kate were peering over the side of the boat. The smaller children sat watching Isaac and Andy. Mr. Clark swung down off the cabin roof, still holding his rifle.

"Where are they, Tom?" asked Mrs. Clark. "I wore my eyes out looking, and I ain't seen a one."

"Wasn't but one after the boys, and he ran back when I fired," he answered, stopping beside his wife. "But we found signs there was a good-sized party of 'em. A hunting party out after meat for the whole village. That's how come us to get right on back. We may have a fight with 'em yet. When you can't see the red devils is the time to worry about 'em most."

He turned and looked down at the two boys. "I reckon you know you like to got yourselves killed, and all of us too. I told you not to go out of sight of the boat." His voice was stern, and Andy quailed.

"You ought to get the licking of your life, but I reckon you got scared bad enough to teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry. Next time I tell you to do something, you *do* it, less'n you want your hide taken off." He gave Andy's shoulder a hard shake.

"Now all of you get back in the cabin. Andy, you knock out the loopholes. If these fellers decide to pick a fight, we'll be ready for 'em."

Andy went soberly into the cabin with the rest. He

hoped his pa wouldn't tell Aswell what a woodenhead he'd been. He glanced at Isaac out of the corner of his eye, remembering how Isaac had said not to go, and hoping Isaac didn't remember. Still it *had* been exciting, seeing the fight with the elk and the bear, even being chased by a real Indian.

He began to feel more cheerful as he took the moss and mud out of the loopholes. He held up his hands as though he were holding a rifle and shot several imaginary Indians, squeezing the trigger as his Uncle Az had taught him, so that he wouldn't flinch and spoil his aim. The Indians would have to be pretty good marksmen to hit a man through one of these small holes, Andy reflected.

He hoped the Indians did come after them. Well, he didn't really hope they did, but if there should be a fight, he reckoned he could do his share. He glanced out of the peephole he had just cleared, and what he saw made him pause and look more closely.

Andy turned, dashed out of the cabin, and climbed up on the roof.

"Now what ails Andy?" asked Mrs. Clark, looking up from her work. "Ain't he done enough running for one day?"

"Look, Pa, quick!" cried Andy on the roof, and his father turned to where Andy pointed.

"Dugouts!" Mr. Clark exclaimed. "Three of 'em!"

"You got sharp eyes, Andy," said Mr. Brown, inspecting the three Indian boats. They were hollowed-out logs with shaped and pointed ends, drawn up among the bushes along the shore. "I'd have figured them was logs sure."

Andy almost burst with pride.

"Now, son, you get on back down in the cabin. We don't aim to fight less'n we have to, but it looks like we might have to. Tell Mrs. Brown and your ma to get out the bullet mold and lead. And don't get the little ones all riled up. It ain't nothing to worry 'bout."

While Mr. Clark talked, he scanned the shore closely, looking for the Indians. The boat was already rounding a bend, shutting out the views of the dugouts and the shore.

"Now, go on down. Tell your ma I'll be down in a little spell."

CHAPTER FOUR

Indian Fighter

Andy scrambled down and burst into the cabin. "Ma! Ma! Pa says get out the mold and the lead. We just passed three dugouts pulled up on the bank. Pa says we're going to have a fight."

"Andy, be quiet. There ain't no call to wake the baby," said Mrs. Clark matter-of-factly. She leaned over the fire and stirred the stew. "Kate, you get the bullet mold. It's in that bundle along with the other cooking pot and the spoons."

Mrs. Brown laid the sleeping baby on a bunk and spread a coverlet over her. Now she came to help Mrs. Clark rake up the coals into a pile to melt the lead. Kate

rummaged for the mold and Isaac and Andy fetched a bar of lead.

The riverbank moved by peacefully, the trees in their new green leaves shining in the sun, and here and there a pink-flowered tree his ma called a Judas tree, or a white dogwood or haw gleamed among the green. But Andy's eyes went to every shadow and thicket, trying to catch a glimpse of bright cloth or feathers, or shining copper skin.

He looked back into the room. Nobody seemed much excited about the Indians. Kate and the two women worked around the fire talking quietly. Peggy and Dan played on the floor with some small gourds, a few mussel shells, and some acorns. Only Isaac had gone to stare out of the loophole at the rear.

As Andy watched, Isaac's back stiffened and he cried, "Yonder they come!"

Andy sprang to the loophole and pushed Isaac aside. For a minute the sun on the water made it hard for him to see, but he soon made out the three swiftly moving dugouts. There were five Indians in each of the boats, but Andy couldn't see how many had rifles. Aswell said that the Chickamaugas mostly hunted with bows and arrows to save powder and lead.

"Reckon Pa's seen 'em?" he asked breathlessly.

"Now what do you reckon your pa's standing up on that roof for?" asked his mother. "Of course he's seen 'em."

The door to the cabin opened and Mr. Clark came in. "Now don't worry. Just stay inside the cabin." He glanced around to see that all the loopholes were open.

"Pa," begged Andy. "Pa, can I shoot your old musket? Can I? I know where it is."

Mr. Clark gave him a long look. "I reckon you can, Andy. Now don't start shooting first. Let them start anything that's started. And remember that old musket ain't any good for distance. Don't go wasting powder and lead shooting before they come in range. Let 'em come up real close."

His father closed the door and Andrew ran to get the musket. Isaac stood at the loophole, and his mother called, "Isaac, run get a bucket of water 'fore they get here."

Andy took the other boy's place at the rear loophole. He glanced out and saw the three dugouts coming swiftly toward the flatboat. By the time Isaac returned with the water, the Indians were almost up with them. He ran to the side loophole.

One of the dugouts shot ahead of the other two, and those two moved in closer to the flatboat. Andy could see the Indians, bows in hands, outlined against the bright water. His own hands tightened on the old musket. Just a little nearer and he could shoot. Surely they would come close enough for him to shoot.

Suddenly one of the Indians gave a terrible cry, the war whoop, and immediately arrows flew thick at the flatboat. There was a roar of a rifle overhead, and then in a second another roar. From one of the boats came an answering fire. One of the Indians must have a gun.

Now surely, thought Andy, wiping his sweaty hand across his shirt, now surely they must be close enough to shoot at. But no, they were going off again out of range, and the two rifles overhead thundered out, one after another. Gradually the two boats moved in closer again. Andrew wondered what had become of the third.

He looked around but he could see no sign of it, and then he looked back to see the two dugouts closer than ever. Excitedly he sighted along the barrel of the gun. He drew a deep breath, steadied himself as best he could, aimed carefully, and slowly squeezed the trigger.

The noise of the explosion and the jolt of the gun were almost enough to knock Andy flat on his back.

He staggered a few steps backward with the wind about knocked out of him and then he pushed close to the loophole, seeking the Indian he had shot at. The man still sat in the dugout, holding his shoulder. Andy was disappointed. He'd aimed for the Indian's head, but the brave's face was twisted in pain and bright blood seeped between his fingers.

Andy stared fascinated as the stream of red increased and ran down the Chickamauga's bare chest and arm. Suddenly Andy flung down the musket and turned away from the loophole. He felt half sick, and the cabin was suffocating him. The room looked so dark and little and the heat from the fire was terrific. Without thinking of his father's warning, he half-stumbled and half-ran to the cabin door and threw it open.

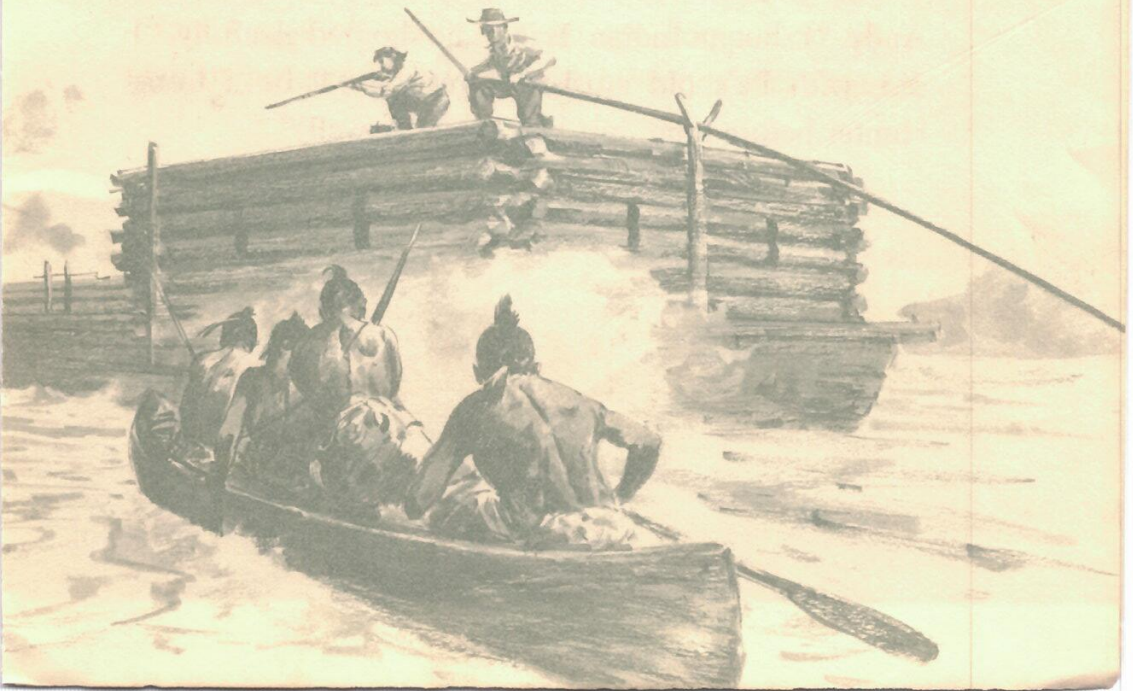
As he stepped out on the sunny deck, a Chickamauga's face appeared over the wall of the prow straight

ahead of him. The third dugout had come up under the sloping prow of the flatboat and now the Indians were coming aboard!

"Paaa!" howled Andy. "Oh, Pa."

Then right over his head came the sound of a gun, and the Chickamauga disappeared. Mr. Clark sprang to the deck beside Andy and shoved him roughly to one side, rushing into the cabin.

Andrew cowered against the cabin wall, watching another Indian's hands appear on the top of the wooden fence. His father rushed by him carrying the iron cooking pot. Mr. Clark stepped up on a box and quickly emptied the smoking stew over the occupants of the dugout below.



There were groans and splashes, and Andy ran back into the cabin. He stood at the door looking out and saw his father jump down from the box and pick up his rifle before he climbed back on the cabin roof. There were a few more shots, and then silence for a long while.

Andy went to a loophole and looked out. He couldn't see a sign of the Indians. The river was as lonesome and peaceful as ever. Andy began to recover.

"Come on, Isaac," he said and went out on the walled deck.

Mr. Brown came down from the roof, leaving Mr. Clark to steer the boat. He grinned at the boys. "Here's a couple of real Indian fighters," he said to the women as they came out with the smaller children.

The greatness of the occasion began to dawn on Andy. "I shot an Indian, Isaac," he shouted gleefully. "I did, with Pa's old musket! I reckon I'll be a Long Hunter before long, just like Uncle Aswell!"

It's still a long way to the family's new home. You may read all about Andy's exciting trip downriver in *The Buffalo Knife,* by William O. Steele (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1952). You will feel that you are there, sharing Andy's adventures.

You may also want to read:

Flaming Arrows
by William O. Steele (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1957)

Matchlock Gun
by Walter D. Edmonds (Dodd, Mead, 1941)

River Dragon
by Carl D. Lane (Little, Brown, 1948)

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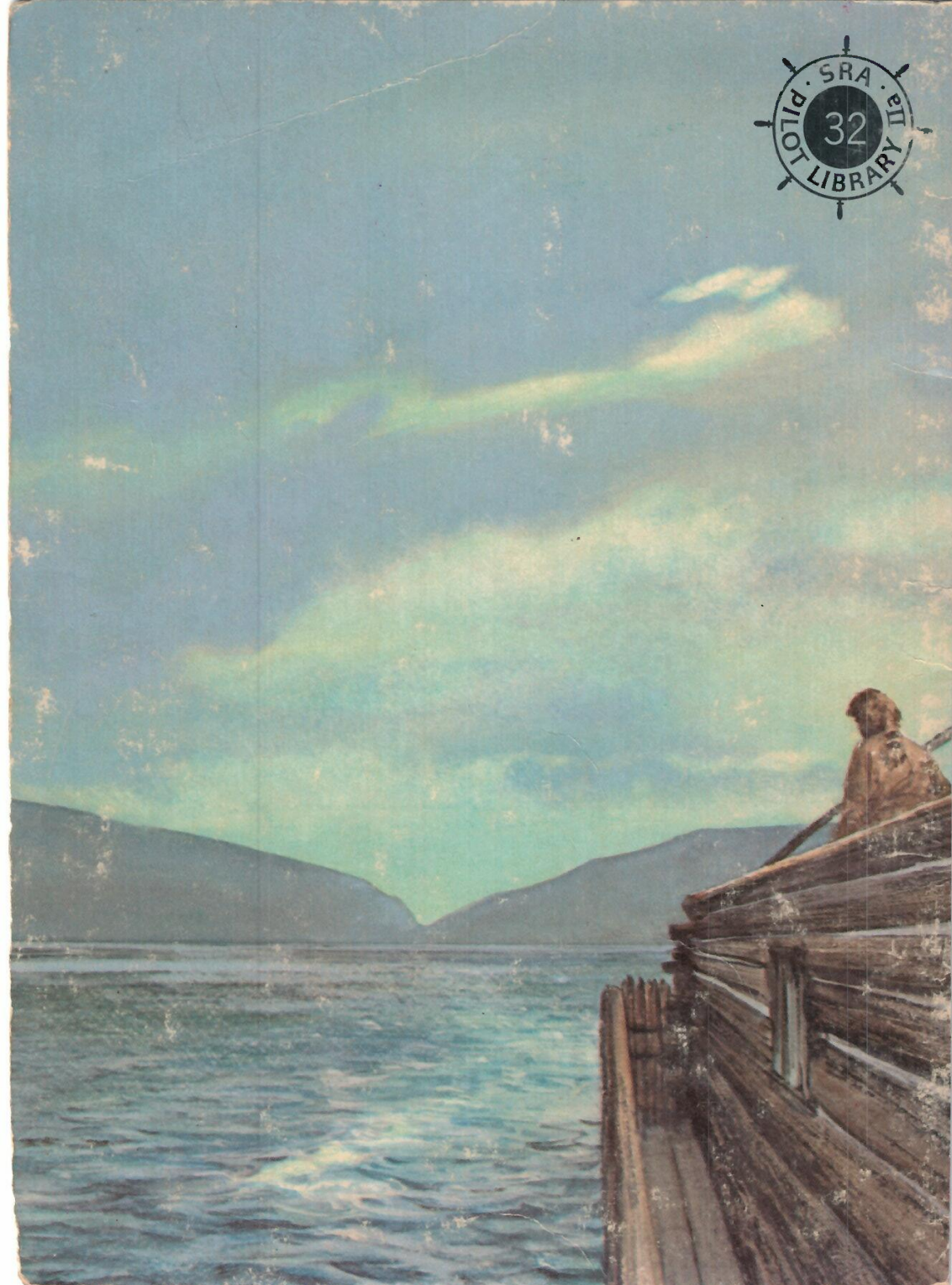
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Small but Wiry

Eleanor Estes

SMALL BUT WIRY

by Eleanor Estes

Janey didn't know much about sports. Mostly she didn't know about basketball. But she knew from reading her brother's books that the hero always scored the winning basket. That's what she wanted to do. Be a hero.

These were only daydreams until one of the big girls hurt her ankle and couldn't play in the championship game. And there was nobody to take her place but Janey.

Someone threw the ball to her, and suddenly she was part of that yelling, bouncing, whistling, and stamping called basketball. Janey had no idea what was going on, even after everyone started cheering—for her!

Small but Wiry

Small but Wiry

By
ELEANOR ESTES

Illustrated by
LOUIS SLOBODKIN

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The New Gymnasium

When the new parish house was built, there was a splendid gymnasium added to it. Sometimes when Janey Moffat was sitting on the Green, resting from a hike up on Shingle Hill and watching the ants, she could hear the junior girls' basketball team practicing. She could hear the umpire's shrill whistle, the yelling and shouting and stamping of the players, and the ball bouncing across the floor or banging against the backboards. It

sounded like a lot of fun. Sometimes Janey thought she should join the basketball team and stop watching the ants.

Here was this lovely new gymnasium with the new plaster smell to it, and none of the Moffats belonged! It seemed too bad. When the new gymnasium was finished, the minister in the pulpit had said:

"The gymnasium belongs to you. To all of you. Use it, and rejoice that we now have such a splendid gymnasium for our young people."

Whenever Janey saw the minister, she felt self-conscious to think that none of the Moffats, not one of them, belonged to the gymnasium. He would think the Moffats did not appreciate it. They all four belonged to the library, all four went to school, went to Sunday school, and dancing school too, except Rufus, who was the littlest. Yet none of them belonged to the gymnasium. ". . . A splendid gymnasium for our young people," murmured Jane, remembering the words of the minister.

She, Janey, was one of the young people and she had set foot in the new gymnasium only once, the night of the parish house apple blossom bazaar. "I should join," she thought.

Just then some of the basketball girls came out onto the Green to rest. They were dressed in white middy blouses and bloomers. They all wore sneakers.

Janey loved sneakers. She had hers on today, too. She could run like lightning in them, and always beat the trolley cars except the Bridgeport Express. Almost like flying. She didn't have any of those big bloomers. But maybe Mama would make her a pair out of the blue serge skirt she had torn jumping over the back fence.

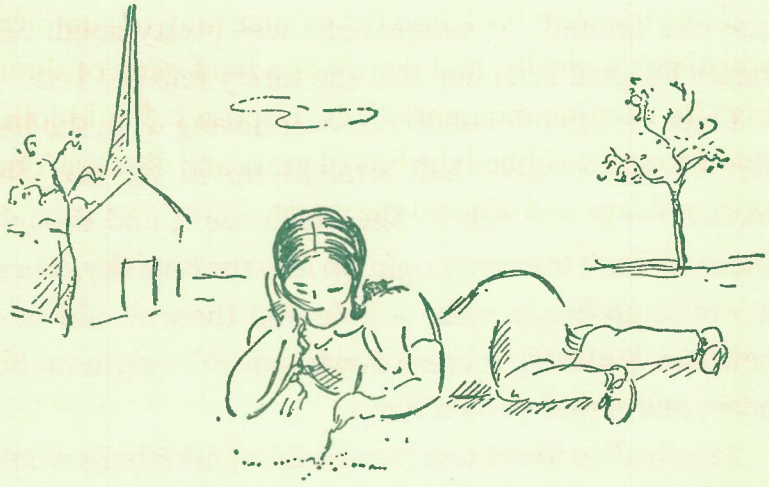
Should she join? She pondered this question. She considered other sports. At most games of ball she was none too good. She might as well be honest about that. Her brother Joey would seldom play ball with her, preferring little Rufus even, unless there was absolutely no one else around. At croquet she was pretty good. She rarely finished first; but also she rarely finished last.

Once, in a fit of exuberance over having won, she had thrown the croquet ball straight up in the air. She looked for it to catch it. She didn't see it and thought she must have thrown it right up into the blue sky, where it would probably make a hole and there would be a new sun. Suddenly it came down—ouch!—right on her head, and raised quite a lump.

Jane had an idea these tremendous basketballs would

be easier to catch. You could encircle them with your whole body and hug.

"I should join." Jane blissfully pictured herself tossing the ball through the basket as easily as flipping tiddlywinks into the cup. She would win the game and be carried on the other girls' shoulders, like the heroes in the books that Joey was always reading. At the last moment when her side was losing and the game seemed to be lost, she would slip in sidewise, flip the ball up, and it would fall clean through. The game would be saved and, "Hurrah for Jane Moffat!" everybody would yell. Her side had won, thanks to her cunning.



More exciting still, the ball would land on the rim of the basket, teeter back and forth for several seconds with all the players on her side willing it in, and she willing the hardest, and all the players on the other side willing it to fall outside. But of course in a breath-taking moment the ball would slide in, and again, "Hurrah for Janey Moffat!" everybody would yell.

These were very pleasant thoughts. Jane turned over on her back, stared vacantly at the clouds, and wondered why she had not considered joining the basketball team sooner. It was rather late in the season, but possibly by joining now she would save the team from a season of disgrace. This sometimes happened in the books she read.

The girls went back into the gymnasium, the umpire's whistle blew shrilly, and there was a loud burst of shouting. An exciting moment! "Yes, I s'pose I should join," said Jane. She rubbed the bits of grass and clover off her skirt and legs and crossed the street.

Tryout

Jane pushed open the door into the new parish house. It still smelled of plaster and paint. She tiptoed through the assembly room and skirted the little platform where the minister stood. There was a white sheet tacked on the wall behind this, swaying in the breeze. Here, every Friday evening, the minister showed his lantern slides of his journey to the Holy Land.

The door that led into the gymnasium was ajar and she went in. Goodness, what a noise! Screaming. Yelling. Bouncing. Banging. Stamping. Jane hugged the side wall and moved cautiously over to the back window, which looked out on the carbarn next door to the gymnasium.

She leaned her elbows against the window sill and watched the practicing. No one noticed her and she was glad of that. The players were all wrapped up in what they were doing. Jane didn't see how any of them could tell what they were doing, though. She thought the idea of the game was to get the ball through the basket. However, they seemed often to miss what looked to Jane like marvelous opportunities to toss it in, but bounced it off somewhere else.

"Oh, I am stupid," muttered Jane. "Of course some are supposed to keep the others from doing what they want to do."

That was the game of it!

Jane was beginning to think that she should read more books and find out what the rules were. And just then the umpire blew her whistle and everything stopped. The girls came over to the side seats and sat around in groups and talked and laughed.

All of a sudden someone grabbed Jane around the shoulders. It was Mary Jetting, a girl a class or two ahead of Jane in school. M. J. Her initials were the same as Jane's, only backwards.

"Hello, Jane," she said. "I didn't know you played basketball."

Jane smiled.

"Do you want to join the team?"

Jane smiled again, saying neither yes nor no. She wasn't sure.

"Come on, Jane. Help us out. Midge Egan sprained her ankle, had to drop out. We're in a pickle. Big game in half an hour. We're warmin' up now. How about it?"

Jane smiled again. She felt embarrassed because everybody had gathered around and was staring at her.

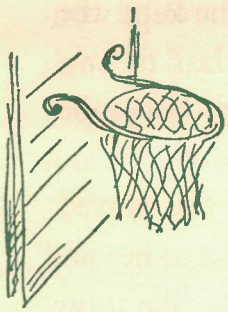
"Aw, she's too small," said one big girl.

"She's not," defended Mary Jetting. "She's small. But not too small. She's probably fast and wiry and can dart in and out like an eel. I know her type."

Dart in and out like an eel, thought Jane. She would remember that.

"Can you throw a basket?" asked someone.

Before Jane could answer, someone thrust the huge round basketball into her arms.



"Let's see you throw a basket, Pee-wee," the girl said.

Jane felt too shy to resist, and ran out onto the shiny floor.

"I hope it's as easy as tiddly-winks," she thought dubiously.

The ball seemed enormous. She stopped below the basket. She held the ball high above her head a second, popping off several buttons from her guimpe as she did so. Then she threw the ball with all her strength. Up, up, and into the basket. No teetering on edges. A clean throw! Right through the basket!

The girls screamed. They cheered and blew whistles. Jane stood below the basket, embarrassed. She looked down at her sneakers. She was surprised herself. And she was a little proud, but she was resolved not to grow puffy or stuck-up about it.

"Where've you *been* all these weeks, Pee-wee?" Mary Jetting said.

"Just around," replied Jane modestly. She kept wondering to herself whether she had sent that ball through the basket by accident or because she really was good.

The big girl on the team had the same doubts. "Do it again, Pee-wee," she said implacably.

Jane grabbed the ball again. She hugged it to her and stood under the basket, hoping for the best. She threw the ball again. This time she threw it so hard she broke one of the straps of her suspender dress. But the ball shot up and up and clean through the basket again, as beautifully as the first time.

For a moment everybody stood there in silence. Jane was struck dumb herself. Suddenly everybody burst into cheers.

While the girls cheered, Janey again fastened her eyes on her sneakers in modesty, and tried not to smile too hard or seem self-satisfied. Then the team formed in a circle, and keeping up a steady, running gait the players took turns throwing baskets.

Jane got the ball in the basket every time it was her turn to throw.

She didn't understand it herself. Beginner's luck, she decided. While this warming up was going on, the other team rushed into the gymnasium. With a yip-yippy-yip,

they too formed into a circle and started warming up at the other end of the hall. "Like Indians dancing around the campfire," thought Jane.

Suddenly the umpire blew her shrill whistle. All the girls on both teams rushed to the middle of the floor. And Jane was part of that yelling, bouncing, whistling, and stamping she had listened to so many times from the Green when she was watching the ants. She had no idea what was going on. Everybody else seemed to know. But she didn't.

There were three things that Jane knew definitely about basketball. One was you tried to get the ball through the basket. Another was you must not run with the ball. Just bounce it where it was going, or pass it. Then Mary Jetting had said she could weave in and out like an eel. Weaving in and out like an eel really made three things she knew.

If it were left to Jane she would have preferred to spend the entire time throwing baskets. She was so good at that. She wasn't so good at bouncing. Someone always got the ball away from her. So until she had a chance to throw baskets, she resolved that weaving in and out like an eel would be her contribution to the game. This she proceeded to do.

"The trouble with this game," she thought as she darted here and there, "is that I can't tell my team from their team." All the girls were wearing white middy blouses and dark-blue bloomers. There must be some way of telling us all apart, Jane reasoned. But she couldn't stand still long enough to figure it out. And Mary Jetting was the only girl she really knew on her team.

All the while Janey was trying to see how you could tell one team from the other, she kept weaving in and out like an eel, fast and wiry, like Mary Jetting had said. She hoped she was doing some good for the right side.

It was very confusing. Especially as some of the girls, Jane assumed they were enemies, occasionally shouted at her, "Hey, kid, get off the floor."

This really embarrassed Jane. She realized she was not dressed properly. Her skirt was tight and had torn at the seams. Her guimpe was sticking out of her skirt. Buttons had popped and her stockings kept falling down.

She wished she could get hold of the ball and throw some baskets. Ah! Ouch! Someone thrust the ball into her stomach, nearly knocking all the breath out of her. Janey's arms automatically closed around the ball. Here was her chance!

She balanced for a second. Then she threw the ball. Up, up, and up! You could almost hear the girls holding their breath. Up and through the basket. Straight through it. Clean. Hurrah! Score! Everybody yelled. Jane pretended she did not realize the yelling was in her honor.

"It's nothin'," she muttered.

Now the game became wilder. Jane's hair came unbraided and it kept falling into her eyes. It was hard to see, and it was hard to have to keep on pulling up her stockings and her petticoat. In spite of these impediments, Jane kept on darting in and out like an eel. She was resolved to play a good game, fast and wiry, to keep her reputation and be a credit to Mary Jetting. Whenever she could, she threw a basket.

The Championship

After a while Jane began to wish she could play a more spectacular part in this game. More baskets! She had thrown three, but she wanted more. One every minute. That's what she wanted. Fast and wiry and slipping in and out like an eel was all right as far as it went, and if it were meant to throw consternation into the ranks of the enemy, she was doing the best she could. However,

throwing baskets, hearing the cheers! That's what she liked.

"Phew!" she breathed, pushing the hair off her forehead and wiping her brow. She was getting tired. Now she would like to win the game quickly, be acclaimed as a hero, and go home. She was horrified when Mary Jetting passed her and said desperately, "We've got to do better. Score's fourteen to six, in their favor."

Gracious! Her side was losing. This would never do. She resolved to stop this weaving in and out like an eel and try to get hold of the ball, throw it through the basket again and again. Get the score up to fourteen at least. But she was so much smaller than most of the other girls that just as she was about to encircle the ball with her arms, somebody came along and bounced it away from her.

"Good work, Pee-wee," Mary Jetting yelled at her once, although she had no idea what she had done. She certainly had not thrown another basket.

With a sigh, Jane resumed her weaving in and out like an eel. She began to wish that someone else would win the game, be acclaimed as a hero, so they could all go home. She paused for a moment, looked up at the basket, thought practice more fun than the actual

game of basketball. And she thought tiddlywinks more fun than practice.

At this moment the whistle blew! The girls yelled! The two teams separated. End of the first half! Janey saw Mary Jetting gather her team in a little circle. Heads close together, legs and feet far apart, the girls looked like a wigwam. The other team did the same. Jane felt left out of things.

"It's probably because I don't have a uniform on," she thought.

Jane took advantage of the lull to braid her hair. She noticed now how you could tell the two teams apart. Mary Jetting and her team had red laces in their middies and the other girls had white ones. Knowing this should be of some help during the rest of the game.

Suddenly her team began chanting:

A-tisket, A-tasket,
Who can throw a basket?
Pee-wee Moffat,
Pee-wee Moffat,
Rah!
Rah!
Rah!

Each "Rah!" was accompanied by the players' right arms shooting straight up in the air.

"Good going, Pee-wee," said Mary, breaking up the group and patting Jane on the back. "But there's tough going ahead. Fourteen to six! Oh! We just can't lose the championship," she moaned. "I don't know where we'd be without you, though."

Jane stuck her stomach out, wiggled her toes around inside of her sneakers, and kept her eyes lowered modestly.

"What's three baskets?" she said. She'd try to get a dozen or so for them in the next half. Save the championship.

The umpire blew her whistle. In a flash the shouting, bouncing, yelling, and stamping began again. Jane lingered on the side a moment and then she ran into the melee, like a dancer who has received her cue. She darted in and out like an eel just as adroitly as before, but now she kept her eyes on the ball every second. She was going to take a more active part in this half. She wasn't going to wait until someone thrust the ball into her arms. She was going to get hold of it herself. This half there was going to be less weaving in and out like an eel and more throwing baskets, she hoped.

A girl came along bouncing the ball. Janey grabbed for it, bursting her other suspender strap as she did so. She got hold of the ball and she threw it wild. The ball hit the edge of the basket and balanced there a second.

"In, in . . ." urged Janey, making a shoving gesture with her arms as though that would help. She even blew hard. Maybe her breath would make the ball fall on the right side. Whether these things helped or not, it did fall through the basket. But the whistle blew and there was a lot of shouting.

"Foul! Foul!" everybody screamed.

"Foul," thought Jane. How terrible! What had she done? Would they put her off the floor? Instead of a hero on people's shoulders, a maker of fouls, sent home in disgrace!

Mary Jetting ran up to her. "Never mind, Pee-wee," she said. "Even the most famous players get the baskets mixed up sometimes. Just like football players sometimes try to make a touchdown at the wrong goal. We've changed baskets, you know."

Jane was comforted a little but when she saw another point tacked onto her opponent's score, she was very miserable. Fifteen to six now. She must retrieve her reputation.

The whistle blew again. In a flash the game was on, hot and furious. Bouncing, yelling, whistling, screaming all began as though there had never been a lull.

Janey began weaving in and out like an eel, being as fast and wiry as possible in order to make up for that foul. She hadn't known it made any difference which basket you got the ball in. She thought any basket would do. It had just been a matter of luck she had thrown it into the right basket in the first place. Well! She was learning a lot.

The trouble was that weaving in and out like an eel was becoming monotonous. To lend variety to this sort of play, Jane tried a private game of "in and out the window." She wove in front of this girl, and behind that. But just baskets! That's what she really liked. Ping! Like a tiddlywink. In the ball went! Then the loud cheers. That was fun.

Jane was getting a little dizzy and she wished she could take time out and fasten her stockings. She bumped into Mary Jetting at this moment.

"Nice going, Pee-wee," said Mary. "But we've got to work fast now. Score's fifteen to fourteen and the game's nearly over." Fifteen to fourteen! Who got all those other baskets? She must have been dreaming.

Jane wove away from Mary. Fifteen to fourteen! Goodness! Something should be done for Mary Jetting's side. Where was the ball now? She looked around the gymnasium. Oops! Someone was about to throw it into the enemy basket. Jane eeled over to her but was too late to prevent the girl from scoring a basket.

Terrible! Now the score was seventeen to fourteen. Jane did not want to see her side lose. But the other team was flushed with victory and yelling, and in a mood like that they could ride the score up higher.

What a Game!

The stamping, yelling, bouncing, and the shrill screams became more excited than ever. The umpire blew her whistle almost constantly. It was really terribly confusing. The worst thing for Jane was the condition her clothes were in. They simply would not stay together. It was hard to keep them on at all, so many buttons and straps had broken. Never would she play basketball

again until she had a real uniform. She was happy to see that the elastic band had broken in some of the others' bloomer legs which flopped about their ankles like pajamas. Whew! What a game!

Jane tried to concentrate her weaving under her own basket, so she would be right there on the spot when the ball came this way and the time came to win the game for her side. Of course a lot of the time the whole bunch of players were out in the middle of the floor or at the other end, and there wasn't anyone for her to dart in and out among. Then she would have to abandon her stronghold under the basket and at least appear to be part of the game. So she'd weave herself back and forth from players to basket and from basket to players, holding herself in readiness.

Suddenly Mary Jetting came bouncing the ball across the floor. She was followed by a stream of yelling, grabbing girls. Mary passed it to Jane. Jane caught it!

"I caught the ball," she yelled in astonishment. Oh, if only Rufus or Joey had seen that!

Who can throw a basket?
Pee-wee Moffat,
Pee-wee Moffat!

Everybody was chanting it. It was a challenge. Jane threw the ball. Up! Up! Ah, up! Right through the basket. The cheering was tremendous. But Jane did not heed the cheers. Instead she ran under the basket, caught the ball as it fell through, backed out onto the floor, and threw again! And it fell through again!

Well! When the ball soared through the basket this second time, such a roar swelled through the gymnasium that several conductors and motormen rushed out of the carbarn with lunch cases in hand, and stuck their elbows into the windows and looked through the side door and cheered too.

The umpire was in a quandary. This was the first game she had ever umpired, for the real umpire was ill. And she didn't know whether a double basket of this sort counted as two scores or not. She quickly got out her little book of rules, both boys' rules and girls' rules, for this team played a little of both. In these books there was no mention of double baskets, either for or against. It seemed to the umpire that a double basket should count as two. Popular opinion, too, was in favor of Janey and a double score, although there were a few dissenting cries from the enemy team.

In the end, since it was so unusual a thing, the umpire

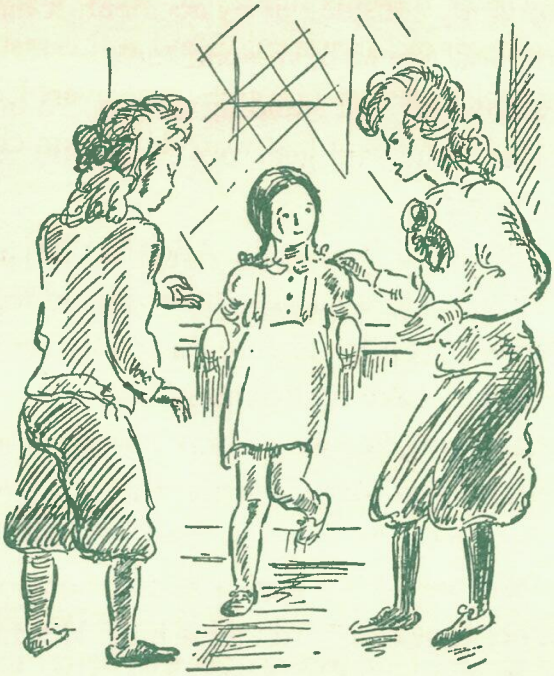
decided to count it. This made the score eighteen to seventeen in favor of Janey's side. And at this instant the five o'clock whistle blew. The game was over! Eighteen to seventeen! Janey's side had won! Her team chanted:

A-tisket, A-tasket,
Who can throw a basket?
Pee-wee Moffat,
Pee-wee Moffat,
Rah!
Rah!
Rah!

Then they all grabbed Jane and they carried her around the room on their shoulders, cheering and yelling. Jane was very embarrassed. It was better to dream of these things. Besides, her clothes were all coming off. Finally they stopped and let her down.

"Would you like to play regular next year?" asked Mary, for this was the last game of the season.

Jane shook her head. "No, thanks," she said. Next year was a long time away and she couldn't promise something so far ahead. Anyway, she had to think it over, whether or not she liked this game. She was very tired. Right now she was inclined to think that she



would rather listen to the game from outside, while she was sitting on the Green, than actually to be in here playing. Of course, all those baskets! They had been fun. But Jane was obliged to admit to herself that they must have been a matter of luck.

She looked herself over. What a mess she was in! And, goodness, her guimpe was on inside-out! Well, that might explain the luck. Nancy Stokes told her if you

put on your clothes inside-out by accident, it had to be by accident, you would have good luck.

Mary Jetting was still standing nearby. "You could be the captain," she said generously, because she was the captain herself.

"No, thanks," said Jane again. And then, because she did not wish to seem unappreciative, she added, "But I'll ask Mama. It is a lot of fun, especially getting the ball in the basket. Like tiddlywinks."

"Well, thank you, Pee-wee. Think it over. You saved our lives today," said Mary heartily. And she gave Jane a friendly slap on the back again. "So long," she waved.

Jane limped out of the parish house. Someone had stepped on her foot real hard and it hurt. Her face was streaked with dirt, and her stockings and clothes were all awry. She pulled up her stockings and tried to straighten herself out in general, for she saw the minister talking with the sexton near the tulip bed. Then she gave him a friendly nod. Now she could look the minister in the eye. For now she had made use of the splendid new gymnasium, even though, so far, none of the other Moffats had.

Janey is only one of the Moffat children. Sylvie and Joey are older, and Rufus is younger. Janey is in between. You can read all about Janey and her family and friends in Eleanor Estes' book *The Middle Moffat* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1942).

You may also want to read:

Depend on Katie John
by Mary Calhoun (Harper & Row, 1961)

Bright April
by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday, 1946)

Sensible Kate
by Doris Gates (Viking Press, 1943)

A Lemon and A Star
by E. C. Spykman (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1955)

The Expandable Browns
by Adele and Cateau De Leeuw (Little, Brown, 1955)

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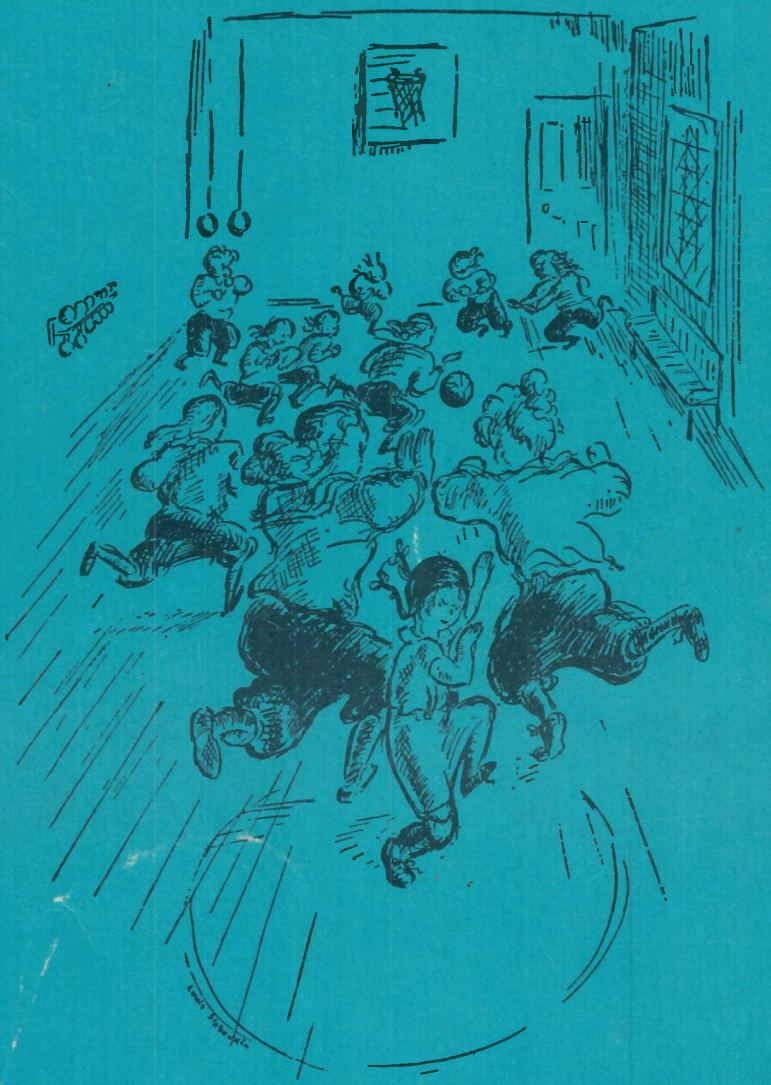

OWLS IN THE FAMILY

Farley Mowat

OWLS IN THE FAMILY

by Farley Mowat

Billy is a boy about your age. He has a mother and a father, a dog named Mutt, about thirty gophers, and two owls.

Now Mutt and the gophers acted pretty much like dogs and gophers are supposed to act. And Billy's mother and father were just every-day kind of parents. But Wol and Weeps, the owls, seemed to think they were human.

Wol rode the handle bars of Billy's bicycle and played football, sort of. Weeps wouldn't even fly like an owl. He preferred to walk.

OWLS IN THE FAMILY

BY

FARLEY MOWAT

ILLUSTRATED BY

ROBERT FRANKENBERG

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An Owl in the House

I woke up early on Sunday morning, while everyone else in the house was still asleep. I sneaked downstairs in my pajamas and went out into the back yard to see how Wol, my pet baby owl, was getting along. (I'd named him Wol after Christopher Robin's owl in *Winnie-the-Pooh.)*

I headed straight for the summerhouse, which was serving as a temporary home for Wol. The grass was still wet with dew, and it was cold and slippery under

my bare feet. I peeked through the screen, but for a while I couldn't see Wol. He had got down off his orange crate and was standing in the shadows, on the floor.

I also kept about thirty gophers in there that my friends Bruce and Murray and I had caught. There wasn't a single gopher in sight, and I had an awful moment as I wondered if Wol had eaten the lot of them. Then I realized this was silly, for there had been thirty gophers—and he was only one small owl.

Wol didn't see me. He seemed fascinated by a pile of old sacks lying in a corner and, as I watched, he made a hop and a skip and jumped up on top of the sacks.

Then we both found out where the gophers were. I never saw so many gophers move so fast. They came shooting out from under the sacks like bullets, and they went crazily bouncing from side to side of the summer-house looking for some new place to hide.

I guessed what had happened. Wol must have been feeling lonely, and so he decided to make friends with the gophers. But if Wol didn't know anything about gophers, the gophers knew all about owls. When he plopped down among them, they must have run for shelter under those sacks as if the devil himself was after them.

Now that Wol had accidentally (or was it on purpose?) chased them out into the open again, they went mad. One big fellow came zooming against the wall, bounced off it, and ran headlong into Wol. Wol jumped, fluffed his feathers, and gave a surprised little hoot. The gopher probably thought his last moment had come, but anyway he wasn't going to die like a coward; so he bit Wol on the leg.

Wol exploded. One minute he was on the floor, and the next he was clinging upside-down to the screening at the top of the summerhouse. He was scared to death. I don't think anything in the world could have persuaded him to go back down there among those bouncing, biting gophers.

I went into the summerhouse and untangled Wol from the screening and took him outside. He was so glad to see me that he started to hoot and couldn't stop. It was like hiccups. I couldn't put him back with the gophers, so I tucked him under my arm, tiptoed back into the house and upstairs to my room.

My bedroom was on the third floor, right up under the roof. Nobody ever came up there except me and the maid, whose name was Ophelia (we always called her Offy), who made my bed and tried to dust the room. I knew perfectly well Mother would never allow me to

keep Wol in the house, but I was pretty sure that if I could just keep him locked in my room, and could hide him under the bed when Offy was due, nobody would know.

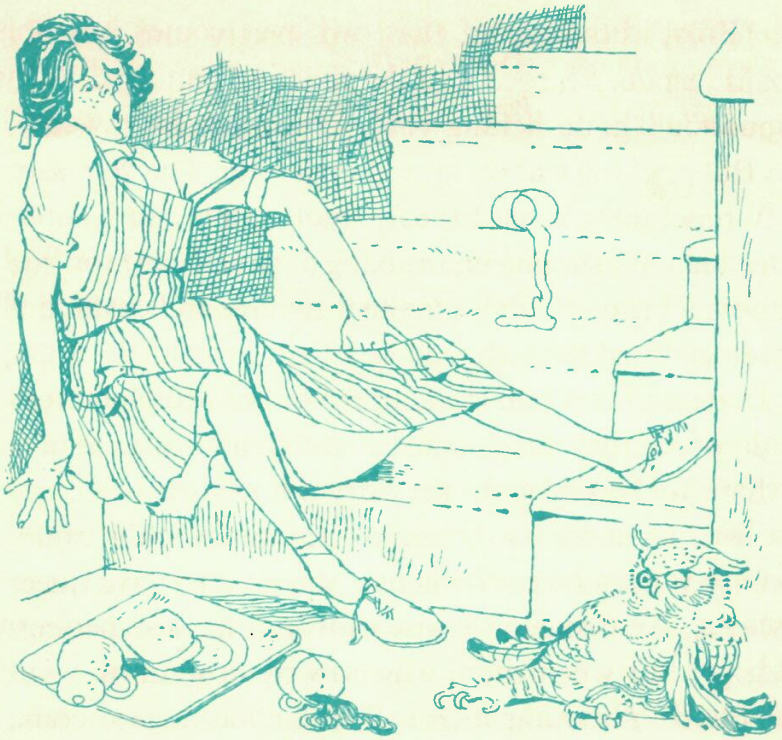
When I went downstairs for breakfast about an hour later I left Wol sitting on the back of a chair acting quite at home. I *thought* I closed the bedroom door tight, but the latch must have slipped.

Dad and I had breakfast together, but Mother wasn't feeling well that day so she decided to have hers in bed. After Offy had brought me my porridge, she went into the kitchen and got a breakfast tray ready for Mother.

Offy was an odd sort of girl. She used to have queer dreams. She claimed she used to see angels and things in her dreams. Sometimes she saw them when she was supposed to be wide awake. But she was a good cook, and so Dad and Mother never bothered much about the things she claimed she saw.

Offy took the breakfast tray and started up the back stairs. These stairs were dark and spooky because there was no window opening on them. About halfway up the stairs she met Wol on his way down.

Offy gave a terrible yell and dropped the tray. Wol, who was still nervous after the trouble with the gophers, let out a hoot, and tried to fly. He and Offy arrived at



the bottom of the stairs together, all in one flapping lump.

After my father got her quieted down, Offy went straight to her room and packed her bags. She marched out of the house without even saying good-by to Wol and me—and none of us ever saw her again.

Dad was unhappy.

After breakfast he called me into his study for a talk.

"Billy," he said, "if that owl ever comes into this house again, he goes into the roasting pan; and as for you, you'll get a licking you'll remember for a week!"

But my father never stayed mad long. The very same afternoon he got out his carpenter's tools and he and I worked until suppertime making a special cage for Wol. It was a big cage, about ten feet square, and covered all over with chicken wire. It was built around the stump of a dead tree which stood in the back yard; and on the side of the tree Dad nailed a wooden box, as a place where Wol could go to keep dry if it rained.

Wol liked the new cage all right; the only trouble was that he got lonely when he was left in it. As long as Murray or Bruce or I was with him he was perfectly happy; but when there was nobody around he would sit on the tree stump all hunched-up, looking miserable. I tried putting some pigeons in to keep him company, but they were scared of him, and he was nervous of them, so that didn't work.

Two's Company

About two weeks later, the problem solved itself. It was a Tuesday and I was biking home from school along the alley behind our block. As I came along I saw a couple of kids standing beside a big oil-drum and dropping stones into it. One of the kids was Georgie Barnes, but the other was a big kid I didn't know.

Georgie saw me coming and gave a yell: "Hi Billy! Come over here and have some fun!"

What those two kids were doing wasn't fun at all. In the bottom of the barrel was a baby owl, and for a

minute I thought it was Wol, until I saw it was smaller, and a lot darker in color. It was the dirtiest bird I ever saw. Its feathers were all ruffled and broken, and it was smeared with oil. The kids were dropping stones on it, and every time a stone hit it, it would scrunch down and make a weepy noise, like a tin whistle with a tremble in it.

I wanted to tell them to stop dropping stones, but I knew that would mean a fight, and I knew I couldn't lick the two of them.

"Where'd you get it?" I asked the big kid.

"What's it to you, shorty?"

"Well," I said, "I have a kind of a zoo at my place and I could sure use an owl."

"Whatcha gimme for him?"

"Give you my Scout knife."

"Let's have a look."

I showed it to him and he opened all the blades and then he said: "It ain't much good. But this here owl ain't much good either. Pretty near dead. Okay kid, it's yours."

Funny how some kids are. One minute Georgie Barnes was trying to kill the little owl with stones, but the moment I bought it he began to act as if he wanted to be its nurse. He climbed into the barrel and handed it

out to me, and then he followed me home and helped me clean some of the oil off it with a rag. He told me the big kid had found an owl's-nest in a bluff near Sutherland, and had shot the old owl and all but one of the young ones with his .22 rifle. He only brought the last young one home as a sort of joke he was going to play on his dog.

It was a pretty sick little owl. I guess it hadn't eaten anything for a long time, and the stones and the oil hadn't done it any good either. It was too sick to sit on a branch of the tree in Wol's cage, so I put it on the floor of the cage while I went to the house to get some hamburger for it.

When I got back, the new owl was lying on its side and Wol was standing over it. I thought he must have taken a whack at it; but Georgie said No, that wasn't what had happened. Georgie said the new owl had just fallen over by itself, and when Georgie tried to pick it up again, Wol jumped down out of the tree and wouldn't let Georgie near it.

When I went into the cage and held some meat out toward the new owl, Wol hunched down, spread his wings, and hissed at me as if he were saying: "You leave that bird alone, or you'll have me to deal with."

"Easy, there!" I told him. "Take it easy, Wol. This

little fellow's hungry, and I'm just going to feed him."

I don't know if Wol understood me, but he stopped hissing anyway. I held some bits of hamburger against the new owl's beak and after a while he took a piece. Finally he ate the whole lot, and then he staggered to his feet and stood there, swaying back and forth. Before I could touch him, Wol sidled over until the new owl was leaning right against him. Then the new bird closed his eyes and seemed to go to sleep.

That's the way we left them. By the next morning the new owl was up on the branch with Wol, and from that time on, Wol was never lonely.

When Dad got home from the office that evening, I told him all about it. I told him that the new one was called Weeps, because of the weepy-whistle noise he made all the time.

"*Two* owls!" my father cried, and banged his hand against his forehead. "Now we'll never get another maid! All right, Billy. *But no more owls*—do you understand?"

He needn't have worried. Two owls was all I wanted, anyway.

Flying Lessons

Though there were only a few more weeks of school left before the summer holidays began, each day seemed a hundred years long. I could hear the river boiling over the sand bars as I sat at my desk, and I could smell the sticky-sweet smell of the young poplar leaves. Our school stood right beside the river, and every now and then a flock of ducks would go over the playground, *quack-quack-quacking* as if they were laughing at us for being stuck inside, while they were flying free across the wide prairie.

What made it even worse, for me, was just sitting there wondering what my owls were doing. After school I would jump on my bike and pedal like forty over the bridge and down our street. When I got close to home I would give a couple of owl-whoops to let Wol and Weeps know I was coming. By the time I skidded into the yard and parked my bike, they would be tramping impatiently up and down the cage. As soon as the door was open they would come waddling out as fast as they could, ready for play.

Wol liked to scramble up on the back of an old lawn chair, then he would take a wild leap and try to land on my shoulder. If he missed, he would nose-dive into the lawn; but it never bothered him much. He would hop back to the chair, climb up, and try again until finally he made my shoulder.

Weeps was different. He never believed he could do anything by himself, and so he would just sit on the lawn and whimper until I picked him up and put him on my other shoulder. I think Weeps's spirit must have been broken in the oil drum, because as long as I knew him he was always afraid of doing things.

With both owls riding on my shoulders I used to go down the street to where our gang played games in an empty lot. Can-the-can was a favorite game that spring;

sort of a combination of baseball and football. We used an inflated rubber beach ball that belonged to Murray, and when all the kids got chasing it, Wol would get so excited he would join in too. One time he got in the way of the ball just when someone kicked it, and it knocked the wind clean out of him. The next time the ball came near him he made a jump and got hold of it with both sets of claws. There was a hissing noise and the ball went limp. Wol was pleased as punch, but *we* weren't, because it was the only ball we had.

All the kids, except Bruce and Murray, were a bit scared of the owls, so when I had them on my shoulders I could go anywhere in Saskatoon and be safe as houses. Even the tough kids down by the flour mill kept their distance when I had the owls with me.

Wol and Weeps grew fast. Weeps would eat anything he could get and still be hungry; but Wol was fussy about his food. At first Wol would only eat cooked butcher's meat, hard-boiled eggs, and fig cookies. Later on he would eat anything that came from our table, even vegetables. (All except parsnips, which he hated.) Occasionally both owls would eat a dead gopher that some kid had shot or snared as a present for them; but they didn't really like their supper raw.

By the middle of June, when they were three months old, my new pets had reached full size. Wol was a little bigger than Weeps and stood about two feet high; but his wingspread was nearly five feet across! The claws of both owls were about an inch long and as sharp as needles; and their big hooked beaks looked strong enough to open a tin can. Weeps was a normal owl color, sort of a mottled brown, but Wol stayed almost pure white, with just a few black markings on his feathers. At night he looked like a ghost.

Although they were grown-up now, neither of the owls seemed to know what his wings were for. Because they saw us walking around, they seemed to think they had to walk around too. Maybe if I had been able to fly, they would have learned to fly a lot sooner; but the way things were, both owls tried to do what we kids did. They saw us climbing trees, and so they took to climbing trees.

It was pretty silly to watch Wol climbing. He used to really climb. First he'd jump up to a low branch and then he'd use his beak and his claws to half-lift himself and half-shinny to the next branch. My pigeons used to circle around sometimes and watch him. They must have thought he was crazy. People sometimes thought so too. One day Wol was climbing a poplar in our front

yard, when a man and a woman stopped on the sidewalk and watched him with their mouths open.

Finally the man said to me: "What on earth's the matter with that bird? Why doesn't he *fly* to the top of the tree?"

"He can't fly, sir," I replied. "He never learned how."

The man looked at me as if I were crazy too, and walked off without another word.

The day Wol actually learned to fly was one I'll remember for a long time. He had climbed a cottonwood in the back yard and had got way out on a thin little branch, and couldn't get back. You never saw an owl look so unhappy. He kept teetering up and down on the end of the branch, and *Hoo-hoo-HOOING* at me to come and get him out of his fix.

Dad and Mother came out to see what was going on, and they started to laugh; because who ever heard of a bird that couldn't get itself down out of a tree? But when people laughed at Wol it hurt his feelings and upset him.

What with the laughter, and the fact that it was suppertime and he was hungry, Wol got careless. Finally he teetered a little too far forward and lost his balance.

"Hoo-HOOOOOO!" he shrieked as he bounced through the branches toward the ground. Then, all of

a sudden, he spread his wings; and the next thing any of us knew, he was flying . . . well, sort of flying. Not having done it before, he didn't really know what he was doing, even then.

You could tell he was just as surprised as we were. He came swooshing out of the tree like a rocket, and he seemed to be heading straight for me; but I ducked and he pulled up and went shooting back into the air again. He was still *hoo-hooing* like mad when he stalled and slid back, downward, tail-first, and hit the ground with an awful thump.

By that time I was laughing so hard I had to lie on the grass and hold my stomach. When I looked up at last, it was to see Wol stomping into his cage. He was furious with all of us, and I couldn't persuade him to come out again until next day.

At supper that night my father said: "You know, I don't believe that owl realizes that he's an owl. I believe he thinks he's a human being. You'll have to educate him, Billy."

It wasn't quite as bad as that. Wol eventually did learn to fly pretty well, but he never seemed to like flying, or to trust it. He still preferred to walk wherever he was going.

Weeps never learned to fly at all. I tried to teach him how by throwing him off the garage roof, but he wouldn't try. He would just shut his eyes, give a hopeless kind of moan, and fall like a rock without even opening his wings. Weeps didn't believe he could fly, and that was that.

Owls, Dogs, and Cats

Just before school ended, Wol learned a new trick which bothered me a lot. He discovered that if he took a good swipe at it with his claws, he could tear a hole in the chicken wire of the cage. Once he learned to do this it was impossible to keep him penned up when he didn't want to be.

This worried me because there were a lot of tough alley cats, and tough dogs too, in Saskatoon. I was afraid if one of them ever got hold of Weeps or Wol when I wasn't around, then that would be the end.

After a look at the owls' claws and beaks, Mother

said she thought it would be the end of any cat or dog that tackled Wol or Weeps; but I still worried.

One night Wol had a little argument with our dog, Mutt, about a bone, and Wol got mad and wouldn't come down out of his tree to go to his cage at dusk. I called him and called him, but he just ignored me, and finally I had to go off to bed and leave him out.

I slept pretty lightly that night, with one ear cocked for trouble, because I knew the cats would be about. Sure enough, just at dawn I heard a squawk and a scuffling noise outside. I hopped out of bed, grabbed my air gun, and whipped out of the house.

Wol wasn't in the tree. In fact there was no sign of him anywhere in the front yard. I raced around to the back, expecting to find him dead and eaten; but, instead, I found him asleep on the back porch steps. He had his feathers ruffled out the way birds do when they are asleep, and it wasn't until I got right up to him that I saw the cat.

Wol was sitting on it, and only its head and tail stuck out beneath his feathers; but enough was showing so I could see that this cat wasn't going to bother anybody any more.

I pulled Wol off, and he grumbled a little bit. I think he'd found that cats made good foot warmers.

It was a big ginger tomcat that lived two doors down the street and belonged to a big man who didn't like kids. This cat had been the terror of the birds, other cats, and even of the dogs in our neighborhood, for years.

I got a shovel and buried it at the bottom of the garden. I suppose the cat had thought Wol was some new kind of chicken. Well, he found out differently.

Dogs were no problem to my owls either. Though Mutt was no owl-lover himself, he wouldn't let any strange dog chase them—not without a fight. Several times he saved Weeps from a mauling. But he didn't need to look after Wol.

There was a German shepherd who lived near us, and one day this dog met Wol out walking, and decided to see how horned owl tasted.

I heard the ruckus and came running. But by the time I got to the street Wol was sitting on the dog's back, digging his claws in for all he was worth, and ripping chunks out of the dog's ears with his beak. The shepherd headed down Spadina Avenue *yip-yip-yipping* till you could have heard it in Timbuctoo.

Wol rode him for three blocks, and might have ridden him right out of town if the dog hadn't dodged through a hole in a board fence and knocked Wol off. I had chased after them on my bike, but by the time I got to the fence Wol had picked himself up, given himself a shake or two to settle his feathers, and was his usual friendly self. He gave me a cheerful "Hoo-HOO-hoo-hoo!" and jumped on the handle bars for a ride home.

Word seemed to get around after that, and the neighborhood dogs took to crossing over to the other side of the road when they saw Wol coming.

Wol just can't stay out of trouble. But whether he's dropping a skunk in the middle of the supper table, or biting the Sunday school teacher, or just helping Billy's mother bake a cake, he is as funny as only an owl can be.

You can finish this story in Farley Mowat's book *Owls in the Family* (Atlantic-Little, Brown, 1962).

You may also want to read:

Bubo: the Great Horned Owl
by John and Jean George (E. P. Dutton, 1954)

A Wild Goose Tale
by Wilson Gage (World, 1961)

Elf Owl
by Mary and Conrad Buff (Viking Press, 1958)

Ruby Throat: the Story of a Hummingbird
by Robert McClung (William Morrow, 1950)

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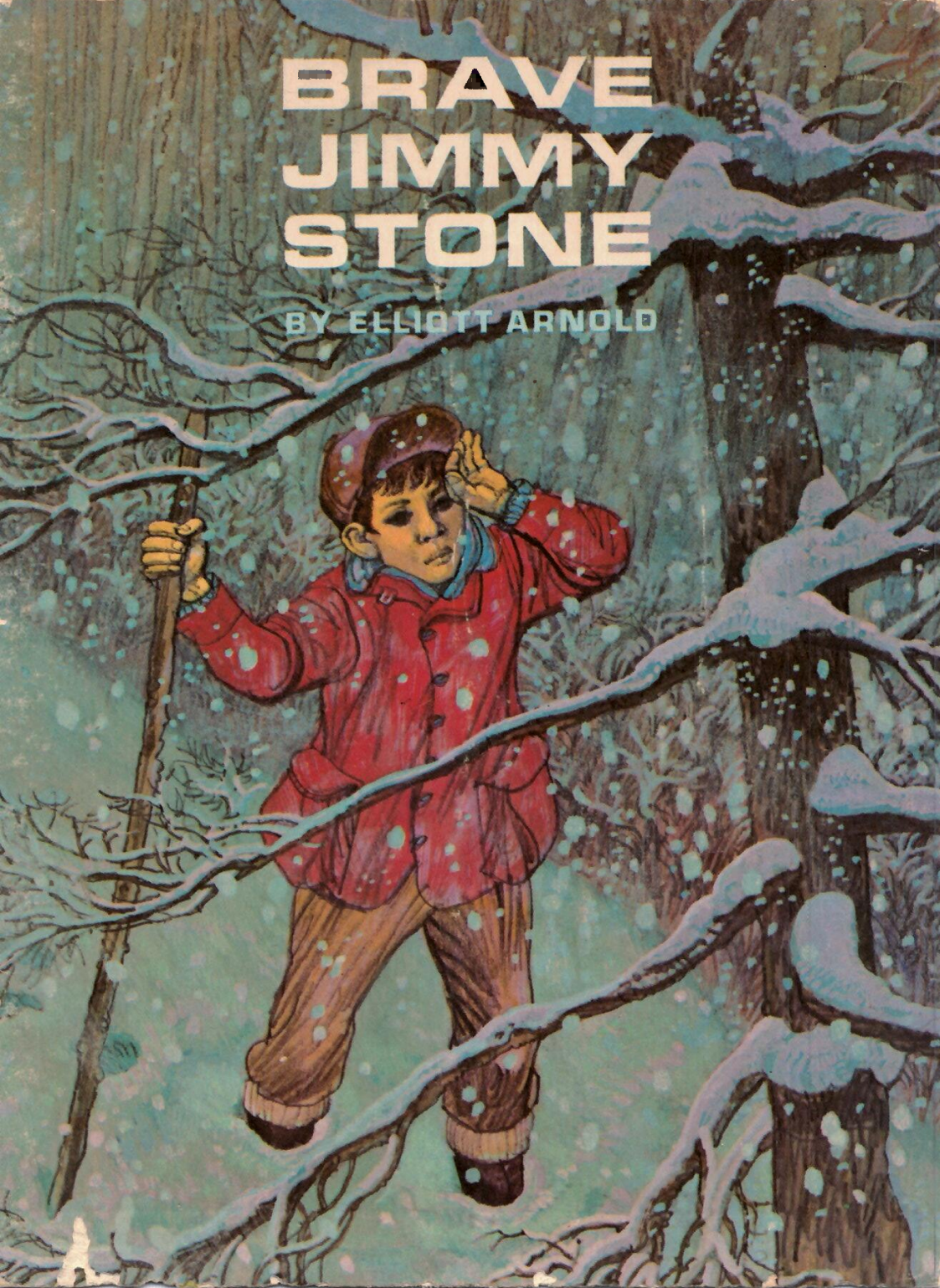
BRAVE JIMMY STONE

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD



BRAVE JIMMY STONE

by Elliott Arnold

"I've got to get help fast," thought Jimmy. His father was lying in the forest with a broken leg, his face twisted with pain. But help was miles away from their hunting camp—as far as the highway.

On and on Jimmy trudged through the dark, snow-filled forest. Numb with cold, he was beginning to tire. Remembering his father's warning, Jimmy fought to keep his eyes open.

"I must not go to sleep!" he said to himself. "I must not go to sleep!"

BRAVE JIMMY STONE

BY ELLIOTT ARNOLD

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

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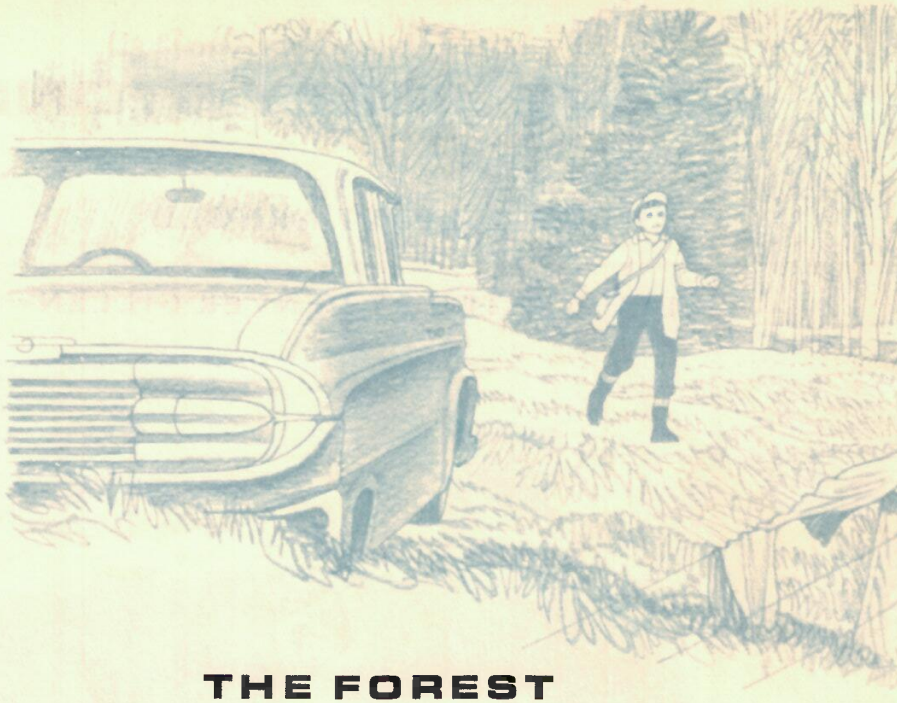

THE FOREST

Jimmy was breathless when he reached the camp. He had started to run, thinking, "I've got to get help fast." Remembering how his father had looked, his face twisted with pain, and thinking what could happen, he knew he had to get help and get it fast.

Now in the camp he was wet with sweat from the running and his frightened thoughts. In spite of the cold and the wind he crouched against a tree in the lee of the wind and tried to catch his breath. He could feel his

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heart pounding against his chest. His father had told him not to run but he hadn't been able to help it.

He looked around the camp. It was the same camp they had left that morning. Nothing had changed. He almost expected to hear his father's voice, or see him come out of the trees. Maybe it hadn't happened. Maybe it was some kind of dream. Maybe any moment now his father would come up to him and look at him with that funny smile in his eyes and say, "What's the matter,

Champ? You look as though you've been having a nightmare."

And he would laugh and explain to his father that he *had* been having a nightmare. That he had had the craziest thought that his father had fallen and had broken his leg and couldn't move. That he would have to walk out of the forest himself, alone, to get help. And his father would laugh and rumple his hair and tell him he had too much imagination.

It all seemed so logical that Jimmy waited for his father to appear. It made so much more sense that way than thinking that his father really was hurt.

But he knew it had happened. He knew it was not a nightmare. He knew his father was lying on the ground with a broken leg. And that he, Jimmy Stone, had to make his way out of the forest. He had to bring help to his father before he froze to death or died of blood poisoning, or thirst, or starvation.

He looked at the empty camp again and was scared. Somehow, between the camp and the clearing where his father was, was familiar ground. He and his father had gone back and forth over it as they hunted together. But beyond the camp, on the way out, was the unknown. He had ridden over it in their automobile the first day of their trip, but he did not know how long it would take

to walk the distance. It had seemed a long way from the highway.

There were some chocolate bars in the glove compartment of the car. He took them and put them in his pocket with the sandwiches he had made that morning. Then he went to the stream and filled his canteen. He looked around at the camp again and remembered how happy and excited he'd been when they stopped there. Then he started down the firebreak, a trail cut through the woods to help check forest fires.

This time he reminded himself of what his father had said: "Don't run. Walk at a good, steady, rapid pace, but don't run." He would obey his father this time.

"Follow the firebreak," his father had said. "Then you come to a dirt road. Then left on that road until you come to the main highway."

Was that the way it was? Was it left on the little dirt road? Or the other way around? He was sure it was left. Or was he? He was pretty sure. Anyway, that's what he would try. If he ever reached the dirt road.

What made him think of that, he wondered. Of course he would reach the dirt road and then the main road. He would get out. He had promised his father and he would keep his promise.

The firebreak was easy to follow. It was cold and the

wind twisted around his head and blasted his face and he had to walk with his head half bent down, but he could look up often and see the faint ruts and know that he was following the right break.

He walked for about an hour. The wind now was blowing harder, and pushing on all of him.

He paused, sheltering himself behind a tree, and caught his breath. Although he had not been walking fast, he was breathing hard. But this time he was not sweating and he didn't feel the cold against wet skin. He broke one of the chocolate bars in half and ate it, and drank a little water from his canteen.

He saw that it was beginning to get dark. He thought at first it was because the trees were very thick at that place. Then he looked up and saw that the sky was darkening.

He wondered what time it was—and then he remembered his new watch, with the built-in alarm. He looked at his wrist. It was almost four-thirty. He thought that even though it was late in the year it was still early for it to be getting dark.

He had to walk more slowly now. There was less and less light filtering through the opening of the firebreak. Once he slipped, his foot caught in a chuckhole. He just managed not to fall, but it frightened him. He thought

of how it would be if *he* fell and maybe broke his leg or even just twisted his ankle. There he would be, unable to move, and there his father would be, unable to move and depending on him. The two of them goners.

He remembered what his father had said once about hunters getting caught by snow in the woods. And trapped and dying and not being found until the next spring.

He walked very carefully now. His legs were beginning to feel tired. After a little while he could not see ahead of him at all. It just got black, night, and he realized he was going to have to spend the night where he was and he was not yet out of the firebreak.

He sat down and rested against a tree sheltered from the wind. It had all happened so fast that he had not even thought about the night. Alone. In the forest alone. He should have looked for the flashlight in the tent.

He leaned his head back against the tree. Suddenly it seemed to him more than he could manage. Riding in the car with his father it had seemed a long way from the highway. That was because he was so anxious to get the hunt started. But even so it had been a distance. Now, with the day gone, and not out of the firebreak yet, the trip seemed almost more than he could do.

It was pitch-black now and he could see no stars in

the sky. There was nothing around him but blackness and he could hear nothing but the wind. The wind had a living sound. It was not as though it were just air blowing hard, but as though it was coming from some mouth. An animal's mouth. A big animal.

He knew it was not that at all, that it was just wind, but it sounded as though it were coming from a mouth. When the wind shifted a little and hit him more directly, even though he was sheltered by the tree, it was as though whatever was doing the blowing was coming closer to him. He was almost afraid to look up for fear he would see whatever it was, maybe eyes shining in the dark.

He pulled his collar up around his neck and tried to get his head and hands as far inside the jacket as he could. He made himself remember that his father was just as cold. Colder, maybe, in the open and his leg hurting him. His father was depending on him, and he said to himself, "I must not think such silly thoughts as wind coming from a mouth." It was just plain, ordinary wind. He was in a forest and the wind was blowing. That was all it was.

There were no wild animals around. But was he sure of that? He didn't really know anything about the forest. Maybe there were wild animals here. Maybe there were

wolves or coyotes or bears. He remembered his father telling him once that bears looked friendly but he must not be fooled by them. They were wild and dangerous and when angered might kill people.

But there were no wolves and no bears and he would sleep as long as he could. In the morning it would be bright again and he would continue on his trip.

But there *might* be wild animals. They might pick up his scent and find him in the night while he was sleeping.

He started to shake, suddenly. He looked around. He could see nothing. He stood up. He reached above him in the dark, up the trunk of the tree until his fingers touched a branch. He took out his hunting knife and hacked off the branch. He trimmed it as best he could and finally he had a stave like the one he had made for his father.

He sat back against the tree again with the stave in his hand and he felt a little better. He thought how good it would be to be in the sleeping bag in the camp, next to his father. Or how good it would be to be home in his own bed in his own room. It was not as good as either of those things, but having a stave in his hand was better than nothing, and he closed his eyes and fell asleep.

SNOW

He felt something wet on his face. He opened his eyes. It was still dark. He touched the wet on his face. Then he felt the falling snow on his hand. He cried out: "Dad! It's snowing!"

And then he remembered where he was and that his father was nowhere near him and that the snow was falling on his father too. He jumped to his feet and swung his arms. He was stiff from sleeping against the

tree but his hunting jacket and his heavy trousers had kept him fairly warm.

He looked around. He could see nothing, but he could feel the snow coming down. He touched the ground. The snow barely covered it so it could not have been coming down for too long.

He did not know what to do. He could not go on in the dark. But he could not sit down and go back to sleep either. His father had warned him not to sleep in the snow. He walked back and forth close to the tree, swinging his arms. As he warmed up he felt tired and sleepy again. He wanted to curl up and close his eyes. Instead he took out one of the sandwiches and ate it. Then he ate the rest of the chocolate bar. He felt a little better after that.

"I'm not going to go to sleep," he said. He said it out loud and it was cheering to hear the sound of his voice. Then he felt frightened; perhaps the sound would attract a wild animal. He picked up his stave again and he walked back and forth. He whispered to his father that he would not go to sleep. Presently his eyes became accustomed to the dark. It grew faintly light in the forest from the covering of snow on the ground, and the trees emerged from the night.

Now he tried to remember from what direction he

had come. The fall of snow had changed the appearance of everything.

He figured backward. He had walked with his face into the wind. Then he had taken shelter behind a tree. Then he had reached up and had cut off a branch from the right side of the tree.

He went to the tree and got alongside it so the branch stub was on his right. He got his direction and started out again.

Poking the stave ahead of him, moving slowly, he began to feel better. The snow was falling steadily but the wind had died down quite a bit. It seemed almost to be a little warmer.

The firebreak was fairly wide here, and even though the snow almost cut off seeing anything more than a few feet ahead of him he could recognize the avenue the firebreak made.

He walked for what seemed like half the night before he remembered again that he had a watch. It was a quarter past ten. And he thought of his father, unable to move, the snow falling on him. He wondered how long the firewood would last. His father was a good woodsman, he knew, and he would make the firewood last as long as anybody could.

He looked at the thick flakes of snow as they fell

around him. He remembered how he had always loved to wake up in the morning and find it was snowing. He remembered how he would jump out of bed and run to the window.

He remembered how he used to gobble down his breakfast and then rush out to the snow with his sled.

He remembered all the food he had left uneaten.

Now there was all the snow he could want to see. And now he only had some bread and a little ham and a couple of chocolate bars in his pockets and that was all.

He walked slowly for another two hours, stopping now and again to rest. His eyes were tired and smarting from the wind and snow. He sat down and leaned against a tree.

His hunting boots were good and stout and he was grateful for that. His feet were cold, but they felt dry.

It would be good to go to sleep, he thought. He never thought going to sleep would feel so good. He remembered how his mother used to have to plead with him to go to bed. How he would argue with her—he wanted to see one more TV program, or read one more chapter in a book, or play with his electric trains—just a little while longer.

Sleep was always an enemy. It was something he

hated. Something that always took him away from what he was doing.

He would go off to bed, grumbling, thinking how unfair it was that kids had to obey grownups. See, nobody ever told grownups when they had to go to bed.

And now, sitting against a tree, here he was thinking how good it would be to go to sleep!

And remembering that his father had said, *"Don't go to sleep in the snow."*

But he couldn't go on. He was too tired. Anyway, it had almost stopped snowing now and the snow was not too deep.

"Sit down and rest, but if you feel you are going to sleep get up and start moving again," his father had said. He struggled to his feet. He could hardly keep his eyes open. But he started to walk again. He stumbled and fell and when he tried to get up he could not. He could not go any farther. Not right away.

But he must not fall asleep.

But he could not keep awake. His eyes were closing.

But he must not fall asleep.

He tried to stand up again. He could not.

But he must not fall asleep.

Then he had an idea. He looked at his watch. It was twelve-thirty. He set the alarm for one-thirty. With his

fingers almost numbed from the cold it was not easy to do, but he managed it.

There was a clear place in the snow under a tree away from the wind. He put his stave on the other side of the tree in the direction he was traveling. Then he lay down. He held his wrist watch under his ear and fell asleep.

In his sleep he heard a buzzing, off somewhere far away, like an airplane in the distance. He shifted a little and opened his eyes sleepily and closed them again. And then he opened them fast.

For a moment he didn't know where he was, and with the white all around him he thought he was in his own bed with white sheets. But then he remembered. He sat up. He wanted to lie down again and go back to sleep.

He reminded himself again of what his father had told him. He tried to stand up. But he was still very tired. He sank back to the ground and he felt his eyes closing. He scooped up some snow and rubbed it hard on his face. Then he stood up. It had stopped snowing. He ate another chocolate bar. He decided to keep his last sandwich for breakfast. He swung his arms again. Then he picked up his stave and started off again.

He walked slowly and carefully, and every once in a while he swung his stave in a wide arc. When it swung

clear he knew he was on course. Every once in a while the stave hit a tree. Then he went to the tree and walked away from it until he crossed the firebreak and reached the opposite line of trees. In that way he was able to orient himself and continue on.

In that manner, slowly, warily, he trudged on. He was wondering how much farther he had to go, and how much longer he could hold out, when he almost collided with a tree. He swung his stave. Or tried to swing it. But he kept hitting trees.

He began to panic. He wanted to cry out. No matter where he turned, there were trees. He must have wandered off the firebreak into the forest.

And then he stopped swinging the stave. He backed slowly, step after step. And then he swung his stave again. And he hit nothing.

And then, tired as he was, he did a little dance, because he knew that he had come to the end of the firebreak. He had crossed the road that ran at right angles to the firebreak and had hit the solid forest on the other side.

Now he was back on the dirt road and that much of his journey was done.

THE ROAD

He turned to the left and started to walk again. He felt suddenly strong and sure. He was no longer afraid.

It was as though the journey was divided into two parts: the firebreak and the road. He had finished the first part of it. He could think it was half over. He did not know how long the two parts were. Maybe the firebreak was the shorter, and he had not really walked half of the way to the highway. But whether it was a real one-half or not in actual distance, it was one-half an-

other way, a more important way. He had come out of the forest and he now was on a road.

And automobiles traveled on roads.

He strode along. It was easier to walk on the road because if he wandered toward the edge he felt the ridge and he could straighten his path. The dark hardly mattered now, nor the snow that had begun again.

He looked at his watch. It said two-thirty. He had been walking for a long time. He walked to the side of the road and sat down. His feet were without feeling from the cold, but his legs hurt. The muscles were sore but he was too tired to rub them. He was hungry but he was almost too tired to eat. It seemed that when he sat down his exhaustion overwhelmed him. As though it were waiting, while he walked, for him to sit down and relax and then sweep over him.

He knew he had to eat something. He took out the last sandwich and ate half of it and then he had a piece of chocolate. His head was so cold he could hardly taste what he was eating. He wet his mouth with some snow. He sat there, with his arms folded around his knees, staring into the darkness.

He tried to imagine what it would be like to see automobile lights. Seeing them first far off in the distance, twinkling weaker than little fireflies, then getting

stronger, lighting up the snow way ahead of them. And then he would jump up and run into the middle of the road and wave his arms and shout. And the car would stop and a man would lean out. He would tell him about his father and the man would tell him he could go to sleep now, that he would go and find his father.

If only an automobile would come. "Please," he thought, "if only an automobile would come."

Whom was he asking? He looked up into the blackness and he thought how his mother had always made him say his prayers before he went to bed. And how he always rushed through them, because he didn't think prayers were for boys. There was something sissy about prayers. It was something for girls.

Of course, at special times, such as Christmas or his birthday, he generally put a little more feeling in his prayers, with the thought that it could do no harm. But as a general rule prayers were only something he had to get through because his mother told him to. And because she stood there and watched and listened until he was through.

But somehow it was different now. It wasn't a house now and a bed waiting and his mother there. Now it was empty and alone and he could almost feel there was somebody, somewhere, watching. Somebody who be-

longed with the night and the wind and the snow and nobody living anywhere around.

"Please," he whispered. "Please send an automobile."

But that wasn't right. Sitting there that way. He moved tiredly to his knees and clasped his freezing hands. "Oh, Heavenly Father, please, please send an automobile."

Then he thought that might sound as though he were giving an order.

"I mean, if it wouldn't be too much trouble, please send an automobile. You see, my father broke his leg and he'll freeze to death unless some help can get to him fast."

Then he thought that made it worse, explaining, as though God didn't know all about his father already.

He shook his head. He didn't know what to say or how to say it and he wished he had paid more attention to saying his prayers so he would know the proper words to use at a time like this.

"Please, Heavenly Father, you know all about this. If you would send along an automobile or if that isn't possible some grownup on foot, I would appreciate it very much."

He looked in one direction and then the other. There were no lights.

The night was silent.

The wind had slackened again. It seemed colder.

He picked up his stave and started to walk again.

By now he could feel nothing in his feet. He walked automatically, almost not knowing when his feet touched the ground.

After a while, from the walking, some of the feeling came back, but with the return of the feeling he felt the cold. Now he could feel the cold like a living thing in each foot, in each toe of each foot, reaching up with spidery arms into his legs. His muscles ached so much they felt brittle. They felt as though they might snap, as though they were made of glass.

He took out some chocolate and nibbled on it.

He walked, rested again, walked again. He walked with his head down, from exhaustion and because of the wind rising again. He thought he heard a sound. He looked up from the road. He sensed a kind of light around him. He was sure it was a reflection from a car's headlights. Then he saw that it was not car lights at all; it was daylight.

He stood there panting, breathless, and the tears started. He had walked through the night. It was daytime and he could see the road, and the forest.

His feet were frozen and his fingers were frozen and

his face ached and he was hungry again. He was almost too tired to eat and too tired to move and his head was beginning to spin. Every part of him ached. But it was daylight. He ate his last half sandwich, slowly.

He thought, "I'm so tired, Daddy," and he thought of his father waiting on the mountainside—how far away now—depending on him. He started walking again, and now he used his stave to help himself along. He no longer had to feel his way.

He walked and he walked. Once he ate his last piece of chocolate while leaning against a tree. Everything was a white haze as he continued walking—one foot, then the other foot, head bent. He looked at his watch, and the hours were marked off. How long was the road? Had he made a wrong turn?

He looked at his watch. It was almost eleven o'clock. He lifted the watch to his ear. He heard nothing but the ticking.

But there was a buzzing sound and a crunching, clanging noise. He jumped up. The snow was falling again, heavily now. He looked in the direction of the sound. He began to scream and wave his arms.

Because there, crossing at an angle, on what must have been the highway, was an automobile, moving slowly in the snow.

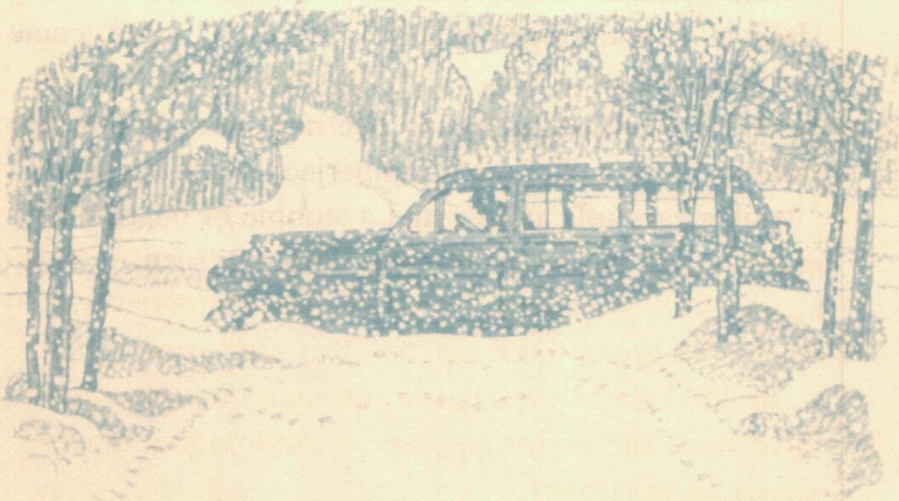
He started to run toward the car, shouting, his voice weak and tired and hoarse. He waved his stave.

The automobile kept moving. He could make out the man driving, staring straight ahead.

"Help!" Jimmy shouted. "Help! Stop the car."

The man kept his eyes straight ahead, and Jimmy realized that the clanging of the chains and the crunching of the front tires were drowning out the sound of his voice.

The car was going to get away. His prayer had been answered all right, and there was the car he had asked for. It was so close he could see the driver, but it was going to get away.



He stopped running. He slumped down into the snow. Then he had another idea. He took off his red jacket and he hooked it onto the stave and waved it in the air.

The car kept going.

The jacket moved slower and slower. Jimmy fell back on his knees. He tried to keep waving the red coat. But it became too heavy and it fell out of his hands.

He toppled over and closed his eyes.

He felt something strange and he wondered what it was. And then he knew. He was warm.

He opened his eyes. He was in an automobile. Somebody had an arm around him.

He heard a man's voice say, "That's better, young fellow. Wondering when you were going to come around."

Jimmy twisted his head. The man was smiling. He was wearing a checkered lumberjacket and a cap with woolen earmuffs and he had a stubble of beard on his face. It was the best face Jimmy had ever seen.

Jimmy's battle is only half finished. He still must return with help for his wounded father.

Elliott Arnold tells the rest of this story of a boy's courage in the book *Brave Jimmy Stone* (Alfred Knopf, 1962).

You may also want to read:

Hat for a Hero
by Laura Bannon (Albert Whitman, 1954)

The Apple and the Arrow
by Mary and Conrad Buff
(Houghton Mifflin, 1951)

The Ordeal of the Young Hunter
by Jonreed Lauritzen (Little, Brown, 1954)

A Place for Peter
by Elizabeth Yates (Coward-McCann, 1952)

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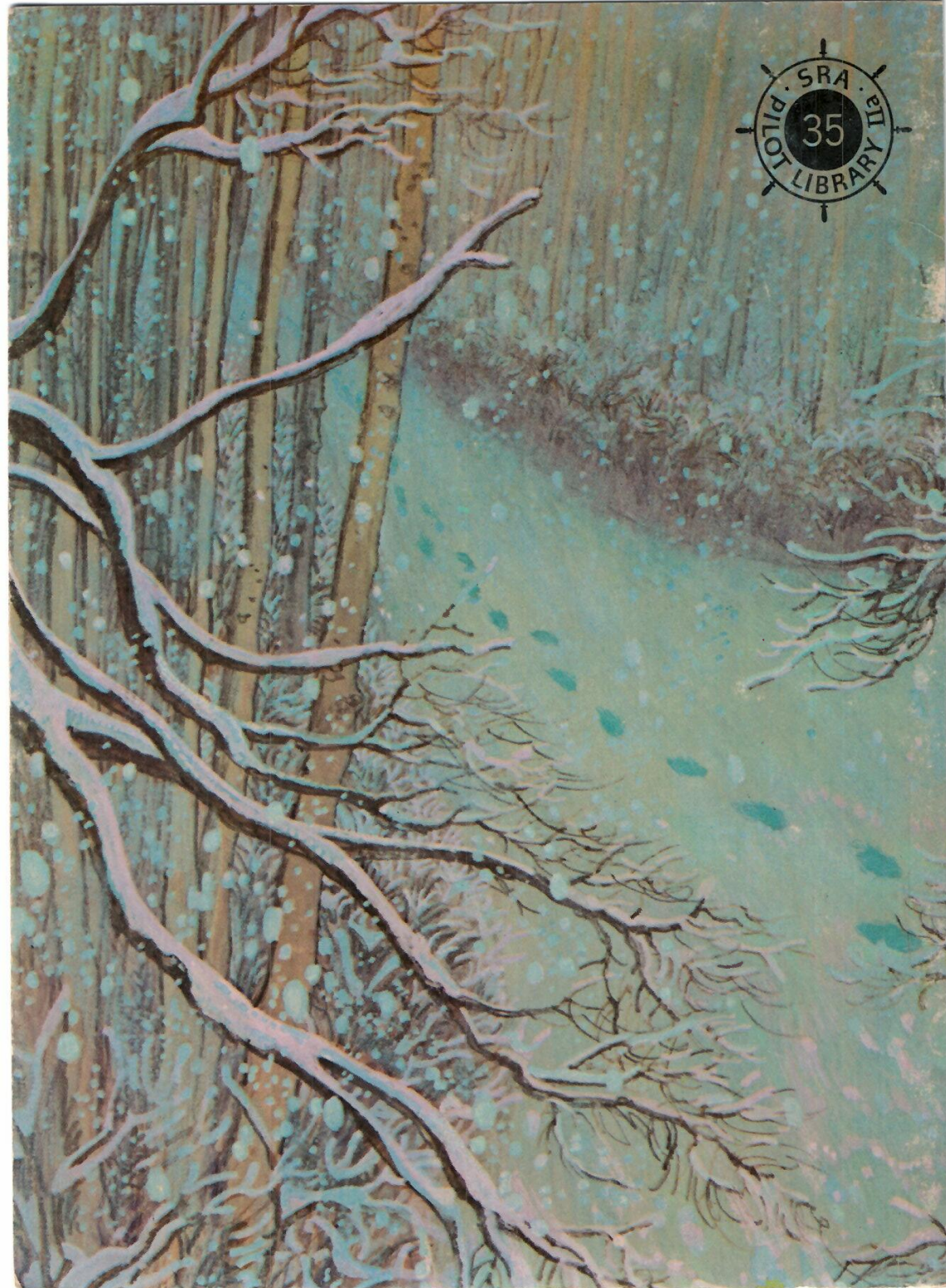
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STUART LITTLE

E. B. White

STUART LITTLE

by E. B. White

Stuart Little's brother George was a big boy. But Stuart was only mouse-size. Stuart was, in fact, more mouse than boy in size and in looks. His family loved him, however, and Stuart was cheerful and happy.

Stuart was also helpful. He was small enough to go down the drain to find his mother's lost ring. And he made himself useful in other ways.

Yet there were dangers in being so very small. Have you ever noticed that it is harder to find something small than something large? The day Stuart was lost, his family hunted and hunted for him.

STUART LITTLE

by E. B. WHITE

illustrated by GARTH WILLIAMS

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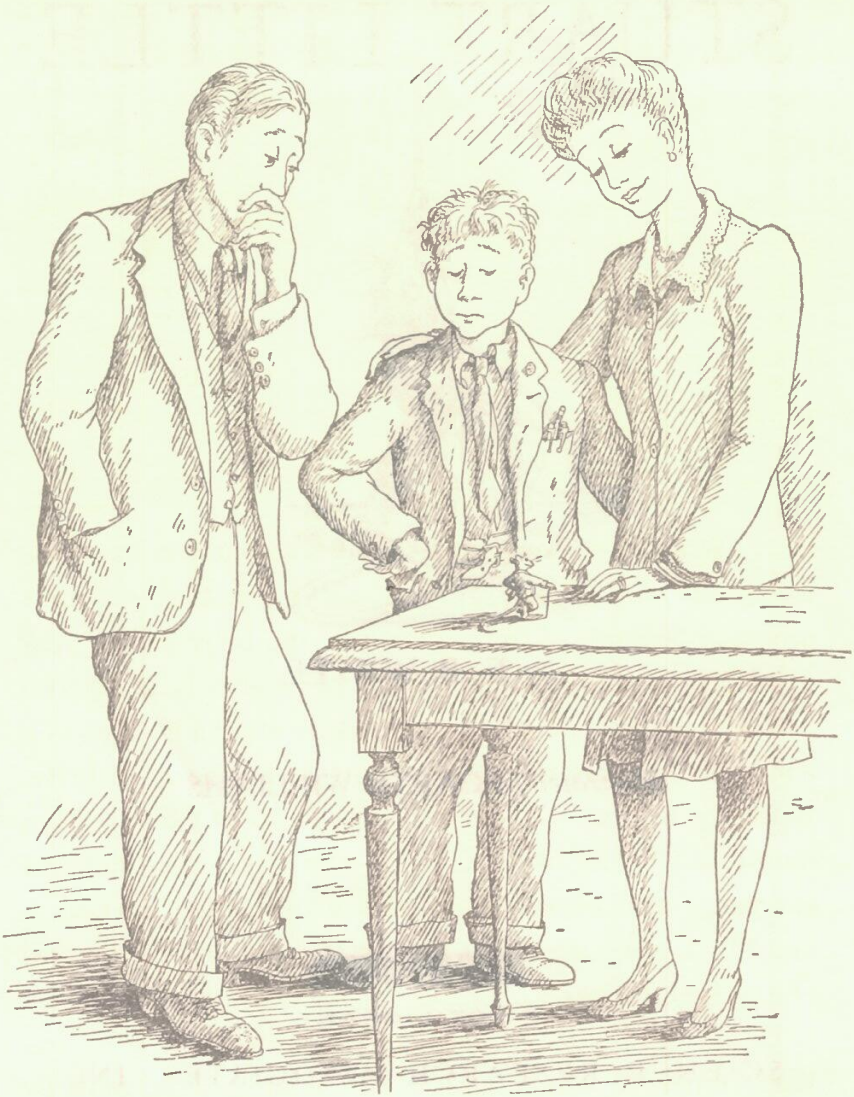

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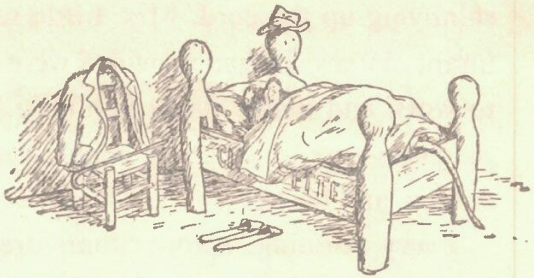


Chapter 1

In the Drain

When Mrs. Frederick C. Little's second son was born, everybody noticed that he was not much bigger than a mouse. The truth of the matter was, the baby looked very much like a mouse in every way. He was only about two inches high; and he had a mouse's sharp nose, a mouse's tail, a mouse's whiskers, and the pleasant, shy manner of a mouse. Before he was many days old he was not only looking like a mouse but acting like one, too—wearing a gray hat and carrying a small cane. Mr. and Mrs. Little named him Stuart, and Mr. Little made him a tiny bed out of four clothespins and a cigarette box.

Unlike most babies, Stuart could walk as soon as he was born. When he was a week old he could climb lamps by

shinnying up the cord. Mrs. Little saw right away that the infant clothes she had provided were unsuitable, and she set to work and made him a fine little blue worsted suit with patch pockets in which he could keep his handkerchief, his money, and his keys.

Every morning, before Stuart dressed, Mrs. Little went into his room and weighed him on a small scale which was really meant for weighing letters. At birth Stuart could have been sent by first class mail for three cents, but his parents preferred to keep him rather than send him away; and when, at the age of a month, he had gained only a third of an ounce, his mother was so worried she sent for the doctor.

The doctor was delighted with Stuart and said that it was very unusual for an American family to have a mouse. He took Stuart's temperature and found that it was 98.6, which is normal for a mouse. He also examined Stuart's chest and heart and looked into his ears solemnly with a flashlight. (Not every doctor can look into a mouse's ear without laughing.) Everything seemed to be all right, and Mrs. Little was pleased to get such a good report.

"Feed him up!" said the doctor cheerfully, as he left.

The home of the Little family was a pleasant place near a park in New York City. In the mornings the sun streamed in through the east windows, and all the Littles were up

early as a general rule. Stuart was a great help to his parents, and to his older brother George, because of his small size and because he could do things that a mouse can do and was agreeable about doing them.

One day when Mrs. Little was washing out the bathtub after Mr. Little had taken a bath, she lost a ring off her finger and was horrified to discover that it had fallen down the drain.

"What had I better do?" she cried, trying to keep the tears back.

"If I were you," said George, "I should bend a hairpin in the shape of a fishhook and tie it onto a piece of string and try to fish the ring out with it." So Mrs. Little found a piece of string and a hairpin, and for about a half-hour she fished for the ring; but it was dark down the drain and the hook always seemed to catch on something before she could get it down to where the ring was.

"What luck?" inquired Mr. Little, coming into the bathroom.

"No luck at all," said Mrs. Little. "The ring is so far down I can't fish it up."

"Why don't we send Stuart down after it?" suggested Mr. Little. "How about it, Stuart, would you like to try?"

"Yes, I would," Stuart replied, "but I think I'd better get into my old pants. I imagine it's wet down there."

"It's all of that," said George, who was a trifle annoyed that his hook idea hadn't worked. So Stuart slipped into his old pants and prepared to go down the drain after the ring. He decided to carry the string along with him, leaving one end in charge of his father.

"When I jerk three times on the string, pull me up," he said. And while Mr. Little knelt in the tub, Stuart slid easily down the drain and was lost to view. In a minute or so, there came three quick jerks on the string, and Mr. Little carefully hauled it up. There, at the end, was Stuart, with the ring safely around his neck.

"Oh, my brave little son," said Mrs. Little proudly, as she kissed Stuart and thanked him.

"How was it down there?" asked Mr. Little, who was always curious to know about places he had never been to.

"It was all right," said Stuart.

But the truth was the drain had made him very slimy, and it was necessary for him to take a bath and sprinkle himself with a bit of his mother's violet water before he felt himself again. Everybody in the family thought he had been awfully good about the whole thing.

Chapter 2

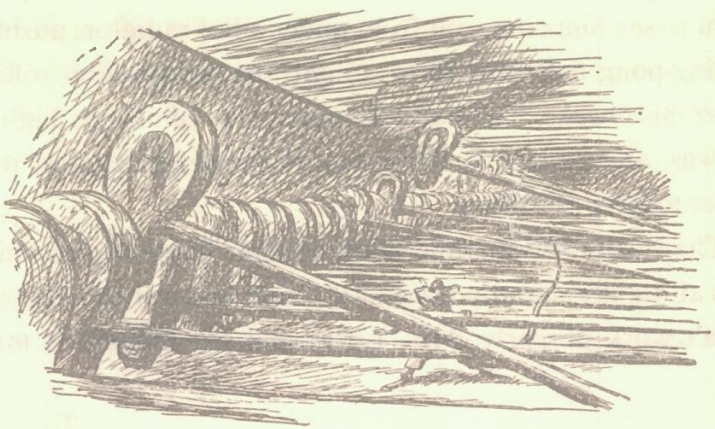
Home Problems

Stuart was also helpful when it came to Ping-pong. The Littles liked Ping-pong, but the balls had a way of rolling under chairs, sofas, and radiators, and this meant that the players were forever stooping down and reaching under things. Stuart soon learned to chase balls, and it was a great sight to see him come out from under a hot radiator, pushing a Ping-pong ball with all his might, the perspiration rolling down his cheeks. The ball, of course, was almost as high as he was, and he had to throw his whole weight against it in order to keep it rolling.

The Littles had a grand piano in their living room, which was all right except that one of the keys was a sticky key and didn't work properly. Mrs. Little said she thought it must

be the damp weather, but I don't see how it could be the damp weather, for the key had been sticking for about four years, during which time there had been many bright clear days. But anyway, the key stuck, and was a great inconvenience to anyone trying to play the piano. It bothered George particularly when he was playing the "Scarf Dance," which was rather lively.

It was George who had the idea of stationing Stuart inside the piano to push the key up the second it was played. This was no easy job for Stuart, as he had to crouch down between the felt hammers so that he wouldn't get hit on the head. But Stuart liked it just the same: it was exciting inside the piano, dodging about, and the noise was quite terrific. Sometimes after a long session he would emerge quite deaf, as though he had just stepped out of an airplane after a long journey; and



it would be some little time before he really felt normal again.

Mr. and Mrs. Little often discussed Stuart quietly between themselves when he wasn't around, for they had never quite recovered from the shock and surprise of having a mouse in the family. He was so very tiny and he presented so many problems to his parents. Mr. Little said that, for one thing, there must be no references to "mice" in their conversation. He made Mrs. Little tear from the nursery songbook the page about the "Three Blind Mice, See How They Run."

"I don't want Stuart to get a lot of notions in his head," said Mr. Little. "I should feel badly to have my son grow up fearing that a farmer's wife was going to cut off his tail with a carving knife. It is such things that make children dream bad dreams when they go to bed at night."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Little, "and I think we had better start thinking about the poem ' 'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.' I think it might embarrass Stuart to hear mice mentioned in such a belittling manner."

"That's right," said her husband, "but what shall we say when we come to that line in the poem? We'll have to say *some*thing. We can't just say ' 'Twas the night before Christmas when all through the house not a creature was stirring.' That doesn't sound complete; it needs a word to rhyme with house."

"What about louse?" asked Mrs. Little.

"Or grouse," said Mr. Little.

"I suggest souse," remarked George, who had been listening to the conversation from across the room.

It was decided that louse was the best substitute for mouse, and so when Christmas came around Mrs. Little carefully rubbed out the word mouse from the poem and wrote in the word louse, and Stuart always thought that the poem went this way:

'Twas the night before Christmas when all
through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a louse.

The thing that worried Mr. Little most was the mousehole in the pantry. This hole had been made by some mice in the days before the Littles came to live in the house, and nothing had been done about stopping it up. Mr. Little was not at all sure that he understood Stuart's real feeling about a mousehole. He didn't know where the hole led to, and it made him uneasy to think that Stuart might some day feel the desire to venture into it.

"After all, he does look a good deal like a mouse," said Mr. Little to his wife. "And I've never seen a mouse yet that didn't like to go into a hole."

Chapter 3

Washing Up

Stuart was an early riser: he was almost always the first person up in the morning. He liked the feeling of being the first one stirring; he enjoyed the quiet rooms with the books standing still on the shelves, the pale light coming in through the windows, and the fresh smell of day.

In wintertime it would be quite dark when he climbed from his bed made out of the cigarette box, and he sometimes shivered with cold as he stood in his nightgown doing his exercises. (Stuart touched his toes ten times every morning to keep himself in good condition. He had seen his brother George do it, and George had explained that it kept the stomach muscles firm and was a fine abdominal thing to do.)

CORNELL

After exercising, Stuart would slip on his handsome wool wrapper, tie the cord tightly around his waist, and start for the bathroom, creeping silently through the long dark hall past his mother's and father's room, past the hall closet where the carpet sweeper was kept, past George's room, and along by the head of the stairs till he got to the bathroom.

Of course, the bathroom would be dark, too, but Stuart's father had thoughtfully tied a long string to the pull-chain of the light. The string reached clear to the floor. By grasping it as high up as he could and throwing his whole weight on it, Stuart was able to turn on the light. Swinging on the string this way, with his long bathrobe trailing around his ankles, he looked like a little old friar pulling the bellrope in an abbey.

To get to the washbasin, Stuart had to climb a tiny rope ladder which his father had fixed for him. George had promised to build Stuart a small special washbasin only one inch high and with a little rubber tube through which water would flow; but George was always saying that he was going to build something and then forgetting about it. Stuart just went ahead and climbed the rope ladder to the family washbasin every morning to wash his face and hands and brush his teeth.

Mrs. Little had provided him with a doll's size toothbrush, a doll's size cake of soap, a doll's size washcloth, and a doll's

comb—which he used for combing his whiskers. He carried these things in his bathrobe pocket, and when he reached the top of the ladder he took them out, laid them neatly in a row, and set about the task of turning the water on. For such a small fellow, turning the water on was quite a problem. He had discussed it with his father one day after making several unsuccessful attempts.

"I can get up onto the faucet all right," he explained, "but I can't seem to turn it on, because I have nothing to brace my feet against."

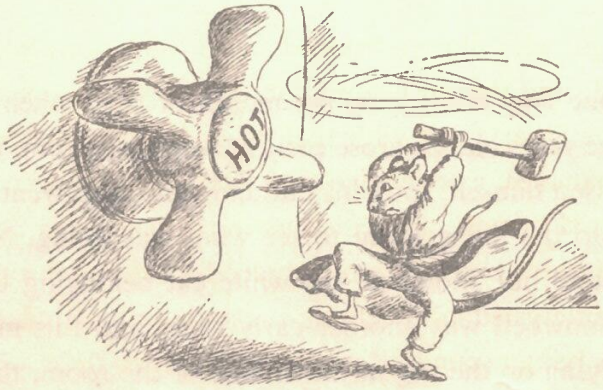
"Yes, I know," his father replied, "that's the whole trouble."

George, who always listened to conversations whenever he could, said that in his opinion they ought to construct a brace for Stuart; and with that he got out some boards, a saw, a hammer, a screw driver, a brad-awl, and some nails, and started to make a terrific fuss in the bathroom, building what he said was going to be a brace for Stuart. But he soon became interested in something else and disappeared, leaving the tools lying around all over the bathroom floor.

Stuart, after examining this mess, turned to his father again. "Maybe I could pound the faucet with something and turn it on that way," he said.

So Stuart's father provided him with a very small, light hammer made of wood; and Stuart found that by swinging

it three times around his head and letting it come down with a crash against the handle of the faucet, he could start a thin stream of water flowing—enough to brush his teeth in, anyway, and moisten his washcloth. So every morning, after climbing to the basin, he would seize his hammer and pound the faucet, and the other members of the household, dozing in their beds, would hear the bright sharp *plink plink plink* of Stuart's hammer, like a faraway blacksmith, telling them that day had come and that Stuart was trying to brush his teeth.



Chapter 4

Exercise

One fine morning in the month of May when Stuart was three years old, he arose early as was his custom, washed and dressed himself, took his hat and cane, and went downstairs into the living room to see what was doing. Nobody was around but Snowbell, the white cat belonging to Mrs. Little. Snowbell was another early riser, and this morning he was lying on the rug in the middle of the room, thinking about the days when he was just a kitten.

"Good morning," said Stuart.

"Hello," replied Snowbell, sharply. "You're up early, aren't you?"

Stuart looked at his watch. "Yes," he said, "it's only five

minutes past six, but I felt good and I thought I'd come down and get a little exercise."

"I should think you'd get all the exercise you want up there in the bathroom, banging around, waking all the rest of us up trying to get that water started so you can brush your teeth. Your teeth aren't really big enough to brush anyway. Want to see a good set? Look at mine!" Snowbell opened his mouth and showed two rows of gleaming white teeth, sharp as needles.

"Very nice," said Stuart. "But mine are all right, too, even though they're small. As for exercise, I take all I can get. I bet my stomach muscles are firmer than yours."

"I bet they're not," said the cat.

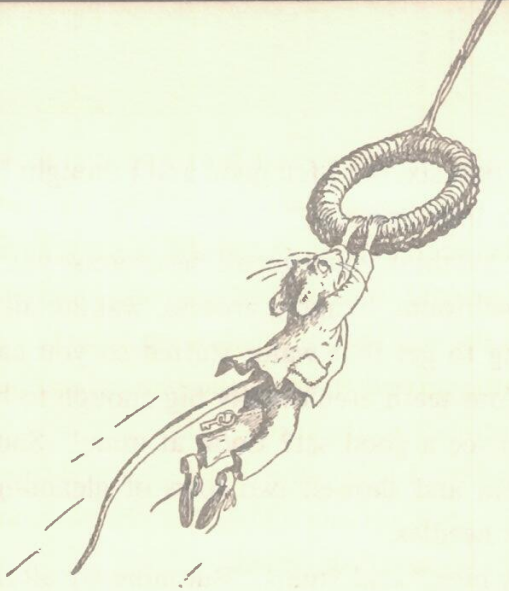
"I bet they are," said Stuart. "They're like iron bands."

"I bet they're not," said the cat.

Stuart glanced around the room to see what he could do to prove to Snowbell what good stomach muscles he had. He spied the drawn window shade on the east window, with its shade cord and ring, like a trapeze, and it gave him an idea. Climbing to the window sill he took off his hat and laid down his cane.

"You can't do this," he said to the cat. And he ran and jumped onto the ring, the way acrobats do in a circus, meaning to pull himself up.

A surprising thing happened. Stuart had taken such a hard



jump that it started the shade: with a loud snap the shade flew up clear to the top of the window, dragging Stuart along with it and rolling him up inside, so that he couldn't budge.

"Holy mackerel!" said Snowbell, who was almost as surprised as Stuart Little. "I guess that will teach him to show off his muscles."

"Help! Let me out!" cried Stuart, who was frightened and bruised inside the rolled-up shade, and who could hardly breathe. But his voice was so weak that nobody heard.

Snowbell just chuckled. He was not fond of Stuart and it didn't bother him at all that Stuart was all wrapped up in a

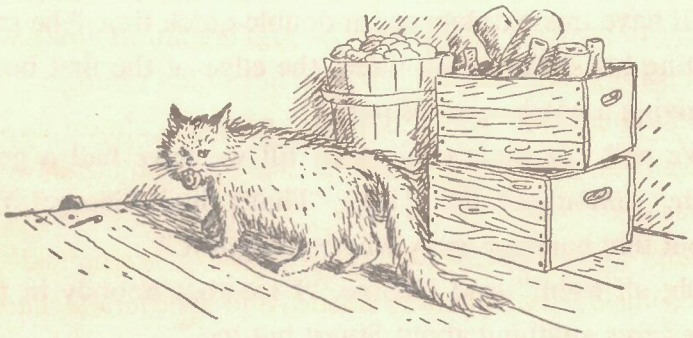
window shade, crying and hurt and unable to get out. Instead of running upstairs and telling Mr. and Mrs. Little about the accident, Snowbell did a very curious thing. He glanced around to see if anybody was looking, then he leapt softly to the window sill, picked up Stuart's hat and cane in his mouth, carried them to the pantry and laid them down at the entrance to the mousehole.

When Mrs. Little came down later and found them there, she gave a shrill scream which brought everybody on the run.

"It's happened," she cried.

"What has?" asked her husband.

"Stuart's down the mousehole."



Chapter 5

Rescued

George was in favor of ripping up the pantry floor. He ran and got his hammer, his screw driver, and an ice pick.

"I'll have this old floor up in double-quick time," he said, inserting his screw driver under the edge of the first board and giving a good vigorous pry.

"We will *not* rip up this floor till we have had a good search," announced Mr. Little. "That's final, George! You can put that hammer away where you got it."

"Oh, all right," said George. "I see that nobody in this house cares anything about Stuart but me."

Mrs. Little began to cry. "My poor dear little son!" she said. "I know he'll get wedged somewhere."

"Just because *you* can't travel comfortably in a mousehole doesn't mean that it isn't a perfectly suitable place for Stuart," said Mr. Little. "Just don't get yourself all worked up."

"Maybe we ought to lower some food to him," suggested George. "That's what the State Police did when a man got stuck in a cave." George darted into the kitchen and came running back with a dish of applesauce. "We can pour some of this in, and it will run down to where he is." George spooned out a bit of the applesauce and started to poke it into the hole.

"Stop that!" bellowed Mr. Little. "George, will you kindly let *me* handle this situation? Put that applesauce away immediately!"

Mr. Little glared fiercely at George.

"I was just trying to help my own brother," said George, shaking his head as he carried the sauce back to the kitchen.

"Let's all call to Stuart," suggested Mrs. Little. "It is quite possible that the mousehole branches and twists about, and that he has lost his way."

"Very well," said Mr. Little. "I will count three, then we will all call, then we will all keep perfectly quiet for three seconds, listening for the answer." He took out his watch.

Mr. and Mrs. Little and George got down on their hands and knees and put their mouths as close as possible to the

mousehole. Then they all called: "Stooooo-art!" And then they all kept perfectly still for three seconds.

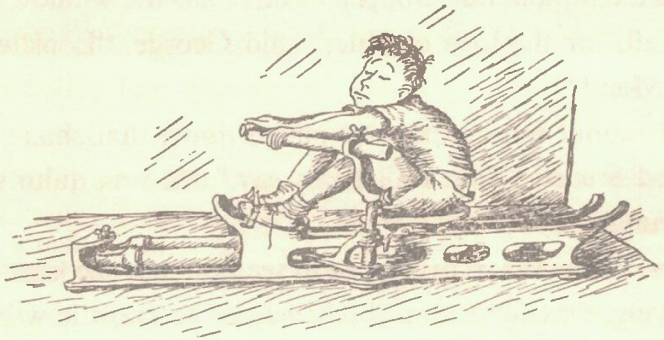
Stuart, from his cramped position inside the rolled-up shade, heard them yelling in the pantry and called back, "Here I am!" But he had such a weak voice and was so far inside the shade that the other members of the family did not hear his answering cry.

"Again!" said Mr. Little. "One, two, three—Stooooo-art!"

It was no use. No answer was heard. Mrs. Little went up to her bedroom, lay down, and sobbed. Mr. Little went to the telephone and called up the Bureau of Missing Persons, but when the man asked for a description of Stuart and was told that he was only two inches high, he hung up in disgust.

George meantime went down to the cellar and hunted around to see if he could find the other entrance to the mousehole. He moved a great many trunks, suitcases, flower pots, baskets, boxes, and broken chairs from one end of the cellar to the other in order to get at the section of wall which he thought was likeliest, but found no hole. He did, however, come across an old discarded rowing machine of Mr. Little's, and becoming interested in this, carried it upstairs with some difficulty and spent the rest of the morning rowing.

When lunchtime came (everybody had forgotten about breakfast) all three sat down to a lamb stew which Mrs. Little had prepared, but it was a sad meal, each one trying



not to stare at the small empty chair which Stuart always occupied, right next to Mrs. Little's glass of water. No one could eat, so great was the sorrow. George ate a bit of dessert but nothing else. When lunch was over Mrs. Little broke out crying again, and said she thought Stuart must be dead. "Nonsense, nonsense!" growled Mr. Little.

"If he *is* dead," said George, "we ought to pull down the shades all through the house." And he raced to the windows and began pulling down the shades.

"George!" shouted Mr. Little in an exasperated tone, "if you don't stop acting in an idiotic fashion, I will have to punish you. We are having enough trouble today without having to cope with your foolishness."

But George had already run into the living room and had

begun to darken it, to show his respect for the dead. He pulled a cord and out dropped Stuart onto the window sill.

"Well, for the love of Pete," said George. "Look who's here, Mom!"

"It's about time somebody pulled down that shade," remarked Stuart. "That's all I can say." He was quite weak and hungry.

Mrs. Little was so overjoyed to see him that she kept right on crying. Of course, everybody wanted to know how it had happened.

"It was simply an accident that might happen to anybody," said Stuart. "As for my hat and cane being found at the entrance to the mousehole, you can draw your own conclusions."

This selection was taken from STUART LITTLE, *by E. B. White, a Harper & Row Curriculum Enrichment Book.*

Even though Stuart was tiny, he had as much courage and daring as people many times his size. He raced a sailboat. He drove a tiny car. You can read about his many adventures in the book *Stuart Little,* by E. B. White (Harper & Row, 1945).

You may also want to read:

The Mousewife
by Rumer Godden (Viking Press, 1951)

Cinders
by Katherine Gibson (David McKay, 1939)

Ben and Me
by Robert Lawson (Little, Brown, 1939)

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MAN ON THE MOON

JAMES THRONEBURG

MAN ON THE MOON

by James Throneburg

"The place is a rocket launching base somewhere on earth. The time is early morning....Dozens of floodlights are trained on a gigantic rocket that sits on a launching pad. The rocket is almost ready to go. The long countdown has already begun...."

Would you like to go along and be one of the first men on the moon? You can. There's one seat left. But hurry....

MAN ON THE MOON

BY JAMES THRONEBURG
ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH BRILLHART

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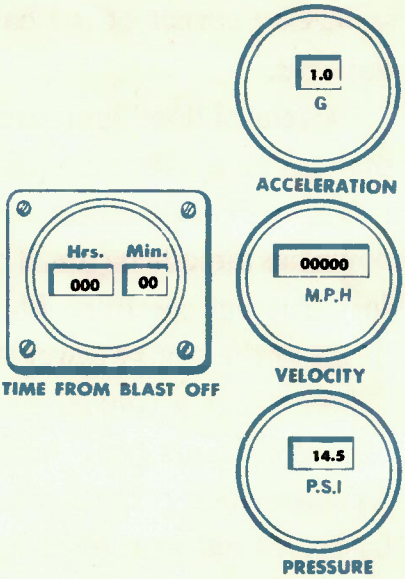


BLAST-OFF

Let your mind fly a few years into the future. Imagine that you are watching this scene:

The place is a rocket launching base somewhere on earth. The time is early morning.

Above, the sky is still dark except for the first faint hints of sunrise in the east. Below, almost everything on the ground is covered with the gloomy gray colors of night on the verge of dawn. There is a single bright

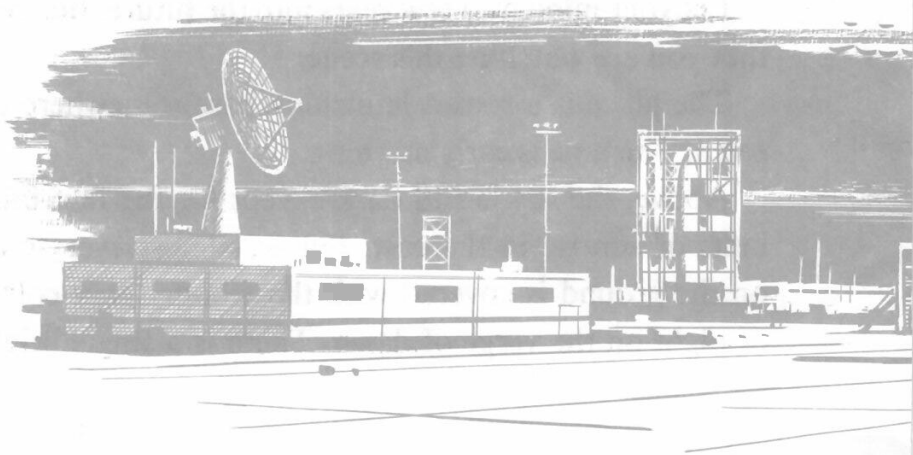
spot. One corner of the base is splashed with artificial daylight.

Dozens of floodlights are trained on a gigantic rocket that sits on a launching pad.

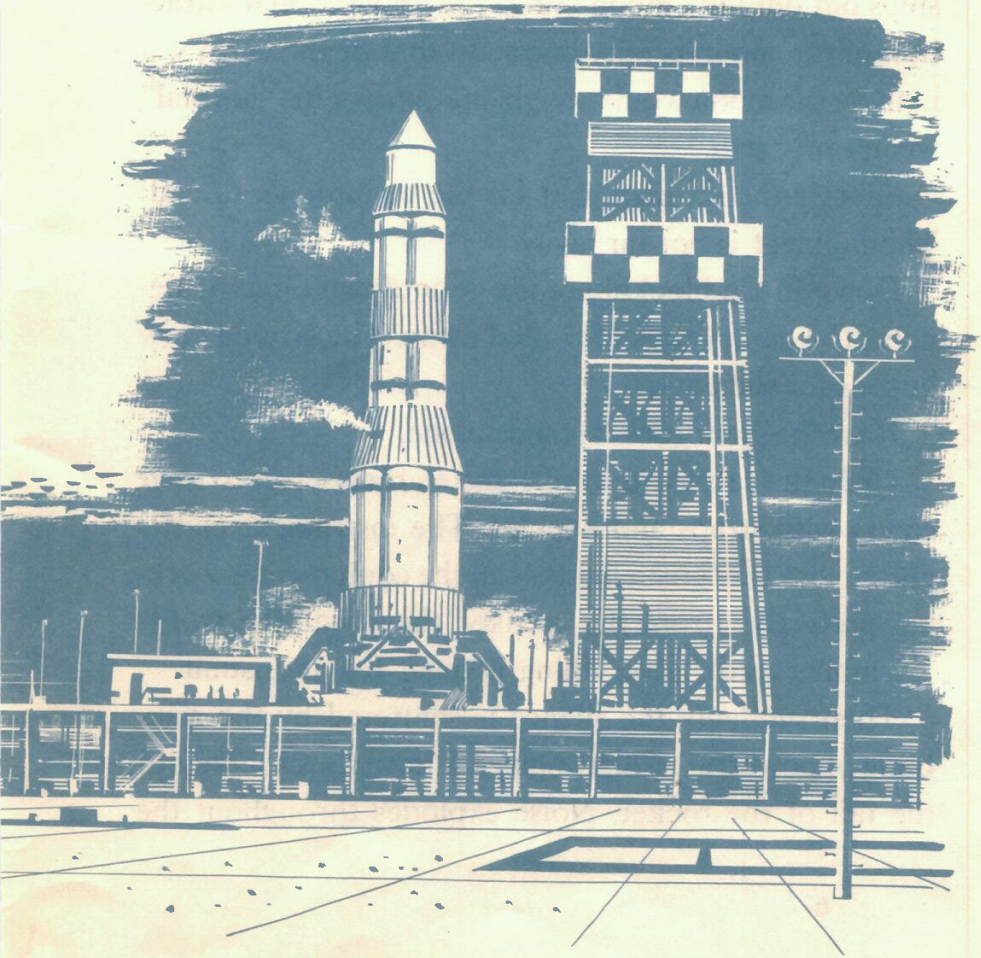
The rocket is almost ready to go. The long countdown has already begun. The launching team is working furiously but carefully. Men scramble all over the platforms of the gantry tower that surrounds the rocket.

Nearby, in a sunken concrete blockhouse, scientists and technicians bend intently over their instruments. Switches click on and off. Control panels flicker with flashes of red and green light. Needles on dials flutter back and forth. The mighty rocket is being checked inch by inch, inside and outside, from tail to tip.

The lower sections of the rocket contain engines and



fuel. The very top section contains six men in spacesuits. All around them instruments flicker and click in the same way as those in the blockhouse down below. The six men are shut up inside the main cabin of the rocket-ship that will carry them to the moon.



Each man is lying on his back in a special, tilted chair. It grips him firmly. His chair was made especially for him—molded from foam plastic to fit every bump and bend of his body. The spacesuit he wears is light in weight. It will protect him in an emergency during the flight. But he will have to put on a heavier one when he steps out onto the moon. Since the gravitational attraction of the moon is only one-sixth that of the earth's, a man on the moon would weigh one-sixth of his "normal" weight on earth.

Silently the six men wait for the countdown to end. The moment is not far away.

Down in the blockhouse the countdown director signals. The gantry tower is rolled away. The ground crew hurries for shelter.

Now the giant rocket stands alone.

Up in the cabin the six men fasten themselves to their chairs with straps and buckles. The instrument panels glitter with tiny green lights—all the equipment is working perfectly. From the speaker they hear the words "X minus zero!" Everything is quiet for an instant.

Then suddenly the silence is shattered by the rumbling of powerful rocket engines. Fiery gases roar out of the tail of the rocket. Noise explodes throughout the

cabin like mighty claps of thunder. The whole ship trembles, and the huge rocket begins to climb away from the launching pad.

The six men are on their way.

Now stretch your imagination a little more. Imagine that you are riding along with those six men who have just begun their journey to the moon.

Your destination is almost 240,000 miles away. It will take you two and a half days to get there.

Within seconds after leaving the launching pad, the rocketship is streaking through the sky faster than the speed of sound, and it is picking up more and more speed every instant. The sudden swift acceleration pushes you down deep into your form-fitting chair.

You take a look at the accelerometer on one of the instrument panels. The meter's needle has just reached the "2 g's" mark. This means that you feel two times heavier than you really are.

Suppose you weigh one hundred pounds on earth. Right now, inside the rocketship, you seem to weigh two hundred pounds! An invisible weight—exactly equal to your earth weight—is pressing down against your body.

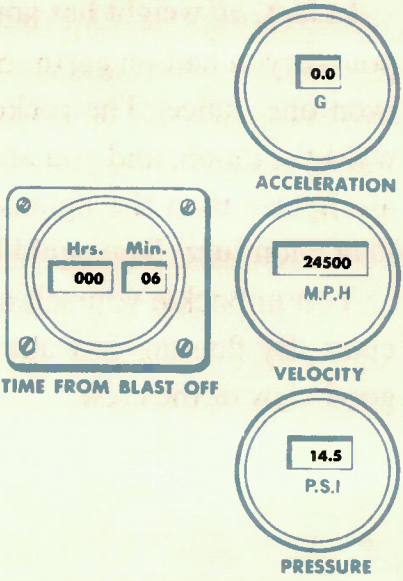
The rocketship is still rising, and so is the needle on

the accelerometer. One minute after leaving the launching pad, the reading is 4 g's. You now weigh four hundred pounds, and more pounds are being put on you every second. Every extra pound mashes you farther down.

All of this is about as pleasant as being run over by a steam roller. But you do have some protection. Rocketship seats are designed especially to fight the g's. Your chair clutches your body, supporting every inch of it, protecting it from the crushing weight that is pressing against it.

Still, the next few minutes are worse than a nightmare. The needle goes higher and higher and higher—7 g's, 8 g's, 9 g's.

By this time you can hardly see the needle or the meter or anything else—not even the other astronauts. The blood rushes from your face. Fog closes in on your mind. You can scarcely move a muscle. You can barely breathe. A weight of almost half a ton is sitting on your chest.



FREE FALL

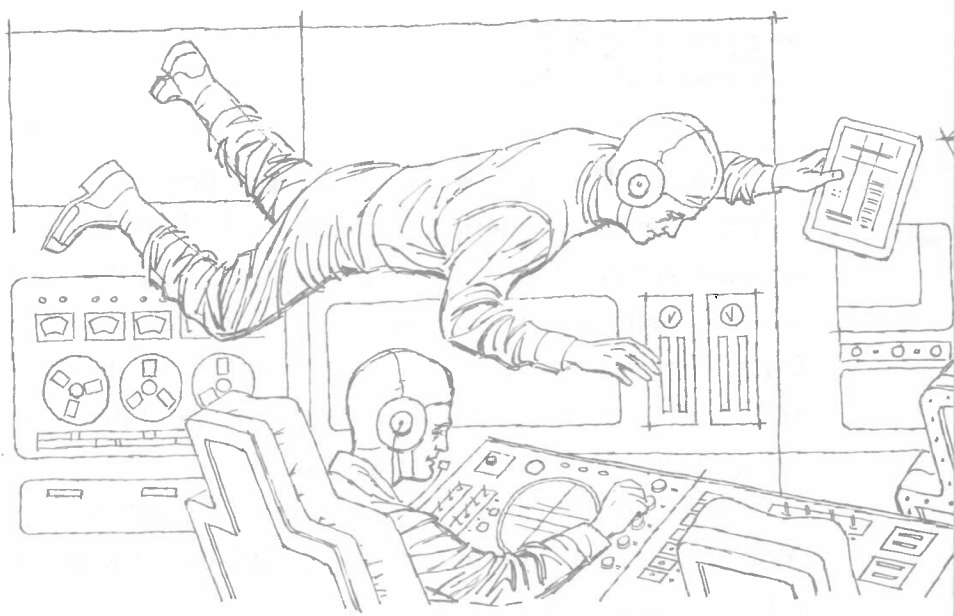
Then quickly the whole picture changes.

The thundering engines stop firing. The huge bottom booster section of the rocket breaks away and falls back toward earth. The needle on the accelerometer falls to zero. Now the rocketship is coasting along in "free fall" at 24,500 miles an hour, but will gradually slow down to less than 1,000 miles an hour.

You begin to feel like a completely different person. You lose several hundred pounds. Suddenly the invisible, mashing weight has gone away.

In fact, *all* weight has gone away—even the hundred pounds you had on earth. Now you weigh nothing, not even one ounce. The rocketship is drifting swiftly toward the moon, and you are drifting along with it. You are lighter than the lightest feather, even lighter than dandelion fuzz. You could be blown away—pouf!

You unbuckle yourself and quietly drift out of your chair. By floating just above it, you are able to get a good view of the crew.

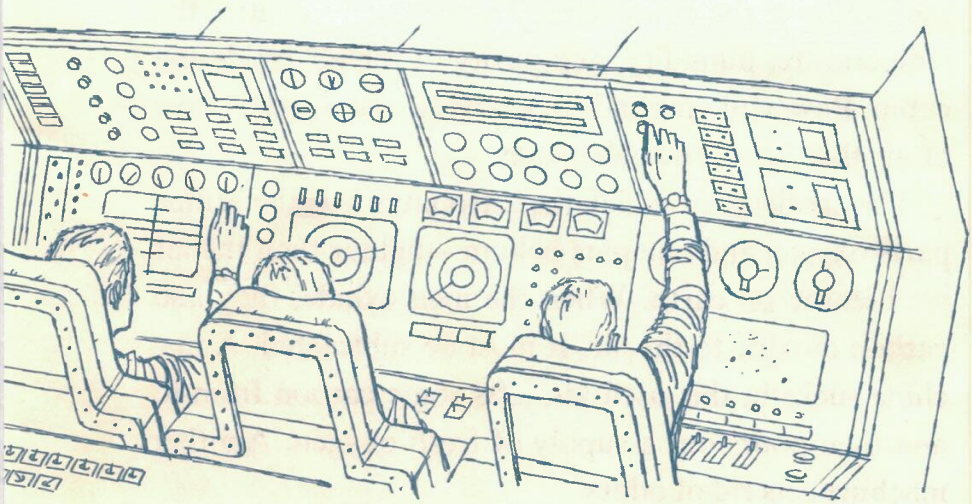


Everybody is very busy.

The radioman is talking to the launching base. Technicians down there are keeping careful track of the rocketship.

Scientists are "standing by" to give expert advice—just in case an emergency arises to threaten the lives of the men who are soaring through the sky. The radioman reports that everything is fine, so far.

The pilot and copilot are checking instrument panels that hang less than a foot from their faces. They quickly flip switches and adjust knobs. Without even leaving their chairs the two men are "watching" every important



part of the entire ship. Their "eyes" are the hundreds of meters, dials, gauges, and lights that cover the panels in front of their seats.

The navigator hovers like a huge sea gull above their heads. He floats at the top of the cabin, near a transparent bubble called an astrodome. *His* eyes are watching the stars. On a chart in his hand he is plotting the ship's position. His chart will be compared with the readings on the instrument panels and with the reports of tracking stations on earth. For in addition to his modern instruments the navigator still needs the light of stars to guide his ship.

The chief engineer is gliding everywhere, checking the gauges of the air systems. These systems control the temperature, humidity, and purity of the air inside the cabin. Powerful air conditioners blow out a steady flow of air that keeps the cabin cozy.

The artificial air which the astronauts breathe is nine parts oxygen and one part helium—lighter than the air we breathe on earth. When the men exhale, they add carbon dioxide to the air. It must be subtracted. A machine sucks in this used air, sifts some carbon from it, and then pours out a supply of fresh oxygen. Another machine gets rid of odors.

As the chief engineer drifts from machine to machine, he is making sure the cabin's air stays clean and pure, and that the temperature is comfortable.

The assistant engineer is making sure that the cabin's air stays *inside* the cabin. He is looking for leaks. *Outside,* there is not enough air to fill a toy balloon, much less a lung.

Airless outer space can act like a vast, monstrous vacuum cleaner. Suppose the cabin springs a leak—or is punctured by a meteor. *Whoooooosh!* There goes the air. Within seconds it would be sucked outside. Within seconds everyone inside would be fighting for his life. Repairs would have to be made quickly. So you can see why the assistant engineer is darting all over the place looking for holes and listening for the frightening, hissing sound of escaping air.

From where you are floating, you watch the furious activity. Each crew member is doing the job he was trained to do. Everyone seems to be working hard to keep the ship running.

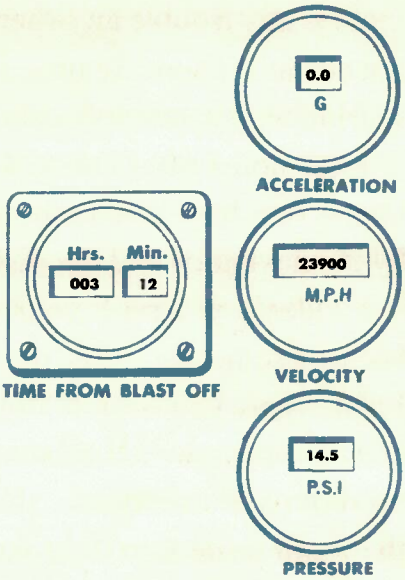
But actually the rocketship is very nearly running itself. Instruments and machines are doing almost all of the work automatically. Then why is everybody busier than an eager bee in a flower garden?

The men are doing things machines cannot do. Machines do not have brains. They cannot think.

Machines cannot decide what to do in case of an emergency. They cannot decide anything about anything. This is for men to do. The machines are just *there*, clicking away, doing their jobs, feeling nothing, thinking nothing. If they break down, they cannot fix themselves.

Machines cannot feel the thrill of floating on the air inside a spaceship. If all the air escaped, it would make no difference to them.

Machines need to be looked over, and that is what the men in the cabin are doing right now during these first few dangerous minutes after take-off. Once they are sure everything is working the way it should, the men can relax and let the ship run itself. In fact, during most of the flight, the crew will have so little to do that they may even get bored before the long journey is over.



A SPACE MEAL

Three hours after leaving the earth the moonship is 25,000 miles from the earth.

Now the cabin is quieter. The men are no longer buzzing about. The ship really is running itself, drifting swiftly toward the moon.

All but two of the men are lounging in their chairs. The pilot and the chief engineer are "on duty," so they are keeping an eye on the instrument panels. With just a few glances their experienced eyes can tell whether

there is any trouble anywhere. There is not. The gauges are normal. There are no warning red lights. The panels sparkle with specks of green. All is well.

Four hours after take-off, the copilot and the radioman go on duty. Then four hours later they are relieved by the navigator and the assistant engineer.

Suddenly you push yourself out of your chair again because something very peculiar seems to be going on. From where you float, it looks as if every member of the crew is sitting with a tube of tooth paste hanging from his mouth. Furthermore, they all seem to be squeezing the tooth paste into their mouths and swallowing it!

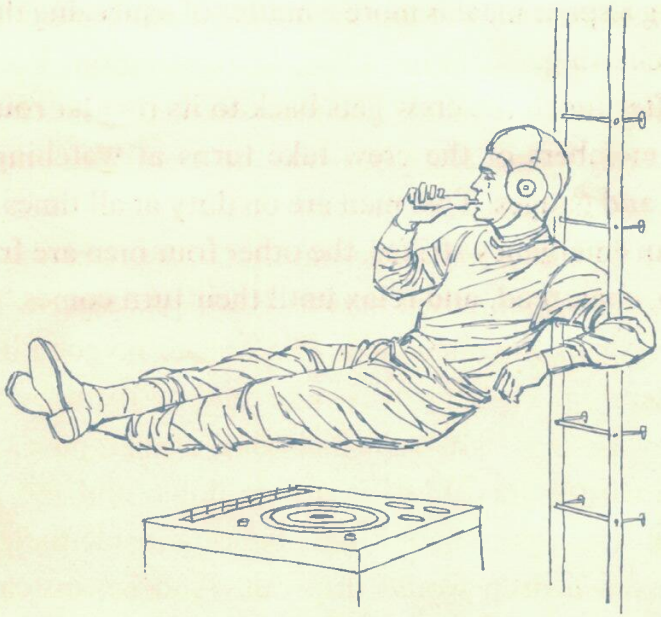
This strange sight has a simple explanation. You are watching a space meal. The men are having lunch. It is a peculiar meal, all right—but the menu does not include tooth paste.

The first item is orange juice, and the only way the men can get it into their mouths is to squeeze it in. They cannot drink it from a glass. Glasses are no good inside a spaceship. Nothing will pour out of them because *everything* is weightless—including orange juice. You could turn a glassful of it upside down and the juice would stay right where it was, floating inside the glass. Not even a drop would drip out. And so, instead of

glasses, the crewmen use plastic bottles shaped like tooth paste tubes.

After the juice, soup is served. A bowlful? No, a squeeze bottle-full. Soup will not stay on a spoon long enough to get it out of a bowl and move it into swallowing position. Somewhere along the way, the soup is likely to float from the spoon and end up inside an air conditioner instead of inside a mouth.

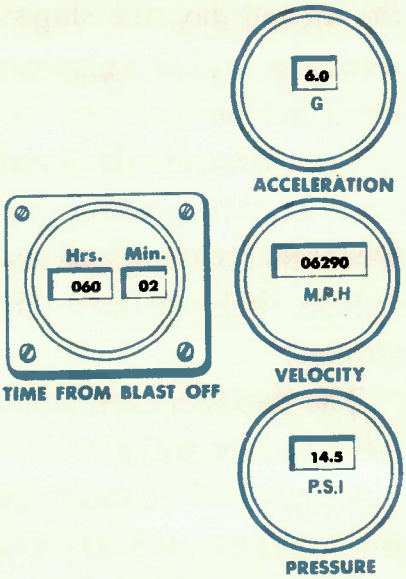
The meal's main course looks a little like a candy bar. Actually it is a specially prepared food bar, crammed



full of protein and vitamins. These bars will be the main course of almost every meal the spacemen eat. The ship's food compartment is stacked high with hundreds of them. And, although every single bar was made from the same recipe, there are a variety of flavors to choose from. Some taste like steak; others, like chicken or fish or ham. One even tastes like what it looks like—a bar of candy.

The final items on the luncheon menu are coffee and milk. If anybody cares for a few squeezes of either one, he simply grabs another plastic tube. As you can see, eating a space meal is more a matter of squeezing than it is of chewing.

After lunch the crew gets back to its regular routine. The members of the crew take turns at watching the dials and gauges. Two men are on duty at all times. Unless an emergency strikes, the other four men are free to sleep, chat, read, and relax until their turn comes.



THE LANDING

The rocketship is twelve hours away from the earth—drifting swiftly through the black sky—coasting closer and closer to the moon.

The cabin clock counts the hours as they slip by: 16 hours—24 hours—40 hours.

The ship is moving slower now. The earth's gravity has been clutching at it for almost two days. Ever since its powerful booster engines stopped firing and fell away, it has slowed down little by little. By the end of

the second day, the ship's speed has dropped from a whizzing 24,500 miles per hour to less than 1,000 miles an hour.

Yet, all during the journey, the grasp of the earth's gravity has been getting weaker as the ship moved farther from the earth and nearer to the moon. Minute by minute, mile by mile, the moon's pull has grown stronger.

The ship is in the middle of a tug of war between the earth and the moon.

Right now—at the end of the second day—the game is a tie. The earth and the moon are tugging with about equal strength. The rocketship is now 200,000 miles away from the earth and 40,000 miles from the moon.

Then slowly the moon begins to win. The earth loosens its grip on the ship. Gradually the moon's gravity takes over. The ship gains speed and begins to fall toward the moon.

The crew scatters into action. The cabin is filled with flying men. Everybody is on duty now, getting ready for the landing. The ship is plunging closer to the moon, picking up speed every second. The machines are humming and clicking. Flecks of green light flash across the instrument panels.

The ship will land automatically—if everything goes well.

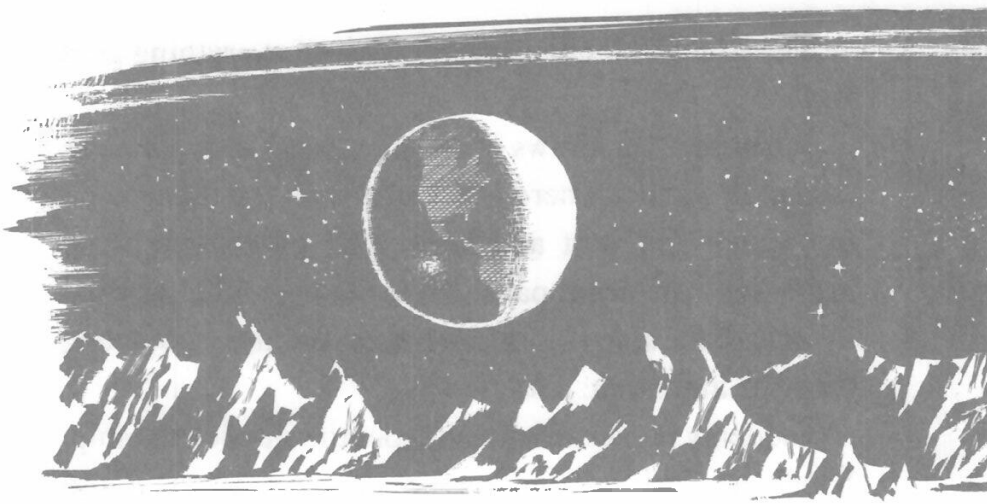
When the time draws near, the men strap themselves into their chairs. There is nothing now for them to do but watch and wait and hope. The pilot's eyes whip across his instrument panel. He is ready to take personal control of the ship the instant he sees anything go wrong with the automatic pilot.

Suddenly flames streak out from the sides of the ship. Small jets of gas are flipping the ship over, getting it into landing position. Now the ship's tail is heading straight toward the moon at 7,000 miles an hour.

Then the rocket engines start. Fire flashes from the moonship's tail as its "brakes" go into action, slowing it down. Eight giant landing legs descend from the bottom of the ship and spread out like a spider's legs.

The journey's end now lies less than half a mile below. The blasting rocket engines are scorching and churning the ground. Sixty hours after leaving the earth, the ship backs slowly down onto the surface of the moon.

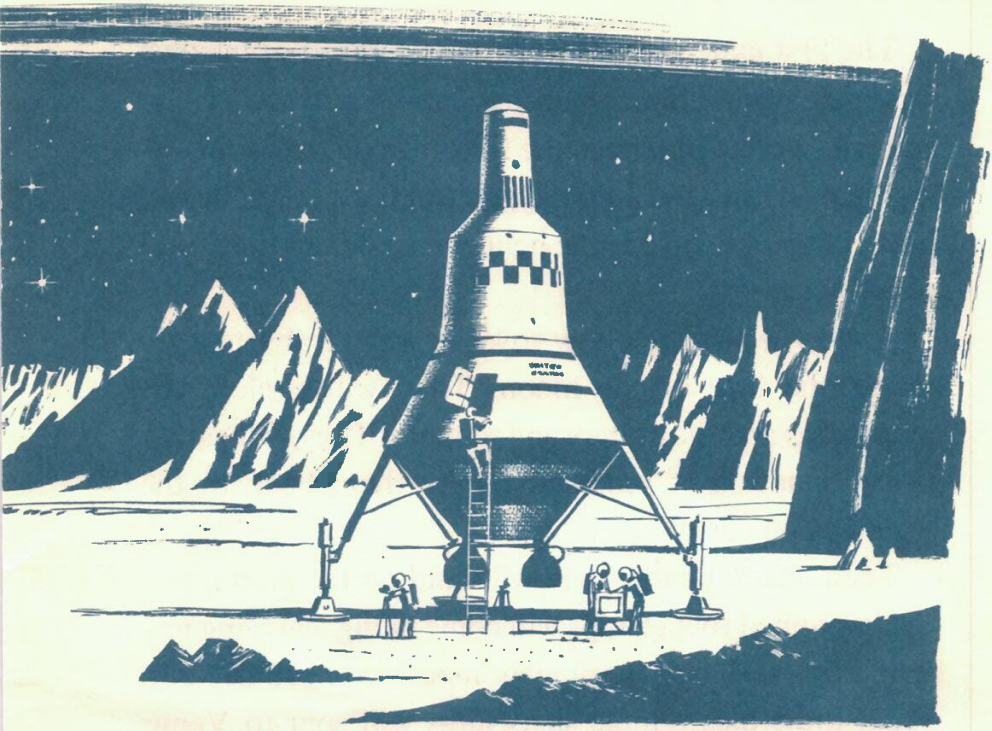
The first men are on the moon at last.



MAN ON THE MOON

When the first moon explorer leaves his spaceship, he will step into a weird, unreal world.

Nowhere are there any of the cheerful colors that brighten the earth. The moon is bleak and barren. It is a dull, gray world streaked with inky black shadows. Even in the daytime the sky above the moon is black. There is not enough atmosphere to make it blue. Far, far away the moon's black sky is sprinkled with stars that shine like sharp pinpoints of light.



The moon is filled with silence. There is not enough air to carry a sound wave.

Neither is there enough air to capture or spread the heat from the sun. Directly under the white glare of its rays, the moon is hotter than a heat wave on the Sahara Desert. But inside the shadows cast by a mountain peak, the moon is colder than a blizzard at the South Pole.

How can any man from earth live in such a hostile world?

The first explorer will wear a little world of his own wrapped around him. His heavy, air-conditioned moon suit will protect him from the freezing cold and the boiling heat. It will give him oxygen to breathe; and it will have a tiny radio inside the helmet to send out the sound of his voice.

And so he and his fellow voyagers will be able to walk across the face of the moon. They will explore the mountains and the craters and the seas. They will gather many handfuls of moon and take them back to the scientists on earth.

Then one day more men will land on the moon.

Unmanned rocketships will come along, carrying materials from which a permanent moon base will be built. From these bases, huge spaceships will soar to Venus and Mars.

And perhaps they will go even farther. We cannot tell right now, for the space age has only just begun. It may be that, one day, spaceships will flash as fast as lightning through the sky, and men will wander freely out among the stars.

You have read what some of today's scientists think it will be like to travel to the moon. Centuries ago, when men knew very little about the moon, they made up stories, or "myths."

Why were people once afraid to walk in the moonlight? Where did the moon come from? Does "the man in the moon" look the same to all people? These are a few of the questions James Throneburg answers in his book *Man on the Moon* (Alfred Knopf, 1961).

You may also want to read:

Space Ship: The Story of the X-15
by Irwin Stambler (G. P. Putnam's, 1961)

Off into Space!
by Margaret O. Hyde (Whittlesey House, 1959)

Count Down: Behind the Scenes of Our Missile Bases
by C. B. Colby (Coward-McCann, 1960)

Rockets into Space
by Alexander L. Crosby and Nancy Larrick (Random House, 1959)

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Bruno Finds a Friend

Michel-Aimé Baudouy

BRUNO FINDS A FRIEND

by Michel-Aimé Baudouy

Spring had come to the mountains. The huge brown bear came out of the dark cave where she had slept through the long winter. Her cubs, born in the cave, discovered a new world of sights and smells and tastes. Rolling and tumbling through the forest, they explored their new home.

Then suddenly—a shot rang out, and their world was shattered!

Bruno Finds a Friend

BY MICHEL-AIMÉ BAUDOUY

TRANSLATED BY MARIE PONSOT

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

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The Bears' Awakening

A faint halo of rosy light appeared beyond the blackness of the cave. The bear watched it grow, a signal that her long, patient wait was ended. Untroubled, she had known that one day the soft light would bloom beyond the cleft in the rocks to announce the coming of spring.

Her old heart beat quicker. Among the strong den odors, her expert nose identified those of the outdoors—running water and cool moss, greening grass and budding leaves. They filled her with an image of the whole forest, its lights and shadows, the warm den and the cool fresh undergrowth, the taste of new growth and juicy roots.

Now it would all begin again. With a yawn and a growl of pleasure, she welcomed her sudden hunger.

Her cubs stirred. The three of them lay curled between her paws, against her chest. She got up with a thrust of her shoulder that tumbled the cubs sprawling over the sand.

With practiced ease she maneuvered her big body through the narrow, deep entrance of the cave. She poked her nose out into the light of day.

Her small slanted eyes shut briefly in the sharp new light. When she opened them, she saw the wide territory that was her home. It lay on the French side of the Pyrenees, not far from Spain.

The bear growled her satisfaction. Nothing had changed. Rocks, bushes, trees were as before. The noise of running water was so steady that she hadn't noticed it at first. Now she heard nothing else, for the sound filled her with pleasure. She felt the urge to plunge into the water and clear away the remnants of winter. She longed to satisfy the thirst that dried her throat.

Her cubs followed her out into the open and stood blinking in the light, drunk with new scents, panting on the threshold of a world of wonders. Their mother sent them sprawling with a friendly sweep of her paw.

When she walked off, she felt winter's heavy drowsiness give way as her tremendous strength surged back. The cubs scrambled after her, halting to sniff a damp leaf or follow the flight of an insect from their path.

The mountain stream came dashing down the rocks, and bubbled along flat stretches creamy with foam. Here and there it spread to fill limpid pools among the rocks. The bear

tried the water of a rocky basin with her paw. It was icy; its surface had an odor of snow somewhere close by. She let herself fall into the water with a tremendous splash.

The cubs stared at the clear, tumbling thing that surrounded their mother. When she ducked so that only her muzzle showed, they whimpered. They longed for the safe warmth of the grotto. They wished for it even more a few minutes later, when their mother toppled them into the pool with her. Blowing, spitting, they struggled and struck out with all four paws going fast. They marveled at this queer element that was solid and not solid. There was nothing to stand on, yet it supported them enough so they could move along. They felt light, yet they bobbed and sank. They were hot and cold; it was frightening and delicious.

After their bath the cubs were frantically hungry. They clamored for their usual morning nursing, but their mother paid no attention.

Instead of her milk, she gave them buds scraped from the lower branches of pine trees, myrtle sprouts, last year's acorns, insects, plump white larvae, green caterpillars. The cubs discovered flavors—a glorious, new pleasure. They spent the whole morning nibbling, wide-eyed at the rich variety of things the forest offered.

When their bellies were full, they napped in the sun. Then they woke and played at rolling like golden fuzzballs down a

little slope. Soon their mother growled and set off among the trees, so fast they could hardly keep up with her. Grunting, she sniffed at bushes, rocky hollows, and the huge roots of uprooted pines. Finally she stopped by an old tree trunk to show them how to sharpen their claws. It was a good game. They had only to stand on two legs before the trunk and amuse themselves by ripping off the bark with their nails.

They left their game when a strange bear arrived. He was their older brother, a last year's cub. They took to him right away. He had a merry look and a wicked twinkle in his eye. He sniffed them all over, then toppled them on the grass with a thrust of his head, and pretended to devour them. They wrestled back with all their might.

Abruptly he lurched off into the bushes. The cubs toddled after with their mother. They raced and rambled, playing as they went, stopping to nibble or to nap when they were tired.

The cubs were absurdly happy in a world of discoveries—a sun-flooded clearing, a shadowy tunnel among the roots, the brilliant spill of a waterfall, slopes of myrtle, sunny places scented with strawberries. Their big brother showed them all the places he knew would delight them. Their mother scolded now and then, just hard enough to remind them who was really in charge. It was plain she was enjoying herself, too. At intervals she reared up and sniffed the air in all directions.

Evening fell. The cubs were uneasy as the light failed. The big yellow flower that had warmed them since they left their cave was falling slowly, far beyond the forest. They halted, while the mother and her older son held a conference. She wanted to spend the night in a dense thicket. Her son wanted to lead them to some small caves he had found the year before. Finally she agreed to the caves.

Alas!

The Bear Hunters

The big mountain farmhouse rang with laughter that spring morning. Young Nieve de France was having a hard time exerting her authority as daughter of the house over the oddest of all her pets.

The maids were fussing, St. Jean the shepherd was frowning, but Nieve had to laugh. Sancho, her pet bull, had wanted to pay her a visit in the kitchen to celebrate his release from winter quarters in the barn. It hadn't occurred to him that he was no longer calf-sized. He stood in the back entrance hall, his broad shoulders touching the wall on either side. He couldn't go in; he wouldn't back out.

"Back, Sancho, back," she ordered. Sancho hopefully supposed she didn't really mean it, since she was still smiling, and refused to budge. Not until she rapped his forehead hard half a dozen times, and got St. Jean to push at his powerful

shoulders, did he give up. Inch by inch he was persuaded to retreat into the yard.

"He'll have to be tied up," said St. Jean, mopping his brow. "If he won't graze with the herd, I'll put up a stake for him here."

"We'll see," said Nieve. "Come on, Sancho, you big idiot. I'll let you walk me to the spring." She picked up a pitcher and started down the path to the spring at the edge of the woods. Sancho promptly followed her.

Nieve had acquired Sancho as a pet when his mother died, a few days after his birth. Since it was then midsummer, all the cattle had been put to pasture high on the mountain. With no cow handy to nurse him, Nieve had made up her mind to raise him on a bottle. She did a good job. Under her constant care, the skinny calf became a sturdy young bull, with a look of jovial good temper. St. Jean, who was bookish, had named him Sancho after the merry companion of that sad knight, Don Quixote.

Sancho did have a pleasant, social nature. He would follow Nieve right into the kitchen, where he might get a pot to lick and could enjoy the fire. If the pet cats and dogs didn't make room for him, he would step on their tails, then look innocently amazed when they fled, howling.

It is possible for a little pet calf to wander in and out of a very big kitchen without much inconvenience. He can even

lie under the table at his mistress' feet. But sooner or later there is too much of him for a house to hold. Sancho was getting more enormous every day.

He was the only one who hadn't noticed his size. He knew he knocked over a chair once in a while, but he thought it simple clumsiness. Then a day came when, having edged to a comfortable spot under the table, he stood up and took the table right into the air on his back. Soon after, he tossed his horns at a pesky fly and almost speared the cook. That did it. He was chased from the kitchen and quartered in the barn. Nieve had brought him in with her a few times since then, but this morning's performance proved him no house pet. He'd have to behave like a bull from now on.

Nieve explained it to him as they went to the spring. "Aren't you ashamed? Look, see the high prairies up there. That's where you belong. The grass is young and fresh. The

sun is lovely and warm. You'd better go on up; you'll love it. Besides, you heard St. Jean. You don't want to be tied up, do you?"

"Mmmmmmmooh, mooh," answered Sancho.

"Yes, moo! Now be off with you! Right away! You can't stay with me any more. Go!"

Sancho was dismayed. Nieve had never spoken so sternly. Always before, by pretending not to understand, he'd been allowed to stay. Why not this time? She was much sterner. Could she really mean it?

Nieve stopped short, her small sun-browned face set firmly. She stamped her foot. "You must go; I'd hate to see you chained. You'll be free up there, and I'll come to see you often."

"Mmmmmooh . . . mmmmooh!" Sancho bellowed.

She turned her back on him and ran down the path. Sancho watched her go, then went slowly toward the high pasture.

Nieve was both sorry and relieved at his departure. It was time. He'd be happy, and in a week or so he'd have forgotten all the pampering.

She quickened her pace, swinging her pitcher.

At the foot of a slope a flat rock had been hollowed out to receive a narrow spill of water. The water deposited its sand, and ran out clear and sparkling between two stones.

As her pitcher filled, the wind brought Nieve the sound of an ax. She smiled. "That's Noel," she thought. "He's back at work. I'll walk over and see how he's making out."

She put the pitcher behind a juniper bush and entered the woods.

Under the pines, she couldn't hear the ax. But she had a sure sense of direction, and knew the way to Noel's clearing on the far side of the forest. Midway, the mountain was split by a deep gorge with sheer cliffs of overhung rock on either side. It was a wild, dark place. Tangles of pines and branches at the tops of the cliffs cut off the light and hid the sky.

Nieve was a daughter of the mountain, and fearless; but she was vaguely uneasy as she entered the shadow of the gorge. Suddenly she stopped, thinking she heard voices. The sound was so unexpected in this deserted spot that she slipped into a cleft of the rocks and looked out with a thudding heart.

Her ears hadn't deceived her. The voices grew louder, and she saw two men climbing the opposite slope of the rocky ravine. They were hunting bear; she could tell by their clothes.

Nieve hated these hunters. They weren't after grown bears. They simply stole the cubs to sell in Ustou. Ustou was famous as the village where dancing bears were trained. Its villagers took the pathetic, clownish chained bears from

village to village and even into the lowland cities. Most of the animals were ill-treated and broken in spirit. With a ring through his nose, fed little and beaten a lot, the king of the mountains was only a woebegone wretch with moth-eaten fur, forced to dance and tinkle his tambourine.

Nieve decided to follow the hunters, hoping for a chance to spoil their cub-stealing. They were far ahead by the time she climbed the opposite slope. She followed their tracks easily on the dead leaves, and trailed them a long way into the forest.

When she was about to give up, she heard shouts in the distance, followed by growls of rage. Bear! A shot—and another one—rang out. Then the forest fell back into its profound green silence.

Nieve forced herself to wait. No new sound reached her. She decided to climb higher. "I'll be up on the plateau soon, and from there I can see where I am," she thought.

The climb took longer than she expected. Finally the trees thinned out, and she came to the edge of the woods. She found herself quite far from home, on the plateau in an area where cattle seldom came. The grass was sparse, and the ground broken by sharp outcroppings of stone.

On one of these stones spread a wide crimson stain. The ground near it showed clear signs of a struggle. The bear must have stood the hunters off a long time before dying.

The Adoption of Bruno

The picture of what had happened made Nieve miserable. She hated to have needless violence done to any creature on her mountains. She wanted them all to enjoy free natural lives and know as little as possible of pain and death. Now she felt like hurrying for home. She decided to go higher and take a short cut along the first line of the upper peaks.

As she began to climb the rocky slope, she saw something that made her stop short. There was an odd sort of big brown ball she couldn't quite make out, wedged in a narrow angle of the rocks. No hedgehog was ever half as big and woolly. It pressed so close to the rock it seemed to grow out of it, but she knew it was an animal and alive. She came close and touched it with the toe of her shoe. It whimpered.

It was a bear cub! She should have known at once. The hunters had killed the mother and probably taken some cubs. This one had somehow managed to save himself. Terrified by the violent men, the blood, and the explosions, he had

pushed head first into the nearest hole. Though it was too small to hide much more than his eyes, he imagined he was unseen.

Nieve patted the shuddering brown fur. "Little one, little one," she said in soft reassurance. The cub only tried to push deeper into the rock.

"Silly, you'll smother in there. Come out of it, do." She seized two handfuls of brown fur and pulled. The cub resisted. He didn't want to have to look a new danger in the face. His claws clutched at the unyielding rock; he whimpered for his mother. But Nieve didn't let go. Finally the cub had to let her pluck him out.

His round little eyes blinked fearfully in the light. Nieve looked him over: a narrow muzzle with a lustrous little black nose and a pink tongue, a golden-brown body, and four big feet in thick furry boots. He was at once so comic and so pitiful that she didn't know whether to laugh or cry for him.

What to do with the poor creature? He was too young to forage for his food. His tongue was still streaked with milk. Nieve tried to think. The cub struggled so hard, striking out with all fours as she gripped the folds of fur at the back of his neck, that she took him into her arms. Comforted by her firm grasp, he curled up and slipped his muzzle under her arm. She gave up thinking and headed home with her new charge.

Her arrival caused a small commotion. The maids sighed. They had no sooner got rid of the pet bull when their young mistress brought home a new pet—a bear! The shepherds, young and old, shook their heads. Even Nieve's scholarly father, who admired and trusted Nieve's vigorous interest in nature, showed surprise. He said his dear daughter amazed him, and asked with courteous interest if she thought his home was a menagerie.

Nieve merely set her pet on the table, as if he had nothing to do with her.

Unsure of his footing on the smooth surface, the cub spread out his paws and peered up round-eyed. Finally, as if what he saw made him dizzy, he put his front paws over his eyes and didn't budge.

The maids had to laugh. "Isn't he cute," said one.

"What a fat little fellow," said another.

"His mother is dead," said Nieve. "He'll die, too, of course."

Silence.

"There's milk in the kitchen," said one maid.

"I suppose we could give him some," said another.

"You couldn't do it without a baby's bottle," St. Jean muttered.

Nieve's father said, "Well, Sancho doesn't need a bottle any more, does he, daughter? What are you waiting for?"

"Papa, dear, your home is no menagerie," she answered, smiling.

Her father laughed. "Go ahead. You knew all along you'd have no trouble with me."

"Are you sure it's all right, Papa? You won't change your mind?"

"I never change my mind," said her father, "at least not until you change yours."

"We can't let him suffer," said the cook.

"It won't take much to feed him until he's old enough to fend for himself," said St. Jean.

Nieve had a bottle ready in no time. Once the cub smelled milk, he began to drink like an expert, to everyone's delight. The maids wanted him to be named at once.

"He's brown," said St. Jean. "Call him Bruno!" The cub lifted his head and looked around.

"Look, he answers to his name already," said the shepherd.

They made him a bed in a packing case lined with straw. After his morning of terror, Bruno fell into a deep bear-cub sleep.

Bruno and Sancho

Curled up in the straw at the bottom of his box, Bruno was drowsily thinking. So much had happened so fast, his head couldn't hold it all. He was amazed to find himself unhurt and quite comfortable. Had it really happened? Might he wake and find himself in the cave, nestled against his mother? He lifted his head to nuzzle for milk. A wisp of straw tickled his nose and made him sneeze three times. That woke him up all the way.

He looked at his surroundings. A shaft of light fell between two boards of the box. It made him think pleasantly of the great yellow flower he had seen disappear beyond the forest. Maybe the yellow flower would bloom again here in this box. Peering through the slit, he saw the gorgeous flames of the fire on the hearth.

He growled with joy, loud enough to startle himself. A minute later, he felt the growl was a mistake. It brought a

rush of light and a torrent of deafening voices. The ground shook. He was grasped by the back of the neck and lifted into the air.

The fire flower receded into the distance; he was carried through a short tunnel into a world of light and set down. The solid ground was good under his feet.

He recognized the people staring at him. They were the ones he'd seen just before he slept. They didn't seem dangerous, just noisy, with their flat mouths squeaking all the time. Overhead he saw a yellow flower different from the one he'd glimpsed outdoors. He felt himself lifted again. With relief he recognized the odor of the two-legged creature who had held him safe and spoken softly when he was frightened. His heart filled with tenderness. "Bruno, baby Bruno," he heard. The smiling face reassured him. Warm milk trickled onto his lips. He began to drink from the bottle with great relish.

Bruno discovered that the wonders of a house are as great and as many as the wonders of a forest. The kitchen was as cool as green undergrowth. Afternoons, the sun streamed in just as beautifully as in a forest clearing. The house had plenty of nooks and corners, and its stairs could be climbed as if they were rocky slopes. Bruno had a choice of play places, the straw-littered stable, the kitchen tiles, the oak floors of the living room.

Soon the vivid memories of his mother, his brothers, and the forest dimmed. His world was made up of barns, buildings, and the garden. The wide spaces beyond the fence were rather frightening. Nieve always called him back when he went too near them.

He could pick out Nieve's voice in any company. It was both soft and firm. It meant friendly safety, pats on the head, treats to nibble. All the two-legged creatures were his friends. The maids played with him when he came into the good-smelling kitchen. He was often given a pot to lick. He liked jam or honey pots best. When he pulled his head out, sticky to the ears, everyone laughed. That didn't bother him. He knew he had hours of agreeable fur-licking ahead.

Bruno's one sorrow was the farm dogs and cats. He longed to be friends, but at the sight of him cats fled and dogs drew back, growling softly. They didn't seem to believe he only wanted to show them he liked to play, too. He could clamber up trees, roll in the grass, and chase acorns with them. But he never got a chance. He finally gave up and devoted his playful affections to Nieve.

The weeks and months passed. Bruno was growing fast. He followed Nieve as faithfully as any dog. He slept just outside her door and in the morning jumped stiff-legged for joy, snorting a welcome, when she appeared.

One day Nieve took Bruno up to the plateau to visit

Sancho. A soft wind lifted Nieve's hair and ruffled Bruno's fur. It was a fine day. The big cub sniffed and nibbled as they went—a clump of fresh gentians, an insect in flight, a quick tongueful of ants in procession.

"See how dirty you're getting!" Nieve cried. But Bruno was having a great time. How delicious ants were—to say nothing of caterpillars and plump sticky slugs!

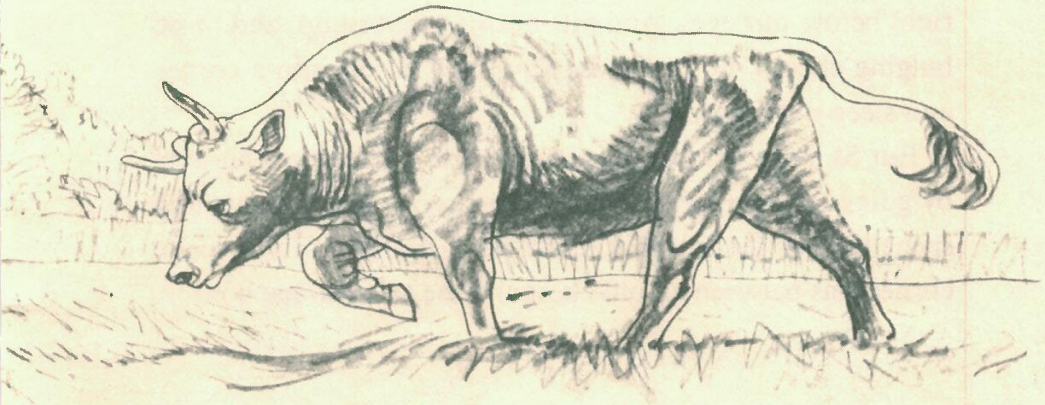
Sancho was cropping grass a little apart from the herd. When he saw Nieve, he bellowed a greeting and loped toward her.

But an unexpected odor hit his nostrils and stopped him short a good distance away. He stood nervously turning his head in all directions.

Nieve called, "Sancho, Sancho!"

The odor woke the young bull's ancestral knowledge of the presence of an enemy. He pawed the ground, head down, snorting furiously. Bruno had stopped, too. Nieve found herself halfway between her two friends. She had wanted to introduce them, but it was plain no friendly meeting was likely. Bruno had pulled himself up, with feet close together, and was peering right and left like a mechanical bear. Sancho tossed wicked-looking horns, ready to charge.

"Aren't you a charming pair," she scolded. "And don't you look silly!"



The two hereditary enemies ignored her. They concentrated on each other and refused to budge.

Nieve had to laugh. "I don't know which of you is more frightened," she said.

Her familiar laughter reassured them a little. Sancho began cropping the grass, stepping slowly off sideways like an overgrown crab. Bruno stood on his haunches and called after Nieve in a hopeful growl.

By autumn Bruno was the size of a big dog, but his manner was so gentle that he was still treated as a baby. Though his appetite was enormous, he had learned to eat neatly at meals. Often he'd find his own dessert in the garden. He'd bite off a ripe tomato, a squash, or a small sweet melon, or root out a delicious onion with his nose.

St. Jean said one day, watching him, "Bruno's growing right before our eyes. And fat! Look at that rump, and those bulging cheeks. One of these days he'll go off into a corner and sleep until spring."

But St. Jean was wrong. Bruno didn't actually hibernate by going to sleep for the winter. He merely lost appetite and spent the winter in the kitchen near the fire. His favorite corner was between an old chest and the salt-storage box.

Bruno finally grew too large for the kitchen and had to return to the mountains. But he soon learned that all humans were not his friends. How Bruno is captured, and how he escapes from his enemies, is told in the book *Bruno, King of the Mountain* by Michel-Aimé Baudouy (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1960).

You may also want to read:

Old One-Toe
by Michel-Aimé Baudouy (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1959)

Honk, the Moose
by Phil Stong (Dodd, Mead, 1935)

Simba of the White Mane
by Jocelyn Arundel (Whittlesey House, 1958)

Bambi
by Felix Salten (Grosset & Dunlap, 1926)

Grishka and the Bear
by René Guillot (Criterion Books, 1960)

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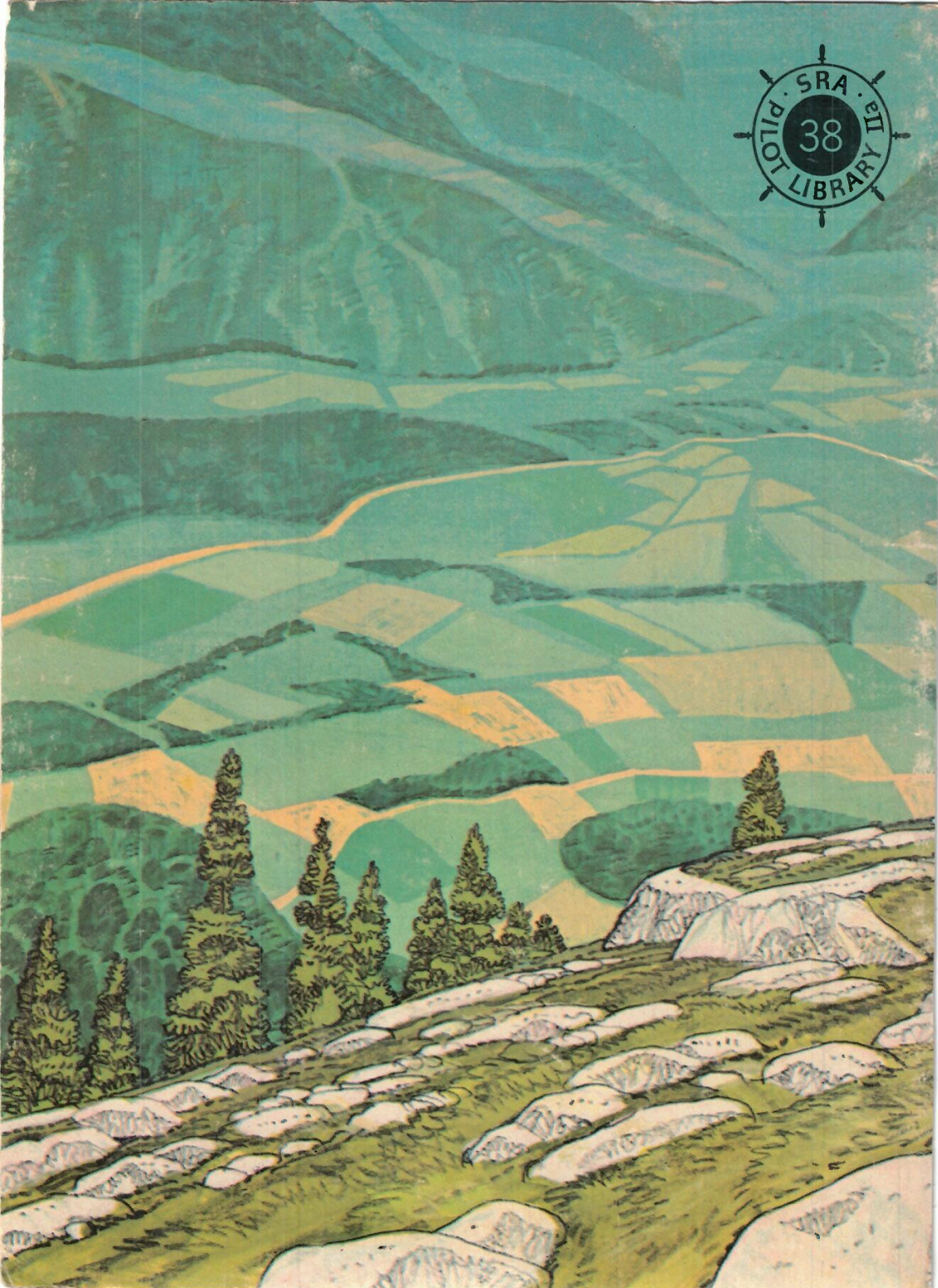
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BALLOONS FLY HIGH

Lynn and
Gray Poole

BALLOONS FLY HIGH

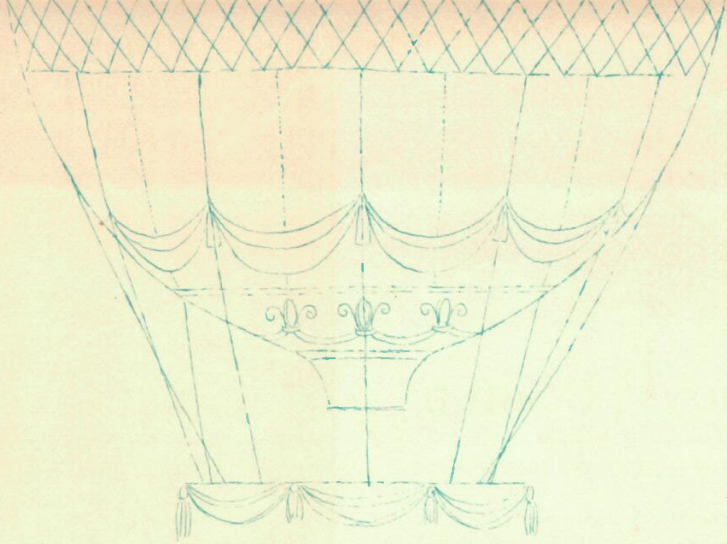
by Lynn and Gray Poole

The first men to leave the earth were not in a rocket ship. They were not in an airplane. They were slung beneath a balloon!

Today men are flying high and far in airplanes and rocket ships. Someday they will truly leave the earth. And balloons will help them on their way.

Huge balloons orbit the earth. They are used to gather scientific information for future spacemen. A balloon as high as a forty-story building has been sent into the sky.

Would you believe that all of this began with toy balloons? It did. The story of ballooning began in France almost two hundred years ago. The story is far from finished.



BALLOONS FLY HIGH

by LYNN *and* GRAY POOLE

illustrated by ELEANOR MILL

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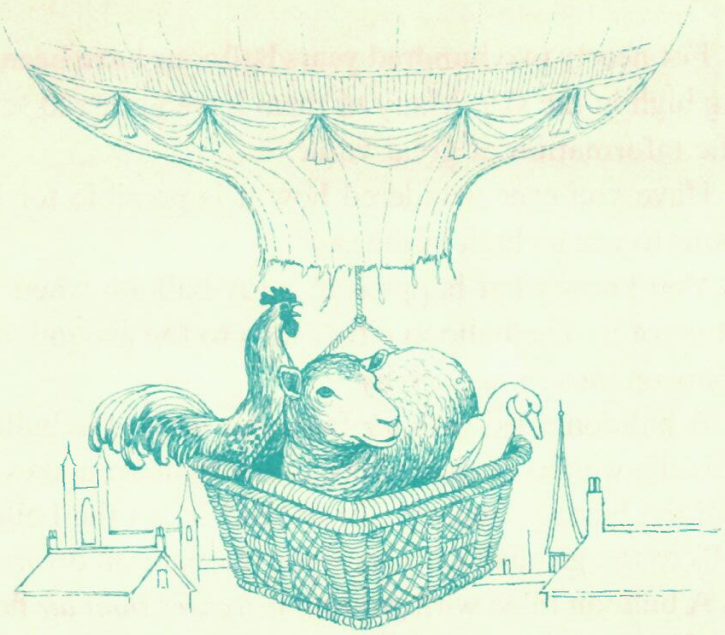


Balloons in the Sky

On August 12, 1960, a wonderful thing happened. Rockets carried a balloon out into space, a thousand miles above the earth. There the balloon became a satellite. It went into orbit around and around our earth. At night people on the ground could see this balloon as it crossed the sky. Maybe you saw it.

A few months before *Echo* went into orbit, a plastic balloon, as tall as a forty-story building, floated upward to a height of twenty-two miles.

For nearly two hundred years balloons have been flying high in the sky. Many of them have gathered scientific information of great value.

Have you ever wondered how it is possible for balloons to rise so high in the sky?

You know what happens to a toy balloon when you let go of it. The balloon either falls to the ground, or it floats up into the sky. Why?

A balloon filled with *air* falls. Air inside the balloon plus the weight of the rubber in the balloon makes the balloon heavier than the air around it. So the balloon falls to the ground. Gravity pulls the balloon down.

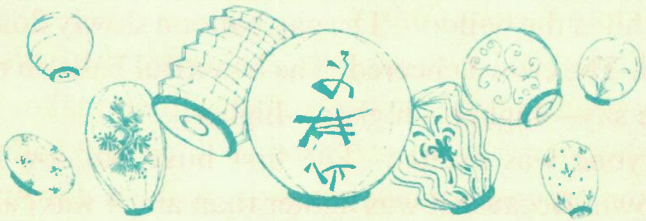
A balloon filled with *gas that is lighter than air* floats up. You can show your friends how that happens. Get a glass. Fill it with water. Now get a piece of cork. Push the cork down to the bottom of the glass. Let go of the cork. Cork is lighter than water, so it rises to the top of the water, where it floats.

The water in the glass is like air. The cork is like a balloon filled with a gas that is lighter than air. A balloon filled with lighter-than-air gas rises in the air and floats above your head.

Balloons float upward because they are lighter than the air around them. Men had to learn this fact before they could make balloons fly. Men had to find a gas

lighter than air. Then they had to get this gas inside a balloon. When they could do this, they could make balloons fly up into the sky.

The first balloons did not carry any passengers. The very first balloons were tiny toy balloons.



Toy balloons gave two men the idea for a flying balloon.

The pretty toy balloons were made in China, India, Italy, Germany, and France. The balloons were made of paper. There were tiny candles inside the balloons. The candles were little, like those on birthday cakes. The candles were lighted inside the balloons. And the balloons floated up. What a sight to see!

Two brothers saw the little balloons in Paris and got an idea. The brothers lived in France. Their names were Joseph and Etienne Montgolfier. They owned a paper factory in Annonay. For several years they tried to build

a large balloon that would fly. Several times they failed. Finally they made a balloon of paper and linen cloth. It was painted with bright colors.

On June 5, 1783, they took their balloon to the village square. A crowd gathered to watch. The brothers built a roaring wood fire. People were frightened when the brothers put their balloon over the fire. Hot air from the fire filled the balloon. The gay balloon slowly floated upward. The crowd cheered. The beautiful balloon rose into the sky—higher—higher—higher.

Everyone was excited. The first huge balloon had been flown. Because it was lighter than air, it was called a *lighter-than-air craft.*

Friends of the Montgolfier brothers asked questions. What was the secret of the balloon? Why had the balloon floated upward? The smiling brothers answered the question.

Hot air is lighter than cool air. Hot air rises, goes above cool air. You can prove this yourself with two experiments. Here is how you do the first experiment:

Put a flashlight on a table. Point the light toward a wall. Warm the bottom of a candle with a match, and stand it in a dish. Light the candle. Be sure to blow out the match. Now turn out the lights in the room. Handle the candle carefully and keep it away from anything

that will burn. Hold the candle between the flashlight and the wall. The light will cast on the wall a shadow of your hand, the candle, and the flame.

Now look closely at the wall shadow. Do you see the soft, flickering lines rising from the candle? Those lines are made by the hot air rising from the candle. Why does hot air rise? Because it is lighter than cold air. Why is warm air lighter than cold air? Let's find out with another experiment.

Now get a soda-pop bottle, a little balloon, and one of your mother's mixing bowls. Slip the balloon over the top of the soda-pop bottle. See how the balloon flops over and hangs limp? Next stand the bottle in the mixing bowl. When you have done this, slowly pour hot water (*not* boiling water, as it might break the bottle) into the mixing bowl. Put in as much hot water as you can. Now —watch!

The hot water is heating the glass and the air inside the bottle. Watch the balloon. Do you see that it is slowly expanding, that it is blowing up? Why is it blowing up?

The warmed air in the bottle is expanding. It takes up more space. You began with a bottle of cool air. You now have a bottle of warm air *plus* part of a balloon with warm air in it. The warm air has been *thinned out*

to take up more space. For this reason, warm air is lighter than cold air, and—as we saw in the case of the cork in water—light things rise.

Exactly the same thing happened with the Montgolfier brothers' balloon. Hot air from the roaring fire rose and filled their balloon. Filled with hot air, the balloon was lighter than cool air outside the balloon. When the brothers let the balloon go, it floated up into the sky.

News about the balloon spread fast. Soon a French scientist named Jacques A. C. Charles had another idea. He knew about a gas called hydrogen. Hydrogen is much lighter than air.

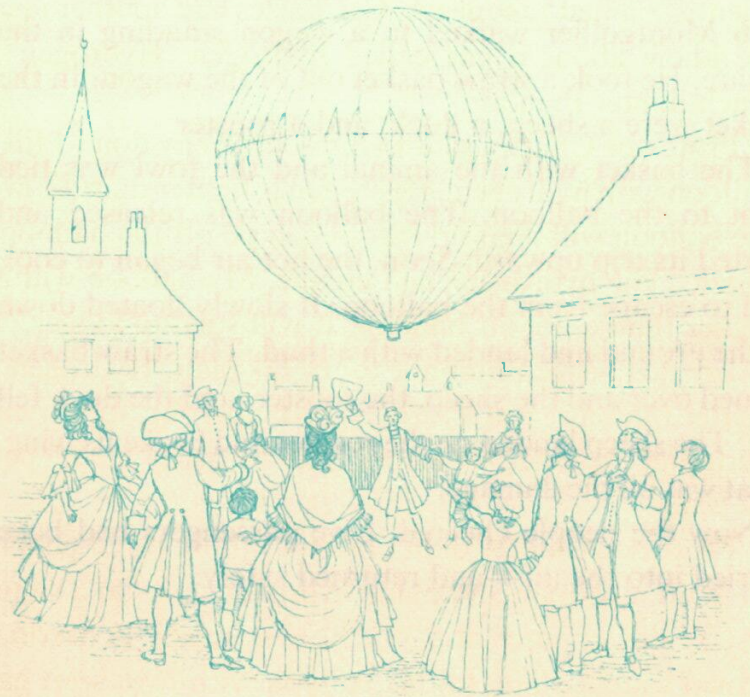
Professor Charles said to himself, "Why don't I fill a balloon with hydrogen? Hydrogen is lighter than air and the balloon will float upward. I can tie off the balloon's nozzle. The hydrogen can't escape. My balloon will go higher than a hot-air balloon. It will stay up longer."

Friends begged him not to try his plan. Hydrogen *is* lighter than air. But hydrogen is dangerous, too. It can burn and explode. "Someone may be badly hurt," people said.

Professor Charles didn't listen to those timid people. He built a balloon and made hydrogen gas. On a sunny day in the summer of 1783, he was ready. A terrified crowd watched him fill his balloon with hydrogen gas.

The balloon grew steadily larger. Soon it measured thirteen feet in diameter. An amazing size!

The nozzle end was tied off. Hydrogen couldn't escape from inside the balloon. Professor Charles released the balloon. Immediately it floated up. It was caught by the wind and drifted out of sight. People shouted, "Wonderful!"



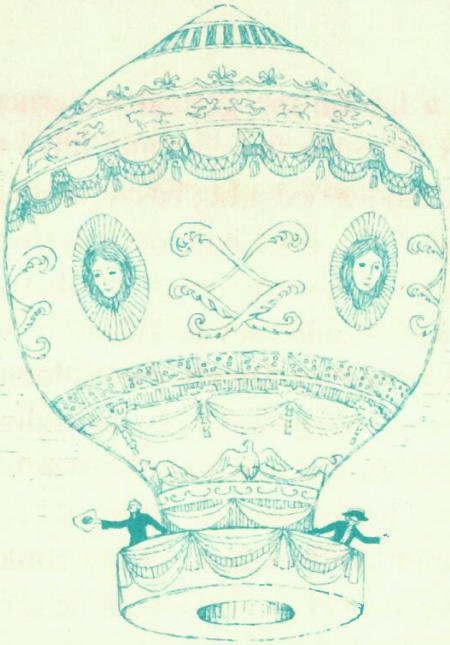
This made the Montgolfier brothers angry. Nobody was going to get ahead of them. They made an announcement. "We will build a balloon to carry passengers into the sky." People laughed at them.

The Montgolfier brothers worked for a month on a new balloon. Colorful drawings and cloth flags were on it. The flags waved in the breeze. Another fire was built in the town square. Hot air filled the balloon. People laughed and asked, "Where are the passengers?"

The brothers paid no attention to the laughter. Joseph Montgolfier walked to a wagon standing in the square. He took a straw basket out of the wagon. In the basket were a sheep, a duck, and a rooster.

The basket with the animal and the fowl was tied tight to the balloon. The balloon was released and started its trip upward. Soon, the hot air began to cool, and to escape from the balloon. It slowly floated down to the ground and landed with a thud. The straw basket turned over and the sheep, the rooster, and the duck fell out. The sheep landed on the rooster and broke its wing. That was all the damage.

Now the people cheered. Live passengers had been carried into the air—and returned safely.



First Men Up

Animals had been lifted into the air. But men wanted to fly in balloons. And they didn't have long to wait.

Two brave men risked their lives in 1783. One was a French nobleman. He was called the Marquis d'Arlandes. The King of France was his cousin. The other balloonist was Pilâtre de Rozier.

In Paris, the Marquis and de Rozier built a balloon. Together they carried it to a large park. Thousands of people went to watch the brave balloonists. Pilâtre de

Rozier built a fire on the ground underneath the balloon. Hot air from the fire rose and filled the balloon. Marquis d'Arlandes tied a big basket to the balloon.

Without fear, the bold balloonists stepped into the basket. The crowd was very quiet. Would the men really fly into the sky? Would they be killed?

An order was given. Slowly the balloon drifted upward. The people gasped. The balloon floated up, up. The balloonists smiled and waved down from the basket. The crowd waved back . . . cheered . . . clapped . . . waved hats and handkerchiefs. They could hardly believe what they saw. High above their heads, two human beings were flying!

Up in the flying basket, the two men shook hands. And they happily pounded each other on the back. It was wonderful to be the first men in all history to fly in the air.

A strong wind caught the balloon. Like all balloons at that time, this one was in *free flight*. We call it free flight because the balloon was freely blown by the wind. It could not be guided or steered. Twenty-five minutes later the balloon landed safely.

Ten days later, two more men went up in a balloon. Do you remember Professor Charles? He was the first man to put hydrogen gas in a balloon. Professor Charles

had a friend. His name was Jean Robert. Together they built a special kind of balloon.

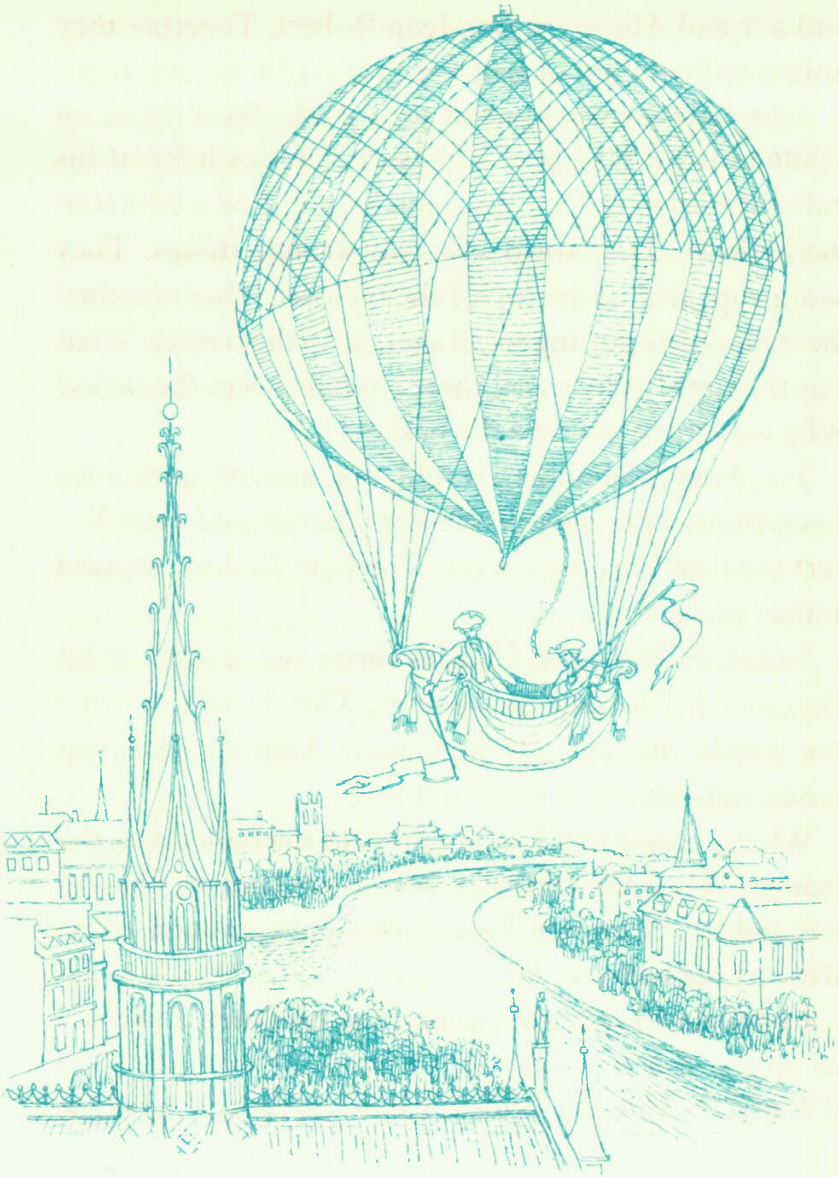
This balloon was hauled to a park. As always, an excited crowd watched. Professor Charles inflated his balloon with hydrogen gas. Jean Robert tied a basket to the balloon. The crowd saw two strange things. They saw a rope tied to the top of the balloon. They watched the balloonists putting small sacks into the basket. What was the rope? Why was it there? What was in the sacks? Why were they put into the basket?

The busy balloonists would not answer questions. Everything was ready. Professor Charles and Jean Robert climbed into the basket. The light balloon swayed in the breeze.

Suddenly Professor Charles threw out a sack. It hit the ground. The sack broke open. The crowd saw what was inside the sack. It was sand. Another sack was tossed out. Slowly the balloon rose.

What a clever idea! Sandbags held the balloon on the ground. When the sandbags were tossed out, the basket was lighter. Soon the basket was light enough to be lifted by the balloon.

Floating along in the breeze, the two men could see for miles. For an hour they looked down on the city of Paris . . . saw flat fields outside the city . . . and the



famous River Seine. Finally, they decided to go back to earth. Professor Charles pulled gently on the rope. It was tied to a valve on the top of the balloon.

When the rope was pulled, the valve opened. When the valve opened, hydrogen gas escaped from the balloon. Professor Charles let go and the valve closed again. Little by little the balloon got smaller. It was being deflated as the gas was released. As the balloon became smaller, the weight of the basket pulled it toward the ground.

Slowly the balloon and basket came to rest on the earth after its free flight over the French countryside.

Professor Charles had invented two wonderful things: the weights to be thrown out on ascent—the going up; the valve to be opened for gas to escape on the descent—the coming down.

Opening and closing the valve for descent is called *valving down.*

When Professor Charles and Jean Robert landed, a crowd was waiting. The two men were heroes!

We have talked about men flying high in the sky. What about women? Did women go up in balloons? Indeed they did. Girls want to do exciting things, too.

Lucky Ladies

Girls and women are brave and often do daring things. A French lady was the first woman to ascend in a balloon. She did it just one year after the first balloon had gone up. Her name was Marie Thible. She lived in Lyons, France.

Marie Thible was very beautiful. She had a lovely smile and was very kind. She was popular with the people in Lyons. On the day of her flight, she put on her very best clothes. Feathers trimmed her large hat. Her dress

was made of satin and lace. She wore long white gloves and pointed-toe shoes made of embroidered silk.

When Marie Thible walked into the square at Lyons, many villagers were already there. Her smile was bright as the sun. People shouted, "Bonjour, belle mademoiselle." She bowed prettily to the crowd and walked toward the inflated balloon. A handsome Frenchman was waiting. He was the balloon pilot.

The pilot bowed to Marie. Taking her hand, he helped her as she jumped gracefully into the gondola, the wicker passenger basket tied to the balloon. The pilot leaped into the gondola. He tossed out the sandbags. The balloon lifted from the ground.

Ladies in the crowd shouted, "Good luck to you, brave Marie." They watched with pride as this fearless woman waved back to them. Many women cried because they were so happy. Men in the crowd took off their hats to Marie. They called out, "We honor you for your beauty and for your bravery!"

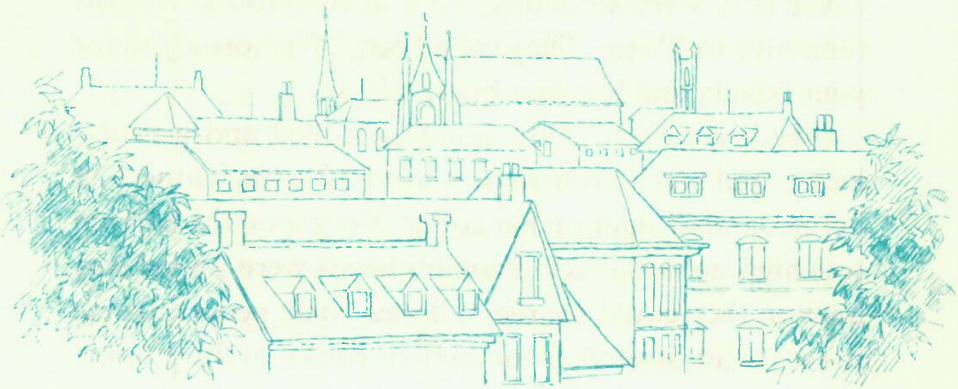
The lovely lady in the gondola smiled and waved a lace-edged handkerchief. Soft wind blew the feathers on her hat and the lace on her collar. Very soon the balloon was high up in the sky. People's heads were tipped way back so they could see the balloon. Some people, trying to see better, stretched out on their backs on the ground.

Fearless Marie looked at the altimeter in the gondola. This is an instrument that tells balloonists how high above the ground they are. Marie's eyes opened wide in surprise. She was a thousand feet above the ground!

The balloon continued to climb . . . to two thousand feet . . . to three thousand . . . to four thousand. Marie Thible looked down. Trees below looked like blades of grass. People appeared to be as small as ants. Houses looked like toy blocks.

Marie wanted to go higher. Her pilot said, "No! It is too dangerous." So he started the descent. The balloon started downward. Marie was excited as she watched the earth getting closer and closer. Finally, without any incident, the gondola touched the ground.

As soon as the balloon took off from Lyons, many men jumped on horses and galloped along beneath the



balloon. They were at the place where Marie landed. They helped her out of the gondola and lifted her into a carriage drawn by white horses. The carriage was decorated with flowers, ribbons, and tinkling bells.

Marie was driven back to Lyons where the people were wild with joy. They tossed bouquets into the carriage. Marie was laughing with happiness. She was the first woman ever to leave the ground and ascend into the air. She had a right to be happy—and proud.

Across the English Channel in Britain, men were flying balloons. Word of Marie Thible's flight reached England. Naturally several English women wanted to go up in balloons.

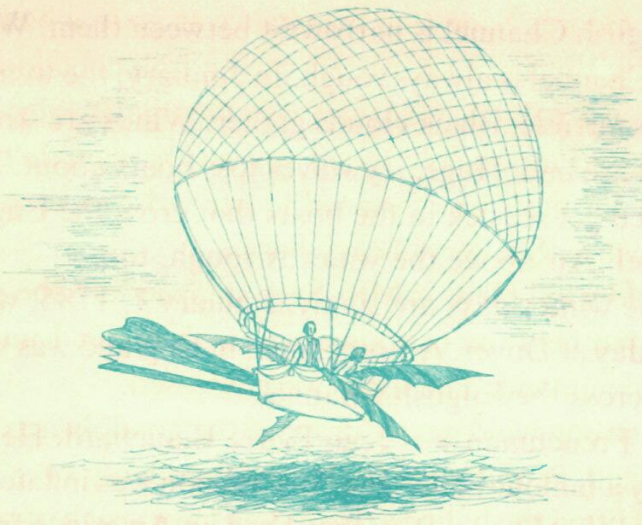
Mrs. George Sage won the chance to go in a balloon owned by Vincent Lunardi. He was an Italian balloonist staying in England. Her pilot was George Biggin. She was dressed in a heavy tweed suit so she wouldn't get cold. A fur muff was fastened to her wrist to keep her hands warm. She wore heavy boots.

A cold wind blew as Mrs. Sage stepped into the gondola. Men held the balloon down with ropes. Lunardi gave a command. The ropes were released.

The strong wind nearly dragged the gondola across a rough field. People were frightened. Suddenly a big gust of wind lifted the balloon. Everyone gave a sigh of relief —including Mrs. Sage. Higher and higher the balloon soared. The gondola swayed. The pilot handled the balloon with great skill. Mrs. Sage was thrilled as she looked down on the earth, then up at the clouds in the sky.

After an hour's flight, Mrs. Sage and her pilot landed.

That night a dinner party was given in their honor. At the party, Lunardi said, "I hope to be the first man to balloon across the English Channel and land in France."



Over Water

Lunardi's wish never came true. He didn't cross the English Channel in a balloon. Lunardi and many other men failed before someone succeeded.

An Englishman tried. He took off from Dover, England, and hoped to reach Calais in France. His balloon fell in the water.

A Russian tried. He took off from Calais and tried to reach Dover. His balloon burst in mid-air.

Other men tried to cross from Dover to Calais, or from Calais to Dover. They picked those towns because

the English Channel is narrowest between them. Water in the Channel is always rough. In January, the weather often is terrible. Black clouds gather. Winds are strong. Storms are bad. Huge, icy waves toss boats about. People often get seasick in the boats that cross the English Channel. Air above the water is rough, too.

Some winter days are sunny. January 7, 1785, was a sunny day at Dover. A Frenchman in England was waiting to cross the English Channel.

The Frenchman was Jean Pierre Blanchard. He was already a famous balloonist. His balloon was inflated on a high cliff at Dover. Blanchard had an American friend with him. The friend was Dr. John Jeffries from Boston, Massachusetts.

A crowd on the cliffs of Dover watched Blanchard uncover a wicker basket. The basket was the balloon's gondola. It was a very strange-looking gondola. It was shaped like a bathtub and had four oars. They were covered with silk. At the back was a rudder. It looked like a large dolphin!

When everything was ready, Blanchard bowed to the crowd. He and Dr. Jeffries leaped into the funny-looking gondola. Blanchard tossed out sandbags and the balloon took off. Strong winds caught the balloon. Blanchard and Jeffries were off—to France!

Trouble started at once. Air currents over the Channel tossed the balloon around. First, updrafts swept the balloon straight up. Then, downdrafts made the balloon plunge down. The gondola swayed under the balloon. Dr. Jeffries was airsick. Blanchard was scared.

The balloonists went up, then down. Down, up. Up, down. Sometimes the angry waves in the English Channel were hundreds of feet below the gondola. Sometimes the gondola was only a few feet above the water. Blanchard tossed out all his sandbags. He threw away his food—his shoes—his mittens. He ordered Dr. Jeffries to do the same. Finally, Blanchard took off his pants and threw them out of the gondola.

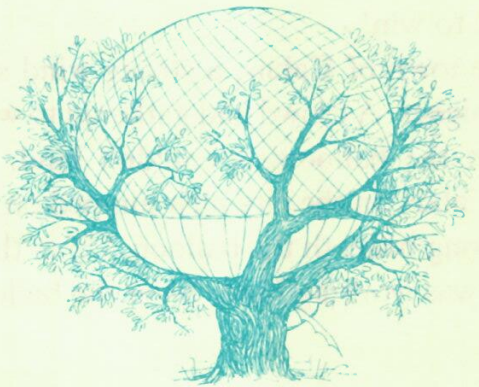
He did these things to lighten the load. He was trying to keep the balloon from dumping him and his friend into the cold water. The men tried desperately to control the balloon. Then they saw the coast of France. They were about to win!

Near the town of Calais, a strong wind swept them many feet higher. A crowd had gathered to welcome the heroes. But the balloonists couldn't land. They flew high over Calais. In the city men jumped on horses and galloped along beneath the balloon. Up in the gondola, Blanchard was working hard. Soon the balloon started down.

Twelve miles inland the balloon fell toward a tall tree. Blanchard was ready. He reached out his arms and caught a strong limb of the tree. Dr. Jeffries did the same. Both men hung on for dear life. Gradually the balloon settled and the balloonists tumbled to safety. They landed in the arms of the men on horseback.

A Frenchman and an American won fame by being the first to ride in a balloon across a large body of open water. They risked their lives to win this honor.

Happy crowds of people went with them to Paris. A festival was given for them. There were parades, fireworks, speeches, and banquets. At a banquet, Blanchard said, "Dr. Jeffries has invited me to go to America. I shall take my balloon on a ship. I will show the Americans how to fly a balloon."



The flight made by Jean-Pierre Blanchard and Dr. Jeffries was only the beginning. Madame Blanchard, Jean-Pierre's wife, became the first woman balloonist to perform stunts. Unfortunately, her stunts ended in tragedy.

Balloons were used in the Civil War and in both World Wars. They have been used to explore the earth and to observe the stars. Lynn and Gray Poole's book *Balloons Fly High* (Whittlesey House, 1961) tells of these and many more exciting sky adventures.

You may also want to read:

The Golden Book of Aviation
by John Lewellen and Irwin Shapiro (Golden Press, 1959)

Twenty-One Balloons
by William Pène du Bois (Viking Press, 1947)

Whirlybirds: The Story of Helicopters
by Edwin P. Hoyt (Doubleday, 1961)

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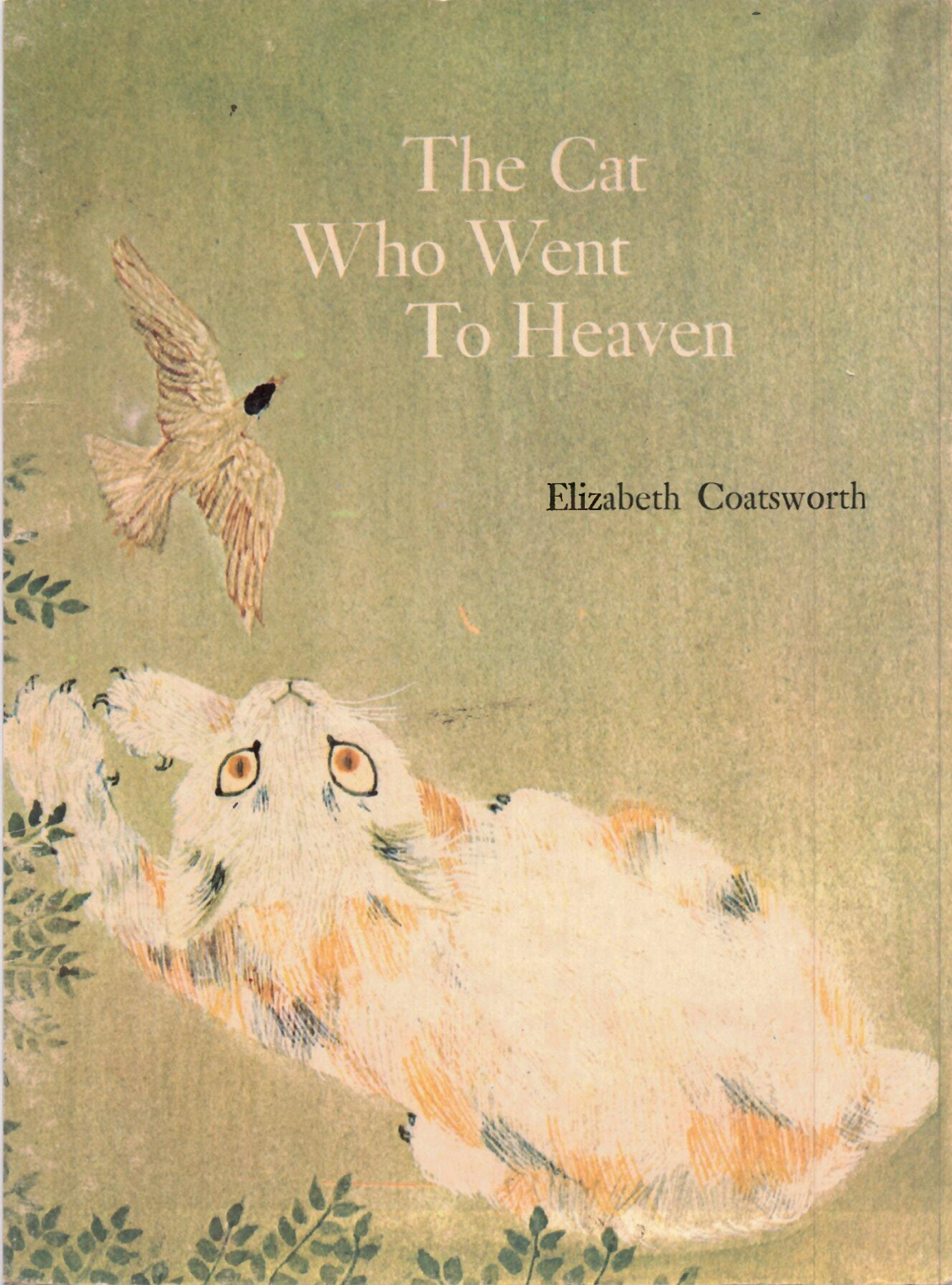
The Cat Who Went To Heaven

Elizabeth Coatsworth



THE CAT WHO WENT TO HEAVEN

by Elizabeth Coatsworth

If you were so poor you often had to go hungry, would you share your food with a cat? The poor Japanese artist was angry with his housekeeper for bringing a cat home. She was just another mouth to feed. But he decided to keep the little cat, and he named her Good Fortune.

Did the cat bring good fortune to the artist? It would seem so, for he was asked to paint a picture for the village temple. The picture was to show all the animals that came to say good-by to the great Lord Buddha as he lay dying.

How Good Fortune longed to be in the picture! But it was well known that of all creatures, only the cat had not received Buddha's blessing and could not enter heaven.

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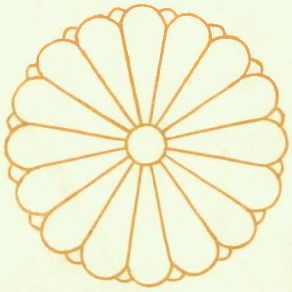

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY ED YOUNG

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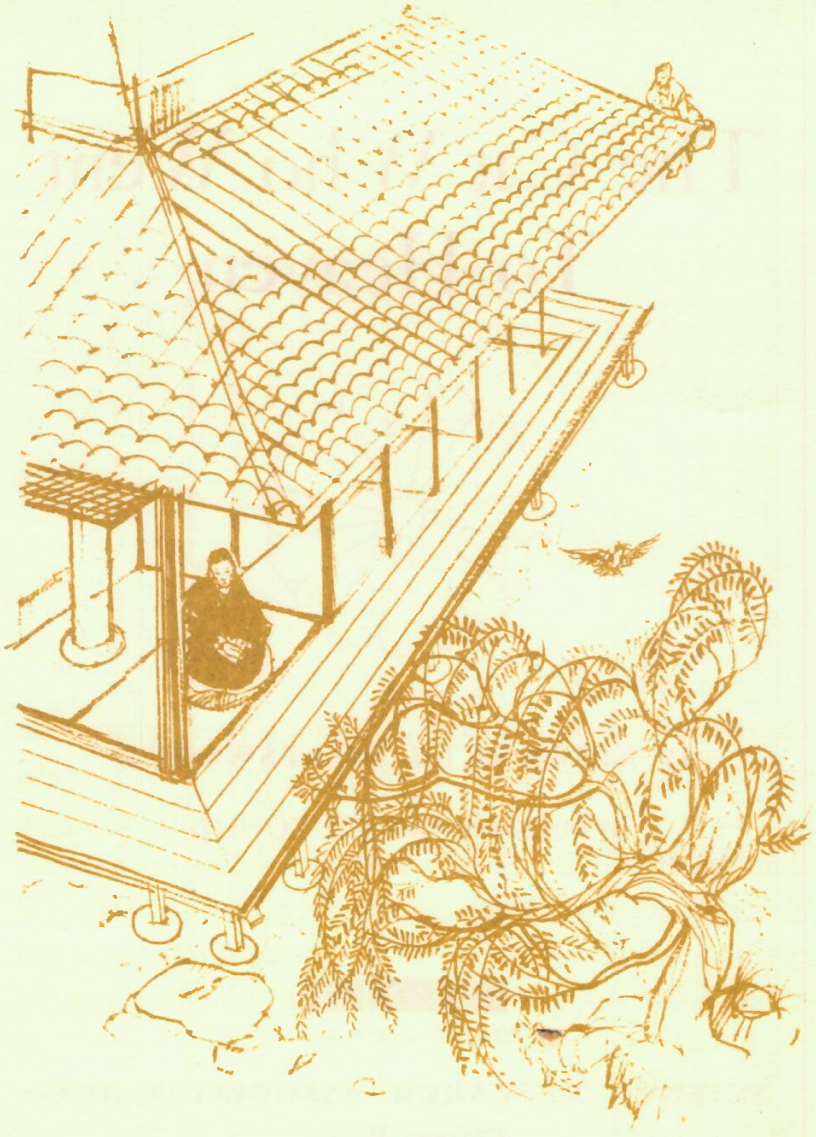

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1

Good Fortune

Once upon a time, far away in Japan, a poor young artist sat alone in his little house, waiting for his dinner. His housekeeper had gone to market, and he sat sighing to think of all the things he wished she would bring home. He expected her to hurry in at any minute, bowing and opening her little basket to show him how wisely she had spent their few pennies. He heard her step, and jumped up. He was very hungry!

But the housekeeper lingered by the door, and the basket stayed shut.

"Come," he cried, "what is in that basket?"

The housekeeper trembled, and held the basket tight in two hands. "It has seemed to me, sir," she said, "that we are very lonely here." Her wrinkled face looked humble and obstinate.

"Lonely!" said the artist. "I should think so! How can we have guests when we have nothing to offer them? It is so long since I have tasted rice cakes that I forget what they taste like!" And he sighed again, for he loved rice cakes, and dumplings, and little cakes filled with sweet bean jelly. He loved tea served in fine china cups, in company with some friend, seated on flat cushions, talking perhaps about a spray of peach blossoms standing like a little princess in an alcove.

But weeks and weeks had gone by since anyone had bought even the smallest picture. The poor artist was glad enough to have rice and a coarse fish now and then. If he did not sell another picture soon, he would not have even that. His eyes went back to the basket. Perhaps the old woman had managed to pick up a turnip or two, or even a peach, too ripe to haggle long over.

"Sir," said the housekeeper, seeing the direction of his look, "it has often seemed to me that I was kept awake by rats."

At that the artist laughed out loud.

"Rats?" he repeated. "Rats? My dear old woman, no rats come to such a poor house as this where not the smallest crumb falls to the mats."

Then he looked at the housekeeper and a dreadful suspicion filled his mind.

"You have brought us home nothing to eat!" he said.

"True, master," said the old woman sorrowfully.

"You have brought us home a cat!" said the artist.

"My master knows everything!" answered the housekeeper, bowing low.

Then the artist jumped to his feet, and strode up and down the room, and pulled his hair, and it seemed to him that he would die of hunger and anger.

"A cat? A cat?" he cried. "Have you gone mad? Here we are starving and you must bring home a goblin, a goblin to share the little we have, and perhaps to suck our blood at night! Yes! it will be fine to wake up in the dark and feel teeth at our throats and look into eyes as big as lanterns! But perhaps you are right! Perhaps we are so miserable it would be a good thing to have us die at once, and be carried over the ridgepoles in the jaws of a devil!"

"But master, master, there are many good cats, too!" cried the poor old woman. "Have you forgotten the little boy who drew all the pictures of cats on the screens of the deserted temple and then went to sleep in a closet and

heard such a racket in the middle of the night? And in the morning when he awoke again, he found the giant rat lying dead, master—the rat who had come to kill him! Who destroyed the rat, sir, tell me that? It was his own cats, there they sat on the screen as he had drawn them, but there was blood on their claws! And he became a great artist like yourself. Surely, there are many good cats, master."

Then the old woman began to cry. The artist stopped and looked at her as the tears fell from her bright black eyes and ran down the wrinkles in her cheeks. Why should he be angry? He had gone hungry before.

"Well, well," he said, "sometimes it is good fortune to have even a devil in the household. It keeps other devils away. Now I suppose this cat of yours will wish to eat. Perhaps it may arrange for us to have some food in the house. Who knows? We can't be worse off than we are."

The housekeeper bowed very low in gratitude.

"There is not a kinder heart in the whole town than my master's," she said, and prepared to carry the covered basket into the kitchen.

But the artist stopped her. Like all artists he was curious.

"Let us see the creature," he said, pretending he scarcely cared whether he saw it or not.

So the old woman put down the basket and opened the

lid. Nothing happened for a moment. Then a round, pretty, white head came slowly above the bamboo, and two big yellow eyes looked about the room, and a little white paw appeared on the rim. Suddenly, without moving the basket at all, a little white cat jumped out on the mats, and stood there as a person might stand who scarcely knew if she were welcome. Now that the cat was out of the basket, the artist saw that she had yellow and black spots on her sides, a little tail like a rabbit's, and that she did everything daintily.

"Oh, a three-colored cat," said the artist. "Why didn't you say so from the beginning? They are very lucky, I understand."

As soon as the little cat heard him speak so kindly, she walked over to him and bowed down her head as though

she were saluting him, while the old woman clapped her hands for joy. The artist forgot that he was hungry. He had seen nothing so lovely as their cat for a long time.

"She will have to have a name," he declared, sitting down again on the old matting while the cat stood sedately before him. "Let me see: she is like new snow dotted with gold pieces and lacquer; she is like a white flower on which butterflies of two kinds have alighted; she is like—"

But here he stopped. For a sound like a teakettle crooning on the fire was filling his little room.

"How contented!" sighed the artist. "This is better than rice." Then he said to the housekeeper, "We have been lonely, I see now."

"May I humbly suggest," said the housekeeper, "that we call this cat Good Fortune?"

Somehow the name reminded the artist of all his troubles.

"Anything will do," he said, getting up and tightening his belt over his empty stomach, "but take her to the kitchen now, out of the way." No sooner were the words out of his mouth than the little cat rose, and walked away, softly and meekly.

2

The Painting

The next morning the artist found the cat curled up in a ball on his cushion.

"Ah! the softest place, I see!" said he. Good Fortune immediately rose, and, moving away, began to wash herself with the greatest thoroughness and dexterity. When the housekeeper came back from market and cooked the small meal, Good Fortune did not go near the stove, though her eyes wandered toward it now and then and her thistledown whiskers quivered slightly with hunger. She happened to be present when the old woman brought in

a low table and set it before her master. Next came a bowl of fish soup—goodness knows how the housekeeper must have wheedled to get that fish!—but Good Fortune made a point of keeping her eyes in the other direction.

"One would say," said the artist, pleased by her behavior, "that she understood it is not polite to stare at people while they eat. She has been very properly brought up. From whom did you buy her?"

"I bought her from a fisherman in the market," said the old woman. "She is the eldest daughter of his chief cat. You know a junk never puts out to sea without a cat to frighten away the water devils."

"Pooh!" said the artist. "A cat doesn't frighten devils. They are kin. The sea demons spare a ship out of courtesy to the cat, not from fear of her."

The old woman did not contradict. She knew her place better than that. Good Fortune continued to sit with her face to the wall.

The artist took another sip or two of soup. Then he said to the housekeeper, "Please be kind enough to bring a bowl for Good Fortune when you bring my rice. She must be hungry."

When the bowl came he called her politely. Having been properly invited, Good Fortune stopped looking at the other side of the room, and came to sit beside her master.

She took care not to eat hurriedly and soil her white round chin. Although she must have been very hungry, she would eat only half her rice. It was as though she kept the rest for the next day, wishing to be no more of a burden than she could help.

So the days went. Each morning the artist knelt quietly on a mat and painted beautiful little pictures that no one bought: some of warriors with two swords; some of lovely ladies doing up their long curtains of hair; some of the demons of the wind blowing out their cheeks; and some little laughable ones of rabbits running in the moonlight, or fat badgers beating on their stomachs like drums.

While he worked, the old woman went to market with

a few of their remaining pennies; she spent the rest of her time in cooking, washing, scrubbing, and darning to keep their threadbare house and their threadbare clothes together. Good Fortune, having found that she was unable to help either of them, sat quietly in the sun, ate as little as she could, and often spent hours with lowered head before the image of the Buddha on its low shelf.

"She is praying to the Enlightened One," said the housekeeper in admiration.

"She is catching flies," said the artist. "You would believe anything wonderful of your spotted cat." Perhaps he was a little ashamed to remember how seldom he prayed now when his heart felt so heavy.

But one day he was forced to admit that Good Fortune was not like other cats. He was sitting in his special room, watching sparrows fly in and out of the hydrangea bushes outside, when he saw Good Fortune leap from a shadow and catch a bird. In a second the brown wings, the black-capped head, the legs like briers, the frightened eyes, were between her paws. The artist would have clapped his hands and tried to scare her away, but before he had time to make the least move, he saw Good Fortune hesitate and then slowly, slowly, lift first one white paw and then another from the sparrow. Unhurt, in a loud whir of wings, the bird flew away.

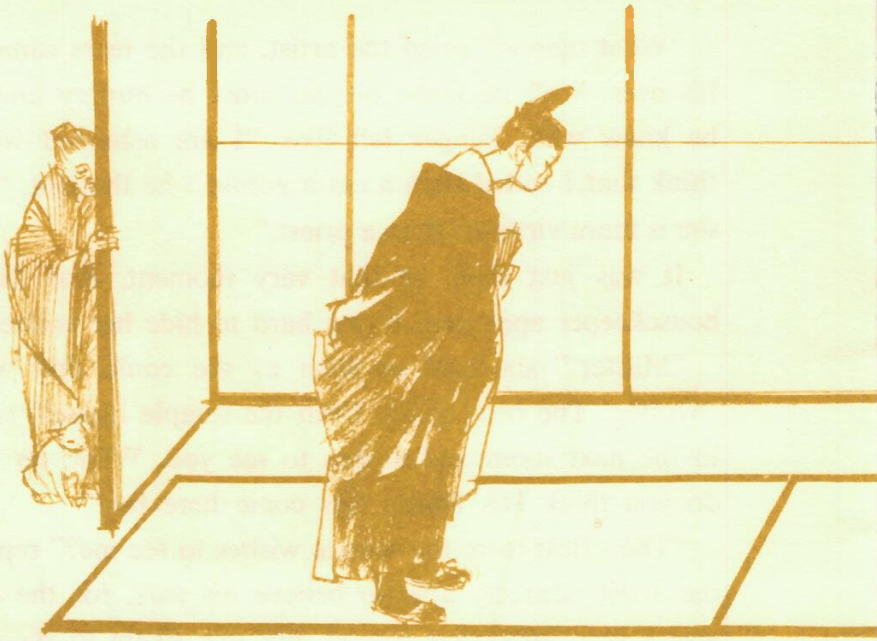
"What mercy!" cried the artist, and the tears came into his eyes. Well he knew his cat must be hungry and well he knew what hunger felt like. "I am ashamed when I think that I called such a cat a goblin," he thought. "Why, she is more virtuous than a priest."

It was just then, at that very moment, that the old housekeeper appeared, trying hard to hide her excitement.

"Master!" she said as soon as she could find words. "Master! The head priest from the temple himself is here in the next room and wishes to see you. What, oh what, do you think His Honor has come here for?"

"The priest from the temple wishes to see me?" repeated the artist, scarcely able to believe his ears, for the priest was a very important person, not one likely to spend his time in visiting poor artists whom nobody thought much of. When the housekeeper had nodded her head until it nearly fell off, the artist felt as excited as she did. But he forced himself to be calm.

"Run! run!" he exclaimed. "Buy tea and cakes," and he pressed into the old woman's hands the last thing of value he owned, the vase which stood in the alcove of his room and always held a branch or spray of flowers. But even if his room must be bare after this, the artist did not hesitate; no guest could be turned away without proper entertainment. He was ashamed to think that he had kept



the priest waiting for even a minute and had not seen him coming and welcomed him at the door. He scarcely felt Good Fortune rub encouragingly against his ankles as he hurried off.

In the next room the priest sat, lost in meditation. The artist bowed low before him, drawing in his breath politely, and then waited to be noticed. It seemed to him a century before the priest lifted his head and the far-off look went out of his eyes. Then the artist bowed again and said that his house was honored forever by so holy a presence.

The priest wasted no time in coming to the point.

"We desire," said he, "a painting of the death of our Lord Buddha for the temple. There was some discussion as to the artist, so we put slips of paper, each marked with a name, before the central image in the great hall, and in the morning all the slips had blown away but yours. So we knew Buddha's will in the matter. Hearing something of your circumstances, I have brought a first payment with me so that you may relieve your mind of worry while at your work. Only a clear pool has beautiful reflections. If the work is successful, as we hope, your fortune is made, for what the temple approves becomes the fashion

in town." With that the priest drew a purse from his belt.

The artist never remembered how he thanked the priest, or served him the ceremonial tea, or bowed him to his narrow gate. Here at last was a chance for fame and fortune. He felt that this might be all a dream. Why had the Buddha chosen him? He had been too sad to pray often and the housekeeper too busy—could it be that Buddha would listen to the prayers of a little spotted cat? He was afraid that he would wake up and find that the whole thing was an apparition and that the purse was filled with withered leaves. Perhaps he never would have come to himself if he had not been roused by a very curious noise.

It was a double kind of noise. It was not exactly like any noise that the artist had ever heard. The artist, who was always curious, went into the kitchen to see what could be making the sound, and there, sure enough, were the housekeeper and Good Fortune, and one was crying for joy and one was purring for joy, and it would have been hard to have said which was making more noise.

At that the artist had to laugh out loud, but it was not his old sad sort of laugh, this was like a boy's—and he took them both into his arms. Then there were three sounds of joy in the poor old kitchen.

3

Meditations

Early the next morning, before the sun was up, the housekeeper rose and cleaned the house. She swept and scrubbed until the mats looked like worn silver and the wood shone like pale gold. In the meantime, the artist dressed himself carefully in his holiday clothes, combed his hair until it shone like lacquer, and then went to pray before the shelf of the Buddha. There sat Good Fortune already, looking very earnest, but she moved over the moment she saw her master. Together they sat before the image, the artist raising his hands and striking them together from time to

time to call attention to his prayers. Then with a final bow he went into the next room and sat cross-legged on his mat. He had never felt so happy in his life.

Today he was to begin his painting of the death of Buddha that was to be hung in the village temple, where it would be seen perhaps by the children of his children's children. The honor of it all almost overcame him. But there was no roll of silk beside him, no little cakes of paint, no beautiful brushes, no jar of fresh spring water. He must strive to understand the great Buddha before he could paint him.

First he thought of Buddha as Siddhartha, the young Indian prince, who had been gently brought up and unquestioningly obeyed. He remembered how Prince Siddhartha had won the hand of Princess Yosadhara in marriage in a contest with other suitors. But even in that moment of triumph, the artist knew that Siddhartha felt no shadow of ill will toward his rivals. He was all fire and gentleness. These things the artist thought of on the first day.

On the second day he considered how the Buddha-to-be, grieved by the sufferings and pain of all men, had left his wife and child, renounced his princely possessions, and set out alone into the world.

On the third day of his meditation the artist remembered how for years the prince had wandered about the

world on foot, begging his bread and seeking the pathway to heaven. At last a great wisdom came to Siddhartha, and a great peace. He became Buddha—the Enlightened One.

The poor artist was extremely tired. He had tried to live a whole marvelous life in three days. But now he knew what the Buddha must have looked like in his final hour. His face must be noble and strong as that of a prince. It must be touched with great suffering and compassion. And it must radiate peace.

So, exhausted by his efforts toward understanding, the artist fell asleep and slept for twenty-four hours. When he awoke, he called for brushes, ink, spring water, and a great roll of silk, at one end of which he drew, swiftly and surely, the figure of the great Buddha reclining upon a couch.

In the following days he painted the various gods of earth and sky, and the disciples who came to say farewell to the dying Buddha. Having finished the gods and men, the artist began to draw all the animals that had also come to bid farewell to the Enlightened One.

He remembered how Buddha loved humble things. And he thought of the snails he had seen on walks, with their little horns, their round shell houses, their bodies like some pale-colored wet leaf, and their shy, well-meaning lives. Then he dipped his brush into spring water, touched it with ink, and drew a snail.

Next, the artist sat on his mat and considered the elephant. He thought of its great size and strength and wisdom. He remembered that the elephant was very sacred, having been a symbol of royalty in India, the Buddha's home. So he again touched his wet brush with ink and drew a white elephant, very majestic, with small, kind eyes, and long ears lined with pink.

In the days that followed the artist drew many animals. He drew the courageous and noble horse, and the swan with its dreamlike beauty; the honest and self-respecting buffalo, and the loyal dog; and so on through all the animals of the world. As the artist completed each drawing, Good Fortune, who always sat quietly nearby, watching, would step forward and look intently at the figure.

Each time she would turn politely toward the artist as if to say, "Ah, master, truly you are a great artist," and then she would sigh with increasing anxiety. Surely he would soon paint a cat among the other animals?

4

A Gift of Love

One day the artist sat on his mat and his mind wrestled with a more difficult problem than any that had come up before. The gentleness of the snail, the noble strength and wisdom of the elephant, the courage of the horse, the beauty of the wild swan, the willing endurance of the buffalo, the serviceableness of the dog and the generosity of the deer all made it easy to see how they might have served the Buddha, or even have been used by his spirit as temporary dwelling places. So, also, with the woodpecker, the hare, the goose, the little goat and the ape, all were

harmless creatures; and even the lion killed only to appease his hunger, and took no joy in the killing.

But the artist knew that the tiger, too, had come to bid farewell to the Buddha, and he, too, had received the master's blessing. How could that be? He thought of the fierceness and cruelty of tigers, he imagined them lying in the striped shadows of the jungle, with their eyes of fire. They were the danger by the water hole; the killers among the reeds. Now and then, one came to the villages and carried away some woman on her way to the well. Or again one killed a man at work in a field, or carried away a child playing in the dust outside the door of his own house.

What was there in such a creature that the Buddha could bless?

Long and long the artist pondered, sitting in silence, and at last he remembered how devoted a tiger was to his own mate and cubs, and how he would face any odds if these were in danger. He thought: "It may be that this is the narrow pathway by which the tiger reaches to the Buddha. It may be that there is a fierceness in love, and love in fierceness."

So, having opened his mind to the thought of love, even in a tiger, the artist remembered something that he had forgotten until then. Before his mind came a vision of how

Siddhartha had won his bride. In open contest with the other princes, he, who was to be the Buddha, had drawn the bow no other hand could draw, had ridden the horse no other man could ride, and had shown a skill and strength as a swordsman that none of the others could equal. Watching from her golden palanquin sat the princess, Yosadhara, her face hidden behind a veil of striped black and gold.

Now at last came the victor's reward. Yosadhara's father led Siddhartha to his daughter's side and it was then he whispered, "By your veil I know that you remember how once, in another life, you were a tigress, and I was the tiger who won you in open combat against all the others."

So, among many forms, the Buddha had deigned to take the form of a tiger, as if to prove that even in such a savage life there may be something of greatness. And having once more meditated, and now willingly, upon this beautiful creature, sinister but capable of any burning sacrifice, the artist dipped his brush in spring water, touched it with ink, and drew a tiger.

Good Fortune came out from his shadow. When she saw the tiger she trembled all over, from her thistledown whiskers to her little tail, and looked at the artist.

"If the tiger can come to bid farewell to Buddha," she

seemed to say, "surely the cat, who is little and often so gentle, may come, O master? Surely, surely, you will next paint the cat among the animals who were blessed by the Holy One as he died?"

The artist was much distressed.

"Good Fortune," he said, gently taking her into his arms, "I would gladly paint the cat if I could. But all people know that cats, though lovely, are usually proud and self-satisfied. Alone among the animals, the cat refused to accept the teachings of Buddha. She alone, of all creatures, was not blessed by him. It is perhaps in grief that she too often consorts with goblins."

Then Good Fortune laid her little round head against his breast and mewed and mewed like a crying child. He comforted her as well as he could and called for the housekeeper.

"Buy her a fine fish all for herself," he said to the old woman. "And do not let her come here again until the picture is gone. She will break both our hearts."

"Ah, I was afraid she meant to do the painting a harm," said the old woman anxiously. For she felt very responsible for having brought the cat home against her master's will, now that their fortunes hung on this painting for the temple.

"It is not that," said the artist, and he returned to his thoughts. How tired, how worn he looked, and yet how beautiful! His picture was almost finished. He had imagined every life. There lay the great figure of the dying Buddha, royal, weary, compassionate. There assembled gods and men; and there were the animals. The scroll of silk seemed scarcely large enough to hold all those varied lives, all that gathering of devotion about the welling-up of love.

But something was excluded. From the kitchen he heard a faint mewing, and the housekeeper's voice in vain urging Good Fortune to eat. The artist imagined how his little cat felt, so gentle, so sweet, but cursed forever. All the other animals might receive the Buddha's blessing and go

to heaven, but the little cat heard the doors of Nirvana closed before her. Tears came to his eyes.

"I cannot be so hardhearted," he said. "If the priests wish to refuse the picture as inaccurate, let them do so. I can starve."

He took up his best brush, dipped it in spring water, touched it with ink, and, last of all the animals, *drew a cat.*

Then he called the housekeeper.

"Let Good Fortune come in," he said. "Perhaps I have ruined us, but I can at least make her happy."

In came Good Fortune, the moment that the door was slid open. She ran to the picture, and looked and looked, as though she could never look enough. Then she gazed at the artist with all her gratitude in her eyes. And then Good Fortune fell dead, too happy to live another minute.

5

The Hand of Buddha

The next morning, hearing that the picture was finished, the priest came to see it. After the first greetings, the artist led him in to look at the painting. The priest gazed long.

"How it shines," he said softly.

Then his face hardened.

"But what is that animal whom you have painted last of all?" he asked.

"It is a cat," said the painter, and his heart felt heavy with despair.

"Do you not know," asked the priest sternly, "that the

cat rebelled against our Lord Buddha, and did not receive his blessing and cannot enter heaven?"

"Yes, I knew," said the artist.

"Each person must suffer the consequences of his own acts," said the priest. "The cat must suffer from her obstinacy and you from yours. As one can never erase work once done, I will take the painting and tomorrow officially burn it. Some other artist's picture must hang in our temple."

All day the housekeeper wept in the kitchen, for in bringing the little cat home she had, after all, ruined her master.

All day the artist sat in the room beside the hydrangeas and thought. His painting was gone and with it that part of his life which he had put into it. Tomorrow the priests would harshly burn it in the courtyard of the temple. Less than ever would anyone come to him now. He was ruined and all his hopes gone. But he did not regret what he had done. For so many days had he lived in the thought of love and the examples of sacrifice that it did not seem too hard to suffer for Good Fortune's great moment of happiness.

All night he sat in the darkness open-eyed with his thoughts. The old woman dared not interrupt. He saw the pale light enter through the blinds and heard the dawn

wind in the hydrangea bushes. An hour later, he heard the noise of people running toward his house. The priests of the temple surrounded him; the head priest pulled at his sleeve.

"Come! Come!" they kept crying. "Come, sir! It is a miracle! Oh, the compassion of Buddha! Oh, the mercy of the Holy One!"

Dazed and breathless, the artist followed them, seeing nothing of the village or the road to the temple. He heard

happy voices in his ears, he caught a glimpse of his old housekeeper with her sash askew, and a crowd of open-mouthed neighbors. All together they poured into the temple. There hung his picture with incense and candles burning before it. It was as he had remembered it, but, no!—

The artist sank down to his knees with a cry:

"Oh, the Compassionate One!" For where the last animal had stood was now only white silk that seemed never to have felt the touch of ink; and the great Buddha, the Buddha whom he had painted reclining with hands folded upon his breast, had stretched out an arm in blessing, and under the holy hand knelt the figure of a tiny cat, with pretty white head bowed in happy adoration.

The Cat Who Went to Heaven was written by Elizabeth Coatsworth (Macmillan, 1930). She was awarded the Newbery Medal, a medal for the outstanding book for that year, for this fine story.

You may also want to read:

Daughter of the Mountains
by Louise Rankin (Viking Press, 1948)

Gift of the Forest
by R. L. Singh and Eloise Lownsbery (David McKay, 1942, 1958)

Space Cat
by Ruthven Todd (Scribner, 1952)

The Seven Special Cats
by Richard Koenig (World, 1961)

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BATTER UP!

Matt Christopher

BATTER UP!

by Matt Christopher

Kirby Jamison and his younger brother Bobby both played on the Redbirds baseball team. Kirby was the best first baseman in the league. But when he stepped to the plate, it was another story. He just could not seem to hit the ball. Bobby, who played shortstop, managed to get on base more times than anyone else on the team.

There were not many more games left in the season. If only Bobby could teach his brother to hit!

BATTER UP!

JP

BATTER UP!

BY MATT CHRISTOPHER

ILLUSTRATED BY JO POLSENO

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1

Bobby stood in the pitcher's box in the pasture field where the kids played scrub baseball. His older brother Kirby was batting. Bobby took his windup, stretched, and threw a looping ball toward the plate. The grass-stained baseball arched like a rainbow.

Tall, dark-haired Kirby yanked his bat back upon his shoulder with disgust.

"Come on, Bobby!" he shouted. "Throw that ball faster, will you?"

"You can't hit it if I do!" Bobby cried.

Kirby's face turned red. And Bobby knew that he had said something he shouldn't have. Kirby was older and a lot taller than Bobby. He played first base for the Redbirds in the Grasshoppers League. But he was a poor hitter. He always took a hard cut at the ball, and almost always missed it.

"Oh, all right," said Bobby. "I'll throw it faster."

Catcher Dave Gessini returned the ball to Bobby. Dave was the regular catcher for the Redbirds. He was wearing his mask and chest protector. The only three other players present were in the outfield. One of them was Ann, Bobby's sister. She was in between Bobby's and Kirby's age, and liked baseball just as much as most boys did. She could throw almost as well as a boy, too.

Bobby wound up again, stretched, and delivered. He had a side-arm delivery. The ball raced for the plate and curved in just a little.

Kirby stepped into it, took a hard cut.

Plup! The ball landed solidly in Dave's mitt.

"Let somebody else bat for a while!" one of the boys in the outfield shouted.

"Sure! He's been up there an hour now!" the other said.

"He has not!" Bobby heard Ann say. "He needs practice just like the rest of you do!"

Bobby turned and looked at them. The boys didn't say anything back to Ann. They never did dare say much back to her. She always had a good answer for them.

Bobby pitched another straight ball over the heart of the plate. This time Kirby hit it on the ground. The ball hopped out to the outfield. One of the players fielded it and pegged it in to Bobby.

There, thought Bobby. Finally Kirby had connected. Bobby could not understand it, though. He himself didn't have much trouble hitting the ball at all.

A boy in the outfield ran in to bat. Kirby replaced him. As Kirby ran past Bobby, Bobby saw the disappointed look on his face. Terry, their black Scottish terrier, chased and barked at Kirby's heels.

"Come on, Terry!" Bobby yelled. "Get back here!"

Terry hopped around Kirby's feet for a while, then trotted back, his inch-long tail wagging hard.

Bobby pitched to the batter. After a while he batted and another boy pitched. He pounded out three grounders and four flies to the outfield. One was a

poke that would have gone for a home run in a real game.

"For a little guy you pack a lot of power," Dave said, grinning behind his mask. "What a difference between you and Kirby!"

Bobby didn't say anything.

The boys let Ann bat, too. After she hit a few, they quit practicing.

"Who do we play this afternoon?" asked Bobby, who seldom kept up with the schedule.

"The Yankee Clippers," answered Kirby, who *always* kept up with the schedule. He had on his first-base mitt, and was tossing a baseball in the air and catching it. Bobby had never seen anybody who loved baseball as much as Kirby did. He'd play every minute of the day if somebody played with him.

"They're in second place," said Dave.

"If we beat them, we'll be in second," said Kirby. "And if we win Friday, and the Seals lose, we'll be in first place."

One thing about Kirby: He knew the records of the teams, and even of the players, better than anyone.

2

The game with the Yankee Clippers began at six o'clock. Curt Barrows, the manager of the Redbirds, hit grounders to the infielders just before game time. Then he gave a short pep talk to his team while the Clippers had the field.

"Cappie Brennan will start pitching," Mr. Barrows said. He had a piece of paper in his hand on which was written the line-up. "Dave will catch. Kirby, you start at first base. Catch those throws and let's see you get some hits at the plate. You haven't

been hitting at all, and we need hits. The Clippers are a tough bunch. The rest of the infield will be the regular starting line-up. Al Dakin at second, Bobby Jamison at short, and Mark Donahue at third. In left field is Toby Warren, in center Jim Hurwitz, and in right Jerry Echols."

The Redbirds, with their name printed in red on the front of their white jerseys, took the field first. Kirby started the chatter. It was quickly taken up by the other infielders.

"Come on, Cappie! Come on, boy! Get 'em out!"

"Whip it past 'em, Cappie!"

Cappie stepped on the mound. He was built like a young tree. His arms were like long, slender branches. He yanked on his red baseball cap and waited for the signal from Dave.

A Yankee Clipper stepped to the plate. The Clippers wore white jerseys and blue caps. He cut at the first pitch and missed.

"Strike one!" said the umpire behind the plate.

Cappie breezed another past the batter for strike two. Then he threw two straight balls. The batter cut at the next one and grounded it to Bobby at short. It was a high bouncing ball. For a moment Bobby was

afraid that it might bounce over his head if he didn't get in the right spot. He ran in a little, caught the ball as it hopped up just after hitting the ground, and pegged it to first.

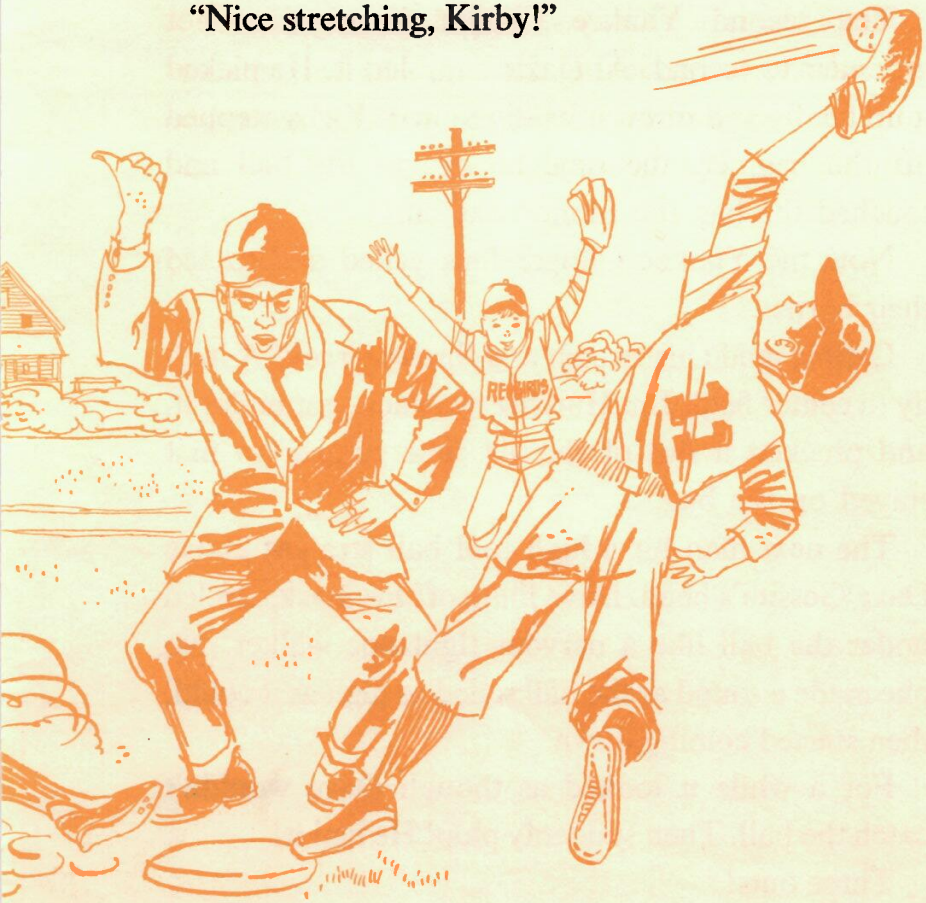
His heart rose to his throat. The ball was sailing wide of the base! Kirby stretched far out, the toe of his sneaker just touching the bag. The ball smacked into the hollow of his mitt an eye-winking second before the runner touched the bag!

"Out!" yelled the base umpire, throwing up a thumb.

Car horns tooted and people in the bleachers shouted their approval.

"Nice catch, Bobby!"

"Nice stretching, Kirby!"



Boy! thought Bobby. It's a good thing Kirby's playing first base. Tony would never have caught that ball. Tony Mandos was their other first baseman.

"One out, Cappie!" yelled Kirby, who was always the first to shout anything. "Let's get two!"

The second Yankee Clipper knocked a hot grounder to second. Al Dakin fumbled it. He picked it up finally and threw it wildly to first. Kirby stepped off the bag. By the time he caught the ball and touched the bag the runner was on.

Now the Yankee Clipper fans yelled and tooted their horns.

Cappie made his stretch and threw. *Crack!* A high fly to center field. Jim Hurwitz ran back, got under it, and plucked it out of the air. The runner on first stayed on the bag.

The next man hit a high foul ball straight above Dave Gessini's head. Dave flung off his mask, circled under the ball like a nervous tightrope walker. No one made a sound as the ball sailed as high as it could, then started coming down.

For a while it looked as though Dave wouldn't catch the ball. Then suddenly plop! He had it!

Three outs!

"Nice going, boys," Curt Barrows said as the team ran in and stumbled into the dugout. "Now for some bingles."

Bobby led off. He was the smallest man on the team and managed to get on base more often than the others. He put the protective helmet over his cap and stepped to the plate.

Tom Kohn, pitching for the Clippers, looked like a giant on the mound. He got his signal from the catcher, wound up, and delivered. He threw overhand. The ball sailed in as if from a great height. It headed for the heart of the plate like a white rocket. Bobby swung. *Tick!* The ball fouled to the backstop screen.

The next two pitches were high. Strike one, ball two.

Then, *crack!* A line drive over third!

Bobby dropped the bat and beelined to first. He made the turn, ran to second as the left fielder picked up the ball. A two-bagger!

Bobby pulled off his protective helmet and threw it to the first-base coach. Then he stood on the bag with his hands on his knees and waited for Al Dakin to do something.

Al was a funny batter. He kept wiggling his body like a worm and moving his bat back and forth.

"Hey, Wiggles!" somebody yelled. "Let's see you hit that apple!"

Al took two strikes and then two balls. Then he hit a high fly to center. Bobby held his base as he saw the center fielder run back. For a moment he thought that the ball was going over the center fielder's head. But suddenly the player stopped, reached up his glove and picked the ball out of the air. Quickly Bobby pushed himself from the bag and tore for third. As he reached the third-base sack he saw the coach hold up both hands, which meant that he didn't have to slide.

Left fielder Toby Warren hit a blooping fly to the pitcher for the second out. Jim Hurwitz, the tall, skinny center fielder, took the first pitch for a called strike. Then he drove a hard grounder to third. The ball struck the third baseman's arm and glanced off to the outfield. Bobby scored.

Then Dave Gessini poled a long fly to left field. The ball was high. The Clippers outfielder got under it in plenty of time and caught it for the third out.

"All right! Hurry in, hurry out!" shouted the plate umpire.

The second inning went scoreless for both sides. In the third, the Yankee Clippers lead-off man singled through short. A triple over the head of right fielder Jerry Echols scored him. 1—1.

Cappie bore down. He struck out the next two batters. The next Clipper walked. Now there were men on first and third.

Cappie stepped off the mound, stooped and picked up some dirt in his hand. He rubbed it between his fingers a little and then let it filter back to the ground. He's nervous, Bobby thought. Every time a man reached third Cappie got nervous.

Cappie gave the batter a free ticket to fill the bases.

"All right, Cappie, boy!" Kirby shouted from first base. "Settle down! Bear down and get 'em out!"

Cappie stretched and delivered.

"Ball one!"

The chatter in the infield grew louder and louder. "C'mon, Cappie! Give 'im that sinker!"

"Ball two!"

Again Cappie backed off the mound, picked up some dirt, and dropped it.

"Strike!" A beautiful pitch over the heart of the plate.

"Thataway, Cappie!"

Then, "Strike two!"

Bobby's heart pounded. That batter was a big kid. If he connected solidly with one of Cappie's fast pitches he'd knock it over the centerfield fence and clean the bases.

Cappie stepped on the mound. He toed the rubber, stretched, threw.

Crack! A line drive to short! Bobby raised his glove. *Smack!* The ball stung the palm of his hand, but he held it.

Three outs!

"Nice catch, Bobby!" Manager Barrows said, smiling broadly. "That would have gone for two or three bases sure!"

Bobby grinned as he sat down. "I hardly knew I had it!" he said.

Kirby patted him gently on the knee. "Beautiful catch, Bobby. I wish I could hit as good as you can catch."

"You will," said Bobby. "Just get up there and swing."

Kirby put on the protective helmet. He waited till the Clippers pitcher threw his three practice throws

to the catcher and for the umpire to yell "Play ball!" Then he walked to the plate.

Kirby swung hard at the first pitch. Strike one. He swung hard again—so hard he fell to the ground. Strike two.

"He tries to kill it," said Manager Barrows. "I've told him a hundred times not to swing too hard."

Bobby looked at Kirby and wished for a hit. A heaviness came over his heart. He just couldn't understand it—Kirby being so big and not being able to hit. At least, he was a good first baseman. *Nobody* could beat him at that position.

"Strike three!" yelled the umpire.

Kirby turned away from the plate, his eyes toward the ground. His bottom lip was curled up. He tossed the bat aside, walked to the end of the dugout and sat down.

"You're still swinging too hard," said Curt Barrows. "Swing easy. Just meet the ball."

Kirby acted as though he didn't hear.

Bobby was up next. He belted a line drive over third for two bases. Then Al stepped to the plate. He knocked a hot grounder to short. Bobby started for third—and got caught in a hot box! The Clippers shortstop and third baseman threw the ball back and forth between them as Bobby tried hard to keep from being tagged. Suddenly he slipped. The third baseman touched him with the ball.

Two away.

Toby Warren drove a single over short, sending Al to second. Then Jim Hurwitz hit a two-two pitch for a triple between left and center fields. Two runs crossed the plate. Dave Gessini grounded out to end the inning.

Score: Redbirds—3, Yankee Clippers—1.

In the top of the fourth the Clippers scored twice, tying the score. The Redbirds got two men on base at their turn at bat, Cappie and Dick Carachi. Dick was replacing Jerry in right field. The batter was Kirby.

I hope he hits, Bobby said to himself. He can break the score, and maybe win the game. He'll feel awful good if he does.

Kirby hit the ball all right—but directly into the pitcher's hands. Bobby flied out to left, ending the inning.

The Clippers came to bat, sparkling with the hope of piling up a lot of runs. They pushed one across to break the tie and go into the lead. 4—3.

The Redbirds failed to get a man on base.

In the sixth and final inning the Clippers were held scoreless. The Redbirds, trailing by one run, came to bat with their last chance looking slimmer than a liz-

ard's tail. Don Robinson, batting for Dave, knocked out a single, followed by a single by Mark Donahue. Cappie flied out. Dick blasted a line drive directly at the shortstop. The shortstop caught the ball, doubled up Don, who didn't tag up in time, and the game was over.

"Well," said Dave, as he rode home with Bobby and Kirby in Mr. Jamison's car, "guess we stay in third place."

"Or maybe we dropped to fourth," said Kirby. He shook his head sadly. "Boy, that ball looks so easy to hit."

"You swing too hard," his father said. "You're trying to hit home runs."

"That's what Mr. Barrows told me," Kirby said. "Guess I just don't know how."

Bobby looked at him, then looked away. Kirby loved baseball a lot more than he ever would. Why hadn't Kirby gotten those hits instead of him? It wouldn't have bothered *him* if he hadn't gotten any. Guess that was something he never would figure out.

3

The next afternoon, Bobby got a pint jar with a metal cover from the basement, and went outside. He climbed up the hill beyond his back yard and walked slowly through the rows of corn. Grasshoppers flitted through the air around him. Presently he found exactly what he was looking for—a praying mantis.

He plucked it up carefully into the jar and screwed on the lid. Then he carried it home proudly, punched holes in the lid, and placed the jar alongside a collection of others he kept on a shelf.

"I'll call him Manty," he said half aloud.

Bobby grinned happily as he looked at the other things he had collected. Spiders, grasshoppers, crickets, walking sticks, butterflies, and a little toad no bigger than his thumb. He had ants, too. They were in a glass ant-house he had made with his dad's help.

Ann and Kirby thought that he was crazy collecting stuff like that, but he would rather do that than play baseball. He was a Cub Scout, and collecting insects was his favorite hobby. He had fun watching the insects move around and eat and do things with the dirt and leaves he had put with them.

Ann came down the steps. She sat on a chair in front of an old desk. She was wearing dungarees. A rubber band held her blond hair up in a pony tail.

"Kirby wants you to play baseball with him," she said.

Bobby frowned. "Now? I don't want to play now."

"I told him the ground must be wet. But he said it isn't."

Bobby looked at her. "I wish Kirby wasn't so crazy about baseball. It's a wonder he ever practices his saxophone lessons."

"How about you?" said Ann. "You're crazy about

those grasshoppers and walking sticks and some of those other awful-looking things. If you ask me, I think baseball is a lot more fun than *that*."

"Not me," said Bobby. He picked up the jar that held the little toad. He shook the jar and grinned. "Hi, Toady," he said.

Ann made a face. "He's cute now. But wait till he grows up!"

Bobby laughed.

Somebody pounded on the basement door that led outside. Bobby looked and recognized Kirby through the glass window. "Bobby! Are you coming?"

Bobby started to say no, but Ann interrupted him. "Why don't you go, Bobby? He loves to have you play. He's bigger and older, but he knows that you can hit better than he can."

Bobby rolled the words around in his mind. "Isn't it funny about Kirby, Ann? Isn't it funny why he can hardly hit?"

Ann shrugged. "I guess so. Go on. He's waiting for you."

"Okay." He yelled to Kirby that he'd be right out. Then he returned the jar to the shelf, and went upstairs and got his glove.

Kirby and Bobby walked to the field. They had to walk down the macadam road a short distance to get to it. The regular baseball diamond was in the opposite direction. It was beyond the creek, about a mile and a half away.

Terry tagged along at their heels. Ann went, too. She had Kirby's old glove. Kirby had a brand-new first-base mitt. It was made differently than Tony Mandos' mitt. Tony's had a large leather web between the thumb and first finger.

Several boys were already at the field: Dave Gessini with his catcher's equipment, Al Dakin, Jerry Echols, and Bert Chase. Al and Bert had their younger brothers there. They were in the outfield, chasing fly balls.

"Hi!" Jerry greeted. "Been waiting for you!"

"Let's choose up sides," suggested Kirby. "There's enough of us here."

"Okay," said Dave.

There were ten players altogether, including Ann. She didn't seem to care that she was the only girl. Sometimes Dave's sister Mary and Bert's sister Jean would come to the field and play also, because Ann did. But they weren't here today.

Kirby and Dave were asked to be captains. They chose up sides. Dave had first choice. He picked Bobby. Ann was chosen before the two youngest boys because she was a good player, even better than some of the boys. She got on Kirby's team. She seemed glad because she walked quickly to Kirby's side and smiled happily at him.

Bobby grinned. He didn't really care whose team he was on. This was for fun, anyway.

Kirby's team took last raps. Dave told his players what positions to play and in what order they were to bat. The scrub game started. The kids in the field shouted to their pitcher. "Come on, Jerry! Strike 'em out, kid! Throw 'em in there, Jerry!"

Bobby was second batter. He picked up a bat. While he waited for his turn to hit, Dave came over to him.

"Did you hear that Tony might be the player picked on the All-Star team that's going to Cooperstown?" he said. "Someone told me that the men who are picking the All-Stars have been looking us over."

Bobby stared. "Tony Mandos?"

"Yep. That's what everybody's been saying. He's the best in the league, everybody says."

Bobby looked across the field at his brother Kirby. Kirby was standing with his hands on his knees near first base. He was yelling as if this was a real Grasshoppers League ball game.

"He's not better than Kirby," said Bobby seriously. "Kirby can play circles around him."

"Oh, go on, Bobby. Kirby can't hit the broad side of a barn."

Bobby flushed. "But he can field," he said. "And nobody can catch those pegs at first better than he can. And, anyway, they aren't going to choose the players yet."

Dave shrugged. "I'm just saying what I heard," he said.

Crack! The sound of bat meeting ball caught Bobby's attention. He saw the white pill fall behind second. Ann chased after it. She picked it up on a hop and pegged it to second base. She threw almost as well as a boy.

"Nice peg, Ann!" Jerry yelled.

Bobby stepped to the plate. He hit the first pitch over short, a clothesline drive to the outfield. Bobby circled the bases for a home run.

He didn't enjoy hitting that homer very much,

though. After all, there were only two players in the outfield.

After a while there were three outs and Kirby's team came to bat.

Because there weren't enough players on each team, one of the rules was that a ball hit on the ground in the infield was an out.

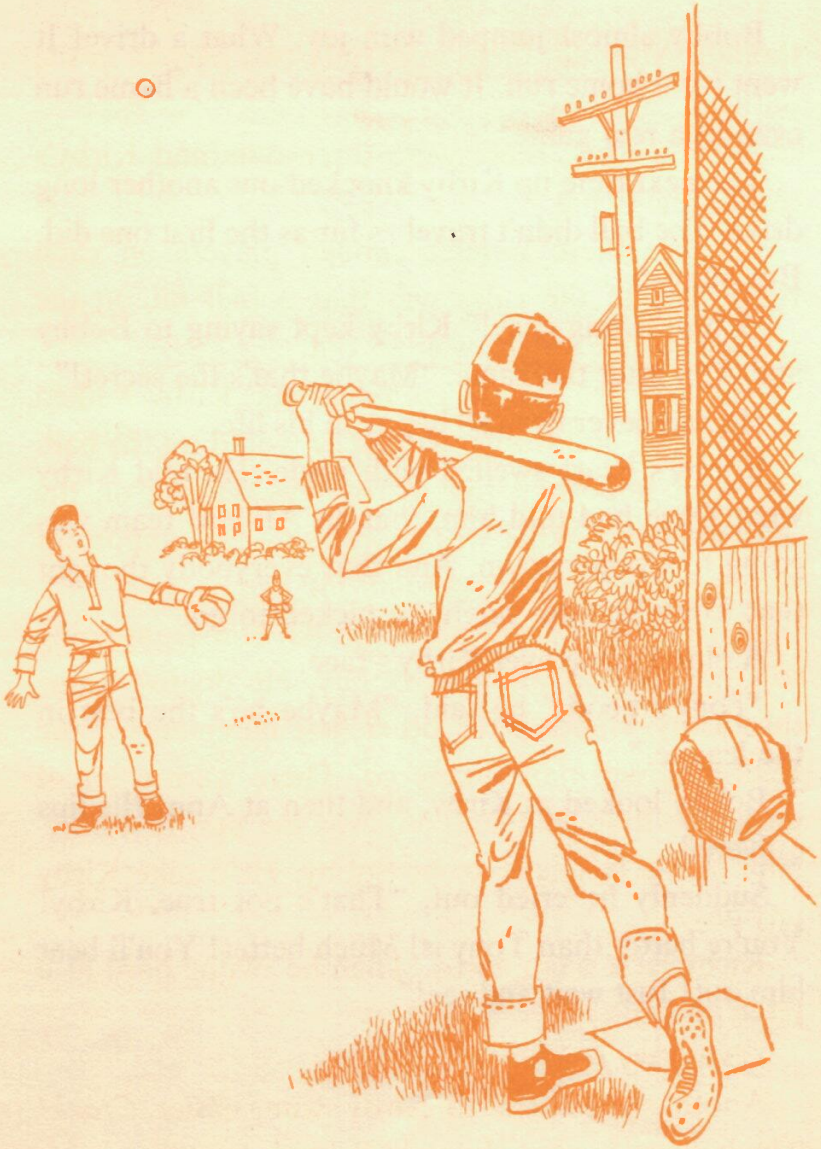
The first two players grounded out. Kirby walked to the plate, and Bobby wished he would hit the ball. It wasn't important that Kirby was playing on the opposite team. What was important—*real* important—was for Kirby to learn to *hit the ball.*

Kirby doesn't know about an All-Star team going to Cooperstown, thought Bobby. He doesn't know that Tony Mandos, the other first baseman for the Redbirds, will most likely go. There were a lot of guys who thought that Tony was the best first baseman in the league. Except Bobby. He'd take Kirby any day.

Kirby let a pitch go by. Then he swung hard at a pitch and missed.

"Don't try to kill it," said Jerry.

Another pitch came in. Kirby swung easier. *Crack!* The ball sailed over the right fielder's head!



Bobby almost jumped with joy. What a drive! It went for a home run. It would have been a home run even in a real game.

The next time up Kirby knocked out another long drive. The ball didn't travel as far as the first one did. But almost.

"I just swung easy!" Kirby kept saying to Bobby and Ann after the game. "Maybe that's the secret!"

He had never been so happy in his life.

Bobby's heart swelled with pride. He told Kirby what Dave had told him, that an All-Star team was going to Cooperstown. And that everybody thought that Tony Mandos might be picked to go.

A cloud came over Kirby's face.

"Tony's good," he said. "Maybe he's the best in the league."

Bobby looked at Kirby, and then at Ann. His lips quivered.

Suddenly he cried out, "That's not true, Kirby! You're better than Tony is! Much better! You'll beat him out! Just wait and see!"

Is Kirby better than Tony? Who will make the All-Star team? There are more innings of excitement in Matt Christopher's book *Long Stretch at First Base* (Little, Brown, 1960).

You may also want to read:

Baseball for Young Champions
by Robert J. Antonacci and Jene Barr (McGraw-Hill, 1956)

First Book of Baseball
by Benjamin Brewster (Franklin Watts, 1958)

Little League Champions
by Joseph Olgin (E. P. Dutton, 1954)

Baseball Pals
by Matt Christopher (Little, Brown, 1960)

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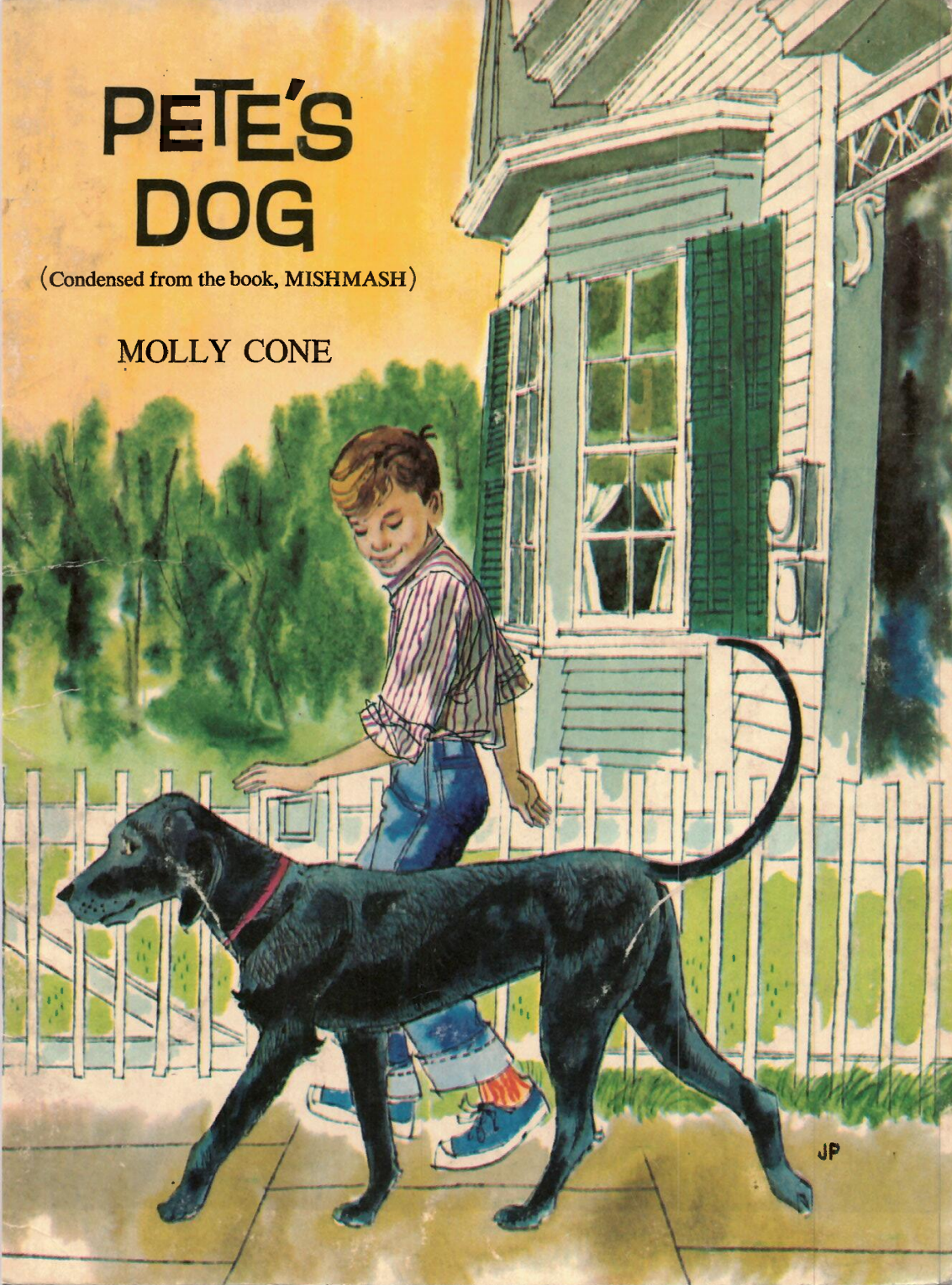
PETE'S DOG

(Condensed from the book, MISHMASH)

MOLLY CONE



PETE'S DOG

by Molly Cone

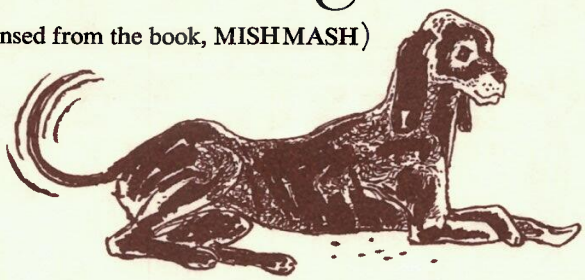
Pete had problems. There were no boys in his new neighborhood—just a girl. He did not know anyone in his new school—except a girl.

Pete thought his problems would be solved if he had a dog of his own. But when he got Mishmash, he found that his problems were just beginning.

Pete's Dog

Pete's Dog

(Condensed from the book, MISHMASH)



BY MOLLY CONE

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NOTE: Omissions from the original book have been indicated by a series of ellipses (...)

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1

The Neighbor

"I don't feel too hungry," Pete said that morning to no one in particular. And he wondered if he should have spoken a little louder, for no one in particular paid much attention to what he said.

His father glanced up from the pages of the morning newspaper with a cheerful look. His mother, stirring cereal in the top of the double boiler, looked cheerful too. But some people just never feel very cheerful first thing in the morning, and this morning Pete was one of them. He frowned.

"Now all you have to do," said his mother, placing a bowl of cereal before him, "is take your last year's report card to the fifth grade teacher in Room 41. That's all you have to do." She filled a pitcher with milk and set it before him. "There is a little girl about your age next door," she said sounding as if this should

make up for there being no boys his age in this new neighborhood.

It occurred to Pete that he didn't know anybody at all in this new school, and the thought made his throat prickly. Pete gulped, remembering suddenly that he had lost his breakfast the day he started school in the first grade. And although that had happened long ago, Pete pushed his chair back. He had a strange feeling that it might happen all over again. His face got red at just the thought of it.

His father rattled the newspaper. "Well, listen to this!" he said, and read to them from it. "Wanted—a good home for puppies—616 Spring Street." He looked out the window. "That would be six blocks past the school, I would imagine," he guessed.

For the moment Pete forgot about his stomach. "You mean I can have one?" he said, not really believing it. He had always wished for a dog. They had talked about getting a dog the way they had talked about moving out of the apartment and into a house of their own. He hadn't really expected any of it to happen.

"Well, I don't see why not," said Mr. Peters.

Mrs. Peters said, "You can go to see them after school."

Pete finished his breakfast in a hurry. He tore the ad from the paper and put the clipping in his pocket, took his report card and his lunch sack and opened the back door.

Pete slammed the door behind him just as the girl next door appeared on her front steps. He pretended not to see her. Quickly he ran down the walk and turned toward the school. He walked briskly, with his hands stuck in his pockets, as if he didn't think it was much of anything to be going to a new school. "Dog—dog—I'm going to get a dog," he whispered resolutely to himself, keeping his mind on that. In spite of this, his legs began to move more slowly. He was aware suddenly of the girl behind him who began to walk more slowly too.

Too slowly he thought. He hastened his step, and by the sound of the quickening of footsteps behind him, he knew that she had begun to walk faster too. Pete scowled. When he began to walk faster, so did she. When he slowed down, she did too.

He stopped suddenly, and bent low to untie and retie his shoelace. This would give her a chance to walk on ahead, he thought. But the girl behind him stopped too. Wrathfully he turned upon her.

"You stop that!" he ordered.

She looked back at him innocently. "Stop what?" she said.

"You stop following me!" he said and flushed, for he knew at once how silly that sounded.

She giggled. "I'm not following you; I'm walking to school. I always walk to school this way. It's the only way you can get there."

Pete grunted, turned about and hurried on, trying to ignore her. But he couldn't ignore the sound of feet merely three paces behind, matching his own, step for step, fast or slow, long or short. As they neared the school Pete became aware that a good many of these other kids noticed it too. His cheeks felt uncomfortably hot, and his ears burned. Hatred of this girl at his heels filled him. He hated her and he hated this school, and he hated the kids—and he entered Room 41, placed his report card on the teacher's desk, and took a seat in the fifth row.

2

Miss Patch

He thought about his dog. He decided it wouldn't make any difference that he had no friends. His best friend would be his dog. He and his dog would go everywhere together. It made a pleasant picture in his mind, himself and his dog. It made such a pleasant picture that he had no idea his smile was coming through until he realized he was sitting there staring at the teacher with the smile on his face. Quickly Pete looked down at his hands. When he glanced up again, the teacher was looking the other way.

The bell rang, but no one paid any attention. One boy was chewing gum. It made a loud pop as he blew it out into a bubble and he crossed his eyes before it broke. The girls giggled. Pete looked at the teacher. She too was watching the boy.

"Good morning, John Williams," she said.

John Williams, with the surprise showing on his face at the teacher's knowing his name, hastily removed the gum from his mouth and parked it behind his ear. "Mornin'," he mumbled and slouched back in his seat and looked at his thumbs.

"We don't chew gum during school hours," she said to everyone. "That is," she amended, "unless you are ready to stand treat for the whole class."

The children gazed at her in disbelief.

"John Williams," she said, "did you bring enough gum to share with the whole class?"

John ducked his head even lower.

"In that case," the teacher said calmly, "will you please change the parking place of your gum"—and she picked up the wastebasket and held it in front of her.

John inched himself out of his seat and slowly went down the aisle. The teacher waited politely. The boy took the gum from behind his ear and dropped it into the wastebasket. There was a sharp ping as it hit the metal.

The class laughed. Even John Williams laughed. And the teacher didn't try to hide her smile this time. She laughed out loud with the rest of them.

Pete looked at her curiously. Her teeth stuck out in

a friendly way when she laughed, and when she spoke, her voice was loud and clear. She didn't seem to be afraid of anybody. She was certainly different from any teacher he had ever had.

"This is the fifth grade room in the Ridge View Elementary School, in the city of Tacoma, state of Washington, U.S.A.," she announced, and looked carefully around the room before she explained: "Once a third grader wandered in the first day by mistake, so now I always make sure we are all where we want to be."

Pete looked, too, turning his head one way, and then the other. Everybody looked at everybody else, smiling.

"I am going to introduce myself," the teacher continued, "and then we will start with the first seat on the left, and each of you will rise, give the class your name, number of brothers and sisters, mention your favorite games, hobbies or pets. In this way we will quickly become acquainted. My name is Winifred Patch." She turned and wrote *Miss Patch* on the blackboard. She wrote fast and big, crossed the t with a swift stroke, and turned again to the class.

"I have one brother and five sisters," she said. "I like horses and dogs, rainy weather and angel food cake!" Her smile was so broad that everybody smiled with her. She nodded to the boy in the first seat.

The boy stood up. "My name is Anthony Hardy. I have two sisters, three goldfish and a hamster. My hobby is my hamster." He sat down.

Pete hardly listened as the others rose, one by one. He sat very straight with his hands clasped, practicing what he was going to say. At last it was his turn. He stood up, as each of the others had done.

"My name is John Peters," he said, "but my father's name is John, too, so I'm called Pete. I have no brothers or sisters—but I have a dog!" And he sat down. His heart was beating rapidly. He didn't have a dog yet, of course, but he would have soon. Just as soon as school let out. He figured that was close enough.

"Pete Peters." Miss Patch repeated his name as if she liked the sound of it. "My brother's name is Pete. I always called him my favorite brother. Of course I had only one brother." She winked at the class. "My family was always long on girls."

Pete suddenly felt very close to Miss Patch. Almost as if they were related.

"I collect rocks," said John Williams who was next. He spoke loudly. Pete smiled smugly to himself. Old John was just jealous because the teacher's favorite brother wasn't called John. "I've got two little brothers."

"Huh," a girl said. "We've got a whole pile of rocks out behind our house."

"Rock collecting is a very interesting hobby," said Miss Patch. "The earth is made of many different layers of rocks. Some day we'll ask John Williams to bring some of his specimens to show."

John sat down beaming. Pete wished, suddenly, that he had a collection of something.

The next boy who stood up merely gave his name and sat down.

"No brothers or sisters?" asked Miss Patch curiously.

As the boy shook his head, Miss Patch queried, "No hobbies?"

And again the boy shook his head.

"Well, perhaps you will tell us, then, what you did this summer."

"Nothing," said the boy. "I didn't have time to do anything. I had to help my dad build a room onto our house."

Miss Patch raised her eyebrows and looked around at the class. "This boy builds a room onto his house and calls that nothing! Well, I call that something!"

Pete wished suddenly that he had helped his father build their house. He felt a little bit ashamed that they had bought their house already built.

Pete ate his lunch by himself, thinking mostly about the dog. After lunch he followed the others back into the room. The boy who had helped his father build a room onto his house placed a large cooky half wrapped in a paper napkin on the teacher's desk.

"Oh!" said Miss Patch, as if she were not used to receiving presents. "Is this part of your lunch?"

The boy shook his head. "That was extra," he said offhandedly.

"Well I thank you, Ralph!" she said. "If you're sure it is extra I'll save it for my after-school snack."

A couple of the boys snickered. Ralph's face grew red. He sat down in his seat, and then turned his head to the boys behind him, shielding his mouth with his hand. "I didn't really want it," he whispered. "Tastes like poison!" And he grimaced.

But he didn't fool anybody, Pete thought. Not anybody at all. Pete wished he had saved the cooky in his lunch for the teacher.

The afternoon went too fast. Pete raised his arm high when Miss Patch asked for a volunteer to take a message to the office, and again when she needed a boy to help unroll maps. But although her glance rested on him lightly each time, she chose someone else. Pete wished he had chosen the first seat in the first row

instead of the last seat in the fifth row. When the bell rang at the close of the afternoon session, everyone was surprised.

"Oh!" said Miss Patch. "Is it that time already?"

Then she rapped on the desk three times with her

pencil for attention. "Every night I choose a room helper," she explained, "to clean the blackboard, empty the wastebasket and help check out."

Her glance traveled around the room, and every girl and boy sat up very straight and turned their eyes to the teacher.

Pete sat up particularly straight. He knew she was going to choose him. He just knew it. He tried to control the smile that was already stretching his lips.

"Wanda Sparling," said Miss Patch. "It would give me great pleasure if you would be my room helper tonight."

Swallowing his disappointment, Pete turned curiously to the back of the room to see who Wanda Sparling was. Wanda Sparling stood up grinning. Pete frowned. Wanda Sparling was the girl next door! He watched her walk importantly down the aisle. He remembered how she had followed on his heels to school; and he stuck out his foot.

"Ouch!" he said as she trod on it.

Pete pulled in his feet. He hated her all over again.

3

Mishmash

Pete walked down Spring Street looking for the address in the advertisement he was holding. It was a mixed-up street. First there was a gas station, then an empty lot with a shack on it, then a house with the windows boarded up, and then a tiny yard with a short white fence around it and a walk lined with flowers and at the end of the walk sat a little red house-trailer, with smoke coming out the chimney. Pete stopped and looked at his clipping. This was it all right!

He went up the walk and knocked lightly on the door of the little house on wheels. While he waited he looked all around the yard. There were no signs of any dogs that he could see. But then he guessed they might be inside.

"Come in!" a voice shouted.

Pete stepped back a bit at the sound of it. It was a

very loud voice. Gingerly he put his hand on the doorknob and turned it. The door stuck, so he pushed hard. It flew open and Pete fell in. He blinked as he closed the door behind him.

Sitting not three feet from the door was an old man with the end of a cigar in his mouth. He was sitting on a built-in bench and leaning his elbows on a built-in table, and he was making marks on a map.

"Come in," said the man without taking the cigar out of his mouth. "Come in . . . come in."

"I'm already in," said Pete politely.

At the sound of Pete's voice, the old man looked up. He chuckled. "Well, so you are," he said. "Well, now you're in, what's on your mind?"

Pete swallowed. He placed the newspaper advertisement on the desk. "I came for one of the puppies," he said.

"No puppies here," said the man.

"But it says . . ." began Pete, wondering if he had the right address.

"Maybe I should say," said the man, "there aren't any puppies here anymore. Gone!" he said. "All gone!" The old man moved his cigar from one side of his mouth to the other. "As a matter of fact," he said, "the last one was picked up two days ago."

"Two days ago!" Pete looked at the newspaper in his hand.

"Oh, the ad ran in the paper this morning all right," said the man. "Special rate. Three days for the price of one," he said. "I figured I might as well get my money's worth." Then he laughed to himself as if he had said something funny.

"You mean I'm too late for a puppy?" asked Pete. It was necessary to blink his eyes all of a sudden. Maybe it was that old cigar smoke or something. . . .

The old man looked at him closely. "You want a dog? Is that right, boy?"

"I never had a dog," said Pete, feeling terribly sorry for himself. "We always lived in an apartment before."

"Hmmm," said the man. "And your mom and dad sent you out to get yourself a dog, did they?"

At Pete's nod, the old man slapped his hand on his knee. "Might be we can fix you up after all. But he's no puppy!" said the old man warningly.

The old man picked up a cane and poked at the door. He leaned across the table. "Mish!" he shouted. "His name is Mishmash," he said over his shoulder to Pete, and smiled at his private joke.

Pete heard a scrambling and before he could step out of the way, a large black hound hurtled through the

doorway, yipping and yapping joyously. He clambered around Pete, clumsily stepping on Pete's toes, almost knocking him over in his effort to welcome him.

"He's certainly friendly," said Pete, stepping back a little as the dog almost pushed him over in its exuberance.

"You've put your finger on it, boy," said the man, as if Pete had said something profound. "Friendly is the word. Why, he's about the most friendly dog you'll ever hope to find."

Pete laughed. "Whoa, Mish," he said, "down dog. Good dog. Good Mish." He patted Mish's black face "My dad had a black dog when he was kid." He was unable to keep the excitement out of his voice. This was a dog! This was a real dog!

Suddenly he straightened up. "We've got a new house," he said, thinking of those gleaming floors. "Will he—does he—"

"Oh, pshaw!" said the man. "He's a perfect gentleman, he is." Then the man winked. "Born and bred in a palace, I'll have you know."

In spite of himself Pete was impressed.

"Well," said the man, "it was really a hotel—big as a palace—called the Palace Hotel." And this time when he laughed Pete could smile with him.

"Don't you worry about him, boy," said the man. "Take my word for it. You don't have to worry about him!"

Pete couldn't help it. He bent down and hugged Mish. And when he straightened up, the dog stood up on his hind legs, put his paws on Pete's shoulders, and

slathered Pete's face with his tongue. Pete laughed. The dog liked him!

"Well, he certainly has taken to you," said the man, as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

Pete tried to hide his pride. "Down, Mish," he said firmly. "Down boy."

Pete wondered how the old man could bear to give up such a fine dog as Mish.

"If he were my dog, I wouldn't give him away," Pete said.

The old man sighed. "Well, kid, it's this way. I'm getting old, I am." He raised his arm.

Pete gazed at the shaking hand and nodded sympathetically.

"That Mish is just too young a dog to be saddled with an old man like me. What he needs is someone lively." With the back of his hand the old man tapped Pete's shoulder. "Someone who takes to him."

"I like him," Pete said quickly. "I do like him."

"He's not the kind of dog you can give to just anybody," the man said, scratching his chin and looking at Pete closely.

Pete drew himself up. He tried to look like somebody. Somebody you could give this kind of a dog to.

The man nodded then as if he had come to a deci-

sion. "Good-bye, Mish," said the man. He patted the dog's head vigorously . . . so vigorously that Mish ducked and eased over to Pete.

The old man sighed. "See, he's yours already. Well, that's life, I guess!"

Pete walked down the brick path and out the little white gate with Mish trotting at his heels. It felt good to have the black hound walking along beside him. He could just see himself coming home from school each day with Mish scrambling to greet him. He could see himself sitting there at the dining-room table doing his lesson, with Mish sitting at his feet, his chin resting faithfully on Pete's shoe. He could see his mother and his father and himself and Mish standing there in the firelight—just like a Christmas card.

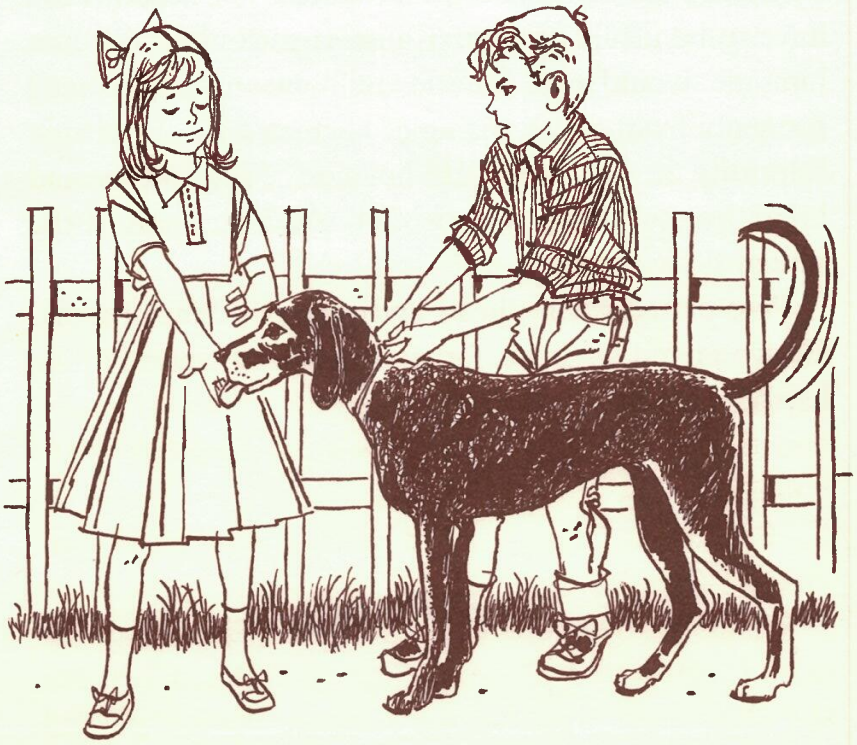
When they reached the intersection, Pete grasped Mish's collar firmly. He wasn't going to let anything happen to his dog. They reached the other curb safely and then he let Mish prance onward. In front of his house stood Wanda Sparling . . .

"Be careful!" Pete warned her sharply. "He doesn't much like girls."

Wanda sniffed. "Here, doggie," she said, "nice doggie." Mish bounded over to her and licked her outstretched hand with his wet tongue. Wanda giggled.

"Not much he doesn't like girls. Not much I'd say."

Pete whistled and Mish ignored it. Pete grasped his collar firmly. He couldn't have hated Wanda more. "You'd better go play with your dolls," he ordered. "If I hadn't called him off, he might of chomped your hand off—right up to here." He brought his free hand down sharply at his elbow.



Wanda giggled. "There's nothing about you, Pete Peters," she said calmly, "that I like"—she grinned impishly—"except maybe your dog." She turned and walked importantly away from him.

"Well you just stay away from him, Wanda Sparling. You hear me? You stay away from him—for your own good!"

Wanda turned. She smiled sweetly. "I'm not going to stay away from him at all," she stated. " 'Cause I don't have to be afraid of him. 'Cause you wouldn't let him hurt me, would you, Pete Peters?" Her voice changed suddenly from sugar and spice to a screech and a yell. "Because if you did," she hollered, "my dad would break every bone in your body!" And she banged the screen door behind her.

Pete patted Mish's head and regarded him proudly. He wondered what his father would say when he saw Mish—he just wondered!

4

A Bed for Mish

"Good heavens!" said his father. "You call that a puppy!"

"As I told Mom," said Pete patiently. "He was out of puppies."

"Hmmmm," said Mr. Peters, looking at his wife.

Pete's mother said hastily, "Don't look at me. It wasn't *my* idea," she added pointedly.

Pete's father grunted. "Where's he going to sleep?" he asked.

"In my room?" said Pete hopefully.

"In the basement," said his mother firmly.

"Ah, gee whiz, Mom," said Pete. "I bet he's never slept in a basement in his life."

"We'll put a nice big box down next to the furnace, with a nice soft blanket in it . . ." His mother stopped suddenly. Pete looked at her, and then followed her gaze.

There was Mish—padding up the carpeted hall. He went up the three steps, turned, and stopped in front of Pete's bedroom door. He looked back at them. And as Pete made no move to join him, he went on in. They heard the soft thud as he jumped from the floor to the bed.

"Well!" said Mr. Peters.

"He wants to sleep with me!" said Pete, pleased that Mish had taken matters into his own hands—or paws.

Pete's mother lifted her chin. "We'll put a big box down next to the furnace with a nice soft blanket in it," she said again, but this time there was a firmness that Pete could not mistake.

He looked imploringly at her. And she returned his gaze steadfastly.

Pete's father cleared his throat. "Why don't we," he said brightly, "put a nice big box down next to the furnace and put a nice soft blanket in it—right now?" Then he opened the basement door.

Disconsolately Pete followed his father down the basement steps. He stood with a long face while his

father dug through the packing boxes and found a big crate. He stuck his thumbs in his pockets and waited, disapprovingly silent, while his father knocked one of the sides off the crate.

"Mish will be tickled pink with this," said his father, pushing the three-sided box into the corner near the furnace.

Pete looked doubtful. "He's not used to sleeping by himself," he pointed out.

"Now look here, son," said Pete's father. He put his hand on Pete's shoulder. But what he was going to say Pete never found out, for at that moment the bell rang —two notes at the front door. And at the sound of the bell, they heard a scuffling, sliding sound from the bedroom and a yip-yelping as Mish streaked down the hallway.

Both Pete and his father made a dash for the stairway. They gained the top just as Pete's mother opened the front door, but it was Mish who welcomed the guest. Tail wagging, tongue hanging, throat yipping in joyous greeting, he bounded out.

"Down, Mish!" said Pete and his mother and his father at once and together.

Pete grasped hold of Mish's collar as the man stepped back so hastily that he fell over the planter box.

"Friendly little mutt, isn't he?" said the man, picking himself up. But he sounded doubtful, then scribbled something on a pink paper and handed it to Mrs. Peters.

"Your oil man," he said. "I just filled the tank."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Peters, and closed the door after him. She stood there a moment with her hand on the doorknob, frowning, her eyes on Mish. She sighed. Then she just went into the kitchen and began to put the dishes into the dishwasher.

Pete's father opened his mouth, but all that came out

was a sigh. Then he turned and went on into the living room where he sat down in the biggest, softest chair and put the evening newspaper over his face.

Pete followed Mish back up the three steps into the bedroom. He closed the door. Mish jumped on the bed again and curled up and closed his eyes. Then he opened one eye to look at Pete.

Pete laughed. He flopped down on the bed and put his arms around Mish. "*I* like you, Mish," he said. I really do!"

Pete didn't fall asleep immediately that night. He lay on his back, his hands behind his head, listening to the scuffling sounds in the basement. It sounded to him as if Mish didn't like his nice big box down there. It sounded as if he was rearranging things to his liking.

Pete didn't know how much later it was when he opened his eyes in the darkness to hear odd sounds under the floor. He raised himself on one elbow and listened. It sounded as if Mish was hammering on the basement door with both paws.

He heard his father roar, "Mish! Quiet!"

His mother said, "For heaven's sake, what are you yelling at?" His father muttered something about the basement door. "Well, I locked it myself," said his mother.

For a time Mish stopped doing whatever he was doing at the basement door.

Pete's eyes had just fallen shut again when he came instantly wide awake. For Mish was barking. Pete could hear him running up and down the basement steps and barking.

He heard a stirring from his mother's and father's room. He heard his father pad down the hallway. And then Pete fell asleep again. It seemed to him that he intermittently woke and slept the whole night through. But he figured he must have really been asleep all the time. For when he awoke in the morning, Mish was curled up on the pillow beside him—his black face as innocent as a baby's.

Mish became so friendly and helpful that the neighbors began to complain. When Mish interrupted Pete's mother's tea party and helped himself to cake, it was time for him to find a new home. You'll never guess what Pete finally did with Mish. Read Molly Cone's book, *Mishmash* (Houghton Mifflin, 1962), and find out.

You may also want to read:

The Terrible Mr. Twitmeyer
by Lillian Moore and Leone Adelson (Random House, 1952)

Clown Dog
by Lavinia Davis (Doubleday, 1961)

Clarence, the TV Dog
by Patricia Lauber (Coward-McCann, 1955)

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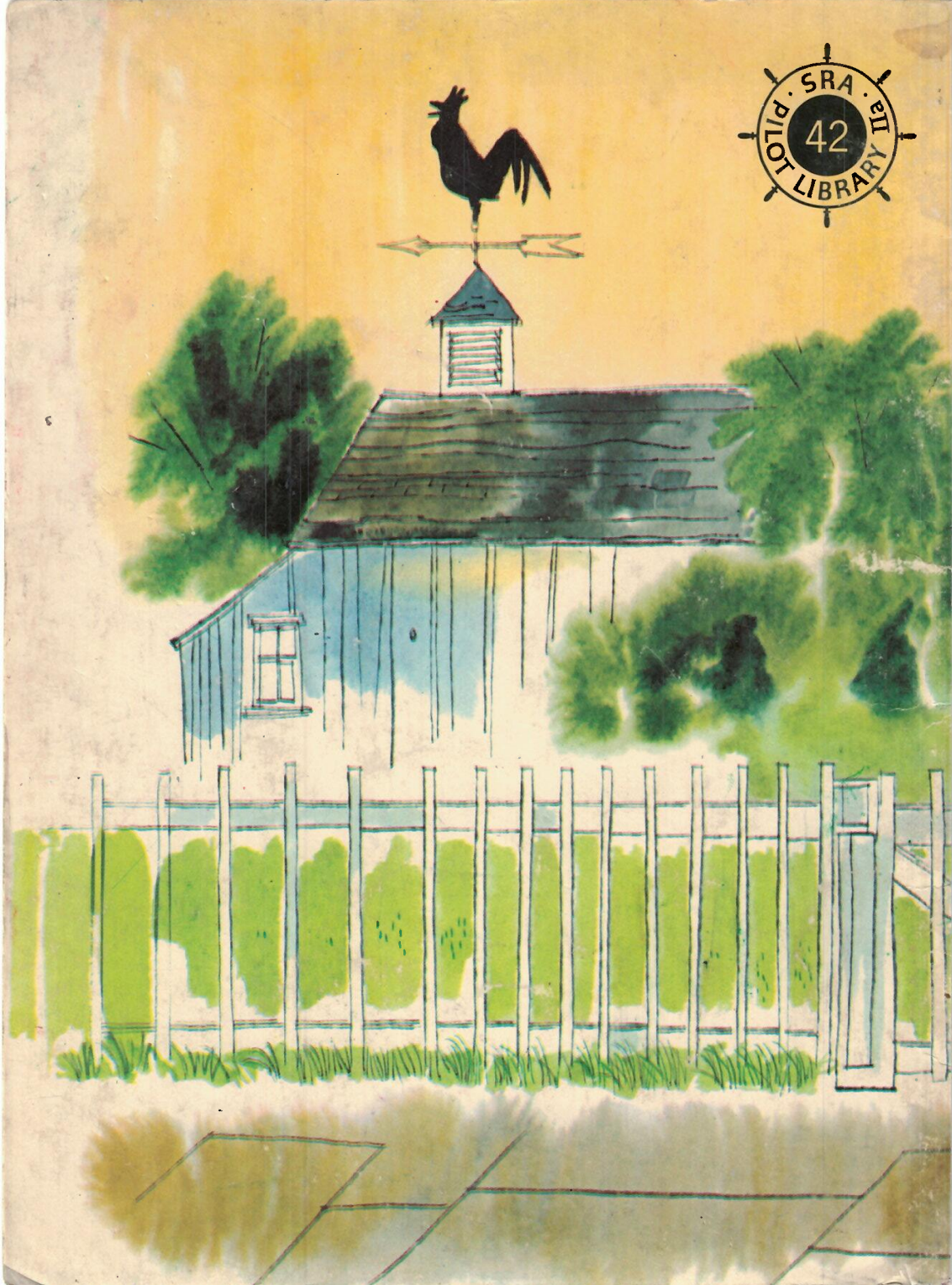
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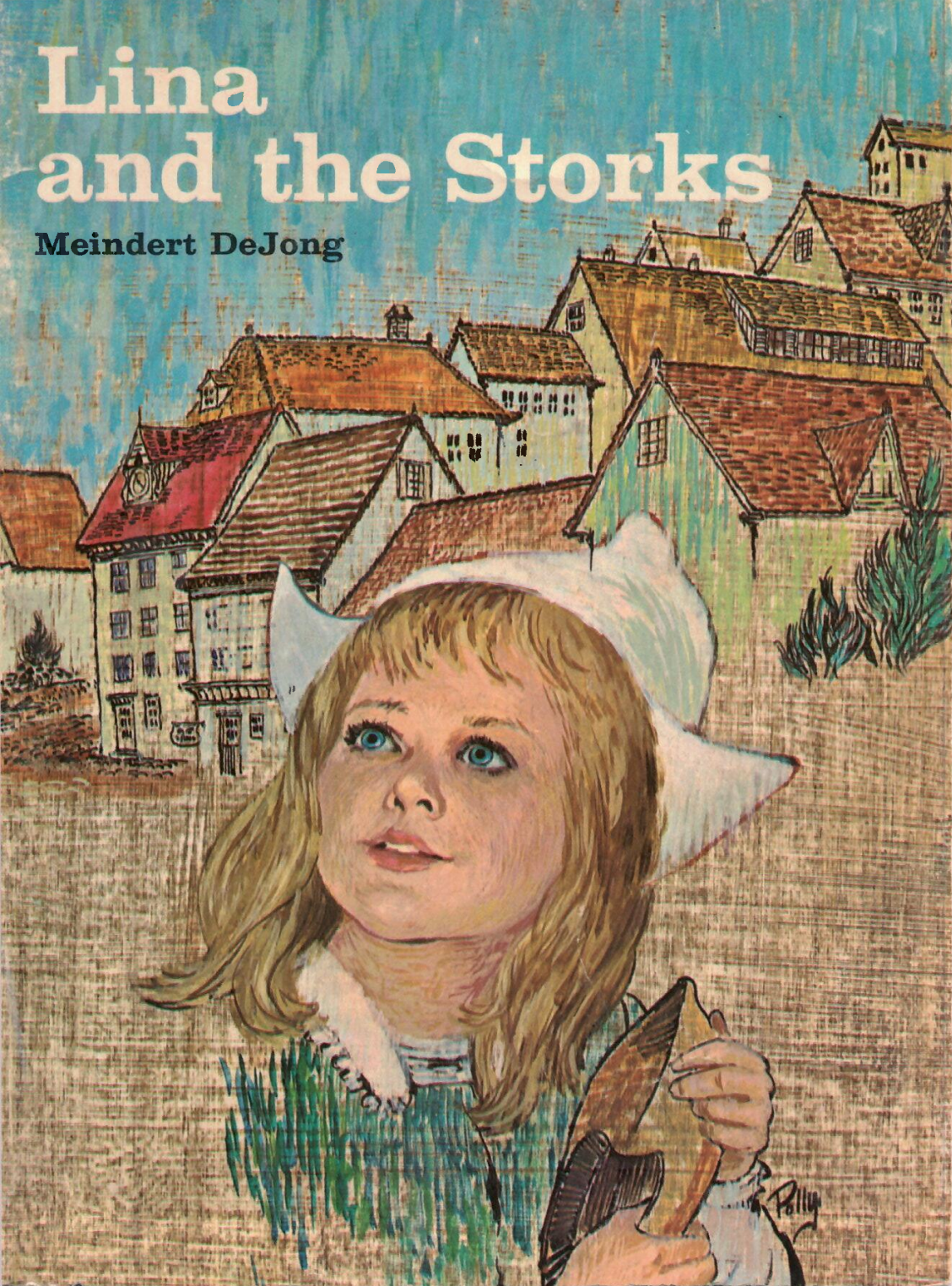
Lina and the Storks

Meindert DeJong



LINA AND THE STORKS

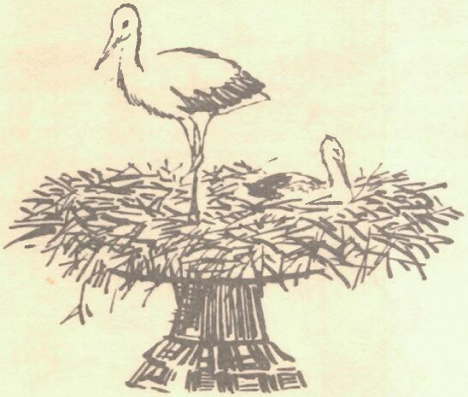
by Meindert DeJong

Everybody in Holland knew that storks on the roof of a house bring good luck. But no storks built their nests on the roofs of the village of Shora, where Lina lived.

One day Lina wrote a report on storks and read it to her schoolmates. She set them to wondering why storks nested in other villages, but not in Shora. Why didn't the lovely white birds come to their village? How could they be made to want to live in Shora?

All of the children wondered, but Lina wondered hardest of all. And she was the one who discovered the answer.

Lina and the Storks



by MEINDERT DeJONG

illustrated by
POLLY BOLIAN

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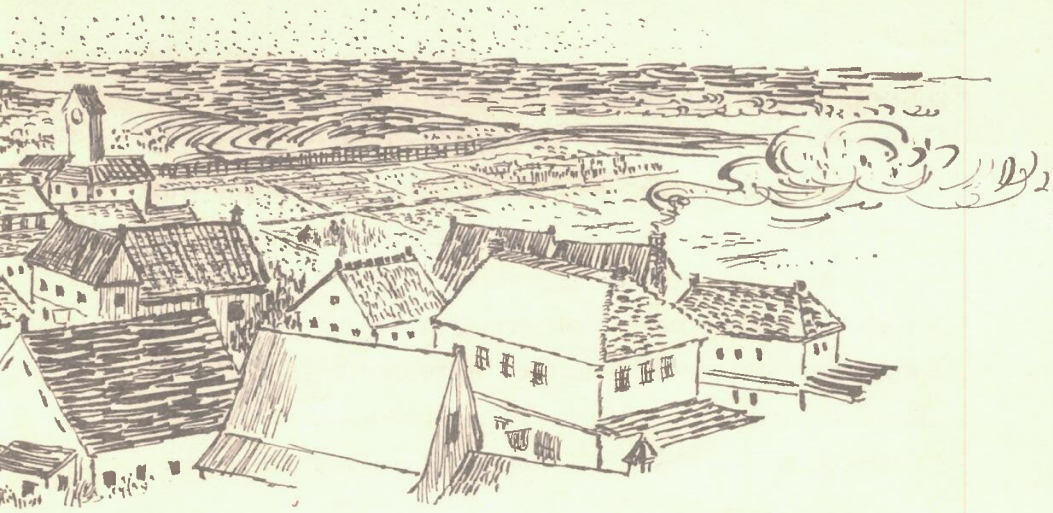


Lina's Story

To start with there was Shora. Shora was a fishing village in Holland. It lay on the shore of the North Sea in Friesland, tight against the dike. Maybe that was why it was called Shora. It had some houses and a church and tower.

In five of those houses lived the six school children of Shora, so that is important. There were a few more houses, but in those houses lived no children—just old people. They were, well, just old people, so they weren't too important. There were more children, too, but young children, toddlers, not school children—so that is not so important either.

The six children of Shora all went to the same little

school. There was Jella; he was the biggest of the six. He was big and husky for his age. There was Eelka. He was slow and clumsy, except his mind; his mind was swift. There was Auka, and right here at the beginning there is nothing much to say about Auka—he was just a nice, everyday boy. You could have fun with him. There were Pier and Dirk; they were brothers. Pier and Dirk looked about as much alike as second cousins. But Pier liked what Dirk liked, and Dirk did what Pier did. They liked to be together. They were twins.

Then there was Lina. She was the only girl in the little Shora school. One girl with five boys. Of course, there was also a teacher, a man teacher.

Maybe to begin with, we really should have started with Lina. Not because she was the only schoolgirl in Shora, but because she wrote a story about storks. There were no storks in Shora. Lina had written this story about storks of her own accord—the teacher hadn't asked her to write it. In fact, until Lina read it out loud to the five boys and the teacher, nobody in school had even thought about storks.

But there one day, right in the middle of the arithmetic lesson, Lina raised her hand and asked, "Teacher, may I read a little story about storks? I wrote it all myself, and it's about storks."

Lina called it a story, but it was really an essay, a composition. The teacher was so pleased that Lina had written a little piece of her own accord, he stopped the arithmetic lesson right there and let Lina read her story. She began with the title and read on:

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT STORKS?

Do you know about storks? Storks on your roof bring all kinds of good luck. I know this about storks; they are big and white and have long yellow bills and tall yellow legs. They build great big messy nests, sometimes right on your roof. But when they build a nest on the roof of a house, they bring good luck to that house and to the whole village that the house stands in.

Storks do not sing. They make a noise like you do when you clap your hands when you feel happy and good. I think storks clap their bills to make the happy sounds when they feel happy and good. They clap their bills almost all the time except when they are in the marshes and ditches hunting for frogs and little fishes and things. Then they are quiet. But on your roof they are noisy. But it is a happy noise, and I like happy noises.

That is all I know about storks; but my aunt in the village of Nes knows a lot about storks, because every year two big storks come to build their nest right on her roof. But I do not know much about storks, because

storks never come to Shora. They go to all the villages all around, but they never come to Shora. That is the most that I know about storks, but if they came to Shora, I would know more about storks.

After Lina had finished reading her story, the room was quiet. The teacher stood there looking proud and pleased. Then he said, "That was a fine story, Lina. A very fine composition, and you know quite a lot about storks!" His eyes were pleased and bright. He turned to big Jella. "Jella," he said, "what do you know about storks?"

"About storks, Teacher?" Jella said slowly. "About storks—nothing." He looked surly and stubborn, be-

cause he felt stupid. He thought he ought to explain. "You see," he told the teacher, "I can't bring them down with my slingshot. I've tried and tried, but I just can't seem to do it."

The teacher looked startled. "But why would you want to shoot them down?"

"Oh, I don't know," Jella said. He wriggled a little in his seat. He looked unhappy. "Because they move, I guess."

"Oh," the teacher said. "Pier," he said then, "Dirk, what do you twins know about storks?"

"About storks?" Pier asked. "Nothing."

"Dirk," the teacher said.

"Just the same as Pier," Dirk said. "Nothing."

"Pier," the teacher said, "if I had asked Dirk first, what would have been your answer?"

"The same as Dirk's," Pier answered promptly. "Teacher, that's the trouble with being twins—if you don't know something, you don't know it double."

The teacher and the class liked that. It made everybody laugh. "Well, Auka," the teacher said, "how about you?"

Auka was still chuckling and feeling good about what Pier had said, but now he looked serious. "All I know is that if storks make happy noises with their bills, like Lina said in her story, then I would like storks, too."

The teacher looked around and said: "Well, Eelka, there in the corner, that leaves only you."

Eelka thought awhile. "I'm like Lina, Teacher; I know little about storks. But if storks would come to Shora, then I think I would learn to know a lot about storks."

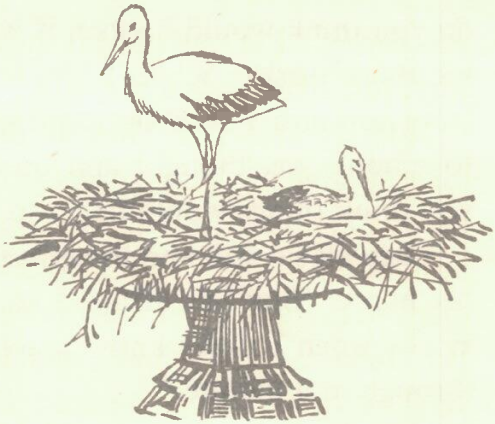
"Yes, that is true," the teacher said. "But now what

do you think would happen if we all began to think a lot about storks? School's almost out for today, but if, from now until tomorrow morning when you come back to school, you thought and thought about storks, do you think things would begin to happen?"

They all sat still and thought that over. Eelka raised his hand. "But I'm afraid I can't think much about storks when I don't know much about storks. I'd be through in a minute."

Everybody laughed, but the teacher's eyes weren't pleased. "True, true," he said. "That's right, Eelka. We can't think much when we don't know much. But we can wonder! From now until tomorrow morning when you come to school again, will you do that? Will you wonder why and wonder why? Will you wonder why storks don't come to Shora to build their nests on the roofs, the way they do in all the villages around? For sometimes when we wonder, we can make things begin to happen.

"If you'll do that—then school is out right now!"



To Wonder Why

There they were out in the schoolyard—free! Jella peered again over the roofs of the houses at the distant tower rising beside the dike. He couldn't believe it. But the big white face of the tower clock spelled out three—a little past three.

"Boy," Jella said in wonderment, "he let us out almost a whole hour early, just because of storks." Jella was beginning to appreciate storks. "What'll we do?" he said eagerly to the other boys.

But Lina took charge. Since she had started it with her essay about storks, she felt responsible. It was a wonderful day, the sky was bright and blue, the dike

was sunny. "Let's all go and sit on the dike and wonder why, just like the teacher said."

Nobody objected. They all dutifully set out for the dike, still feeling happy because of this hour of freedom that had so suddenly and unexpectedly come to them. Still grateful enough to the storks and Lina to be obedient to her and sit on the dike and think about storks. But Jella lagged behind, and that was unusual. Big Jella was generally in the lead. Going down the village street he stared at every house he passed as if they were something new in the new freedom. But he dutifully climbed the dike and dutifully sat down at the end of the row of boys. Lina sat at the other end.

They sat. Nobody seemed to know just how to begin to wonder without the teacher there to start them off. Jella stared up at the sky. There wasn't a cloud in the sky. There were no storks. There wasn't even a gull. Jella looked at the sea stretching empty before him—there wasn't a ship in the sea.

Jella looked along the quiet row. Everybody was just sitting, hugging his knees. Everybody looked quiet and awkward and uncomfortable. Suddenly Jella had had enough. He looked along the row of boys at Lina. "The teacher didn't say we had to sit in a row on the dike to wonder, did he?"

"No," Lina said, "but I thought, well, he's never given us a whole hour off from school before, and I thought . . ."

"Well, then," Jella said. It just didn't feel right to sit when you were free. But the quiet sea and the quiet sky suggested nothing to him. Then fortunately a slow canalboat came pushing around a faraway bend in the canal. The two men on deck lowered the sail and the mast, so the boat could slide under the low bridge. The men picked up poles to push the boat along under the bridge. Jella jumped up. Now he had an idea. "Hey, let's all go get our poles and go ditch jumping!"

All the boys, with the exception of Eelka, jumped up eagerly. Here was something to do—fun in the freedom.

"You, too, Eelka. Run and get your pole," Jella said. "And tell Auka to get mine, too. I'll wait here."

Lina stared at Jella in dismay. Even Eelka had to go. When it came to ditch jumping, Eelka generally was left out—he was too fat and slow and clumsy. "But I thought we were going to wonder why storks don't come to Shora?" Lina said. If even Eelka had to go along, she was going to be left behind all alone.

Lina glared down the dike after the running boys. "All right for you, Eelka," she yelled unhappily. She

looked darkly at Jella. "Boy, if the teacher finds out that you . . ." She swallowed her words. It was a bitter, lost feeling to be left behind all alone in the surprise free hour.

Lina had a sudden hopeful thought. It must be that Jella wanted them all in on the ditch jumping, so that if the teacher found out, they'd all catch it together. Maybe he'd let her in on it, too! Maybe that was why he had stayed here with her on the dike.

"Jella," Lina asked, "can I go, too? Why, if it wasn't for me, you'd be sitting in school right now. And I could get my mother's clothes pole. It's long and smooth and . . ."

"Naw," Jella said immediately. "Girls are no good at jumping. It's a boy's game."

"I'd be just as good as Eelka. Better even," Lina said indignantly.

"Yeah, I guess so. But Eelka doesn't mind getting wet, but girls worry about wet feet and their dresses flying. And they squeal and scream, and then they get scared and go giggly."

Jella seemed to have thought a lot about it. Lina could see it was totally no use wheedling or arguing. She drew her wooden shoes primly up under her, hugged her knees, and stared wretchedly out at the

sea. "Teacher said we were to wonder why the storks don't come. He even said if we wondered really hard things might begin to happen."

"We'll wonder while we jump ditches," Jella said shortly. He was a bit uneasy. But now the boys were coming back, Auka with two vaulting poles. Jella started to leave. "And we don't care if you do tell the teacher! He didn't say we were supposed to sit like dopes on the dike."

So Jella did care—he was even worried she would tell. She was no tattletale! Lina did not deign to turn around to answer. But she couldn't help looking down the dike when Eelka came dragging his long vaulting pole. "All right for you, Eelka," she said stormily.

That was the trouble with being the only girl: you got left out of things. And if Eelka didn't also get left out, there was nothing for her to do but sit by herself or play with her little sister Linda and the other little children. What was the fun of that? Well, she'd show them. She'd sit right here and think and wonder really hard. Tomorrow morning when the teacher asked, up would go her hand, but there they'd all sit stupid and with their mouths full of teeth. It did not seem much of a threat. The excited voices of the boys came drifting back to her.

Lina fixed her eyes hard upon a distant hazy swirling far out above the sea, wanting it to be a stork but knowing all the time it was just a sea gull. She wouldn't play with Eelka again for a week! Maybe ten days even, maybe three weeks! Even if in all that time Jella and the rest left Eelka out of every one of their games. She wouldn't bother with Eelka either. She just wouldn't bother!

She stared hard at the gull. It was still a gull; it wasn't a stork. Suppose a whole big flock of storks came flying up out of the sea. The boys, jumping ditches, wouldn't even see them. But Lina had to admit to herself it wouldn't make much difference if they saw the storks or not. The storks wouldn't stay in Shora, and the boys couldn't make them stay, so what was the difference. Lina sighed. It was hard being the only girl in Shora.

She took off one of her wooden shoes and sat staring moodily into it. She caught herself doing it. It was a lonely habit. She often sat staring into her shoe. It somehow made her feel better and seemed to help her to think better, but she didn't know why. She often wished she could wear her wooden shoes in the schoolroom instead of just socks. The wooden shoes had to be left at the entrance. Lina was sure it would help no end if she could pull off one of her shoes and stare and dream

into it awhile—especially before doing an arithmetic problem. Lina sighed. You couldn't dream with arithmetic. With arithmetic you could only think. It made arithmetic sort of scary. Hard and scary and not very exciting.

Storks were exciting! "Wonder why? Wonder why?" Lina said quite hard into her wooden shoe. The words came bouncing back at her out of the hard wooden shell. She whispered it into the shoe; the words came whispering back. She sat dreaming, staring into the shoe. And the sea gull was swirling and sailing far out at sea.

Still thinking and dreaming about storks, she got up in her nice hazy daze and wandered away from the dike, one shoe in her hand. She went slowly down the street, staring intently at the roofs of all the houses as if she'd never seen them before.

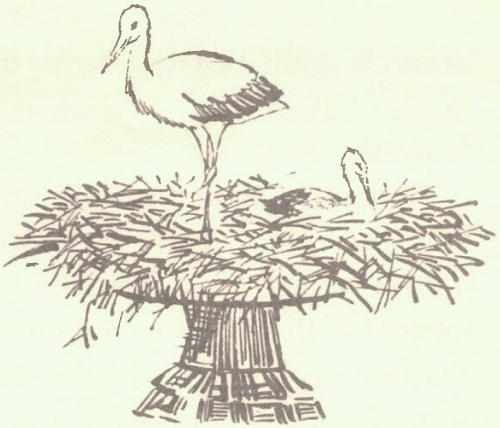
The village street lay quiet and empty. Lina had it to herself all the way through the village to the little school. The school had the sharpest roof of all, Lina decided. All the roofs were sharp, but the school's was the sharpest.

A thin faraway shout and a shrill laugh came through to her. She turned. In the far, flat distance she could see the boys. Now big Jella, it must be Jella, went sailing

high over a ditch. Hard behind him, first sprinting, then sailing high on their poles, came the other three boys. And then there came one more; it must be Eelka. But Eelka disappeared—he must have gone into the ditch. Now there was a lot of shouting and running.

Lina caught herself waiting anxiously for Eelka to appear out of the ditch. Then she remembered that she wasn't going to play with Eelka for three weeks. She turned her back to the distant boys. "I hope he went in up to his neck," she heard herself saying half-aloud.

It surprised her. For now it didn't matter whether or not Eelka went into the water up to his neck; it didn't matter that the boys were having fun. She knew why the storks didn't come to build their nests in Shora. The roofs were all too sharp! But not only did she know the reason why, she also knew what to do about it! They had to put a wagon wheel on top of one of the roofs—a wagon wheel just like her aunt in Nes had on her roof. Tomorrow morning she would spring it on them in the schoolroom. They'd be surprised!



Grandmother Sibble III

Lina started to hurry back to the village, almost as if she had to hurry to tell someone. She put her wooden shoe back on to hurry better. There wasn't anyone there, she knew. The boys were playing in the fields; the teacher had gone. She could go home and tell her mother, but she would tell her mother anyway. It just seemed to her there had to be somebody *new* to tell it to—she had that feeling.

There wasn't anyone like that. The whole street lay empty. It made her hurrying suddenly seem senseless. Lina slowed herself by staring at a house.

Once more Lina dawdled down the street, once more she stood a dreamy while before each house. Her shoe

came off again. She was staring up at the roof of Grandmother Sibble III's house when the old lady came out. It startled Lina.

"I know I'm a nosy old creature," Grandmother Sibble III said, "but there you stand again, staring. I've been watching you wandering from the dike to the school and back again like a little lost sheep."

Lina laughed a polite little laugh. "Oh, I'm not exactly wandering. I'm wondering."

"Oh," said the old lady mystified. "Well, I guess wondering is always better than wandering. It makes more sense." She chuckled a nice little old lady's chuckle.

They looked at each other. And Lina thought how she had never talked much to Grandmother Sibble III except to say a polite "hello" as she walked by. Now she did not know just what to say to her.

The old lady was still looking at her curiously. "Is that why you have your shoe in your hand?" she said gently. "Because you were wondering so hard?"

In surprise Lina glanced down at her hand holding the wooden shoe. She reddened a little and hastily slipped it on her foot. What must Grandmother Sibble think—not that she was her grandmother, she was just the grandmother of the whole village, the oldest old

lady. It certainly must have looked silly, her hobbling down the street on one shoe, carrying the other. No wonder Grandmother Sibble III had come out of the house!

"I . . ." Lina said, trying to explain. She giggled a little. "Oh, isn't it silly?" She fished in her mind for some sensible explanation. None would come. But Grandmother Sibble III wasn't standing there grinning in a superior, adult way. She just looked—well, mystified and inquisitive.

Lina decided to tell her. "I guess it does look silly and odd, but it somehow helps me think better to look into my shoe. Then when I get to thinking really hard, I forget to put it back on again," she said defensively.

"Why, yes," the old lady said immediately. "Isn't it funny how odd little things like that help? Now I can think much better by sort of rocking myself and sucking on a piece of candy, and I've done it ever since I was a little girl like you." She carefully settled herself on the top step of her brick stoop. She looked as if she was settling herself for a good, long chat. "Now of course, I've just got to know what it was you were thinking about so hard it made you forget your shoe." She chuckled her little old chuckle again. "And if you don't tell me, I won't sleep all night from trying to guess."

They laughed together. Grandmother Sibble patted the stoop next to her. "Why don't you come and sit down with me and tell me about it."

Lina eagerly sat down—close, exactly where the old lady had patted. Old Grandmother Sibble was nice, she thought to herself. It was a nice surprise. She didn't talk to you as if you were a tiny tot, almost a baby, and miles of years away, the way grownups usually did. She even understood silly girl things like looking into a wooden shoe. She understood it the way a girl friend—if you had a girl friend—would understand. A girl friend who also had silly tricks and secretly told you about them.

Aloud, Lina said, "I was thinking about storks, Grandmother Sibble. Why storks don't come and build their nests in Shora."

Grandmother Sibble looked thoughtful. "Well, that is a thing to ponder all right. No wonder you had your shoe off. . . . We here in Shora always without storks."

"But I figured out why," Lina told the old lady proudly. "Our roofs are too sharp!"

"Well, yes. . . . Yes, I guess so," the old lady said carefully, sensing Lina's sharp excitement. "But that could be remedied by putting a wagon wheel on the roof, couldn't it? The way they do in the other villages?"

"Yes, I'd thought of that," Lina said promptly. "My aunt in Nes has a wagon wheel on her roof, and storks nest on it every year."

"Ah, yes," the old lady said, "but doesn't your aunt's house have trees around it, too?"

"Yes, it has," Lina said, looking in surprise at the little old lady. Why, Grandmother Sibble must have been thinking about storks, too. It seemed amazing, the old, old lady thinking about storks. "I guess I never thought about trees. Well, just because there are no trees in Shora—so I didn't think about trees." Lina's voice faded away. Here was a whole new thing to think about.

"Would a stork think about trees?" the old lady wanted to know. "It seems to me a stork would think about trees. And it seems to me that in order to figure out what a stork would want, we should try to think the way a stork would think."

Lina sat bolt upright. What a wonderful thing to say! Lina fumbled for her shoe while she eagerly looked at the old lady.

"You see, if I were a stork, even if I had my nest on a roof, I think I would still like to hide myself in a tree now and then and settle down in the shade and rest my long legs. Not be on the bare peak of a roof for everybody to see me all the time."

Lina pulled her feet up under her and looked down confusedly at her wooden shoes. She really needed her wooden shoe right now. Her thoughts were racing.

"You see, years ago," Grandmother Sibble was explaining, "oh, years and years ago when I was the only girl in Shora, the way you are the only girl now, there were trees in Shora and there were storks! The only trees in Shora grew on my grandmother's place. My grandmother was then the only grandmother of Shora. She was Grandmother Sibble I, just like I am now Grandmother Sibble III and you would someday be Grandmother Sibble IV if your mother had named you

Sibble instead of Lina. I asked her to! Oh, I had no business asking—we're not even related—but it just seems there should always be a Grandmother Sibble in Shora. But that's beside the point.

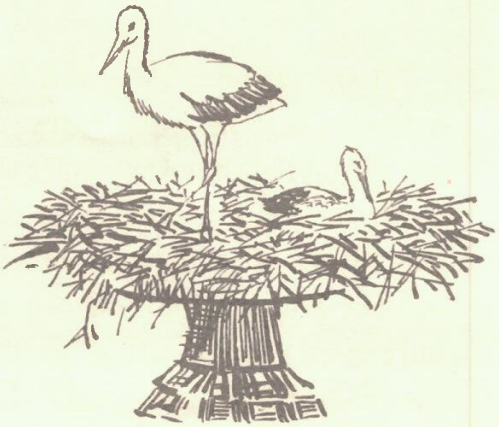
"The point is, my grandmother's little house stood exactly where your school stands now but, oh, so different from your little naked school. Really different! My grandmother's house was roofed with reeds, and storks like reeds. And my grandmother's house was hidden in trees. And storks like trees. Weeping willow trees grew around the edge of a deep moat that went all around my grandmother's house. And in the shadowy water under the hanging willows, pickerel swam in the moat. And over the moat there was a little footbridge leading right to my grandmother's door. And in one of the willows there was always a stork nest, and there was another nest on the low reed roof of my grandmother's house. As a little girl I used to stand on the footbridge and think that I could almost reach up to the low roof of the little house and touch the storks, so close they seemed."

"Oh, I didn't know. I never knew," Lina said breathlessly.

Grandmother Sibble did not seem to hear. Her eyes were looking far, far back. She shook her head.

"A storm came," she said. "As storms so often come to Shora. But this was a real storm. The wind and waves roared up the dike for longer than a week. For a whole week the water pounded and the salt spray flew. The air was full of salt; you even tasted the salt on your bread in your houses. And when it was all done, there were only three willows left at Sibble's Corner—that is what they called my grandmother's house, because everybody gathered there of a warm summer day to sit and chat and rest from work in the only shade in Shora, to talk and to lean their tired backs against the only trees. Then even those three leftover trees sickened and died. I guess their leaves had just taken in too much salt that long week of the storm.

"Later, after Grandmother Sibble I died, they came and tore down her house and chopped out the old rotted stumps of the willows and filled the moat with dirt. Then there was nothing for years and years, until they built your naked little school on the same spot. But the storks never came back."



Things Begin to Happen

Lina sat wide-eyed, hugging her knees, staring straight ahead, drinking it in, dreaming it over—the things the old lady had said—dreaming the picture. It sounded like a faraway tale, and yet it had been! Grandmother Sibble III had seen it! She had thought as a little girl that she could reach up and touch the storks, it had been so real and so close. Right in Shora!

"I never knew. I never knew," Lina whispered to herself. "And even a little footbridge," she told herself, and hugged her knees.

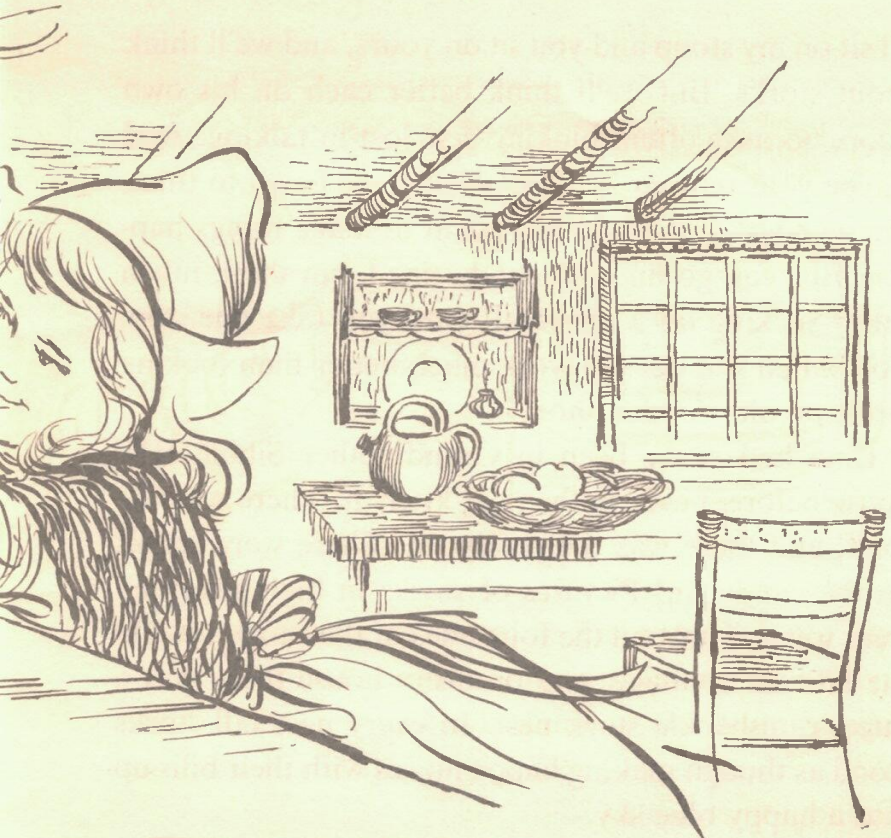
Grandmother Sibble III roused herself. "So you see you mustn't think our sharp roofs are the whole story, must you?" she said softly. "We must think about other

things, too. Like our lack of trees, our storms, our salt spray. We must think about everything. And to think it right, we must try to think the way a stork would think!"

Grandmother Sibble said "we"!

"Then have you been thinking about storks, too?" Lina asked in astonishment.

"Ever since I was a little girl. And ever since then I've wanted them back. They're lucky and cozy and friendly and, well, just right. It's never seemed right again—the village without storks. But nobody ever did anything about it."



"Teacher says," Lina told the old lady softly, "that maybe if we wonder and wonder, then things will begin to happen."

"Is that what he said? Ah, but that is so right," the old lady said. "But now you run in the house. There's a little tin on my kitchen shelf and in it there are wineballs. You get us each a wineball out of the tin. Then

I'll sit on my stoop and you sit on yours, and we'll think about storks. But we'll think better each on his own stoop, because often thinking gets lost in talking. And maybe your teacher is right—that if we begin to think and wonder, somebody will begin to make things happen. But you go find the candy tin; I can think much better sucking on a wineball. And you take one, too. You watch if it doesn't work much better than looking inside an old wooden shoe."

Lina had never been in Grandmother Sibble III's house before, never in the neat kitchen. There was the shelf, and there was the candy tin. There were storks on the candy tin! Pictures of storks in high sweeping trees were all around the four sides of the candy tin. On the lid was a village, and on every house there was a huge, ramshackle stork nest. In every nest tall storks stood as though making happy noises with their bills up into a happy blue sky.

Lina kept turning the candy tin to see the pictures again and again. Suddenly she woke up to the fact that she was staying in Grandmother Sibble's house a long, long time. Her first time in Grandmother Sibble's house, too! What would she think? She hastily shoved the candy tin back on its shelf and hurried to the stoop.

"Grandmother Sibble, storks on your candy tin! And

on every roof a nest! Oh . . ." Suddenly Lina realized she'd forgotten the wineballs. She raced back. It was hard not to look at the storks, but she kept her face partly turned away and picked out two round, red wineballs. Then she ran back. "I forgot all about the wineballs," she apologized.

"Yes, I know," Grandmother Sibble said gently, for she saw that Lina—though looking straight at her while handing her a wineball—was not seeing her at all. Lina had dreams in her eyes. Lina was seeing storks on every roof in Shora. The old lady quietly let Lina wander off the stoop and to her own house. Lina had dreams in her eyes and would not hear words anyway.

On her own stoop Lina looked back for the first time. There sat Grandmother Sibble III rocking herself a little and sucking on her wineball. But the dream Lina was dreaming was not just about storks—not directly. Later she would think about storks, try to think the way a stork would think, as Grandmother Sibble had said. But now she thought about Grandmother Sibble, who had a candy tin in her house with storks on it and who had known storks and who, when she was a little girl, had imagined she could reach up and almost touch the storks.

But that was not the wonder either, not quite. The

real wonder was that, just as the teacher had said, things *had* begun to happen. Begin to wonder why, the teacher had said, and maybe things will begin to happen. And they had! For there sat Grandmother Sibble III on the stoop of her little house, and suddenly she had become important. She wasn't just an old person any more, miles of years away, she was a friend. A friend, like another girl, who also wondered about storks.

Lina looked again at the little old lady, sitting there on the stoop. She marveled; she sat feeling nice and warm about a little old lady who had become a friend. It was a lovely feeling, as sweet as a wineball, as sweet as a dream.

Lina took one shoe off and peered into it. Why, storks did bring good luck! The storks had made a friend for her. Why, now when the boys left her out of their games, she could go to Grandmother Sibble, and they would sit and talk and chat. Lina looked up out of the shoe triumphantly. Why, yes!

This selection was taken from THE WHEEL ON THE SCHOOL, *by Meindert DeJong, a Harper & Row Curriculum Enrichment Book*

The children of Shora wanted a stork's nest on every roof top. *The Wheel on the School* (Harper & Row, 1954) is the story of how they make that dream come true. Meindert DeJong, the author, will make you feel as though you know these Dutch children. Reading about a foreign country is almost as good as traveling there.

You may also want to read:

Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates
by Mary Mapes Dodge (Scribner, 1915)

The Good Master
by Kate Seredy (Viking Press, 1935)

Wings against the Wind
by Natalie Carlson (Harper & Row, 1955)

The Cheerful Heart
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The Happy Days
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The Tale of William Tell

Condensed from the book *The Apple and the Arrow*

Mary and Conrad Buff

THE TALE OF WILLIAM TELL

by Mary and Conrad Buff

William Tell was the best bowman in the canton of Uri, in Switzerland. He was strong and brave, and a leader of the mountain people. Walter, his son, loved his father very much.

One day Walter and his father went into the town of Altdorf together. The people of the canton were ruled by Gessler, the king's bailiff. He was a cruel tyrant, and the townspeople lived in fear of him.

William Tell was afraid of no man. When the tyrant's soldiers challenged him, he roared out his defiance. But Gessler had an evil plan to bring the proud man of the mountains to his knees.

The Tale of William Tell

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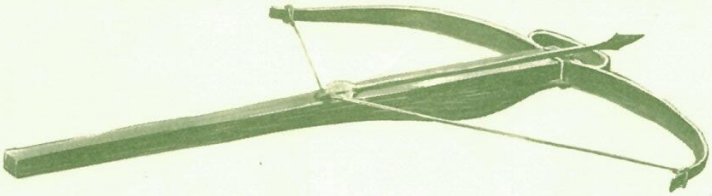

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A Promise

"Missed it again. Go find the arrow, Rudi. It fell near that old rotten log over there. The one with the big hole in it."

Walter Tell laid his Swiss crossbow on the grass and sat down on a granite rock in the green Alpine pasture. He stared at the white circles he had carved on a big pine tree, the target at which he had shot all afternoon.

"Will I ever, ever hit the bull's-eye?" he asked himself. "Will I ever become a great bowman like Father when I grow up?"

Little Rudi, his brother, and Prinz, the herd dog, scrambled about in the pine forest searching for the lost arrow. As he waited for them to find it, Walter glanced up at the cold gray peaks of the Alps, white with autumn snow.

"Here it is. Prinz smelled it," shouted Rudi, holding up

the arrow in his little brown hand and smiling happily. Prinz barked and wagged his tail. He always barked when he found an arrow. . . . "It was under the ferns by that rotten log," laughed Rudi, as he handed the arrow to his brother. "Try again, Walter, maybe this time you will hit it."

"There's the evening bell, Rudi. But I'll shoot once more. Then we must go home for the goats are getting restless and the wind is chilly." The goats, feeling the oncoming night, were already nibbling their way downward.

Standing with his legs apart, Walter placed an arrow in his crossbow and drew back the leather thong. Then sighting the target he suddenly unlatched the trigger. "Twang," sped the arrow. To his utter surprise, Walter saw it bury itself in the very center of the target.

"You hit it! You hit it!" shouted Rudi, jumping up and down in happiness. "If Father would only come now and see."

Walter eyed the quivering arrow. At last he had hit the bull's-eye. He felt proud and happy. Then, glancing at the Alpine peaks turning rosy in the sunset light, he walked to the tree and pulled the arrow from it, calling, "Come, Rudi, let's go home. It's growing colder. I wish Father *would* come. He's so late. When he left home this morning, he told Mother he would be back before sunset with a chamois or a fox or something."

Rudi and Walter stopped on their way downward to kneel for a moment before a humble cross, built beside the path. Their father had taught them to do this. Then they chased each other down the well-worn path. When they reached home, the goats had already huddled into a pen made of three large boulders. Here they felt safe from prowling bears and wolves, for in those far-off days of the thirteenth century many wild animals roamed the Alpine mountains.

Rudi darted into the hut as Walter grabbed a wooden bucket which hung on a peg and went to milk the goats. After his task was completed, he latched the gate which enclosed the pen, and carried the foaming milk bucket into the cabin. This was but one room with a big table in the middle. A candle glowed on this oak table, polished from years of use.

"The goats gave lots of milk tonight, Mother," said Walter gaily, as Hedwig, his fair-haired mother, took the bucket of milk. "We waited for Father until after the vesper bell rang, but he did not come. And I hit the target, Mother, right in the middle, the very last time I shot. I did, really I did, Mother. Rudi will tell you."

"But why shouldn't you, the elder son of William Tell, hit the bull's-eye?" Hedwig laughed as she leaned down and

kissed her boy. Walter knew that she was teasing, yet her words pleased him. Still smiling, she poured milk into two carved wooden bowls and cut thick slices from a huge loaf of rye bread. Walter and Rudi soaked the bread in milk and ate it hungrily. They felt content in their little warm hut. Their mother loved them. Besides, was not their father the best bowman in the land of Uri?

"Father *is* late," said Walter as he drank the last drop of warm milk in his bowl.

"Yes, he is," sighed Hedwig, looking at the window. . . .

Walter saw his mother's anxious face and said soothingly, "Don't worry, Mother, Father will come soon. He *always* comes home, and with game too, doesn't he?"

"You are very young, my son," answered Hedwig,softly. "You do not know all that goes on now in the land of Uri. It is not as it was when I was a child."

Rudi was already asleep, his head resting on the table beside his empty bowl. Hedwig lifted him gently and carried him to bed. . . . Then she laid him down on the grass-filled mattress and covered him with a homespun blanket of goat's hair. . . .

. . . . . .

All was quiet in the hut . . . [Walter] heard the wind whining among the pine trees. A goat bleated contentedly.

Prinz barked, hoping someone would let him in, but he was not allowed in the hut. His job was to watch the goats . . .

"Mother," Walter asked at last, "why are you so sad tonight? What did you mean when you said times were better when you were a child? You warned me not to tell Rudi about the time Father and Grandfather were gone all night and did not come home until the next day. I overheard them talking, you remember. What did they do on that mountaintop all night, Mother? Won't you tell me? I am eleven years old now."

Hedwig Tell . . . looked at her son sadly. "Yes, you are eleven years old, Walter, and soon will be a man. It *is* too bad you overheard your father and grandfather talking together. When your father gets excited, he talks too loudly. Sometimes I fear they may even hear him in the village! You know now that some men were plotting together and your father and grandfather were with them on the mountain. Since you do know this already, I must tell you more. It may be beyond your years, but you must try hard to understand, Son. Listen carefully."

. . . . . .

"Years ago," began Hedwig very quietly, "there was a king named Rudolph. He was ruler of Germany, Austria, and of course, our canton of Uri. Also, our neighbor can-

tons of Schwyz and Underwalden. Each year he sent men to collect taxes from us, as rulers do. Otherwise he left us alone. Also, once a year he sent a nobleman to judge disputes among us: disputes over a cow, a goat, a boundary line, or perhaps a forest. It seems there are always quarrels among people everywhere. . . . But it is so different now."

"What do you mean, Mother, it is so different now? . . ."

Hedwig put her arms around him as she said, "The good King Rudolph died at last, as all men must. He was a good king as kings go. Then his son, Albrecht, became king. Albrecht was different from his father. He believed a king should rule with a hard hand . . . He did not want us to

be as free as we had always been in the canton of Uri."

"Why, Mother?" asked Walter, wonder in his eyes.

"I will tell you, Son," continued Hedwig. "You know the big road, the Saint Gothard, that crawls up the Alps to the very top? That is the road to Italy."

"Yes," answered Walter, "I saw a pack train go through Altdorf one day, and the boys said the horses carried fine linens and such things from Lucerne and other cities. They said the men and horses were going to Italy."

"No doubt they were," replied his mother. "Everyone who travels over the Saint Gothard road must pay gold to Albrecht. The road goes right through Uri. And that is only one reason why the king wants our people to be tame. He gets much gold from the travelers over the road, big bags of gold. To be sure we are tame, Albrecht now sends bailiffs into the country and these bailiffs stay here all of the time. Some of them are low-born men like Gessler at Altdorf. He is not of noble blood, Walter, but a common man like ourselves. This Gessler is always about, prying into our affairs, we who have been free since there were mountains. Did you hear how Gessler put out the eyes of Arnold's old father when the bailiff could not find Arnold?"

"Yes, Grandfather told me about it," answered Walter. "I have hated Gessler ever since. He must be a coward to do that to an old man."

"Yes, he is a coward, Son," replied Hedwig. "He is building that great stone castle at Altdorf too, the castle of Zwing-Uri. . . . Gessler will live in it all of the time and watch us as a cat watches a mouse's hole, or the lion waits for the deer to graze before he springs. A part of the castle is a prison to put some independent mountain folk in when they even speak of freedom. . . .

"It has grown worse with each year," continued his mother. "At last your father and grandfather, with Arnold and Stauffacher, decided the time had come to act. It was useless to protest any more. These four men talked to friends they trusted. Several weeks ago, thirty-three men, eleven from each of the three cantons, met on the Rootli. Do you know where the Rootli is, Son?"

"Yes, Mother, I do," answered Walter softly . . . "We passed below it once when I was fishing with father on the lake. Father said it was an open meadow surrounded by a dense forest."

"That is the Rootli," replied his mother, "a wild and lonely place, so far away from Altdorf that no soldier of Gessler's would know of it. Your father said that the thirty-three men argued all through the night. Not one of them wanted to shed blood, but all wanted to drive out the bailiffs. Toward morning they swore on a sword to stand together, come what may."

"They plan to revolt on the New Year," she went on. "If the people of one canton are attacked, the folk of the other two cantons promise to come and help them. All will fight as one nation. All will die together too, if it ever comes to that. We are a stubborn race," said Hedwig.

. . . . . .

"So *that* is why I must not speak of the meeting on the Rootli," whispered Walter. "I understand now."

"Yes, that is the reason, Son. Do not whisper a word to anyone, even to Rudi or Marie, the herd girl. For if it should leak out that we will revolt on New Year's Day, your own father, Walter, might be the first one to die. Promise, Son, to keep this secret locked in your heart. Say nothing to anyone."

"On my crossbow I promise," said Walter solemnly. His heart beat fast and he was very excited. . . .

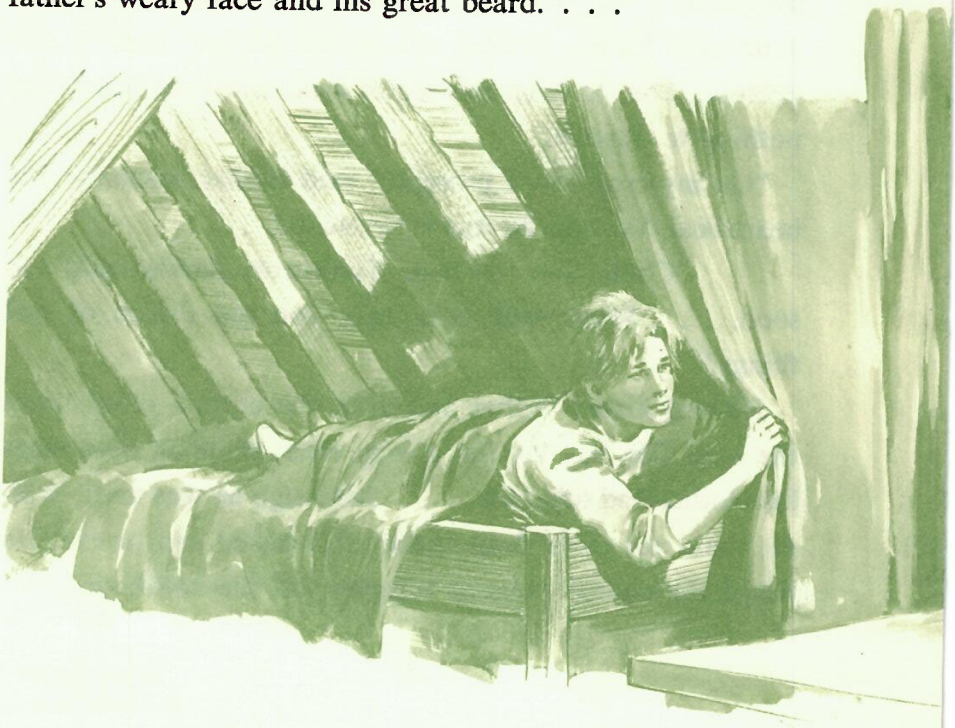
. . . "Come, Son, to bed. Tomorrow dawns only too soon. . . . Sleep well, Son, may you not dream of evil things."

Hedwig kissed Walter and drew the curtain close about the bed. The boy lay for a long time, thinking over what his mother had told him. . . . Although he was tired, Walter could not go to sleep at once. He tossed and turned. He heard the church bells at Burglen toll the half-hour. Sud-

denly Prinz barked. Walter heard something heavy fall on the ground outside the hut. The great door squeaked on its rusty hinges.

Walter sat up in bed as he heard his father's deep voice. "Home at last, Hedwig. I did not bring in the dead chamois I shot, knowing you for a good housekeeper. It is a fine, fat chamois, with a thick hide, Wife, but dirty and bloody."

Walter heard a bench squeak as his father sat upon it, and his mother laugh happily. Then came sounds of milk flowing into a bowl. Walter drew slowly aside the curtain just a little and peered out. In the candlelight he saw his father's weary face and his great beard. . . .



After a few moments of silence Walter heard his father say, "What a long day it has been. I shot the chamois as he leaped over the rocks on the edge of a glacier. The beast fell over a cliff as he died. I slipped and slid over the rocks for a long time to find him. I met your father too, Hedwig, as I came down the mountain. We talked long together. Do you know, Hedwig," he added, "the townsfolk say Gessler smells a rat. He notices that people carry their heads higher these days and so he is suspicious. How he would like to catch the leaders! He will try any new deviltry to find out who they are, too."

"You are much wrought-up, my husband," replied Hedwig soothingly. "Eat and drink now, and after that we will talk."

Walter lay down and listened to the wind moaning in the trees and the sound of the fire crackling on the hearth. Suddenly he heard his father speak again.

"Tomorrow morning, Hedwig, I must go to Altdorf."

"ALTDORF! Oh no, not to Altdorf, Husband. You will walk right into some clever trap that Gessler has laid for you." She spoke so shrilly that Walter sat up in bed.

He heard his father laugh and answer, "Trap, Wife, I'm too smart for any trap Gessler could lay. I go to barter cheese for salt, perhaps, or to buy a new gown for the comeliest wife in all the mountains. I have a few skins to trade, too. Perhaps I may stop at the Baren Inn and drink with others there. I must go at dawn."

"But why do you go?" asked Hedwig, sorrowfully. "These are not reasons you have given me. They are not the *real* reasons. You jest with me."

Walter heard his father reply stubbornly, "I go because I *must* go, Hedwig. Your father says Gessler is looking for trouble. He is scheming. I must learn if any of our own men have betrayed us to him. If he knows about the revolt on the New Year."

"But, William, you know how quick your temper is, how

sharp your tongue, how loud your voice especially when you get excited. Please don't go to Altdorf tomorrow" . . .

"I will keep my tongue muzzled and my thoughts to myself, really I will, Hedwig. I will speak only with those I trust. Those I have known for years. A stone will be no more silent than I tomorrow," Walter heard his father promise.

"If I could only believe your words," sighed Hedwig. You have never been as silent as a stone in all the years I have known you, Husband."

"I will be tomorrow, Wife. And if you still do not trust me, well then," and the mountaineer hesitated, "I will take Walter with me. A man does not take his elder son with him when he conspires, does he?"

Walter felt like jumping out of bed and rushing to his father, but he knew he must not. How wonderful it would be to go to Altdorf again! . . . He would play in the fountain with other village children. He might drink a glass of that sweet cider at the Baren Inn. Perhaps the bear would still be walking back and forth in his cage behind the inn . . . Altdorf was such a BIG place. . . . He might even see a knight in shining armour riding a beautiful horse. *He might see Gessler, the tyrant, himself!*

"Well, if you *must* go," the boy heard his mother say at last, "perhaps you should take Walter. He may keep you

from getting angry and talking too much." Then she added thoughtfully, "I told Walter tonight that he must not mention to anyone what he overheard when you and Father came home from the Rootli. . . . I do hope he remembers. It would be terrible if Gessler should hear of the revolt from a son of William Tell, wouldn't it?"

"Do not fear, Wife, Walter is a likely lad and an honest one," said William Tell. "I am sure he will hold his tongue. He is not like his old man, is he, Hedwig? A sieve full of holes?"

Walter heard his father laugh as he said this and his mother laugh, too. He turned over and lay close to Rudi for it was a cold night. He closed his eyes and just as he drifted off to sleep, he heard his mother murmur, "They sleep sweetly when they are young," and that was all Walter remembered.

Faith

"Wake up, Son, and dress quickly. We are going to Altdorf together." William Tell's deep voice awakened Walter. He jumped from bed as he remembered his father's promise of the night before.

Soon father and son were tramping down the rough trail . . . The sun was just rising.

"When we get into Altdorf, Son," said the father, "keep by me until I say you may play with the children. I will visit the tanner's shop and trade for something for your mother. These skins on my back are worth something. She did not wish me to go to town today, for she is fearful that I might talk too much or too loudly. You know the secret we must keep." Walter nodded. "We will keep it together, you and I," added Tell. He was in good spirits as he always was when he went to Altdorf.

Soon Walter saw the old roofs of Altdorf, and the stone towers of Zwing-Uri, Gessler's castle. Then Tell's happy mood changed. Walter heard him mutter, "That knave. As busy as a rat in a wheat rick. The towers grow higher each day. Soon Gessler will live there and spy upon all that we do. And put free men behind iron bars."

Walter said nothing. He was waiting eagerly to see the sign that hung from the roof of the Baren Inn. His father usually stopped at the inn. As they neared the place, Walter, to his surprise, saw his own grandfather, Walter Furst, standing before the inn as if he were really waiting for them. . . .

"Well, well, bless my old eyes, what brings you two to Altdorf this cold day?" asked the older man. . . .

Tell winked, and in a low voice answered, "Perhaps the same thing that brings you here, Furst," which made Grandfather smile.

"Come in and let us drink together, then, and Walter too. He is growing up, that lad," said Grandfather Furst, looking down at the boy.

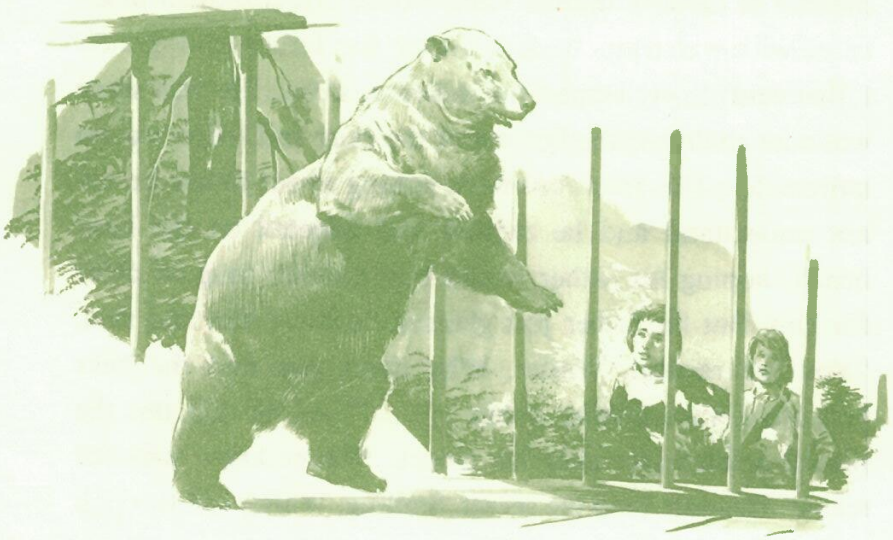
As the three entered the low door of the old inn, Tell stooped, for he was a big man. Walter followed and ran to the hearth to warm his cold hands. The men sought a dark corner of the room where they might talk and not be

overheard. Soon a maidservant brought three brown mugs of cider on a tray. Walter joined his father and grandfather and slowly sipped the delicious drink. He was sorry when he could see the bottom of the mug and there was no more cider. The grownups were talking about things he did not understand and he twisted and fidgeted on the hard bench, hoping his father would buy another mug of cider for him. But his father just glanced down at him and said, "You are restless, Walter. Why don't you find the bear you are always talking about . . . ?" As he said this, he placed a forefinger over his mouth. Walter knew what he meant. He must keep the secret. Smiling, Walter ran through the room.

The bear was prancing up and down his cage in a never-ending trot, swinging his great head from side to side. He must hate that narrow cage, thought Walter. Village children were teasing the bear. They stuck branches of trees through the bars, hoping the wild animal might tear the branches with his wicked-looking claws, and thus frighten them. But the unhappy bear was used to children and paced his cage, thinking his own gloomy thoughts. . . .

. . . . . .

The boy wandered around the building to the front door when suddenly he saw his father and grandfather step from the inn. His father looked very angry. . . .



"Come at once, Son. Let us go," was all that his father commanded. "Remember—quiet, and stay beside me."

"Yes," Walter answered, wondering at his father's change of mood. They passed through a narrow way between high houses and soon the village square or market place opened before them. Walter saw the familiar fountain in the center of the square but today two soldiers were beside it. . . . They looked tired and bored. Then Walter noticed a long pole set in the ground beside the fountain. He had never seen that before. On the top of the pole fluttered a velvet hat with a feather in it, such a hat as Walter had often seen well-born people wear. He wondered why no children were

playing in the fountain. No dogs lay in the dirt. No women came with water jars to draw water and to gossip together.

Suddenly a well-dressed villager passed by and nodded to the soldiers, doffing his cap and bending his knee to the hat on the pole. Walter felt his father's hand stiffen against his and heard him mutter, "Traitor." Nevertheless William Tell walked proudly on, looking neither to left or to right. Never did a man carry himself more nobly. His great bow hung from one massive shoulder. He walked with the dignity of a great king. Past the fountain he strode . . . past the soldiers, past the pole with the hat aloft, as if he did not see any one of them.

Suddenly Walter heard the younger soldier shout, "Stop, you! You dunce over there! Are you blind? See that hat on the pole, *you*. That's the hat of Austria, the ducal hat."

But father and son walked on unheeding. Soon the soldier . . . grabbed his spear and ran toward the mountaineer, yelling, "You knave, you blockhead. *Bow to that hat!* Or I'll run you through with this," and he lowered his great spear.

Only then did William Tell stop and eye the soldier fearlessly, as he shouted, "Hat, you dolt, what hat, I see no hat. I have business with the tanner." Tell's words made the soldiers very angry. One yelled, "Bend your knee to that hat, or we will crush your skull like a filbert, you and your filthy

brat." The great mountaineer took one more step forward without replying, but the shouting of the soldiers had brought many townsfolk into the square. His way was blocked by soldiers with spears and by shouting people. Suddenly a guard blew on his bugle. Almost at once the market place was full of men, women, dogs, children. Other soldiers streamed in from narrow streets, to join the crowd, and Walter and his father were surrounded by a mob of people.

"Now for the last time, fool, bow before the ducal hat of Austria. Show you are a loyal subject of our governor, Gessler. Bow, you lout!" shouted a soldier.

The name of Gessler seemed to make Tell even more rebellious. He laughed in defiance, as Walter clung to him and shrank back from the lowered spears of the soldiers. "Go to the devil, you braggarts," he cried. "I am a man of peace. Why should I bow before a silly hat? A hat is not a lord. A hat is a thing of rags and feathers. It is nothing to bow down before."

The rugged mountaineer held his son's hand tightly and shouted these words so that all heard. The townsfolk milled around the soldiers in a dense crowd. Walter heard some of them curse the guards, call them "rats and knaves, dirt and dross."

Angry words flew like birds from people's mouths as they

shouted at the soldiers. "Holy Mary," said one villager. "Poor wretch, he'll get it now," added another.

"Take your hands from me," commanded Tell as a guard seized him. "I have done no wrong. Take your hands from me, I say. I will not bow before that filthy hat. We've had enough of bowing and scraping in the land of Uri. . . ."

As they heard his insolent words, three angry soldiers grabbed the mountain man and pinned back his arms. "We dare you to insult the governor thus, you herder of goats."

A bugle sounded again, and the crowd scattered as mounted knights galloped into the market place. "Out of our way, you dumb brutes, out of our way," they commanded. Walter, almost in tears now, glanced up at them. And then he saw Gessler—the governor, Gessler. It could be no one else. The knight wore fine clothing, and rode a beautiful and spirited horse. But Walter thought he looked evil in spite of his grandeur.

"What goes on here?" demanded Gessler. The crowd was now deathly quiet. "Oh, so it is you, William Tell, the man of the mountains," jeered Gessler, seeing his soldiers hold the bowman by the arms. "In trouble again, I see. For what do my men now hold you so tightly, you herder of goats?"

The mountaineer did not reply. Then a soldier spoke. "He will not bow before the ducal hat, my Lord."

"Oh, so he is too fine to bow before the hat of Albrecht of

Austria, is he? Tell, the windbag. Bow, I say, before your betters or we will run you through," warned Gessler.

Tell was silent. He did not move. He looked at Gessler and his eyes were like black coals, burning with hatred. Walter trembled but he held himself proudly like his father.

"So you have no tongue in that filthy mouth now. Who are your friends, Tell? There must be more like you in your mountains. Speak or you will be sorry."

Now the great bowman was really angry. He bellowed like a mad bull. The people could hear every word he said. "I will not bend my knee before a hat. I will bow only to those more truly noble than I. Men of gentle birth. Wise men. The man of God and the good Lord himself. I am a man of peace. I will not bend my knee before a hat . . . A hat is nothing to worship. A well-born man, a noble, is something else."

How angry Gessler became at these words. He knew that Tell was jeering at his common birth. Tell was shouting his meanness to the whole village of Altdorf. . . .

"Oh, so you are too fine to bow before your betters," snarled Gessler, white with fury. Then a sly look came into his face as he glanced sharply down at Walter, clinging to his father and hiding his face.

"Who is that brat that clings so cravenly to you, Tell?" asked Gessler.

"My son, Walter, my elder son," replied Tell, looking at Walter and pressing his hand.

. . . . . .

"I see you have your crossbow with you, Tell. I have heard it said you are a good bowman, the best in the canton of Uri. Is that true?"

"I know not if it is true," answered Tell, modestly, "for there are many good bowmen in Uri. . . ."

A townsman shouted, "Tell is the best of us all."

"Let us see then, how good a bowman you really are, lout. Take that cowardly boy, men, and place him against

yon linden tree. Put an apple on his head. Tell, if you can shoot the apple from your son's head, you shall go free. But . . . if any harm comes to the boy or you miss the apple, you will *both* die," shouted the governor.

A gasp of horror floated through the crowd as Walter heard people cry, "The wretch . . . knave . . ." But Gessler only smiled an evil smile as he pointed to the linden tree.

At last Tell found his voice. "You cannot ask this of me, Governor," he pleaded. "This is an innocent lad, and my first-born. He has done no harm to anyone."

"But I thought you were such a great bowman, Tell," retorted the governor. "I see you are just a bag of wind with the face of a lion and the heart of a deer."

At these stinging words, Walter shouted in his high boyish voice so that all heard, "Father, I am not afraid. I will stand at the linden tree and they need not bind me. I will stand as still as a rock. You will hit the apple, Father. You always hit the chamois right in the heart. Shoot, Father, I am not afraid."

"See the boy, Gessler, how he believes in his father!" shouted a woman shrilly. The soldiers seized Walter and bound him to the linden tree, while mothers clutched their children to them fiercely, as if to shield them from the evil bailiff. Walter stood silently as a guard placed a large apple

upon his head. He could see the townsfolk brandishing sticks and threatening the knights. . . .

Gessler commanded, "Quiet, you people of Altdorf. Quiet." Then looking down at Tell he said," This is your chance, fool, to show how skilled you are with the bow."

The soldiers freed the mountaineer. He slipped his bow from his shoulder and raised it. He placed the arrow. Then standing quietly he gazed at his son tied to the linden tree.

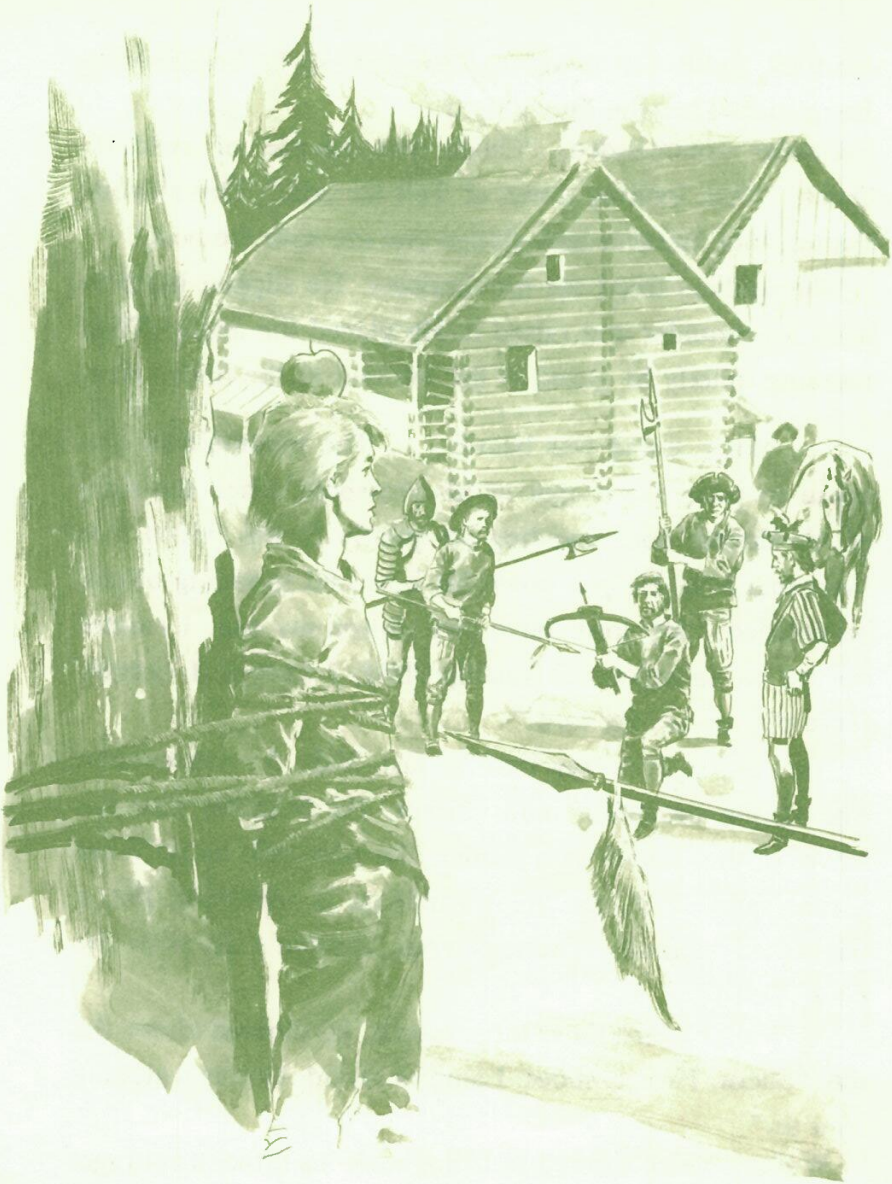
. . . . . .

. . . Not a sound was heard. . . . The mountaineer was about to press the trigger of his crossbow, when the sight of his slender son, standing so quietly at the linden tree overcame him. He put down his bow and groaning aloud, he pleaded, "My lord, have pity. Spare my son. I cannot do this to an innocent, trusting child. I cannot. I cannot. Have pity on us, my lord."

"Ho, ho, so it is 'my lord' at last, Tell. So you cannot. The strong mountain man cannot. He trembles like the leaves of that linden tree yonder. See how pale he is! What a rare sight! Tell, the great windbag, is trembling like a frightened woman. Where is your boasted skill with the bow, Tell?"

As Walter heard these bitter words, he shouted above the din, "Shoot, Father, shoot. I am not afraid. God is watching over us."

Walter's voice seemed to bring back his father's courage.



He took another arrow from his quiver and slipped it into his girdle. Then he quickly raised the heavy crossbow to his shoulder as muscles rippled on his brown arms. He sighted the apple on his son's head. He pulled back the drawstring. Many of the townsfolk were now on their knees praying. Gessler eyed every move that Tell made. Then, with a grim smile and almost without warning, the great bowman quickly and surely squeezed the trigger of his faithful bow. The arrow sped like a ray of light. Walter suddenly felt the apple on his head split, tremble and then fall to the ground. The nose of the arrow buried itself in the old gnarled trunk of the ancient linden tree.

A great sigh of relief, like a sudden wind, passed over the heads of the people. Then all at once sounds of jubilation burst forth as the people saw that Walter was safe from harm. "The mighty Tell, Tell the hero," the people shouted, surging toward the bowman as he stood there, his dark body glistening with sweat, proud and erect. The people tried to reach him to carry him on their shoulders like the hero he was, but soldiers barred their way. Women cried, others prayed, while still others shouted. Their happiness made Gessler even more angry.

When guards unbound Walter, he picked up the two halves of the apple and ran toward his father, crying, "See, father, you cut the apple in two pieces."

A soldier blew on a horn to quiet the happy crowd and in the silence Walter heard Gessler shout. "You *did* hit the apple, Tell, and not your son. You *are* a bowman as men say. But what of that second arrow you thrust so quickly into your girdle?"

William Tell, feeling suddenly weak and tired, just looked at the governor and said, "That is the custom of bowmen, Governor."

"Answer me, Tell, I want the truth. Why was the second arrow hidden in your girdle? Tell me and I will spare your life."

William Tell was a simple, trustful man of the mountains. He believed Gessler's words, for the word of a knight was supposed to be truth itself. So he replied honestly, "Had I killed my son, Governor, this arrow would have found your heart."

. . . . . .

Gessler did not keep his word. He imprisoned William Tell. How William escapes and how the people of Uri win their freedom is the exciting—and true—story of the book *The Apple and the Arrow,* by Mary and Conrad Buff (Houghton Mifflin, 1951).

You may also want to read:

They Were Strong and Good
by Robert Lawson (Viking Press, 1940)

The Sword in the Tree
by Clyde Robert Bulla (Crowell, 1956)

Christopher Goes to the Castle
by Janice Holland (Scribner, 1957)

The Door in the Wall
by Marguerite de Angeli (Doubleday, 1949)

Hoof-Beats of Freedom
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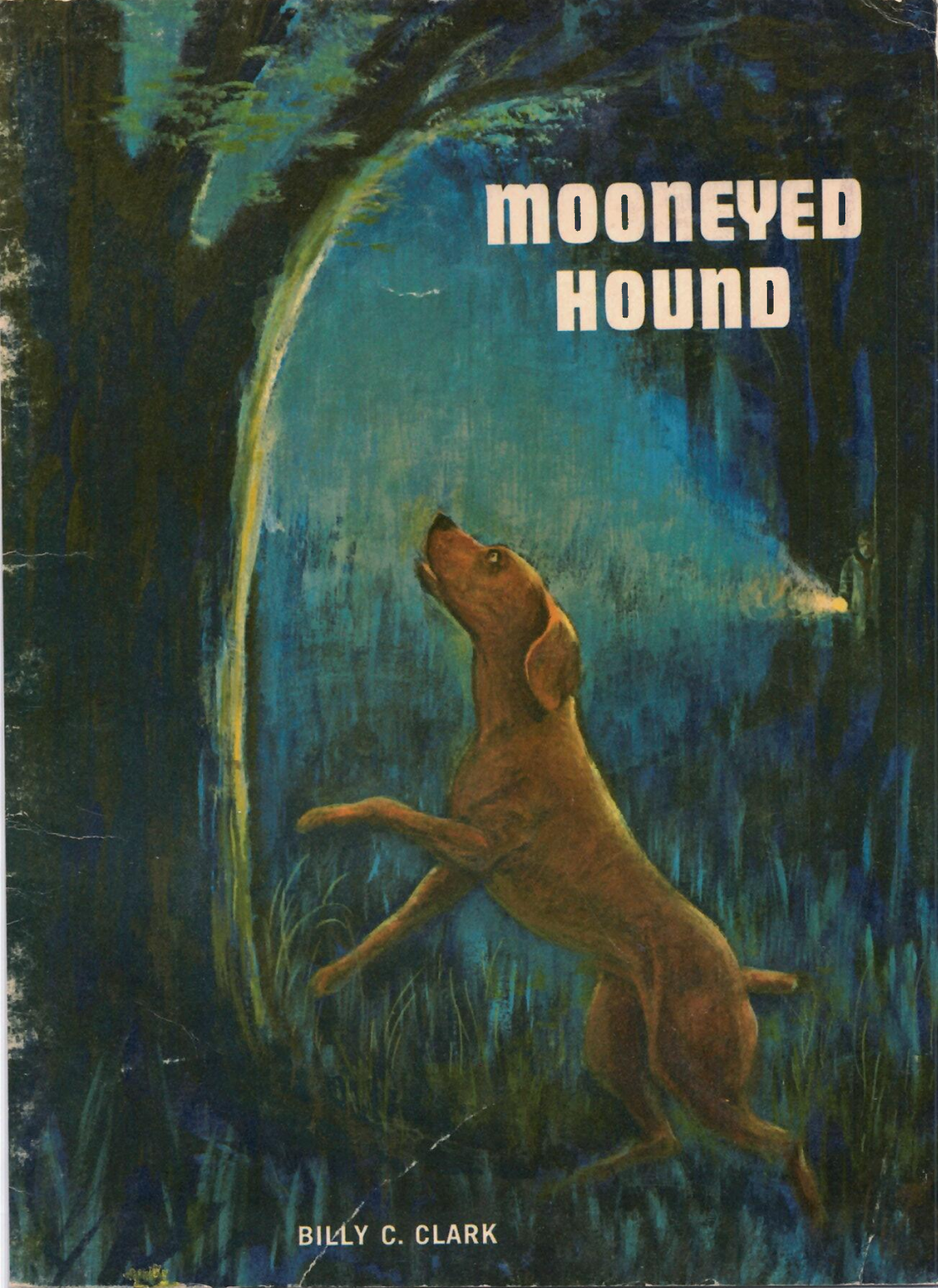
MOONEYED
HOUND
BILLY C. CLARK

MOONEYED HOUND

by Billy C. Clark

Jeb was sure that his red hound pup was as strong as any dog in the Kentucky hills. His nose, Jeb knew, was as keen as the best. But Mooneye had only one good eye. The other was blind—a "mooneye."

Mooneye had hunted possum and skunk. Was he ready for the clever coon? Did Jeb dare put Mooneye to the test?

Grandmother Quildy told Jeb to have faith in the Lord and faith in the pup. And it takes all the faith the boy has when he follows Mooneye on the trail of the vicious, battle-scarred coon.

COVER BY LEON GREGORI

Mooneyed Hound

BY BILLY C. CLARK

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The Mark of the Moon

Jeb's hound pup, Mooneye, had fur that was as red as the feathers of a redbird. In this, he looked like his mother, Lucy. But to Jeb, the pup's bugle voice seemed louder than Lucy's. He was faster than Lucy and much more powerful. The red fur, keen nose, and bugle voice were from Lucy.

But here the resemblance stopped. Through his chest, that was already broader than Lucy's, were signs of his bulldog father. His jaws hung over the lower lip. This could be either the marking of a hound or bulldog. The broad head did not look like that of a hound—that is, except for the long ears. And there was the stubtail.

Jeb remembered that his Uncle Jeptha had laughed and said, "Who ever heard of a bobtailed hound?" Tears had welled in Jeb's eyes when he saw that the small pup was tailless. But Jeptha had told him that the tail was like a short-butted oak; the less limbs on a tree the stronger the trunk. And Jeptha had been right, Jeb thought. Jeb did not think there was another dog in the Kentucky hills as strong as his red hound.

But then there was the mooneye. The pup had only one good eye. The other was as white as the bark of the sycamore. In it was nothing but darkness. Uncle Jeptha had once said it was the mark of the moon. Not one dog in a thousand carried the mark of the moon.

Jeb's Grandmother Quildy had said, "Just remember, Jeb, when the Lord takes away he will give back two-fold, if you should have enough faith. You have got to have faith, Jeb."

Coon Trail

It was not long until Jeb began to wonder if whatever had been taken from the pup's eye had been put into his nose. Mooneye became slower on the trail, and not a possum in the hill was able to fool him. He traveled over stumps, walked logs, and waded streams of water to push his game to a tree. At the tree he would freeze and wait until Jeb came or blew his hunting horn. Jeb could shout at the top of his voice, but only the bawl of the hound would answer him. In fact, he could stand within seeing distance of the tree and try to call the red hound away from the game, but the dog paid him no attention.

Yet with one blast of the horn the hound would turn and come in.

Or then, perhaps, if the great nose was not in exchange for the eye, it could have been the voice. Mooneye was not a big dog. He was short like his mother Lucy; long and lean except for the broad chest. The long ears on the short, stubby head looked almost out of place on the red hound. And the stubtail and mooneye marked him from all other dogs of the mountains.

One would not have believed that the deep bugle voice could have come from so small a dog. The deepest hollow could not pin it in, and it rolled up the slope and along the high ridge like thunder squeezed through a hollow log. And Jeb was not the only one to hear and brag about the bugle voice. Mr. Tate, owner of the store where Grandma Quildy traded, said that the bugle voice was the prettiest he had ever heard.

"Deep as the voice of Lucy," he told Jeb. "And apt to get deeper than hers one day, if it ain't already."

More than once, hunters that Jeb met in the hills had stopped to listen to the bugle voice. And hunters that gathered at the fire began to speak of the bobtailed hound. That is, perhaps, all the hunters except Bunt Borders. But he was a fox hunter, and Jeb figured that

he was jealous because his foxhounds did not have the mouth of the red hound. Jeb met him often at Mr. Tate's store and always he had something to say about the mooneye and stubtail. Jeb had learned to pay little attention, although once he had told Grandma Quildy.

"Men laughed at Samson," she told Jeb. "They mocked his blindness too, and the Lord gave him the eyes of an eagle."

Jeb said no more about the eye, but often he wondered if one day the Lord might give the red hound the eyes of an eagle. One thing he was sure he must never do. He should never question what the good Lord might be intending.

Jeb had trained Mooneye on possum and skunk, waiting until he became wiser on the trail before he gave him freedom to trail the clever coon. The coon was different from the skunk and possum in many ways. A coon would run half the night, sometimes, before he took to a tree. A possum would run only a short while, usually to the nearest tree if the hound was close. And the coon moved fast, stopping only long enough to fool the hound.

Sometimes the coon would leap to the side of a tree, strike the bark to leave his scent, and then push himself

off the side of the tree and land perhaps ten feet away. And when the hound came to the end of the trail he would strike the scent on the tree. Here the hound would stop and bark treed. His master would spend half the night trying to shine the light on a coon that was not in the tree, but probably two hollows away listening to the bawl of the hound he had fooled. Only a smart hound, seasoned to the trail and trained by a smart master, would circle the tree to see if the coon had slipped out before he barked treed.

Another trick of the coon was to wade the water, or swim and come out on the far bank. There was no scent to be left on the surface of the water, and many a hound would lose the trail and stop. Only a good hound would know what to do. The smart hound would search the other side of the stream and find where the coon had come out of the water. And here the chase would start again.

A coon did not sulk like a possum. The coon was vicious, and once trapped by a hound he would turn to fight. The powerful feet with claws a half-inch long could rake through the hide of a hound like a knife, and his powerful teeth could tear out a handful of flesh in one bite. The last trick of the coon was the most dan-

gerous of all, and the most feared by the hunter, especially if the hound was young. This trick of the coon was to wait in the middle of a stream to fight, which meant almost sudden death to a hound. In water it took a smart dog to kill the coon. A coon was almost as much at home in the water as he was under the trees. And in water the coon would sink his teeth into the dog and pull him under to drown. And so it was in water that the coon often turned to fight.

The scent of the coon was not new to the nose of Mooneye. Often he had struck their trail and Jeb had let him run, but always Jeb had lifted the horn to his lips and called him off the trail. The hound came in whimpering and waiting for Jeb to motion him on, but Jeb had waited.

As Jeb stood in the yard of the cabin looking up toward the steep slope, he was thinking of the coon. The only green of the Kentucky hills now was in the green needles of the pine tree. The winter wind had shaken the leaves from the other trees, and they crackled under Jeb's feet. Dusk was moving down the slope and already it was too dark to see to the top of the ridge. The clouds above were dark and hovered over the mountain top like the black wings of a crow.

Earlier there had been a light rain, and this to Jeb was a sign that tonight would be a good night to hunt the woods. It would be a perfect night for coon to travel. All day Jeb thought about going hunting, because tonight would be more than just another night in the woods. Jeb set his mind that if the red hound struck the track of a coon tonight he would let him trail it. If Mooneye should tree the coon, then Jeb would climb the tree and shake it out and let the pup go in to fight. Jeb knew that it was no longer right to let the hound run for hours and then call him off when he had his game close. The red hound was old enough to be on his own.

If he had to, Jeb thought, he could help the pup fight the coon. He could use a stick. Jeb looked toward the sycamore. The long bare limbs stretched over the yard. And then he looked again toward the hills. By the time it would take him to get down the creek and into the hollow he would hunt, it would be dark enough under the beech trees to use a flashlight.

Jeb walked into the cabin and lifted the hunter's horn from the mantel over the fire grate. Grandma Quildy looked up from the Bible she was reading.

"Hunt low on the slopes tonight, Jeb," she said. "There's a keenness to the wind. There is signs of a

storm. You ought to stay close enough to get to the shelter of the cabin. The woods is no place for a hunter during storm. Already there is a heavy wind in the trees."

Jeb walked out into the yard. Mooneye saw the hunter's horn and he lifted his head into the air and bawled. He twisted his head toward the willow grove and started down the path, sniffing the ground.

Jeb stepped out of the willow grove into the mouth of a small hollow and stopped under a grove of beech trees that grew low on the slope. He checked his flashlight again, shining it into one of the trees. A bird, roosting under a pod of brown leaves that had been pushed in a tree fork by a squirrel, fluttered out of the tree. Jeb listened to it strike limbs as it flew through the thick beech limbs, blind to the dark. Mooneye cocked his head to one side, listened, and then looked up at Jeb and whimpered to go.

"Go get him, Mooneye," Jeb said, pointing at the small branch where Jeb figured a coon was apt to be searching for crawdads. Mooneye threw his head sideways and disappeared from sight.

Jeb stood alone under the trees. A tree frog bellowed from along the creek and another bird fluttered from a limb somewhere. The night was dark and quiet and Jeb sat down on a log and waited for Mooneye to circle.

Hunter's Horn

A half-hour later Jeb raised himself from the log and stretched. Mooneye had been gone a long time without coming in, he thought. The hollow wind was getting colder, and Jeb moved close to a large beech. He could sit behind it and dodge the wind that moved down the small creek. A light spray of rain struck the beech limbs and Jeb moved, uneasy, to his feet. Mooneye had been gone too long, he thought. It was not likely that he would try to work to the end of the creek in one circle.

Jeb leaned against the side of the beech and looked through the darkness, up creek. The sound of the water

bubbling over the sand rock of the hill was all he heard. Jeb dropped his hand to his side and touched the hunter's horn. If Mooneye had not struck a trail on the creek by this time, he thought, he was not apt to do it now. Perhaps the coon had gone to the ridge tonight, to work in ground where a cornfield had stood during the summer.

Jeb looked toward the dark clouds. There would not be a lot of time left for him to hunt. Grandma Quildy would be worried about him. He could climb up the slope, Jeb thought, circle the ridge, and work the ground that stretched toward the cabin. If he should strike a trail close to the cabin, Grandma Quildy could hear the hound and would know that Jeb was close. She would probably not mind his staying and listening to the hound. Jeb did not like to call Mooneye in, but he knew that he should be working toward the ridge. And so he lifted the horn.

Jeb had just begun to blow on the horn when he heard the bugle voice of Mooneye. He lowered the horn and listened. Down the creek it came, drifting like a strong wind, taking both sides of the slope. And then the bawl came again. It was long and keen, and Jeb knew that Mooneye had struck a trail. Judging, Jeb figured Moon-

eye to be almost to the end of the branch. He was trailing, and trailing slow, working a scent.

The bawls came one after another and each time further away. It was not a possum; this Jeb knew. A possum would have treed before now. And Mooneye was having trouble with the track, but his bark told Jeb that the scent was hot. Jeb looked through the trees and waited.

The red hound turned out of the branch and trailed up the slope toward the ridge. And then the baying stopped. Jeb waited for Mooneye to pick up the track. And after a while Jeb became uneasy and he touched the horn again. But down the slope rolled the voice of the hound. This time the bawls were long and fast, and Jeb thought that Mooneye could see the game he was running.

Up the slope they went. Jeb listened for the long bawl of the tree. And finally it came. Jeb listened close to make sure that the hound was not still running. Mooneye was sure now, and he bawled as he had never bawled before.

Jeb swallowed hard and started up the slope toward the tree. Now it would be his job. The pup had trailed his game like a true hound and had pushed the coon to

a tree. And now he would wait for Jeb to come and shake it out on the ground where the hound would have an equal chance.

As Jeb cut through the beech grove and under the short oak that poked out of the red clay of the ridge, he became afraid. He did not fear climbing the tree to shake out the coon. Jeb could climb any tree in the hills, he thought. He had climbed the shell-bark hickory to shake out the nuts after the first frost had seasoned them, and the shell-bark hickory was the hardest of all trees to climb. But once on the ground the coon would be left to the hound—that is, at least until Jeb could climb from the tree. Once on the ground the coon would turn to fight.

If it was an old coon there was a good chance that it had fought before, and because it was still alive was proof that it had won. The pup, young and unwise to the tricks of a coon, was apt to rush the coon too fast. And this would be what an old coon would want. Rolling over on his back, he would wait for the hound to straddle him. Then, with his powerful claws, he would rip the hound's stomach open and travel safe to his den while the dog lay dying.

Maybe it was too soon to let the pup try the coon, Jeb

thought. He could let the hound bark a while at the tree and then call him off. But then, Jeb could remember the night the pup had moved in on a possum. He had not charged it fast; even on the almost helpless possum the hound had moved with caution. He had sized up the possum with his good eye and had waited for a chance to grab the throat. There had been enough viciousness in the hound to mark him a fighting hound.

Maybe it was the blind eye, Jeb thought, that had held him back to judge his game before he struck. Whatever it was, it gave him the caution that it took to make a great hound. The red hound deserved the right to fight the game he had worked over logs and through thick underbrush to the tree. And Jeb knew it.

Jeb was on the ridge now, and he turned out the path that would lead him to the voice of the hound. And as Jeb turned, the bawl of the hound stopped. Jeb stood on the ridge and waited. It was not like the hound to leave a tree. Maybe he was circling the tree to be sure, Jeb thought, and he will open again with the bugle voice. Jeb breathed hard from the climb up the slope, and he waited.

The bark came again, but not from the tree. The hound was running down the slope and the track was

hot. Jeb swallowed hard. It was sure enough a coon; and an old one. The coon had marked the tree and slipped out to fool the hound. But he had not fooled the hound long. Mooneye had made a circle and had picked it up again where the coon had leaped and was following the coon toward the branch.

Jeb listened to the hound. Down the slope he went, into the branch, and up the other side of the hill. Then, once again, Jeb heard the bawl of the treed hound. But before he could start toward it Mooneye trailed again. Once again he headed toward the branch. And in the branch this time he turned toward the mouth of the hollow, toward where Jeb had first entered the woods. He was following the small stream of the branch toward Catlettscreek.

There was no doubt in Jeb's mind now; it was an old coon. He had not been able to lose the hound on the hill and he was leading him to water. Mooneye was fast on the trail and the coon must have known it. And on the ground the coon must have known that he would be no equal to the speed of the red hound. The great nose of the bobtailed pup was fast to catch the scent. But the coon, being old and used to the noise of a hound, had laid his plan. By barking the tree he had slowed the pup,

allowing time to reach the large stream of water ahead of him.

The hound was moving fast. Jeb listened to the change of the bark. It was not the long bawl of a slow trail now. The bawls were short and sharp and sounded almost like a scream. On the end of some of the barks, Jeb could hear the vicious growl that came from the hound's throat. If the pup was as close as Jeb thought he was, the coon would make it to the stream—no farther. Should the pup go into the water there was little chance that he would ever come out. The coon, knowing now that he had misjudged the great nose of the young hound that trailed him, would coax the dog into the stream and fight. Here the coon was apt to win.

Jeb ran as fast as he could to the end of the ridge and stood on the bluff, overlooking the mouth of the hollow. He raised the horn to his lips and blew with all his might. The music of the horn carried over the valley and echoed against the hills. Jeb was close enough to the cabin for Grandma Quildy to hear the horn. But the pup did not turn. The sound of the horn settled in the trees and only the bawl of the hound broke the silence of the hills. Jeb blew again, and this time he ran down the slope toward the creek. The only chance to save the red

hound, Jeb thought, was to call him from the trail before he reached the water.

Jeb stopped in the hollow to catch his breath and to push the horn into his belt so that it would not flap against his side when he ran, or catch in the low tree limbs. The pup had not turned to the sound of the horn and Jeb was mad. But when he thought of the pup going over the bank and into the water, with the coon waiting in the middle of the stream, the madness disappeared. And Jeb knew only the great desire to save the moon-eyed hound.

Through the trees came one long bawl of the hound. On the end of the bawl was a scream, and then it ended. Jeb looked around him. The woods were dark and quiet. He waited again for Mooneye to break the silence with his bugle voice. But he heard only the slow-moving sound of the water from the branch. A light wind rustled the tree limbs, and up the branch a tree frog bellowed.

"Mooneye!" Jeb hollered, and he ran toward the willow grove.

There was no sound now to lead Jeb to the trail. He ran wildly through the willow grove, toward the creek. Out of breath again, he stopped and wiped tears from his eyes. He shone the light through the thick willow

grove and brought the beam back along the soft mud on the banks of the branch. Jeb stood so close to the creek he could hear the water of the branch as it emptied into it. He squinted his eyes along the beam of the light, jerked his head, and held the light still. In the soft mud of the branch he saw a track.

Jeb walked over and bent to his knees. It was the track of the hound. Jeb looked at another track beside it. This track looked like the small barefoot print of a human. Jeb looked again and he swallowed hard. He wiped tears from his eyes as they streamed down his face. This was the largest coon track Jeb had ever seen. He jumped to his feet and followed the branch. He didn't stop until he stood on the banks of Catlettscreek. And here again he flashed the light along the mud bank.

Close to a water-soaked log he found the tracks. The track of the coon led into the water. Jeb frowned, and with his arm wiped his eyes again. Beside the track of the coon, pushed into the soft mud and leading into the water, were the tracks of the mooneyed hound.

Faith

Jeb sat down on the bank and cried. The wind shook the limbs of the low-hanging willows and pushed the water of the stream against the mud banks. There was no sound or sight of the coon or hound. The coon, Jeb thought, was by now setting safe in his den. The red hound was on the bottom of the stream, brushing along the sand bottom, drifting with the current like a water-soaked log.

Jeb wiped his eyes and let his hand fall to his side. It touched the hunter's horn. Jeb ran his hand along the curve of the horn and up the rawhide strap. There was a chance, he thought, that the hound had crossed the

stream and had turned to a silent trail. Tears came to Jeb's eyes. Mooneye, he knew, was an open trailer, and with the scent of the coon on the tip of his nose he would send his music of the bugle over the mountains. There just had to be some chance, he thought.

Jeb remembered the man Job that Grandma Quildy had spoke was written in the print of the Bible. The Lord had taken from Job more land than could be seen from the top of a mountain. He had taken sheep and cattle that were worth a heap of money. From Jeb, it could be that He had taken only a mooneyed, stubtailed hound. And when Jeb thought of the red hound, he wanted to scream through the willows and ask why the small hound that he loved had been taken.

Job must have been sad, Jeb thought, when he had lost his land and cattle and perhaps, like Jeb, he had even sat down and cried. One thing Jeb knew for sure: Job had not lost faith. Instead he had turned his eyes toward the heavens and said: "Blessed be the name of the Lord." For this faith the Lord had given Job more land than could be seen from the top of two mountains and had put cattle and sheep there to graze thicker than the berries of the elderberry bush. All he would want, Jeb thought, was the small red hound.

The Lord was surely a great Man, Jeb thought. And he turned his head toward the ridge. Tears welled in Jeb's eyes. To Job, he thought, saying "Blessed be the name of the Lord" must have been the hardest words he had ever said. But it was the greatest way that Job could have shown his faith. To Jeb, perhaps the hardest thing for him to do was to blow the horn and the red hound not come in answer. But it would be the greatest way he knew to show his faith. And he raised the horn to his lips and blew with all his might.

Jeb got to his feet and turned to go out of the willows. He stopped. He heard something. He listened to be sure that it was not the sound of the wind or the water. Jeb's heart beat fast and tears again came to his eyes. The sound was the whine of a dog. Jeb pushed through the willows toward the sound. A short piece up creek Jeb stopped.

At the edge of the bank, under a clump of willows, stood the red pup. He stood trembling and his face was covered with blood. Beside him lay the coon, dead. Jeb could see where the hound had dragged the coon from the water, up through the brush to dry land. Mooneye had fought the coon in water and had killed it. Then he had pulled the coon to dry land to keep until Jeb

came. The hound stood soaking wet, the red hair parted down his back. Jeb flashed the light on the head of the pup. And Jeb knew now why the pup had not come to the sound. Blood covered both eyes, and from the good eye hung a sliver of skin where the coon had set his teeth.

The pup was blind.

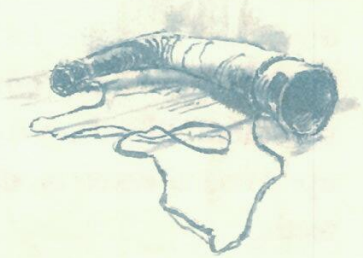
"Mooneye!" Jeb hollered, and ran toward the pup.

Mooneye whimpered and wagged the stubtail, turning his head now toward the sound of Jeb's voice. Tears blocked Jeb's sight. He knelt beside the pup and threw his arms around its neck. The red hound whimpered again and Jeb felt the tremble of its body.

Jeb lifted the hound into his arms and ran through the willows to the path that led to the cabin. In sight of the cabin he hollered for Grandma Quildy. And by the time he reached the yard, Grandma Quildy was out of the cabin door coming toward him.

"Jeb!" she said. "What's wrong?"

"My hound is blind," Jeb said, tears rolling down his face.



Uncle Jeptha

Grandma Quildy took the hound from Jeb's arms and walked into the cabin. She placed the red pup beside the fire grate and walked quickly to the kitchen. Jeb knelt beside the pup and rubbed his hands over the red fur and spoke soft words to him. Mooneye tried once to rise to his feet, but Jeb pushed him back to the floor.

Grandma Quildy came into the room with a pan in her hands and a white cloth across her shoulder. She knelt beside the red hound and dipped the cloth into the pan of water. She moved the wet cloth slowly over Mooneye's face. The pup flinched and whimpered, and Jeb turned his head.

"He is blind, ain't he, Grandma Quildy?" Jeb said.

"I don't know," Grandma Quildy said, moving her wrinkled hands over the face of the dog, wiping away the blood.

"Uncle Jeptha would know," Jeb said. "If he were here, he would know what to do."

Grandma Quildy dipped the cloth into the pan again.

"Jeptha is not here, Jeb," she said. "We will have to put our trust in the Lord. I will do all I can to help the pup."

Jeb rose to his feet and looked toward the window.

"Let me go for Jeptha," Jeb said. He looked again at the red hound, and his throat choked up and he couldn't speak. The hound lay trembling and flinching at the touch of the cloth.

"Jeptha is a far piece," Grandma Quildy said. "You would be apt to lose your way. There is a lot of darkness left in the trees yet."

"I could find my way," Jeb pleaded. "I know I could. My dog is blind, Grandma Quildy. Please let me go." Jeb wiped the tears from his eyes and tried to swallow.

Grandma Quildy raised her eyes from the pup and looked long toward Jeb.

"Maybe the good Lord helps them that helps them-

self," she said. "Might be just setting here is not enough. Might be it is wrong, Jeb, but I will tell you the way, and I will pray that the Lord guide you."

Jeb stood at the door and waited while Grandma Quildy told him again where he was to find Jeptha. He was to travel the creek which would lead him to the mouth of the Big Sandy River. And here he was to turn upriver. Along the edge of the bank, following the course of the river, would be a well-worn path. This would be the path that the loggers had made, riding the logs from the upper Sandy, then walking the bank back to the mill.

It was an old path. Even Grandma Quildy's father had traveled the path long ago. And Jeptha had traveled it often. Once on the path Jeb would not get lost, but he would have to travel it for almost ten miles upriver to Buchanan where Jeptha would be.

"Watch the river, Jeb," Grandma Quildy cautioned, patting Jeb's shoulder. "It could be that the logs have been started down the river and Jeptha might pass you on the water. Stay high on the bank; the river will be swift and the bank will be soft. I will pray for you all the way, Jeb."

The red hound whined and tried to get to its feet as if

it could tell by sound that Jeb was leaving. It sniffed the air for Jeb's scent and whined again. Jeb looked once toward the hound and with tears welled in his eyes he walked out the door.

The morning fog had begun to lift when Jeb walked through the yard and into the cabin behind Jeptha.

Grandma Quildy was asleep in the big chair, and across her feet lay the red hound. Over the eye of the hound was a white cloth. As they entered the door, the pup jumped to his feet and turned toward the sound. Whining and whimpering, he made his way to the door. Grandma Quildy leaped up and hugged Jeb.

"God bless you, Jeb," she said. "You did make it."

She pulled up her apron and wiped her eyes.

Already Jeptha had knelt beside the red hound and had lifted the cloth.

"The Lord has blessed you, Jeb," she said. "The hound is not blind. The hide was torn above the eye and was hanging over it. It is a bad cut, but with Jeptha here now to sew it up your pup will heal."

Jeb looked at the small red hound with a smile on his face. The stubtail wagged back and forth.

"He whipped the coon in water, Uncle Jeptha," Jeb said, his chest swelling.

Jeptha removed the cloth and squinted his eyes.

"No doubt about it, Jeb," he said, "you got yourself a coon hound."

Jeb wanted to enter Mooneye in the state coon dog championship race. But how could he get the money to pay the entrance fee? What chance would a half-blind pup have against the best coon dogs in the state?

The rest of this stirring story is told in Billy C. Clark's book *The Mooneyed Hound* (G. P. Putnam's, 1958).

You may also want to read:

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by Anne H. White (Viking Press, 1955)

Kashtanka
by Anton Chekhov (Henry Z. Walck, 1961)

Haunt Fox
by Jim Kjelgaard (Holiday House, 1954)

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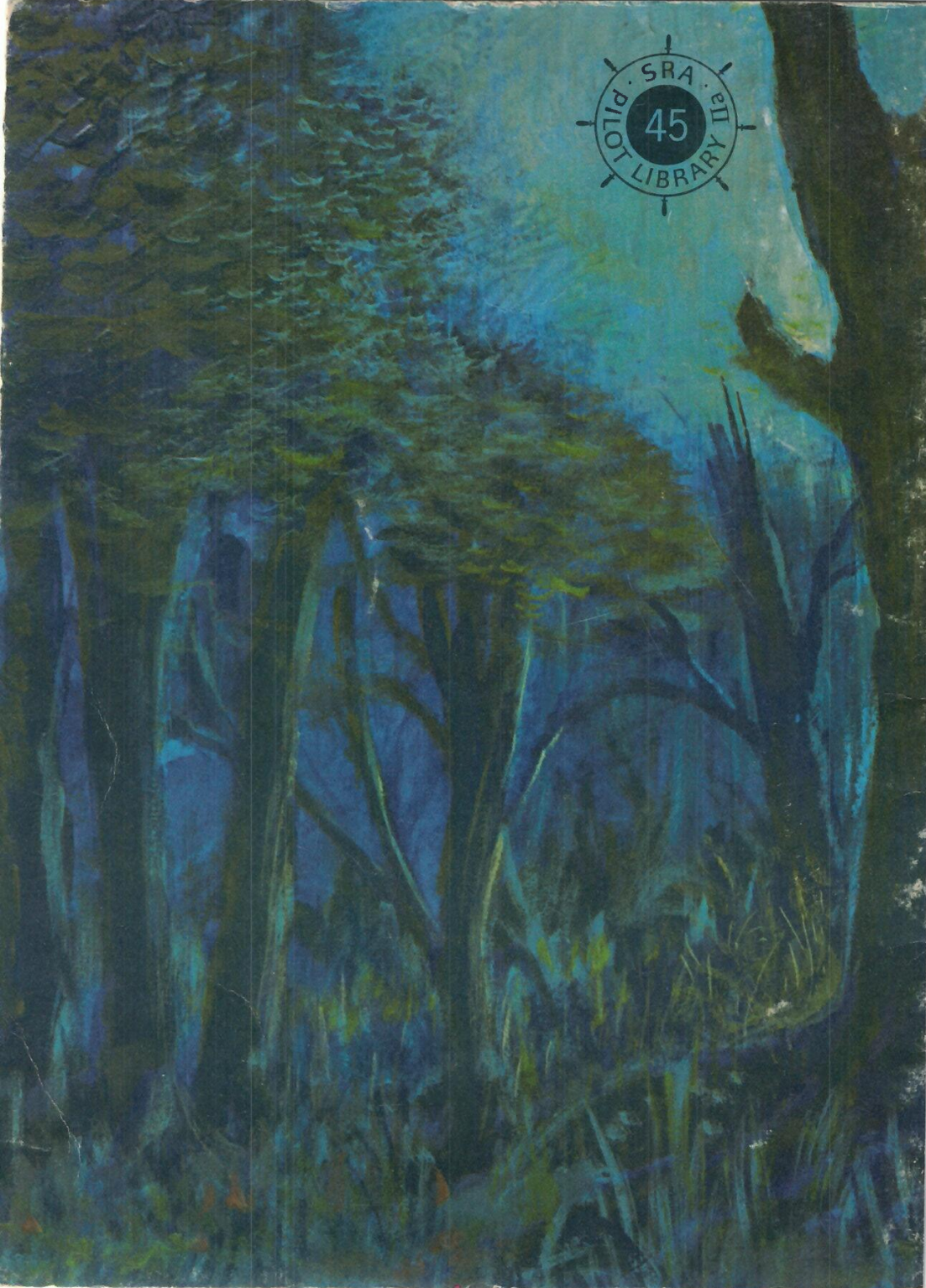
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The Cricket in Times Square

by George Selden

THE CRICKET IN TIMES SQUARE

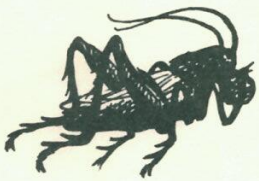
by George Selden

Chester, a country cricket, hopped aboard a picnic basket one day and before he knew it he was in the Times Square subway station in the busy, bustling, not-too-friendly heart of New York City.

But Chester found friends in Times Square. Tucker Mouse, Harry the Cat, and the newsboy Mario Bellini introduced him to a new world, very different from the peaceful meadow he had left behind in Connecticut.

COVER BY BETTY FRASER

The Cricket in Times Square



By GEORGE SELDEN

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1

Tucker

A mouse was looking at Mario.

The mouse's name was Tucker, and he was sitting in the opening of an abandoned drainpipe in the subway station at Times Square. The drainpipe was his home. Back a few feet in the wall, it opened out into a pocket that Tucker had filled with the bits of paper and shreds of cloth he collected. And when he wasn't collecting—"scrounging," as he called it—or sleeping, he liked to sit at the opening of the drainpipe and watch the world go by . . . at least as much of the world as hurried through the Times Square subway station.

Tucker finished the last few crumbs of a cookie he was

eating—a Lorna Doone shortbread he had found earlier in the evening—and licked off his whiskers. "Such a pity," he sighed.

Every Saturday night now for almost a year he had watched Mario tending his father's newsstand. On weekdays, of course, the boy had to get to bed early, but over the week ends Papa Bellini let him take his part in helping out with the family business. Far into the night Mario waited. Papa hoped that by staying open as late as possible his newsstand might get some of the business that would otherwise have gone to the larger stands. But there wasn't much business tonight.

"The poor kid might as well go home," murmured Tucker Mouse to himself. He looked around the station.

The bustle of the day had long since subsided, and even the nighttime crowds, returning from the theaters and movies, had vanished. Now and then a person or two would come down one of the many stairs that led from the street and dart through the station. But at this hour everyone was in a hurry to get to bed.

On the lower level the trains were running much less often. There would be a long stretch of silence; then the mounting roar as a string of cars approached Times Square; then a pause while it let off old passengers and took on new ones; and finally the rush of sound as it dis-

appeared up the dark tunnel. Then the hush fell again. There was an emptiness in the air. The whole station seemed to be waiting for the crowds of people it needed.

Tucker Mouse looked back at Mario. He was sitting on a three-legged stool behind the counter of the newsstand. In front of him all the magazines and newspapers were displayed as neatly as he knew how to make them. Papa Bellini had made the newsstand himself many years ago. The space inside was big enough for Mario, but Mama and Papa were cramped when they each took their turn. A shelf ran along one side, and on it were a little second-hand radio, a box of Kleenex (for Mama's hay fever), a box of kitchen matches (for lighting Papa's pipe), a cash register (for money—which there wasn't much of), and an alarm clock (for no good reason at all).

The cash register had one drawer, which was always open. It had gotten stuck once, with all the money the Bellinis had in the world inside it, so Papa decided it would be safer never to shut it again. When the stand was closed for the night, the money that was left there to start off the new day was perfectly safe, because Papa had also made a big wooden cover, with a lock, that fitted over the whole thing.

Mario had been listening to the radio. He switched it off. Way down the tracks he could see the lights of the

shuttle train coming toward him. On the level of the station where the newsstand was, the only tracks were the ones on which the shuttle ran. That was a short train that went back and forth from Times Square to Grand Central, taking people from the subways on the east side of New York City over to the lines on the west. Mario knew most of the conductors on the shuttle. They all liked him and came over to talk between trips.

The train screeched to a stop beside the newsstand, blowing a gust of hot air in front of it. Only nine or ten people got out. Tucker watched anxiously to see if any of them stopped to buy a paper.

"All late papers!" shouted Mario as they hurried by. "Magazines!"

No one stopped. Hardly anyone even looked at him. Mario sank back on his stool. All evening long he had only sold fifteen papers and four magazines. In the drainpipe Tucker Mouse, who had been keeping count too, sighed and scratched his ear.

Mario's friend Paul, a conductor on the shuttle, came over to the stand. "Any luck?" he asked.

"No," said Mario. "Maybe on the next train."

"There's going to be less and less until morning," said Paul.

Mario rested his chin on the palm of his hand. "I can't

understand it," he said. "It's Saturday night, too. Even the Sunday papers aren't going."

Paul leaned up against the newsstand. "You're up awfully late tonight," he said.

"Well, I can sleep on Sundays," said Mario. "Besides, school's out now. Mama and Papa are picking me up on the way home. They went to visit some friends. Saturday's the only chance they have."

Over a loud-speaker came a voice saying, "Next train for Grand Central, track two."

" 'Night, Mario," Paul said. He started off toward the shuttle. Then he stopped, reached in his pocket, and flipped a half dollar over the counter. Mario caught the big coin. "I'll take a Sunday *Times,*" Paul said, and picked up the newspaper.

"Hey, wait!" Mario called after him. "It's only twenty-five cents. You've got a quarter coming."

But Paul was already in the car. The door slid closed. He smiled and waved through the window. With a lurch the train moved off, its lights glimmering away through the darkness.

Tucker Mouse smiled too. He liked Paul. In fact he liked anybody who was nice to Mario. But it was late now: time to crawl back to his comfortable niche in the wall and go to sleep. Even a mouse who lives in the sub-

way station in Times Square has to sleep sometimes. And Tucker had a big day planned for tomorrow, collecting things for his home and snapping up bits of food that fell from the lunch counters all over the station. He was just about to turn into the drainpipe when he heard a very strange sound.

Now, Tucker Mouse had heard almost all the sounds that can be heard in New York City. He had heard the rumble of subway trains and the shriek their iron wheels make when they go around a corner. From above, through the iron grilles that open onto the streets, he had heard the thrumming of the rubber tires of automobiles, and the hooting of their horns, and the howling of their brakes. And he had heard the babble of voices when the station was full of human beings, and the barking of the dogs that some of them had on leashes. Birds, the pigeons of New York, and cats, and even the high purring of airplanes above the city Tucker had heard. But in all his days, and on all his journeys through the greatest city in the world, Tucker had never heard a sound quite like this one.

2

Mario

Mario heard the sound too. He stood up and listened intently. The noise of the shuttle rattled off into silence. From the streets above came the quiet murmur of the late traffic. There was a noise of rustling nothingness in the station. Still Mario listened, straining to catch the mysterious sound. . . . And there it came again.

It was like a quick stroke across the strings of a violin, or like a harp that had been plucked suddenly. If a leaf in a green forest far from New York had fallen at midnight through the darkness into a thicket, it might have sounded like that.

Mario thought he knew what it was. The summer before, he had gone to visit a friend who lived out on Long

Island. One afternoon, as the low sun reached long yellow fingers through the tall grass, he had stopped beside a meadow to listen to just such a noise. But there had been many of them then—a chorus. Now there was only one. Faintly it came again through the subway station.

Mario slipped out of the newsstand and stood waiting. The next time he heard the sound, he went toward it. It seemed to come from one corner, next to the stairs that led up to Forty-second Street. Softly Mario went toward the spot. For several minutes there was only the whispering silence. Whatever it was that was making the sound had heard him coming and was quiet. Silently Mario waited. Then he heard it again, rising from a pile of wastepapers and soot that had blown against the concrete wall.

He went down and very gently began to lift off the papers. One by one he inspected them and laid them to one side. Down near the bottom the papers became dirtier and dirtier. Mario reached the floor. He began to feel with his hands through the dust and soot. And wedged in a crack under all the refuse, he found what he'd been looking for.

It was a little insect, about an inch long and covered with dirt. It had six legs, two long antennae on its head, and what seemed to be a pair of wings folded on its back.

Holding his discovery as carefully as his fingers could, Mario lifted the insect up and rested him in the palm of his hand.

"A cricket!" he exclaimed.

Keeping his cupped hand very steady, Mario walked back to the newsstand. The cricket didn't move. And he didn't make that little musical noise any more. He just lay perfectly still—as if he were sleeping, or frightened to death.

Mario pulled out a tissue of Kleenex and laid the cricket on it. Then he took another and started to dust him off. Ever so softly he tapped the hard black shell, and the antennae, and legs, and wings. Gradually the dirt that had collected on the insect fell away. His true color was still black, but now it had a bright, glossy sheen.

When Mario had cleaned off the cricket as much as he could, he hunted around the floor of the station for a matchbox. In a minute he'd found one and knocked out one end. Then he folded a sheet of Kleenex, tucked it in the box, and put the cricket in. It made a perfect bed. The cricket seemed tc like his new home. He moved around a few times and settled himself comfortably.

Mario sat for a time, just looking. He was so happy and excited that when anyone walked through the station, he forgot to shout "Newspapers!" and "Magazines!"

Then a thought occurred to him: perhaps the cricket was hungry. He rummaged through his jacket pocket and found a piece of a chocolate bar that had been left over from supper. Mario broke off one corner and held it out to the cricket on the end of his finger. Cautiously the insect lifted his head to the chocolate. He seemed to smell it a moment, then took a bit. A shiver of pleasure went over Mario as the cricket ate from his hand.

Mario was so busy feeding his cricket that he didn't see Mama and Papa Bellini come up the stairs from the lower level of the station. Mama was a short woman—a little stouter than she liked to admit—who wheezed and got a red face when she had to climb steps. Papa was tall and somewhat bent over, but he had a kindness that shone about him. There seemed always to be something smiling inside Papa.

"So?" said Mama. "What now?"

"I found a cricket!" Mario exclaimed. He picked the insect up very gently between his thumb and forefinger and held him out for his parents to see.

Mama studied the little black creature carefully. "It's a bug," she pronounced finally. "Throw it away."

Mario's happiness fell in ruins. "No, Mama," he said anxiously. "It's a special kind of bug. Crickets are good luck."

"Good luck, ay?" Mama's voice had a way of sounding

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very dry when she didn't believe something. "Cricketers are good luck—so I suppose ants are better luck. And cockroaches are the best luck of all. Throw it away."

"Please, Mama, I want to keep him for a pet."

"No bugs are coming to my house," said Mama. "We've got enough already with the screens full of holes. He'll whistle to his friends—they'll come from all over—we'll have a houseful of cricketers."

"No we won't," said Mario in a low voice. "I'll fix the screens." But he knew it was no use arguing with Mama. When she had made up her mind, you might as well try to reason with the Eighth Avenue subway.

"How was selling tonight?" asked Papa. He was a peaceful man and always tried to head off arguments. Changing the subject was something he did very well.

"Fifteen papers and four magazines," said Mario. "And Paul just bought a Sunday *Times.*"

"No one took a *Musical America,* or anything else nice?" Papa was very proud that his newsstand carried all of what he called the "quality magazines."

"No," answered Mario.

"So you spend less time playing with cricketers, you'll sell more papers," said Mama.

"Oh now, now," Papa soothed her. "Mario couldn't help it if nobody buys."

"You can tell the temperature with crickets too," said Mario. "You count the number of chirps in a minute, divide by four, and add forty. They're very intelligent."

"Who needs a cricketer-thermometer?" said Mama. "It's coming on summer, it's New York—it's hot. And how do you know so much about cricketers. Are you one?"

"Jimmy Lebovski told me last summer," said Mario.

"Then give it to the expert Jimmy Lebovski," said Mama. "Bugs carry germs. He doesn't come in the house."

Mario looked down at his new friend in the palm of his hand. Just for once he had been really happy. The cricket seemed to know that something was wrong. He jumped onto the shelf and crept into the matchbox.

"He could keep it here in the newsstand," suggested Papa.

Mario jumped at that idea. "Yes, and then he wouldn't have to come home. I could feed him here, and leave him here, and you'd never have to see him," he said to Mama. "And when you took the stand, I'd bring him with me."

Mama paused. "Cricketer," she said scornfully. "What do we want with a cricketer?"

"What do we want with a newsstand?" said Papa. "We got it?—let's keep it." There was something resigned, but nice, about Papa.

"You said I could have a dog," said Mario, "but I never

got him. And I never got a cat, or a bird, or anything. I wanted this cricket for my pet."

"He's yours then," said Papa. And when Papa spoke in a certain quiet tone—that was all there was to it. Even Mama didn't dare disagree.

She took a deep breath. "Oh well—" she sighed. And Mario knew it would be all right. Mama's saying "oh well" was her way of giving in. "But only on trial he stays. At the first sign of the cricketer friends, or if we come down with peculiar diseases—out he goes!"

"Yes, Mama, anything you say," said Mario.

"Come on, Mario," Papa said. "Help me close up."

Mario held the matchbox up to his eye. He was sure the cricket looked much happier, now that he could stay. "Good night," he said. "I'll be back in the morning."

"Talking to it yet!" said Mama. "I've got a cricketer for a son."

Papa took one side of the cover to the newsstand, Mario took the other, and together they fitted it on. Papa locked it down. As they were going downstairs to the trains, Mario looked back over his shoulder. He could almost feel the cricket, snugged away in his matchbox bed, in the darkness.

3

Chester

Tucker Mouse had been watching the Bellinis and listening to what they said. Next to scrounging, eavesdropping on human beings was what he enjoyed most. That was one of the reasons he lived in the Times Square subway station. As soon as the family disappeared, he darted out across the floor and scooted up to the newsstand. At one side the boards had separated and there was a wide space he could jump through. He'd been in a few times before—just exploring. For a moment he stood under the three-legged stool, letting his eyes get used to the darkness. Then he jumped up on it.

"Psst!" he whispered. "Hey you up there—are you awake?"

There was no answer.

"Psst! Psst! Hey!" Tucker whispered again, louder this time.

From the shelf above came a scuffling, like little feet feeling their way to the edge. "Who is that going 'psst'?" said a voice.

"It's me," said Tucker. "Down here on the stool."

A black head, with two shiny black eyes, peered down at him. "Who are you?"

"A mouse," said Tucker. "Who are *you?*"

"I'm Chester Cricket," said the cricket. He had a high, musical voice. Everything he said seemed to be spoken to an unheard melody.

"My name's Tucker," said Tucker Mouse. "Can I come up?"

"I guess so," said Chester Cricket. "This isn't my house anyway."

Tucker jumped up beside the cricket and looked him all over. "A cricket," he said admiringly. "So you're a cricket. I never saw one before."

"I've seen mice before," the cricket said. "I knew quite a few back in Connecticut."

"Is that where you're from?" asked Tucker.

"Yes," said Chester. "I guess I'll never see it again," he added wistfully.

"How did you get to New York?" asked Tucker Mouse.

"It's a long story," sighed the cricket.

"Tell me," said Tucker, settling back on his haunches. He loved to hear stories. It was almost as much fun as eavesdropping—if the story was true.

"Well it must have been two—no, three days ago," Chester Cricket began. "I was sitting on top of my stump, just enjoying the weather and thinking how nice it was that summer had started. I live inside an old tree stump, next to a willow tree, and I often go up to the roof to look around. And I'd been practicing jumping that day too. On the other side of the stump from the willow tree there's a brook that runs past, and I'd been jumping back and forth across it to get my legs in condition for the summer. I do a lot of jumping, you know."

"Me too," said Tucker Mouse. "Especially around the rush hour."

"And I had just finished jumping when I smelled something," Chester went on. "Liverwurst, which I love."

"You like liverwurst?" Tucker broke in. "Wait! Wait! Just wait!"

In one leap, he sprang down all the way from the shelf to the floor and dashed over to his drainpipe. Chester shook his head as he watched him go. He thought Tucker was a very excitable person—even for a mouse.

Inside the drainpipe, Tucker's nest was a jumble of papers, scraps of cloth, buttons, lost jewelry, small change, and everything else that can be picked up in a subway station. Tucker tossed things left and right in a wild search. Neatness was not one of the things he aimed at in life.

At last he discovered what he was looking for: a big piece of liverwurst he had found earlier that evening. It was meant to be for breakfast tomorrow, but he decided that meeting his first cricket was a special occasion. Holding the liverwurst between his teeth, he whisked back to the newsstand.

"Look!" he said proudly, dropping the meat in front of Chester Cricket. "Liverwurst! You continue the story—we'll enjoy a snack too."

"That's very nice of you," said Chester. He was touched that a mouse he had known only a few minutes would share his food with him. "I had a little chocolate before, but besides that, nothing for three days."

"Eat! Eat!" said Tucker. He bit the liverwurst into two pieces and gave Chester the bigger one. "So you smelled the liverwurst—then what happened?"

"I hopped down from the stump and went off toward the smell," said Chester.

"Very logical," said Tucker Mouse, munching with his cheeks full. "Exactly what I would have done."

"It was coming from a picnic basket," said Chester. "A couple of tuffets away from my stump the meadow begins, and there was a whole bunch of people having a picnic. They had hard-boiled eggs, and cold roast chicken, and roast beef, and a whole lot of other things besides the liverwurst sandwiches, which I smelled."

Tucker Mouse moaned with pleasure at the thought of all that food.

"They were having such a good time laughing and singing songs that they didn't notice me when I jumped into the picnic basket," continued Chester. "I was sure they wouldn't mind if I had just a taste."

"Naturally not," said Tucker Mouse sympathetically. "Why mind? Plenty for all. Who could blame you?"

"Now I have to admit," Chester went on, "I had more than a taste. As a matter of fact, I ate so much that I couldn't keep my eyes open—what with being tired from the jumping and everything. And I fell asleep right there in the picnic basket. The first thing I knew, somebody had put a bag on top of me that had the last of the roast beef sandwiches in it. I couldn't move!"

"Imagine!" Tucker exclaimed. "Trapped under roast beef sandwiches! Well, there are worse fates."

"At first I wasn't too frightened," said Chester. "After all, I thought, they probably come from New Canaan or some other nearby town. They'll have to unpack the basket sooner or later. Little did I know!"

He shook his head and sighed. "I could feel the basket being carried into a car and riding somewhere and then being lifted down. That must have been the railroad station. Then I went up again and there was a rattling and roaring sound, the way a train makes. By this time I was pretty scared. I knew every minute was taking me further away from my stump, but there wasn't anything I could do. I was getting awfully cramped too, under those roast beef sandwiches."

"Didn't you try to eat your way out?" asked Tucker.

"I didn't have any room," said Chester. "But every now and then the train would give a lurch and I managed to free myself a little. We traveled on and on, and then the train stopped. I didn't have any idea where we were, but as soon as the basket was carried off, I could tell from the noise it must be New York."

"You never were here before?" Tucker asked.

"Goodness no!" said Chester. "But I've heard about it. There was a swallow I used to know who told about flying over New York every spring and fall on her way to the North and back. But what would I be doing here?" He

shifted uneasily from one set of legs to another. "I'm a country cricket."

"Don't worry," said Tucker Mouse. "I'll feed you liverwurst. You'll be all right. Go on with the story."

"It's almost over," said Chester. "The people got off one train and walked a ways and got on another—even noisier than the first."

"Must have been the subway," said Tucker.

"I guess so," Chester Cricket said. "You can imagine how scared I was. I didn't know *where* I was going! For all I knew they could have been heading for Texas, although I don't guess many people from Texas come all the way to Connecticut for a picnic."

"It could happen," said Tucker, nodding his head.

"Anyway I worked furiously to get loose. And finally I made it. When they got off the second train, I took a flying leap and landed in a pile of dirt over in the corner of this place where we are."

"Such an introduction to New York," said Tucker, "to land in a pile of dirt in the Times Square subway station. Tsk, tsk, tsk."

"And here I am," Chester concluded forlornly. "I've been lying over there for three days not knowing what to do. At last I got so nervous I began to chirp."

"That was the sound!" interrupted Tucker Mouse. "I heard it, but I didn't know what it was."

"Yes, that was me," said Chester. "Usually I don't chirp until later on in the summer—but my goodness, I had to do *something!*"

The cricket had been sitting next to the edge of the shelf. For some reason—perhaps it was a faint noise, like padded feet tiptoeing across the floor—he happened to look down. A shadowy form that had been crouching silently below in the darkness made a spring and landed right next to Tucker and Chester.

"Watch out!" Chester shouted, "a cat!" He dived head-first into the matchbox.

4

Harry Cat

Chester buried his head in the Kleenex. He didn't want to see his new friend, Tucker Mouse, get killed. Back in Connecticut he had sometimes watched the one-sided fights of cats and mice in the meadow, and unless the mice were near their holes, the fights always ended in the same way. But this cat had been upon them too quickly: Tucker couldn't have escaped.

There wasn't a sound. Chester lifted his head and very cautiously looked behind him. The cat—a huge tiger cat with gray-green and black stripes along his body—was sitting on his hind legs, switching his tail around his forepaws. And directly between those forepaws, in the very jaws of his enemy, sat Tucker Mouse. He was watching Chester

curiously. The cricket began to make frantic signs that the mouse should look up and see what was looming over him.

Very casually Tucker raised his head. The cat looked straight down on him. "Oh him," said Tucker, chucking the cat under the chin with his right front paw, "he's my best friend. Come out from the matchbox."

Chester crept out, looking first at one, then the other.

"Chester, meet Harry Cat," said Tucker. "Harry, this is Chester. He's a cricket."

"I'm very pleased to make your acquaintance," said Harry Cat in a silky voice.

"Hello," said Chester. He was sort of ashamed because of all the fuss he'd made. "I wasn't scared for myself. But I thought cats and mice were enemies."

"In the country, maybe," said Tucker. "But in New York we gave up those old habits long ago. Harry is my oldest friend. He lives with me over in the drainpipe. So how was scrounging tonight, Harry?"

"Not so good," said Harry Cat. "I was over in the ash cans on the East Side, but those rich people don't throw out as much garbage as they should."

"Chester, make that noise again for Harry," said Tucker.

Chester lifted the wings that were carefully folded across his back and with a quick, expert stroke drew the top one over the bottom. A "thrumm" echoed through the station.

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Musical America

"Lovely—very lovely," said the cat. "This cricket has talent."

"I thought it was singing," said Tucker. "But you do it like playing a violin, with one wing on the other?"

"Yes," said Chester. "These wings aren't much good for flying, but I prefer music anyhow." He made three rapid chirps.

Tucker Mouse and Harry Cat smiled at each other. "It makes me want to purr to hear it," said Harry.

"Some people say a cricket goes 'chee chee chee,' " explained Chester. "And others say, 'treet treet treet,' but we crickets don't think it sounds like either one of those."

"It sounds to me as if you were going 'crik crik crik,' " said Harry.

"Maybe that's why they call him a cricket," said Tucker.

They all laughed. Tucker had a squeaky laugh that sounded as if he were hiccuping. Chester was feeling much happier now. The future did not seem nearly as gloomy as it had over in the pile of dirt in the corner.

"Are you going to stay a while in New York?" asked Tucker.

"I guess I'll have to," said Chester. "I don't know how to get home."

"Well, we could always take you to Grand Central Station and put you on a train going back to Connecticut,"

said Tucker. "But why don't you give the city a try. Meet new people—see new things. Mario likes you very much."

"Yes, but his mother doesn't," said Chester. "She thinks I carry germs."

"Germs!" said Tucker scornfully. "She wouldn't know a germ if one gave her a black eye. Pay no attention."

"Too bad you couldn't have found more successful friends," said Harry Cat. "I fear for the future of this newsstand."

"It's true," echoed Tucker sadly. "They're going broke fast." He jumped up on a pile of magazines and read off the names in the half light that slanted through the cracks in the wooden cover: "*Art News—Musical America.* Who would read them but a few longhairs?"

"I don't understand the way you talk," said Chester. Back in the meadow he had listened to bullfrogs, and woodchucks, and rabbits, even a few snakes, but he had never heard anyone speak like Tucker Mouse. "What is a longhair?"

Tucker scratched his head and thought a moment. "A longhair is an extra refined person," he said. "You take an Afghan hound—that's a longhair."

"Do Afghan hounds read *Musical America?*" asked the cricket.

"They would if they could," said Tucker.

Chester shook his head. "I'm afraid I won't get along in New York," he said.

"Oh sure you will!" squeaked Tucker Mouse. "Harry, suppose we take Chester up and show him Times Square. Would you like that, Chester?"

"I guess so," said Chester, although he was really a little leery of venturing out into New York City.

The three of them jumped down to the floor. The crack in the side of the newsstand was just wide enough for Harry to get through. As they crossed the station floor, Tucker pointed out the local sights of interest, such as the Nedick's lunch counter—Tucker spent a lot of time around there—and the Loft's candy store.

Then they came to the drainpipe. Chester had to make short little hops to keep from hitting his head as they went up. There seemed to be hundreds of twistings and turnings, and many other pipes that opened off the main route, but Tucker Mouse knew his way perfectly—even in the dark. At last Chester saw light above them. One more hop brought him out onto the sidewalk. And there he gasped, holding his breath and crouching against the cement.

They were standing at one corner of the Times building, which is at the south end of Times Square. Above the cricket, towers that seemed like mountains of light rose up into the night sky. Even this late the neon signs were still

blazing. Reds, blues, greens, and yellows flashed down on him. And the air was full of the roar of traffic and the hum of human beings. It was as if Times Square were a kind of shell, with colors and noises breaking in great waves inside it.

Chester's heart hurt him and he closed his eyes. The sight was too terrible and beautiful for a cricket who up to now had measured high things by the height of his willow tree, and sounds by the burble of a running brook.

"How do you like it?" asked Tucker Mouse.

"Well—it's—it's quite something," Chester stuttered.

"You should see it New Year's Eve," said Harry Cat.

Gradually Chester's eyes got used to the lights. He looked up. And way far above them, above New York, and above the whole world, he made out a star that he knew was a star he used to look at back in Connecticut.

When they had gone down to the station and Chester was in the matchbox again, he thought about that star. It made him feel better to think that there was one familiar thing, twinkling above him, amidst so much that was new and strange.

Chester brought good luck to the Bellinis. For, like all crickets, he was musical. Chester's concerts during the rush hour in Times Square caused quite a stir—and sold a lot of papers!

You can read about Chester's summer in New York in George Selden's book *The Cricket in Times Square* (Farrar, Straus, 1960).

You may also want to read:

The Voyages of Doctor Dolittle
by Hugh Lofting (Lippincott, 1922)

Ben and Me
by Robert Lawson (Little, Brown, 1939)

The Seven Special Cats
by Richard Koenig (World, 1961)

Charlotte's Web
by E. B. White (Harper & Row, 1952)

The Tough Winter
by Robert Lawson (Viking Press, 1954)

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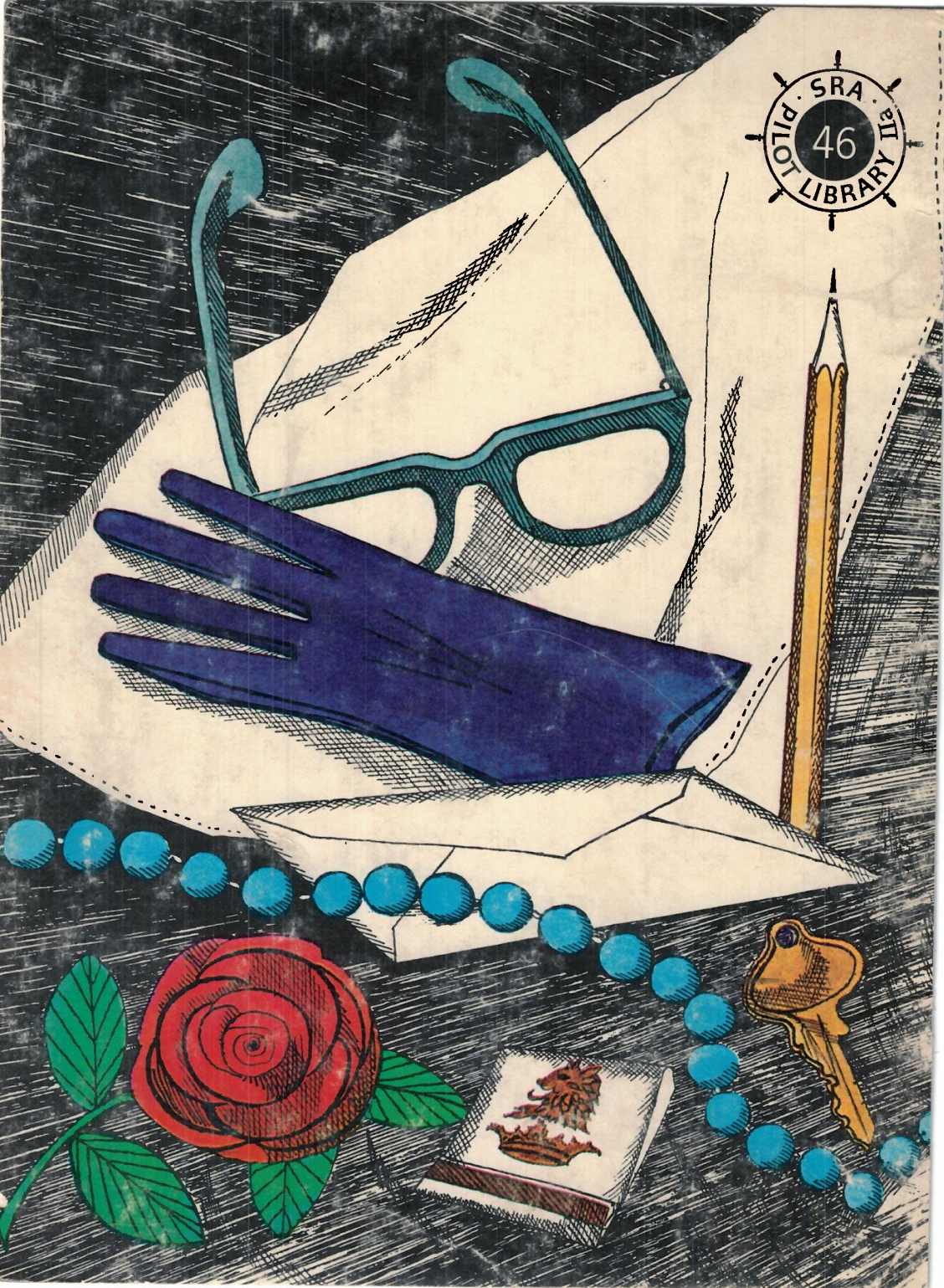
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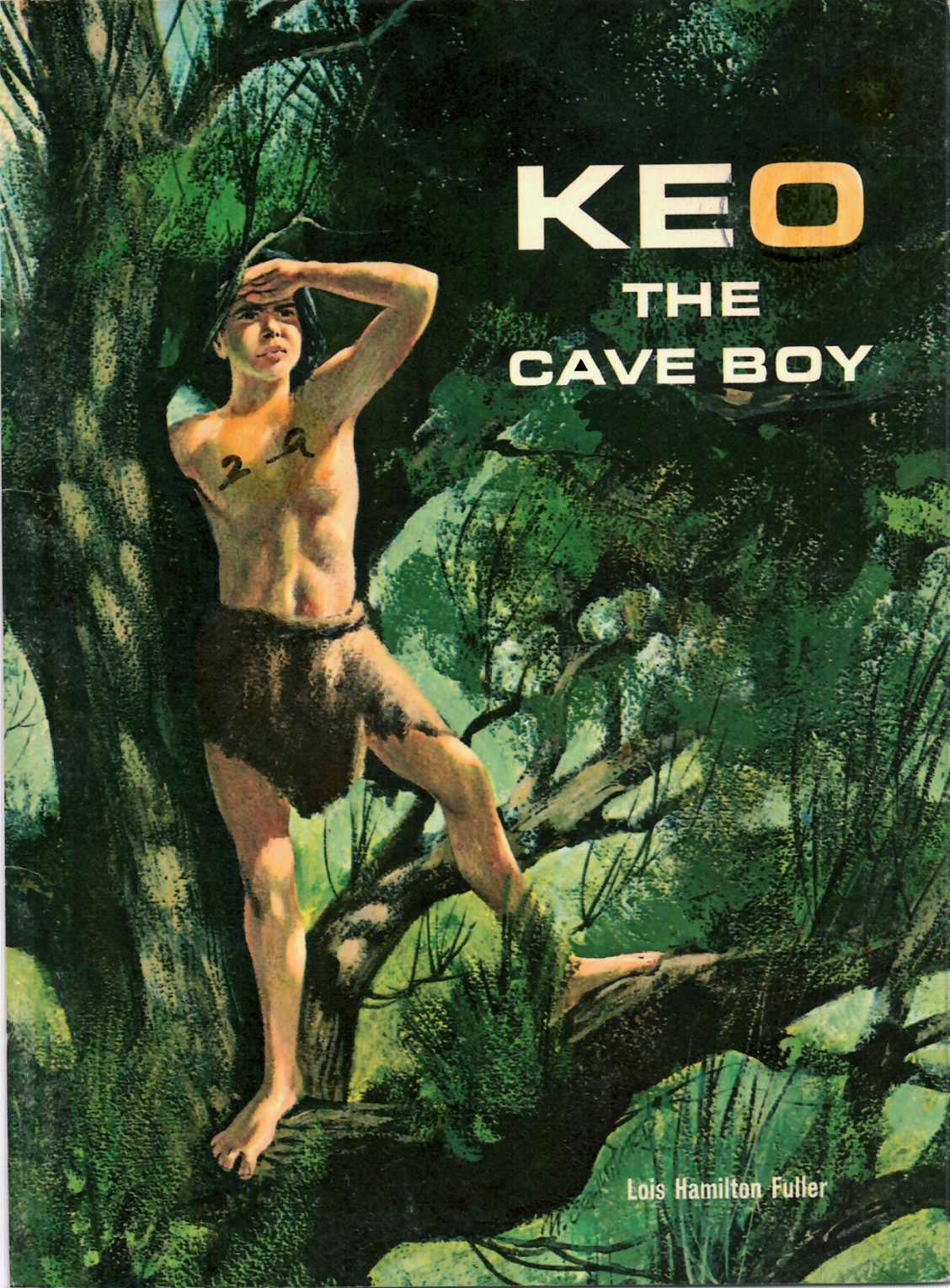
KEO
THE
CAVE BOY
Lois Hamilton Fuller

KEO THE CAVE BOY

by Lois Hamilton Fuller

Keo thought he was old enough to go on the hunt with the men. He wanted to prove to his father and the others that he too could help to kill the woolly mammoth and the great cave bear.

Then one night, just beyond the circle of firelight, Keo saw the gleam of two watching eyes. The hunters were asleep. Only Keo stood between his unwary family and those hungry jaws. This was to be his test.

Keo the Cave Boy

By LOIS HAMILTON FULLER

Illustrated by MEL CRAWFORD

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The Hunters

Keo climbed up a willow tree and looked far upstream across the river. Then he climbed down and picked up a deerskin bag he had left on a rock. His bare feet left prints in the damp ground as he ran along the edge of the river toward the footpath that wound its way up among the rocks and brambles of the hillside to the limestone cave that was his home.

The cave was in the side of a cliff in the valley of the Meuse River in what is now eastern Belgium. Keo, his mother Nema, his father Rebo, his big brother Taro, and his baby sister Beba all lived in the cave.

Nearing the foot of the path, Keo stopped running for a minute to kneel and drink the cold, fresh water of the bubbling stream that tumbled down the steep slope into the river below. Then he hurried on up, eager to tell his good news.

Keo found his mother resting in the September sunshine on a level stretch of bare ground in front of the cave. In her arms was his baby sister. Near the cave entrance, a fire leaped high in the air. It was fed by the wood Keo brought each day and was a protection from wild animals that might be near.

Keo's dark eyes shone with excitement. He held out the deerskin bag, which was filled with fresh-water mussels he had found in the river, and told Nema his news. "The men return! I saw them hunting in the meadow across the river."

Keo's mother stopped to put the baby on the soft skin of a reindeer. She picked up a crude wooden doll and handed it to Beba before she turned to her son.

"Good," she said, and added, as she took the skin full of mussels, "you are a hunter, too."

Keo's excitement over the men's return died away. Sadness came into his face.

"My father and brother are hunters," he said. "But I . . . I am left home with women."

As gently as Nema had placed the baby on the reindeer skin, she now spoke to her son. "You are a hunter, too," she repeated. "Be patient. Twelve autumns have passed since you came into the world. One or two more

autumns will come, and then you will go with your father and brother."

But Keo felt no patience. He wanted to go hunting this autumn, not later.

A week ago, early in the morning, Rebo and Taro had left to hunt with ten other men from nearby caves. Keo had wanted to go. But instead he had been told to stay at home to watch over his mother and baby sister, bring home food, and see that the fire in front of the cave kept burning. It had been a long week.

For a moment Keo was lost in thought. But he turned quickly when Nema said, "Come, eat."

She was cracking open the mussels with a stone and now handed one to Keo. Keo's stomach talked to him. It made noises. Days had passed since he had had a good meal of meat. As he ate the mussels, some of the unhappiness of being left at home went away. Food and the warmth of the fire lightened his spirits.

Keo drew a little nearer the fire. The deerskin which he wore around his waist and hips kept them warm, but the September air was chilly on the rest of his body. And the sun was leaving for the night.

When they finished the mussels, Keo's mother picked up the baby again and cuddled it in her arms. The baby

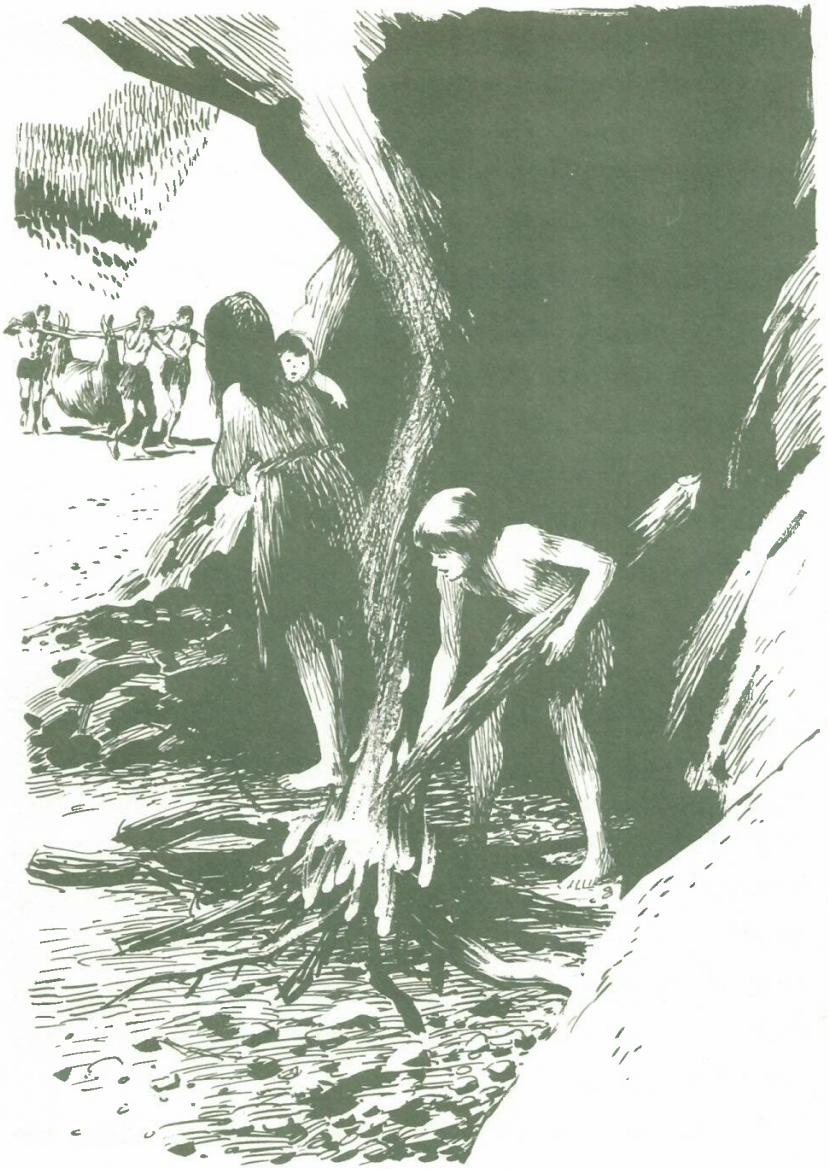
would not go hungry. Keo's mother had milk for her. She would have milk for Beba unless she, herself, had to go too long without food.

The mussels had helped, but Keo was still very hungry. He left the warmth of the fire and went part way down the footpath to watch for the hunters. They were a long time coming. Perhaps they had come upon big game, at last. Big game like the mammoth! Keo had seen mammoths, but he did not remember what time of year they appeared.

Keo's mother watched him leave the fire with anxious eyes. "Go not too far," she said. "The shadows of the night are almost here. And this morning as I went for water, I saw tracks of the spotted leopard."

Keo gave a start. Nema had not told him before. He was surprised that she had let him go to look for mussels. She must have known how restless he was and how he longed to hunt. Once, Keo knew, from stories he had heard, there had been many leopards roaming about the country. Now, with the weather cold so much of the year, there were very few. He had never seen one, but they had been described to him and he knew that they were dangerous.

At last Keo could see the hunters coming along the



trail. The light of the sun was almost gone. He could not see their faces, but he could tell they carried game.

"They come bringing meat!" he shouted to his mother. "Soon they will be here."

Nema smiled at him. Keo knew she, too, was hungry. She, too, was eager for the hunters' return.

"More wood," she said. "Make the fire bigger."

Keo ran inside the cave and brought out three big logs from the stockpile always kept on hand in a corner of the cave. Carefully he put one on the fire and waited until it caught before he added another.

Now came the hunters. They were bringing the meat to Rebo's cave. That meant that Rebo or Taro had caused the animal's death although the others had helped; therefore the feast would be in front of their cave instead of at the cave of one of the other men. Sometimes each family ate alone, but usually they celebrated a successful hunt together.

Keo's mother and Keo looked eagerly at the game the men had brought. It was not the mammoth, the great elephant. It was the wild bull. But it was big game. Big enough for all to eat.

The Feast

Rebo and Taro lay down by the fire to rest while the other men of the tribe went to bring their families safely back to the feast. Their caves were not far away, but the women and children dared not walk through the thickets or even along the footpaths after dusk without strong men at their sides armed with spears, clubs, or axes. Dusk is the time men prepare to rest; but dusk is the time some animals awaken and hunt for food.

Nema told the two men about the leopard tracks she had seen that morning. The men grunted but said nothing. Keo would have liked to ask about the hunt; but Taro was busy cleaning the skin of the bull with a flint scraper, and Keo could tell that Rebo was not in a mood to talk. His strong, thick, muscular body relaxed against the earth.

No other man could throw a rock, or use a spear or ax, like Rebo. Rebo was strong, skillful, and very brave. The others followed his leadership. Where he said to hunt, they hunted. Always, what he said to do, they did.

And Taro. Keo wished he were as old as Taro. Taro was almost as tall as Rebo and almost as skillful. But he was still learning, and no man could have a better teacher than their father, from whom grown men were still glad to learn.

Soon the other men returned with their families. All looked happy that they were soon to have enough to eat. All looked glad to be together. Life was lonely and dangerous sometimes for the women, although they were busy preparing skins and searching for the roots of wild vegetables, and berries, nuts, and birds' eggs when they were in season. But their life was far easier than that of the men who were always hunting, always in danger. A man's life was exciting, and Keo longed to share it.

Keo watched the families come, and then he ran to gather branches for the fire. The others, too, were soon busy. The men divided the meat into many portions, enough for everyone, and the women prepared the meat for cooking and sharpened sticks to use as skewers.

Rebo was given the heart and first choice of the meat. Therefore, Keo knew it was Rebo who had actually dealt the death blow to the bull. Taro was given second choice. That meant Taro had been at his father's side, and his blow had been so close after his father's that it was hard to say which wound ended the life of the animal. Keo wished once more that he were Taro. Why couldn't he have been born first instead of second?

As Rebo ate the heart, the people nodded their heads in approval. For all of them believed that by eating the heart, Rebo would add to his own courage and strength the courage and strength of the wild bull.

Then the women sat in a circle around the fire and roasted the meat on pointed green sticks. The men rested and watched them, but they talked only a little. The women did not talk much either, although they smiled a great deal and nodded their heads often at each other as they turned the meat over and back again until it was cooked.

Keo knew that they all agreed with Rebo, who had once said, "Be silent, my son, more than you speak. Ears cannot hear the sounds of game or the sounds of danger if mouths are filled with foolish noise."

When the meat was cooked, the women gave the

choicest pieces to their men. After the men had eaten all they could hold, the women cooked more for themselves and their children. All agreed that this custom was only fair, for the men had worked hard to get the meat and had brought it all back to their families when they could have stopped and cooked it on the hunt.

Though the group was quiet, their gestures and smiles showed Keo that all were satisfied, just as he was. Stomachs were full that had been empty for a long time or fed only on mussels, wild berries, and the roots of wild vegetables. Gone for a time was Keo's feeling of discontent. He stretched out on a soft deerskin that, along with other skins, had been brought out of the cave by Nema for the comfort of the family and their guests. The others rested, too.

Night Watch

Keo lay for a long time, looking off into space, until suddenly the fire burned brighter and he saw the gleam of two eyes watching, just beyond the circle of firelight. His heart began to pound painfully against his ribs. His body felt cold, and he knew it was not with the chill of the night. He turned his head toward where his father lay. Rebo would know what to do.

But Rebo was asleep. Worn out by the long hunt, he was as unaware of danger as was Beba, the baby, resting in her mother's arms alongside Rebo.

Keo turned to look at the eyes again. They were closer than before. The smell of the meat had made the wild animal, whatever it was, brave enough to come near in spite of the burning fire.

Keo waited no longer to see what the animal would do. Swiftly he reached for a burning stick from the fire and hurled it at the shining eyes. His aim was good.

With a cry, the animal turned and ran away followed by others, which Keo could see only dimly through the dark. Not until he heard an unearthly cry, like wild laughter, did he know the kind of animal he had frightened away. It was a band of hyenas.

Keo's quick action had prevented the hyenas from grabbing the remains of the meat and making away with it. And more than that, the band might even have attacked the people. The powerful jaws of the hyenas, that could crush the thigh bone of a bison, would not find a man, off-guard, hard to kill.

Keo's movement and the cry of the hyena roused the people at once. They knew immediately what had happened. Taro nodded approval of his young brother. "Good," he said.

Keo smiled with pleasure at hearing praise from the brother he envied but also admired.

As the men and their families stood up and stretched themselves, Rebo spoke. "Stay tonight," he said. "There is room for all."

The people nodded their heads gratefully and settled down again for the night. It would be foolish to return through the darkness to their caves. In the morning the journey, short though it was, would be safer.

Taro put more logs on the fire. And Nema and one of the other women gathered up the uncooked meat and bones and put them in the cave. The smell of the meat might attract hungry animals. But the promise of one more good meal was worth the danger.

These simple preparations completed, the group was ready for sleep. Surprised at his own daring, his self-confidence increased by his success in chasing away the hyena, Keo spoke up. "I can take the first watch tonight."

Rebo smiled at his son. "Good," he said. Then Keo saw him catch Taro's eye and make a gesture. Keo did not understand this, but since Taro rolled over near the fire and closed his eyes, he paid it no more attention. All in the group rolled up in the deer and cowskins to sleep, except for Keo who sat up alert by the fire.

Now that the hyenas had gone away, and the people were falling asleep, the night was very quiet.

Keo could hear the gentle west wind whispering among the branches of the willows and the alder trees that grew along the banks of the river below him. He could hear the sound of the icy stream as it leaped over the pebbles and rocks on its way from a hidden pond to the cliff and on down the cliff to the river.

The night air was chill. Already the color of the leaves spoke of summer's passing. Soon, Keo thought, fall would disappear. Then winter would come with its icy blasts of snow and sleet, and food would be hard to find.

Keo shivered. He got up to put another log on the fire, drew a deerskin around his shoulders as he sat down again, then peered into the darkness wondering what it held.

But no sound except the murmur of the wind and the water, the hoot of an owl, and the cheerful crackle of the fire disturbed the stillness around him. Keo's alertness gradually gave way to a great feeling of drowsiness. Gone was the high excitement he had felt earlier when he threw the burning stick at the hyena. Now he was just a boy, tired from a day in the sun searching for mussels and relaxed after a good meal. He longed for sleep. His eyes started to close, and his head began to nod.

The night wore on. And Keo's head, nodding, then jerking awake, gradually slumped toward his chest. Softly from the distance behind the alder thicket, near the footpath that led to the cave, came the almost soundless pad of heavy paws gently being picked up

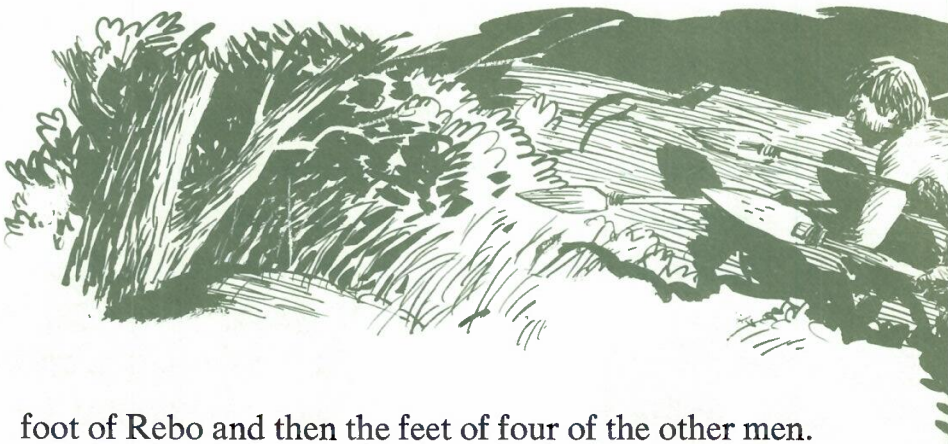
and put down again. Keo's ears heard, but he was too sleepy for the sound to have meaning.

Again came the soft pad of paws moving ever carefully, ever slowly, behind the thicket. Closer and closer came the sound. But Keo's head did not lift.

Suddenly a firebrand sped past Keo into the thicket. Keo sat up with a start. His brother Taro was standing next to him by the fire. And at that moment Keo knew what his father's nod to Taro had meant. It had told Taro to pretend to sleep, but to stay on watch and not to leave the safety of the group to Keo alone.

As Keo watched, Taro picked his way among the sleeping people and got an armful of logs. Quietly but purposefully he added them one by one to the fire so that it blazed up and made a greater protection against the danger beyond the light. The firelight penetrated the darkness of the thicket and Keo saw the spotted coat of an animal hidden there. As he watched, there was the stealthy sound of soft paws moving closer again, and this time he could see the fierce beast move nearer. It was the leopard.

Keo's body felt numb with fear. He wanted to get up and stand by his brother, but he could not make himself move. He could only watch as Taro quickly kicked the



foot of Rebo and then the feet of four of the other men.

From a sound sleep each of them immediately awakened and understood without words what was needed. Each reached for the stone-tipped spear that lay right by his hand.

"Leopard," whispered Taro. The five men rose silently and faced in the direction in which Taro pointed.

There was no sound from the leopard, no motion in the thicket. But Keo knew the men were being watched, that the leopard was biding his time.

At a motion of Rebo's head, the six men formed a semicircle around the women, children, and sleeping men, with the fire behind them.

At a second unspoken signal from Rebo, each man raised his spear in his strong, large hands to the level of his powerful, hairy chest. If the leopard leaped now,

he would land on one of the sharp flint points or else in the roaring fire behind.

Moments passed. The men stood ready. Their eyes remained fixed on the thicket of alders. None turned his head nor relaxed for an instant.

Keo would have liked to run into the cave, but he was ashamed to let the men know his fear. Hardly daring to breathe, he waited.

The leopard waited, too. No movement came from

the thicket. He had not turned away, nor did he come on.

Much time passed. And then, when it seemed to Keo that he could not stand the strain any longer, there came a soft sound from the thicket. It was the sound of the leopard slowly backing up, inch by inch, until at last he turned and went away.

Keo let out his breath in a sigh of relief. One man could not have stopped the leopard. But, in spite of his powerful claws and terrific strength, six men acting as one had done it. The leopard was gone.

Would it come back? Keo wondered. He might be an old one, left behind by the others when they moved on to a warmer climate. A young leopard would be swift enough to catch his own game. An old one might have to steal game killed by others.

The men remained in position for a long time, resting only by occasionally holding their spears down at their sides. Finally Rebo nodded his head, and the men turned to lie down again. Rebo awakened Dano, one of the older men who had been asleep, to keep watch. The others still slept soundly, unaware of what had happened, for the people were accustomed to putting full confidence in the man on watch.

Shame

As Rebo and Taro came back to their places by the side of Nema, they passed Keo. He lowered his eyes as he met the eyes of his father and brother. He had failed, and his failure to keep awake so that he could warn the men as Taro had done might have cost many lives.

No word of reproach or anger did Rebo or Taro speak. No word of any kind to Keo. But their silence as they again lay down to rest was harder for Keo to bear than a scolding or a beating would have been. Had they expressed anger, he, too, could have been angry, could have pointed out that he was young.

But there was no anger. And Keo, wide awake, could only remember over and over that no one had asked him to take the watch. He alone was responsible for offering to do the work of a man and for failing.

All night he tossed and turned. He wished Dano

would sleep; and he, Keo, could save the group from some other wild animal so that he could feel happy again. But Dano did not sleep. And no other animal came.

With the dawn came cold drops of rain. Rebo's guests took their portions of meat and bones and returned to their own caves. The rain fell harder and harder and, before anyone could prevent it, the fire in front of the cave was put out. Rebo and Taro rolled big boulders in front of the mouth of the cave to keep out any animals that might come. Then they all retreated into the cave to rest, leaving a small opening for air, too small for an animal to force his way in without being stopped by Rebo or Taro.

Rebo and Taro had not had enough sleep to make up for the strenuous hunt and the anxiety of the night. Their tired bodies slumped to the ground glad to relax. Still, both did not sleep at the same time. Nema and the baby, too, slept for a long while. And Keo's feeling of guilt at last faded enough to let him sleep.

When Keo woke up in the afternoon, the rain had stopped. Rebo and Nema were already awake. Rebo was touching Taro's shoulder. Taro awakened, stretched, and got slowly to his feet. A touch on the

foot meant danger, but a touch on the shoulder merely meant there was a day's work to do.

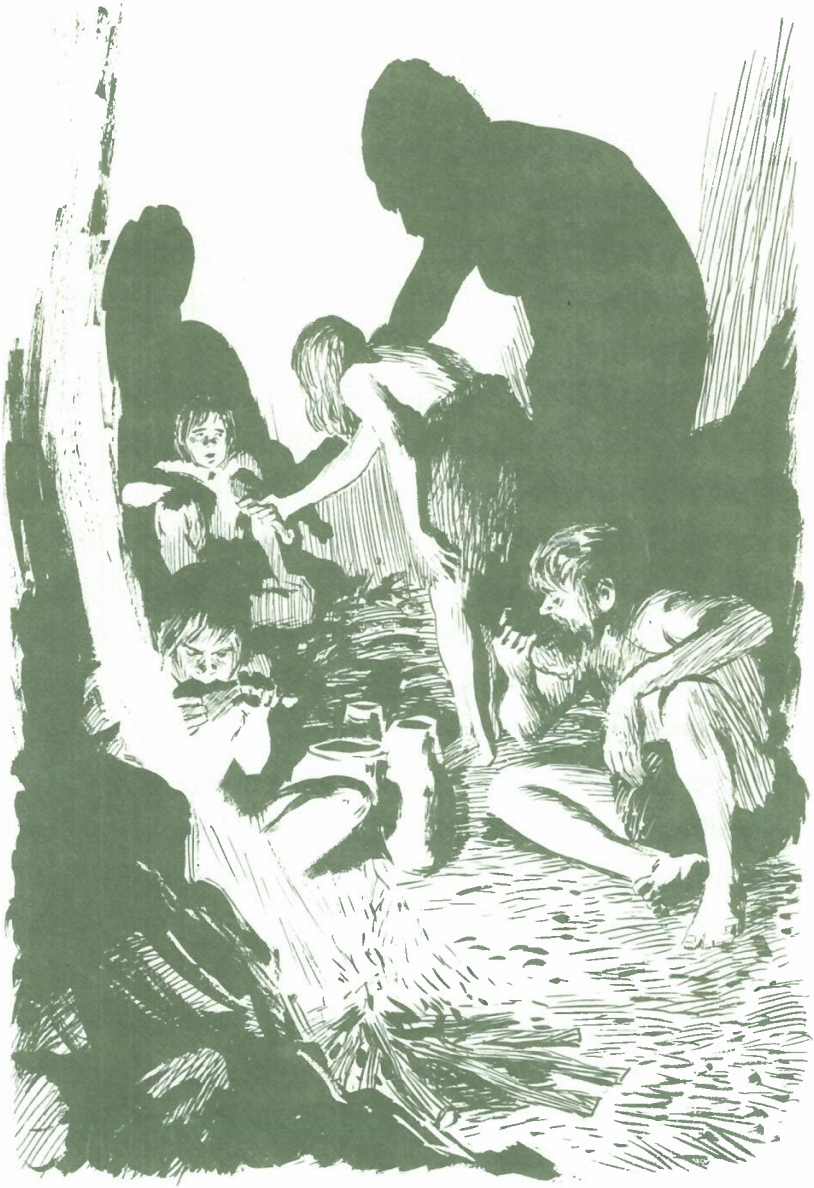
The two men rolled away the big stones from the cave's mouth and prepared to start a new fire.

Keo would have been glad to help, but he felt that he was in disgrace. Sad and lonely, he watched the others work together.

Nema got some dry grass from inside the cave and piled it on the wet ground outside the cave's entrance. Then she brought out dry sticks and laid them crosswise on top of the grass. Taro carried small logs and Rebo some larger ones. Taro put a small log on the kindling.

Rebo took a dry piece of old wood and with his sharp flint knife cut a groove in the wood lengthwise. Next he put some small pieces of wood in a pile on the dry grass on the ground, and over them he put more dry grass. Kneeling down, Rebo held the grooved stick close over the pile of tinder and ran another hard piece of wood up and down in the groove very rapidly.

In about a minute smoke appeared, and soon the grass and then the tinder burst into flame. Rebo blew on it gently, and the fire spread to the kindling Nema had brought. Before long the small log caught fire, and then gradually other logs were laid on.



When the fire had died down a little, Nema went into the cave and got the meat and marrow-filled bones left from the night before. She put four of the bones in the fire to roast. After they had cooked a while, she pulled out the bones with the aid of a long, forked, digging stick, and put them one at a time on a big stone. With a smaller stone, she gave each bone several hard blows until it cracked lengthwise. She handed one to Rebo, one to Taro, and then looked around for Keo.

He was sitting off by himself, watching them with unhappy eyes. His mother smiled gently at him. "Here," she said, "eat. Eat, and smile again."

But Keo did not reach for the bone or smile. He looked at his father.

Then Rebo spoke. "Eat," he said. "Grow big. Then Keo can watch and not sleep."

Keo understood that his father was not angry. He was forgiven. He reached for the bone, and like the others hungrily sucked the tasty marrow. Then Nema cooked the rest of the meat, and they ate until they could hold no more. The meal over, they threw the remains into the brush for the wolves. No longer would the smell of meat be near the cave to attract wild animals.

Keo's Spear

The night was uneventful, and in the morning the cold rain started again. But it was a gentle drizzle, not hard enough to put out the fire.

In spite of the rain, Rebo and Taro went hunting. This time Keo did not ask to go. No longer did he feel that he should be treated like a man. His spirit was still subdued and his heart sick in his body.

Rebo and Taro returned soon with a young deer. But Keo asked no questions about the hunt. He watched in silence as the meat was prepared.

After eating, Rebo did not lie down to sleep. He seemed well rested from his long sleep of the day before. While Taro was busy cleaning the deerskin with his flint scraper, Rebo went into the cave and brought out several pieces of fine flint.

To Keo's surprise, his father motioned to him to come to a place near the cave under the protection of

an overhanging rock. Keo could not imagine what his father had in mind. Then as they sat down, Rebo gave one of the best pieces of flint to Keo and said, "Now, Keo make a spear like Rebo's spear."

Keo could not believe what he heard. His first good spear! And so soon after he had proven his unworthiness to be called a man! He had had crude, small spears almost since he could walk. But never before had his father helped him make a spear like his own—one made of the finest flint, sharp enough to kill big game. His spirit lightened, and his heart filled with gratitude.

While Keo watched very closely, Rebo put one end of the flint flake under the sole of his foot. Then he held a sharp piece of another flint at an angle against the big flake and struck the rock deftly with a hammer stone. A few more carefully placed blows, and Rebo had a fairly flat triangular-shaped spearhead, which he sharpened by pressing off little flakes with a piece of bone until the spearhead was pointed and deadly.

Then Rebo gave the bone, the rock, and the hammer stone to Keo and motioned to him to try his skill. Keo had often watched his father make spearheads and had made them himself, but never had he tried to do a really good job until now. It was much harder than it looked,

and Keo's attempt did not look like his father's spearhead.

Rebo did not wait for Keo to become discouraged. Quickly he returned to the cave and brought more good flints for Keo to practice on. Again and again Keo tried without success. Finally he was ready himself to give up, but his father was so patient that he felt he had to keep on trying.

All afternoon Keo worked until he was so tired he could have fallen asleep standing up. But, just as dusk came, Keo made a spearhead! Not so good as his father's, but it was a spearhead and a strong, sharp one. His tiredness forgotten, Keo continued to press off flakes until his spearhead was as sharp as his father's. Rebo clapped his son on the back with pleasure, and his heavy face became almost handsome in his warm smile of pride.

"When the sun comes up, we finish," said Rebo, and they returned to the cave to sleep.

The next morning Rebo took two long, fire-hardened handles, split at one end for the spearheads. With a sharp piece of rock, Rebo thinned the wide base of his stone spearhead, continuing to press away flakes until the base fit into the handle. Keo did the same with no

thought of giving up this time just because it wasn't easy. Finally the ends of the handles were bound with strips of rawhide to the triangular flint spearheads.

At last Keo's spear was finished. The handle of his spear was shorter than that of his father's, but it was just the right length for him to hold.

Keo looked at his spear with pride. But he soon discovered that his work was not over. Rebo expected him to learn to use the spear well. There was more to a weapon than holding it in the hand.

The next afternoon Rebo made a small hoop of willow wood and rolled it over and over in front of Keo. As the hoop passed, Keo attempted to pierce the center of the circle with his spear. Each time he succeeded, Rebo rolled the hoop faster, making it harder for Keo.

Then Rebo got a small piece of wood and threw it up in the air. Keo tried to strike the wood with his spear before the wood hit the ground. Except for brief rests, they practiced all afternoon; and by evening, Keo struck the wood almost every time it was thrown and pierced the center of the hoop more often than not.

But still there was much to learn. As the days went by, Keo practiced throwing his spear, and he also practiced the game he had played ever since he was

small. From the time he could throw at all, he had aimed stones at the trees and at small game. But he had always been content before to throw without much purpose. If he hit the tree, it was good; if he did not, it did not matter. Now it did matter. Keo remembered that

once Rebo's aim with a rock had stopped a wild bull in its charge.

Keo chose a different tree each day, first one that was fairly close, then one farther and farther away. And he did not stop until he could hit the tree at the exact place at which he aimed.

Keo had no time now to spend wishing he could go on a hunt. He hoped to make himself as good a hunter

as his brother or maybe even his father. He knew he might never be as good as Rebo, who was the most skillful in the tribe. But he would do his best.

At night Keo slept soundly while his father and Taro took turns on the watch. He understood that his father did not expect of him the behavior of a man. But someday he would be a man, someday soon.

Day after day, Keo kept to his purpose, and he slowly increased his skill. There were times when he seemed not to progress. He was tempted then to give up, to return to the carefree days he had spent before he had made his spear. But he did not give up. And Nema, watching him, told him she was proud of him. She did not speak of the risks Rebo and Taro took each time they left the cave for the hunt. Instead she encouraged Keo and said that soon he would be with her no longer. She would have only the baby to look after. Keo would join the men.

Keo learns slowly, but well. The story of his first buffalo hunt, his fall into a swamp, and his greatest test of courage are told in the book *Keo the Cave Boy,* by Lois Hamilton Fuller (Abingdon Press, 1961).

You may also want to read:

The Cave of Spears
by Lester del Rey (Alfred Knopf, 1957)

Boomerang Hunter
by Jim Kjelgaard (Holiday House, 1961)

The Lone Hunt
by William O. Steele (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1956)

Throw Stone: the First American Boy 25,000 Years Ago
by E. B. Sayles & Mary E. Stevens (Reilly & Lee, 1960)

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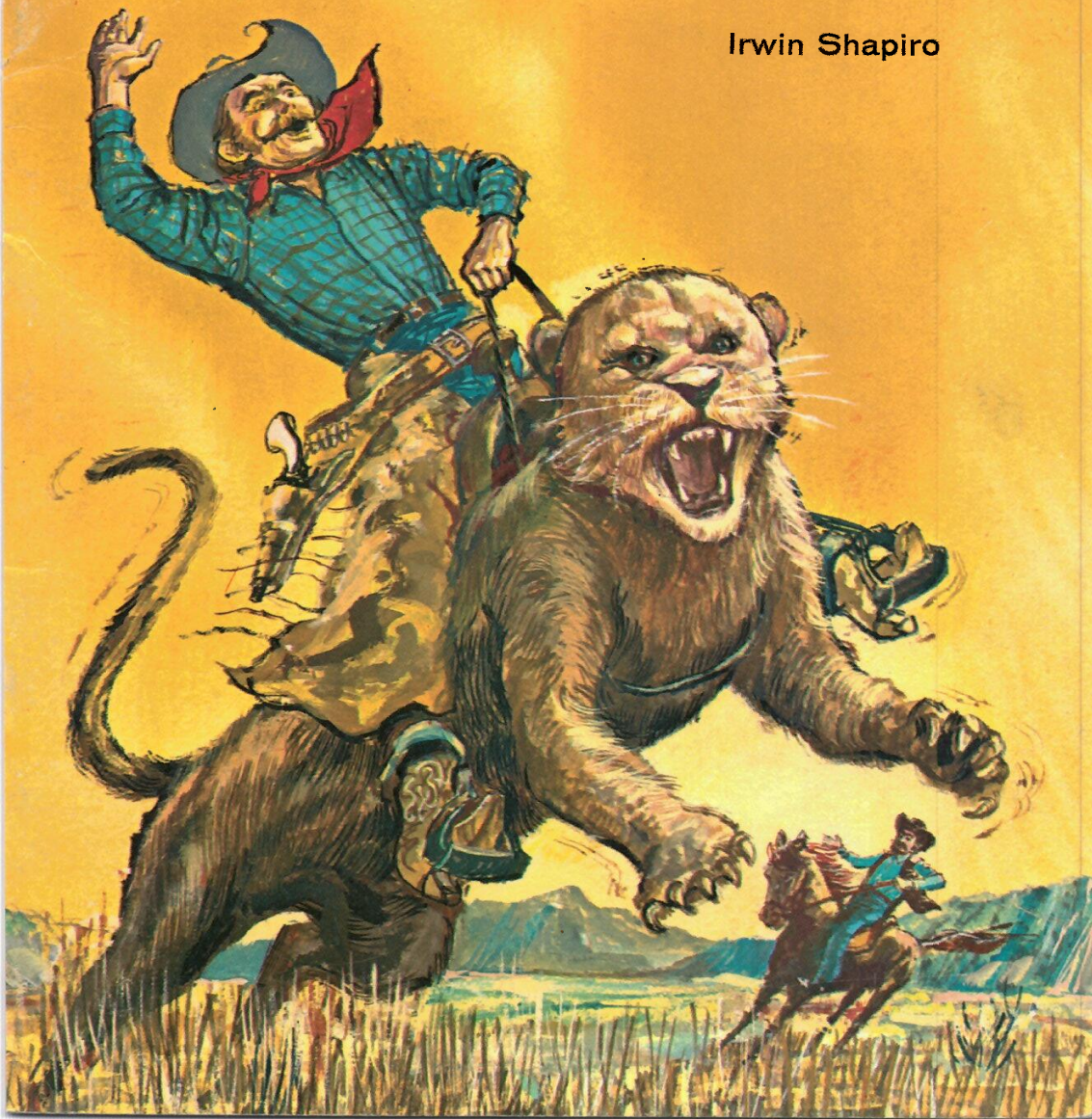
A SHORT BOOK OF TALL TALES

Irwin Shapiro



A SHORT BOOK OF TALL TALES

by Irwin Shapiro

The pioneers of America were big men with big jobs to do. So, they needed big stories to match. The tales they told grew bigger and bigger every year—just like the nation.

Sometimes these stories were just to explain how something got that way. Where did Death Valley come from? Well, that's the dent Pecos Bill made when he fell off the cyclone he was riding.

Other tales were true, in a way. Like Johnny Appleseed planting all those trees in the West. Johnny wasn't one man. He was many men. But he was real just the same.

A SHORT BOOK OF
TALL TALES

A SHORT BOOK OF TALL TALES

BY IRWIN SHAPIRO

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES WALKER

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PECOS BILL

All cowboys are humans, no matter what they try to tell you. That goes for Pecos Bill, too—and he was the greatest cowboy that ever was.

Bill had to be great to do what he did. He was the first man to throw a lariat. He taught the broncos to buck. He made up a hundred and one cowboy songs. He just about invented the whole cow business singlehanded.

Bill did think he was a coyote for a while, instead of a human. You see, he hailed from east Texas, which isn't a bad place for a cowhand to hail from. Exactly where he was born, though, Bill never knew. He couldn't be blamed. He was only a baby at the time.

Anyway, when Bill was a couple of days old, he got some neighbors. Another family settled down about fifty miles away. Bill's Pa didn't like it a bit.

"The country around here is gittin' too crowded," Bill's Pa said to Bill's Ma. "I'm a man that needs elbow room. We'll have to move."

It didn't take Bill's Pa and Ma long to get started. They packed all their belongings in a wagon. Bill and his seventeen brothers and sisters piled in on top.

"Ready? Let's go!" said Bill's Pa, and they headed west.

After they had crossed the Pecos River, one of the wagon wheels hit a rock. Bill was sitting on the tailpiece, and whump! off he went. He landed on his head, so he wasn't hurt much. But he did have the breath knocked out of him. And while he sat on the ground catching his breath, the wagon rolled on.

With seventeen other children on the wagon, Bill's folks didn't miss him for several days. They turned back and searched for him, but it was too late. They couldn't find hide nor hair of Bill.

"Too bad," said Bill's Pa. "I kind of liked the little shaver. But he'll get along. The boy knows how to take care of himself."

Bill's Pa was right. Bill met up with a pack of coyotes, and they got along just fine. Bill settled down with the coyotes and learned coyote talk. He hunted with them by day, and howled at the moon with them by night. Growing up with the coyotes that way, Bill naturally thought he was a coyote himself. He couldn't be blamed. Anybody else would have thought the same.

Bill might never have known he was a human, if a cowboy hadn't come riding up to him one day. Bill was chomping on a cactus, eating his breakfast.

"Boy, howdy," said the cowboy.

Bill only grunted, and kept chomping away.

"If you don't mind my askin'," said the cowboy, "how come you're runnin' around with the varmints?"

Bill threw the cowboy a look that would have dropped a steer.

"Who else would I be runnin' around with?" he said. "I'm a varmint myself. If you'd open your eyes more, and your mouth less, you'd see I'm a coyote."

"No such thing," the cowboy said. "You're a human. Or leastways, a Texan."

"You must be plumb loco, stranger. Ain't I ornery like a coyote?"

The cowboy shook his head. "Don't mean a thing. Lots of Texans is ornery."

"Maybe. But don't I howl at night like a coyote?"

"Most Texans howl," said the cowboy. "And if you're a sure-enough coyote, where's your tail?"

Bill turned his head and whirled around, trying to see if he had a tail.

"Well, tan my hide!" he said. "No tail a-tall! I must be a human. How come the coyotes never told me?"

"Guess they never noticed. Or maybe they were too polite to say," the cowboy said.

Now that he knew he was a human, Bill had to give up living with the coyotes. So he decided to become a cowboy, which was the next best thing.

"Pardner," he said, "I'm kind of new to human doin's. I'd be obliged if you sort of got me started."

"Can do," the cowboy said.

The two of them went to town, where the cowboy staked Bill to some clothes and a horse. "Now what?" asked Bill.

"Get yourself a job," said the cowboy. "I hear the IXL Ranch could use a good hand."

"Much obliged," Bill said.

Jumping on his horse, he rode off toward the IXL Ranch. He'd been riding for an hour or so, when his horse stumbled and broke a leg. Bill had to shoot the poor critter to put it out of its misery. He picked up his saddle and went on by foot.

Now if there's anything a cowboy hates, that's walking. It was even worse for Bill. He'd never worn shoes before, let alone high-heeled, narrow-toed cowboy boots. What with his boots pinching, and the saddle hanging heavy on his shoulder, Bill was plenty grouchy.

"A million miles from nowhere, and no hoss," he said. "There's more to bein' a human than I thought. Don't know that I care for it."

Just then a big rattlesnake, ten feet long or more, reared up in front of him. It was full of poison, and spoiling for a fight—which was all right with Bill.

"I give you fair warnin'," he said. "I'm a human, but I was raised a coyote. Pizen or no pizen, you don't stand a chance."

The rattler rattled and stuck out its forked tongue.

"All right! You asked for it, you ornery sidewinder!" said Bill.

Just to even things up, he gave the rattler the first three bites. Then he got a good grip on the varmint, shaking it so hard its rattles dropped off. The rattler was so ashamed it just gave up.

"Oh, well! Half a fight's better than none," Bill said.

Feeling some better, he started walking again. He carried his saddle on one shoulder, the rattler over the other. Once in a while he'd give the rattler a twirl through the air. It was fun for the rattler and helped Bill pass the time. Twirling the rattler gave Bill the idea for the lariat—but that came later. Right now there was more trouble ahead.

The trouble was a big wouser, which was the most terrible critter in the West. It was a bit like a mountain lion, a bit like a grizzly bear—and worse than either or both. The wouser was crouching on the rocky wall of a canyon. As Bill walked by, the wouser leaped. Bill ducked, and the wouser missed him. It landed hard on the ground, which didn't sweeten its temper a bit.

"Wou!" said the wouser.

"Looks like I got another fight on my hands," said Bill. "Things are pickin' up!"

Bill lit into the wouser, and he really made the fur fly. There was so much fur flying that it darkened the sky over all Texas. Many a cowhand rolled up in his blanket, thinking the night had come.

It was quite a fracas, at that. Blinded by its own flying fur, the wouser went for Bill with tooth and claw. The sky grew darker and darker, and out of the darkness came Bill's voice:

"I'll make you say uncle, or my name's not Pecos Bill."

Right on top of that, there was a roaring and a screeching and a howling. It might have been the wouser, or it might have been Bill. Anyway, it went on for a spell. Then the fur sort of blew away, and the sun shone again. The wouser was stretched out on the ground. Bill was standing with one foot on the wouser and humming a little tune.

"Wou!" said the wouser, looking up at Bill.

Bill folded his arms and went on humming his tune. But he didn't take his foot off the wouser.

"Uncle," said the wouser.

"That's better," said Bill. "And seein' as how I've got no hoss, I might as well ride you."

He cinched his saddle on the wouser and jumped on. Riding along, he threw loops with the rattler. He had lost his grouch and was feeling fine. He started whooping and yelling, almost as if he was still a coyote.

He was still whooping it up and twirling the rattler when he got to the IXL Ranch. The cowboys were sitting around

the chuck wagon, eating bacon and beans. They took a look at Bill, and their tin plates dropped out of their hands.

"Who's the boss of this outfit?" asked Bill.

One long, tall galoot of a cowboy stood up. He had a face that would have stopped a ten-dollar clock. He wore two guns and had a couple of bowie knives stuck in his belt.

"Stranger," he said, "I was. But not never no more. You're boss, beginnin' now."

"That makes sense," Bill said. "High Pockets, you can be my top hand. And the first thing you do is git me a hoss. I don't mind ridin' a wouser once in a while, but I wouldn't want to make it a habit. They're built too close to the ground, and my feet drag."

"Sure thing," said High Pockets. "I'll ride into town and get you the best hoss money can buy."

Bill shook his head. "Nope. Them store-bought hosses is too puny. Why not go out on the range and git me a wild mustang?"

"It's never been done," the cowboys said. "All cowboys buy their hosses in town."

"It's goin' to be done now. Come on, I'll show you how."

Slapping the wouser, Bill rode out to the range. The cowboys followed him. As soon as they came to a herd of wild mustangs, Bill ripped his saddle off the wouser. He threw it over one of the mustangs and hopped on. The horse just stood, waiting for orders from Bill.

"What ails this brónc? Why won't she buck?" Bill asked.

The cowboys had never heard of bucking, and the bronc likewise. Then and there, Bill taught the horses to buck. He taught them rearing, side-winding, back-flipping, sunfishing, and lots more. Before long he was riding a bucking bronco, fanning its ears with his hat.

"Don't just stand there with your bare faces hangin' out!" Bill called to the cowboys. "Yell! Whoop it up!"

"Don't know any yells," they said.

Bill showed them how to whoop it up, and soon they were yelling: "Yipee! Whoopie! Ride 'em, cowboy! Yipee!" And cowboys have been yelling like that ever since.

Bill's horse was a smart one. It learned to buck so well that it threw him. Bill couldn't be blamed. He'd never been on a bucking bronco before.

"Better forgit about this here buckin'," the cowboys said. "It looks pretty, but it won't work."

Bill picked himself up, dusting off his pants.

"There ain't a man that can't be throwed, there ain't a hoss that can't be rode," he said. "Remember that."

That was the first time, and the last time, a horse ever threw Bill. Bucking spread all over the West, becoming a regular part of the cow business.

"From now on," Bill said, "any of you waddies wants a hoss, you catch a wild bronco and bust him. Savvy?"

"We savvy, Bill," said the cowboys.

"All right then," Bill said. "Now lead me to those steers, and let's start workin' them cattle."

As they rode away, the cowboys started singing. The song was some kind of foolishness about being buried in the deep blue sea.

"Quiet!" roared Bill, sudden-like, firing his pistols into the air.

And all was quiet. Nothing could be heard but the jingling of spurs, from the cowboys shivering in their saddles.

At last High Pockets asked, "Wh-what's the matter, Bill? Don't you care for singin'?"

"It ain't that," said Bill. "I can stand the noise if you can. But it makes my blood boil, hearin' you warble a seagoin' ditty. You're cowboys, and you ought to sing cowboy songs."

"What cowboy songs?" said the cowboys.

It seems that there weren't any. They just hadn't been invented yet. But Bill took care of that, and pronto. Right then and there he made up new words to the song the cowboys had been singing. Soon they were all roaring:

Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me.
In a narrow grave just six by three,
Oh, bury me not on the lone prairie.

Riding along, Bill made up more songs, such as *The Cowboy's Lament, The Chisholm Trail,* and plenty more.

When he got to where the cattle were roaming the range, he said:

"Let's get down to cases and start workin' these cows. A couple of you cowpokes start ridin' herd, while me and High Pockets git set for a roundup."

The cowboys had never heard of riding herd, or roundups, or any of those things. Most of the time, they just let the cows roam the range. When they wanted to catch one, they would set a trap. A cowboy would hide behind a bush or a rock, and throw a loop of rope on the ground. By and by a cow would come along and step into the loop. Pulling the rope right, the cowboy would lead the cow away.

"Takes a little time, but we catch a lot of 'em that way," High Pockets said. "I don't mean to brag, but once I caught two cows in the same week. I admit that's a mite unusual. One cow a week is more like it."

That really got Bill riled up. He'd made up songs for herding and roundups, and he didn't want them going to waste. So he changed the cow business to fit the songs. The first thing he did was invent the lariat. He got the idea from twirling that rattler. He made a lariat for himself out of rawhide. It was as long as the equator, except for one end, which was two feet shorter.

After that, Bill taught the cowboys to lasso the steers. He taught them riding herd, branding, and roundups, with all the fixings.

Bill himself was a great hand at lassoing. He could lasso a whole herd of cattle at one time, and once he lassoed a cyclone that was passing by. Bill hopped on it, riding it like

a bronco. He fanned that old cyclone with his hat, meanwhile kicking a streak of lightning out of his way. The cyclone reared and bucked, trying to throw Bill. It couldn't, of course, so it rained out from under him. Bill hit the ground so hard he drove it down a hundred feet below sea level. He called the place Death Valley, and it's still there.

By this time, Bill had the IXL Ranch running the way he wanted. And he had him a horse that he really liked. Bill named it Widow Maker, and wouldn't ever let anybody else ride it. Too dangerous.

It was on account of Widow Maker that Bill lost Slue Foot Sue. Bill happened to be near the Rio Grande one day, when he heard a whooping and a hollering. He turned around to see what was raising such a ruckus, and there was a girl riding a catfish up the river. Now a full-grown Texas catfish is about the size of an ordinary whale, but the girl wasn't having a bit of trouble. She kept riding along, singing and yelling, with her red hair streaming in the breeze.

Bill and the girl took a long look at each other. It was love at first sight.

"Howdy," said the girl. "My name's Slue Foot Sue. What's your handle?"

"Howdy, ma'am. I'm Pecos Bill," said Bill.

Bill had never seen a girl like Sue before, and he knew he'd never see another. He started courting her then and there.

"I don't mean to be forward, ma'am," he said. "But how about you and me gittin' hitched?"

Slue Foot Sue giggled.

"Sure thing, Bill," she said. "I was wonderin' when you'd ask."

Bill and Sue went back to the ranch, where they got ready for the wedding. Everything was fine, except for Sue wanting to ride Widow Maker.

"I'd do anything in the world for you, Sue," said Bill. "But not that. Nobody can ride that hoss except me. He's too ornery."

The day of their wedding, though, Sue asked Bill again. She was wearing her wedding dress and looked as pretty as a picture. Bill just had to say yes. He couldn't be blamed. Any bridegroom would have done the same.

"Yipee!" yelled Sue, getting on Widow Maker.

She didn't stay there long. The horse bucked, sending Sue flying up into the air. The trouble was that Sue's wedding dress had a spring-steel bustle. When she hit the ground, the bustle bounced her right up again. She went so high her head almost hit the moon. Then she came down again, and bounced again—and she kept right on doing it. She was a bouncing bride, and no mistake.

Sue kept bouncing for nearly a day. It looked as though she never would stop.

High Pockets said to Bill, "Better shoot her, before she starves to death. It would be a kindness, Bill."

Bill wouldn't hear of it. At last he thought of using his big lariat. He lassoed Sue, pulling her down to earth again. Sue looked him straight in the eye, her temper just a-boiling.

"The idea!" she said. "Shamin' me in front of my weddin' guests! Lettin' me git on a hoss I couldn't ride!"

"But I tried to tell you," Bill said.

"Yes, but you didn't stop me! I'm not gittin' hitched with you, Pecos Bill. A man who'd do a thing like that to his bride can't be trusted. Good-by—and if I never see you again, it will be too soon!"

Turning her back on Bill, she walked away. Bill let her go, thinking she'd come back. When she didn't, Bill left his ranch. Working as a cowhand, he searched for Sue in Wyoming and Montana, Arizona and New Mexico, and in Colorado, too. But there wasn't a sign of her. Bill was so brokenhearted that he gave up the cow business and went prospecting for gold.

After staking out a claim, Bill started to dig. He dug deeper and deeper without striking pay dirt. By the time he stopped digging, he'd dug out the Grand Canyon, which hasn't been filled in to this day.

Feeling a bit thirsty after all that work, Bill dropped in at the Last Chance Hotel.

He said to the bartender, "Give me a glass of lemon pop —straight."

It was Bill's favorite drink, next to carbolic acid. Some

bad men who were hanging around looked at Bill. They laughed and called him a tenderfoot.

"Smile when you say that, stranger," said Bill, reaching for his shooting irons.

He was a little out of practice, and the bad men beat him to the draw. Twelve shots rang out, and twelve bullets came at Bill. Thinking fast, Bill lowered his head. When the smoke cleared away, six bad men were stretched out on the floor. The bullets had bounced off Bill's head, hitting the bad men in their shooting arms.

The folks in the town came running, crowding around Bill. They shook his hand and slapped his back. Then and there, they elected him sheriff. Before a week passed, Bill had cleaned up the town. Word about Bill spread, and folks rode in to see him from Tombstone, Dodge City, and a hundred other places. Every town in the West wanted Bill for sheriff, so he could give them law and order.

Bill did the best he could. He went from town to town, cleaning each one up in a day or two. The bad men saw they didn't have a chance, and it got so that Bill didn't even have to go after them. They came to him.

"Throw us in the hoosegow, Bill," they said. "Lock us up. We'll be safer that way."

"Glad to oblige," Bill said.

By and by there wasn't a bad man left. The sheriffs had no trouble at all keeping law and order, and the West really began to grow.

After that, Bill took a sort of vacation. He traveled around the country with a rodeo show. That was his idea, too—he'd thought up the rodeo in his spare time. One day, when he was in California, he invented cowboy movies. He didn't mean to. He was talking to some movie men, telling them stories of the Old West. Bill made up a few whoppers, the way any cowboy would do. The movie men believed them, so Bill made up a few more. The first thing he knew, there were cowboy movies in all the theaters. The movie men had used Bill's whoppers, leaving out the rest.

Bill laughed so hard that some folks say he laughed himself to death, but it wasn't so. Bill went back to the West, and soon he came across a dude ranch. Bill looked at the dudes, dressed up in their fancy Western clothes and trying to act like cowboys.

"Stranger," Bill said to a dude, "are you a human?"

"Why, of course," the dude said.

"And all them other dudes—are they humans, too?"

"Certainly."

"Then I quit!" yelled Bill. "I'm goin' back to bein' a coyote, tail or no tail!"

And he did. Every moonlit night he sits on a hill with the other coyotes, howling at the moon. And sometimes, between howls, he laughs fit to bust.

JOHNNY APPLESEED

When Johnny Appleseed was growing up in Massachusetts, he wasn't Johnny Appleseed. He was called Johnny Chapman, which was his right, true name. But no matter what he was called, his greatest joy was apples.

It wasn't only the taste of them Johnny liked, good as that was. It was the twisty branches of the apple trees in the orchard. It was the apple colors—goldy yellow, and yellowy green, and russet, and red. It was the pink and white blossoms at blossom time. Why, even the names of apples started a song in Johnny's head:

Pound Royal, Golden Pippin, Maidenblush, Northern Spy,
For apple sass and cider, fritters and apple pie.
June Red, Roxbury Russet, Fall Wine, Punkin Sweet,
For apple butter and jelly, and to hold in the hand and eat.

Naturally, with such a liking for apples, Johnny had to be an orchardman. He learned to plant the trees, and prune them, and care for them in every way. He lived on his Pa's farm, working in the orchard from sunup to sundown. And there he might have stayed the rest of his born days, except for one thing.

Yes, he could have stayed, and he would have stayed, except for the road that ran past the farm. Sometimes travelers would come by, afoot or on horseback, or in a wagon. Johnny paid them no mind, being so busy with his apple trees. And then one day a Conestoga wagon, loaded with folks, stopped before him. The old man who was driving the wagon spoke to Johnny.

"Mornin', young feller," he said. "We'll thank you kindly for a drink of your good well water."

Johnny let them have the water, and some apples besides.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"We're bound west," the old man said.

"West?" said Johnny. "Where's that?"

"I'll tell you," said the old man, holding up one of Johnny's apples. He laid a long finger on the apple, and he said, "The earth is round, like a big round apple. And we're travelin' west on the big round apple of earth, to make a new home in the wilderness."

"Well, I'll be switched!" said Johnny.

It was a wonder to him, for he was young and had never been away from home. Nor had he thought much about the

world, what with all the work there was to do on the orchard. But now that he'd learned he was on the big round apple of earth, he knew what he had to do.

"I reckon I'll go west, too," he said.

In no time at all he told his Ma and Pa good-by. He was the apple of their eye, and they hated to see him go. But wild horses couldn't hold him back, and away he went in the old man's wagon.

And often, as they journeyed, Johnny asked, "Is this the West?"

And just as often the old man answered, "Not yet, Johnny, not yet."

But when they reached Pittsburgh, the old man nodded his head. "This is it," he said.

Johnny jumped off the wagon, glad the journey was over. And then he saw that the old man and the folks were going on. "Where to now, old man?" he asked.

"We're bound west, as I told you," the old man said.

"But this *is* the West."

"There's more," the old man said. "Lots more. We're pushing on down the Ohio Valley to make a home in the wilderness."

"And what might there be in the wilderness?"

"A sight of things," answered the old man. "Trees and rivers and mountains. Wild critters of all sorts, and wild Injuns as well."

"Trees, did you say?" asked Johnny. "Apple trees, too?"

The old man shook his head. "There's beech trees, and oak, and maple, and pine, and I don't know what all. But nary an apple tree. Oh, some wild crab apple trees, maybe. But not what you'd call a real apple tree. Nary a one."

"I wouldn't like that," said Johnny. "I'll stay here, where there are apple trees a-plenty."

And that's how Johnny came to settle in Pittsburgh. He'd seen a nice spot on a hill for an orchard, and there he made himself a farm. He built a snug house and started to grow apple trees. Besides his orchard, he had bee hives for honey, and chickens for eggs, and cows for milk. He had everything he could want—and yet his mind was troubled.

Because he couldn't help but notice all the folks passing through Pittsburgh, traveling west. There were whole families in wagons, youngsters and oldsters and in-betweens, moving across the big round apple of earth. Johnny thought of them living in the wilderness, with not an apple tree for comfort. He took to giving them apple seeds to raise orchards of their own.

And still Johnny was troubled. Not everybody knew apple trees the way he did. Suppose the trees didn't grow. He hated to think of his good seeds going to waste. And he couldn't forget the folks in the midst of the big, lonely wilderness, far from a helping hand. Johnny worried at it, and around it, and about it—and at last he knew what to do. If he wanted to be sure that apple trees would grow in the wilderness, he would have to see to it himself.

Soon he sold his farm, loaded apple seeds in two canoes, and tied the canoes together. He paddled down the Ohio River, and up the Muskingum, and up White Woman Creek, into the wilderness. And wherever he went, he planted apple seeds. As soon as the seeds were gone, he went back to Pittsburgh for more.

That's when folks began to call him Johnny Appleseed. They laughed at him, too, and they talked.

"He isn't right in his mind," they said. "Else why would he leave a good farm, and go gallivanting all over creation?"

They said, "I hear he wanted to marry a girl, but she wouldn't have him. He's love-cracked."

And they said, "He has a misery that won't let him rest."

Johnny didn't care. He was sure now that his apple trees would grow. They would blossom and bear fruit, and be a comfort to folks for years to come. He packed his seeds in little leather bags and went down into the Ohio Valley again. This time he left the canoes behind and tramped along on foot.

Johnny carried no gun or hunting knife. He had his seeds, and a shovel for planting. He had a pot for cooking cornmeal mush, and a Bible to read. When his clothes became ragged, he wore a coffee sack, with holes cut out for his arms and legs. When he lost his cap, he wore his mush-pot on his head for a hat. When his shoes wore out, he went barefoot, even in the winter snow.

Into the deeps of the forest he wandered, planting his apple seeds. He walked where the bear walked, and the deer and the fox and the panther. At first he was afraid of the critters, but after a while he wasn't. He never hunted or trapped them, or did them any harm. He liked everything in the woods, down to the smallest of the varmints. If he saw a worm or a ladybug in his path, he'd step aside, to keep from crushing it with his foot.

Once Johnny made a fire to cook his mush. Some mosquitoes came buzzing up, burning themselves in the flame. Johnny poured water on the fire and put it out.

He said, "I'll do without a fire, if it means giving hurt to a living critter."

On a bitter winter night, Johnny crawled into a hollow log to shelter from the cold. He found that a bear and her cubs had got there before him. The bear growled, but Johnny just smiled.

"Now hush," he said. "Rest easy. I'm gettin' out."

And the bear hushed, while Johnny crawled out and went to sleep under a tree.

Another time, Johnny came across a wolf caught in a trap. Johnny turned the wolf loose, and tended to its wounded leg. He might have forgotten all about it, if he hadn't been captured by the Shawnee Indians. They crowded around Johnny, looking at his coffee sack clothes and mushpot hat. They'd never seen anyone like him before. They didn't rightly know what to do with him. One of the

old chiefs, who was feeling poorly with a fever, lost his temper. He wanted to scalp Johnny on the spot, and no questions asked.

While the Shawnees were trying to make up their minds, there was a terrible snarling behind them. They scattered, yelling and carrying on, for that snarling was coming from a wolf. Johnny could tell right off it was the same one he'd saved from the trap.

"No need to run," said Johnny to the Indians, meanwhile petting the critter.

The wolf licked Johnny's hand and sat at his side. The Indians had never seen anything like it. They gave Johnny the run of their camp, sure that he was a medicine man. And Johnny was, in more ways than one. He knew all the forest plants that were good for sickness. He cured the old chief of his fever and had him up on his feet in a day.

After that, Johnny was a friend of the Indians, and the Indians were friends of his. They even made him a member of the tribe. Johnny stayed with them a while, then wandered on, the wolf trotting at his heels like a dog.

As time went by, folks stopped laughing at Johnny. He was welcome at the cabins of settlers in every corner of the wilderness. If anyone was sick, Johnny would care for him. He always brought some little present for the youngsters—a strange-shaped stone, maybe, or a piece of bright colored cloth for the girls.

It was miles between neighbors, out in the forest, and

Johnny carried news from one family to another. He carried another kind of news, too.

"I've got good news from heaven," he'd say to the folks when he came into a cabin. And he would read to them from the Bible he always carried with him.

But Johnny never forgot that his main business was planting apple trees. For forty years he walked the wilderness, moving over the big round apple of earth. The seeds he had planted grew into great spreading trees, heavy with good apples. One day, out Indiana way, he laid himself down under a tree he'd planted so long ago he couldn't remember when.

Johnny was an old man now. His beard was white, and his bones were tired. He watched the blossoms drifting in the soft breeze, falling on him and around him. Slowly his eyes closed, and he seemed to be floating down a long, lazy river. The twisty boughs of apple trees arched overhead, almost hiding the blue sky. Some of the trees were in blossom, and others were bent down with fruit.

Between the trees were fountains of sweet apple cider and wells of apple sass. There were little streams flowing with milk and honey, and bushes that grew apple turnovers and pies. Beside the streams, critters grazed in the green grass, all as friendly as you please. The panther lay next to the deer, and the foxes played with the rabbits. Folks wandered about, eating of the good things around them. The oldsters sat in the warm sun, and the young-

sters played at their games in the cool shadows. There were Indians and white folks and folks of all colors, mingling and laughing and having a time.

"It's a dream," said Johnny, "though it needn't be."

And Johnny knew that he would walk the big round apple of earth no more. He smiled, for he had done his work and it was good, and now he could take his rest. And as he dreamed his last dream, and breathed his last breath, he seemed to hear a song from somewhere far away:

Pound Royal, Golden Pippin, Maidenblush, Northern Spy,
For apple sass and cider, fritters and apple pie.
June Red, Roxbury Russet, Fall Wine, Punkin Sweet,
For apple butter and jelly, and to hold in the hand and eat.

Irwin Shapiro's book *Tall Tales of America* (Guild Press, 1958) contains stories of Paul Bunyan and his blue ox, John Henry, the steel drivin' man, Davy Crockett, and many other American folk heroes.

You may also want to read:

Pecos Bill: The Greatest Cowboy of All Times
by James C. Bowman (Albert Whitman, 1937)

New Tall Tales of Pecos Bill
by Harold Felton (Prentice-Hall, 1958)

Ol' Paul the Mighty Logger
by Glen Rounds (Holiday House, 1949)

Scottish Folk-Tales and Legends
by Barbara K. Wilson (Henry Z. Walck, 1954)

Tales from Silver Lands
by Charles J. Finger (Doubleday, 1924)

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Cape Cod Adventure

Elizabeth Coatsworth

CAPE COD ADVENTURE

by Elizabeth Coatsworth

A tower is always exciting. An old deserted lighthouse tower is even more exciting. When Lydia, Jean, and Mark discovered the lighthouse, they felt it would make their summer on Cape Cod complete. It was a place to play and dream and pretend.

But they did not know, as they started for the old tower on their last picnic of the season, that they would soon be marooned there, surrounded by a raging sea.

Cape Cod Adventure

BY ELIZABETH COATSWORTH

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE GOLDSTEIN

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Sea, Sand, and Sky

For the first few days the children were so busy getting to know Plum Daffy, the little cabin on Cape Cod where they were living for the summer, that they did not wander far afield. But one morning when the wind blew fresh and the sun had an exciting brightness to its shine, Jean suggested a picnic on the beach which lay across the marshes and dunes below their headland.

"We'll be gone all day and out of your way, Cousin Mary," she declared. "We'll make the sandwiches and everything ourselves. May we? Mark, where's your bathing suit, ducky? Lydia, if you make the peanut-butter-and-raspberry-jam sandwiches, I'll do the cheese

ones. May we take what's left of the apple pie? Oh, you *are* good to us!"

And Cousin Mary felt a pair of thin arms about her neck and a quick kiss on her cheek, as Jean went by.

They wore their jerseys and shorts over their bathing suits so as not to get sunburned, and the two girls each carried a basket. Mark, their little brother, started out with a ginger ale bottle; but as he soon put it down in the sand, Lydia added it to her own load.

"He's very little," she explained to Jean behind his back, but not low enough as it turned out.

"I'm not little. I'm big!" Mark declared, turning upon her like an indignant little lion.

"Of course you're big. You're enormous!" cried Jean. "Here, you can carry my basket, Mark, and show what a big boy you are."

Mark considered this.

"No," he declared.

His sisters laughed. They had chosen, not the path down the point which jutted out like the prow of a ship over the marsh, but the low path along its base. First they followed the river and then picked their way along the edge of the marsh.

They soon found that they had very lively company. The ground was covered with little crabs, some pinkish and some almost lavender. They ran madly about among the marsh grasses as the children approached, hiding behind shells or ducking sideways down their holes. Sometimes they left one claw outside waving threateningly.

"They look just like gnomes," cried Lydia delightedly. "Come on out; we won't hurt you."

But the crab which had peeked out shot back into his hole as Lydia looked at him.

Mark had gone off by himself and was standing perfectly quiet. Then he waved his hand at some crabs. He looked up to see his sisters' eyes on him.

"They like me," he said. "They wave at me."

Jean and Lydia tiptoed to where he was and, sure enough, there were quite a few crabs scuttling about on their ordinary affairs. Some had pincers and some didn't. The ones with pincers kept stopping and waving their big ones at the others. They looked just like people wigwagging.

"They're sending messages," whispered Jean. "I could spend the day watching them, but we *must* get down to the beach."

She threw up her arms, and all the crabs scuttled away. They made a dry rattling sound as they ran, and the children walked on until they came to a little higher land and a sandy path across the dunes to the shore.

There lay the long beach, with footprints on it but not a person in sight. Only the waves came in, breaking and seething up the beach; only a few sea gulls rose from something they had been eating. A long, long way off

stood the deserted lighthouse, with its white tower and the keeper's house below it, the windows shuttered now.

Down went the baskets and off came their outer clothes. Light and free in their bathing suits, they ran down to meet the sea.

Of course they played with the waves, each differently. Jean, who was the oldest, ran into the water almost up to her shoulders, and came in with the breakers. Lydia lay on the beach and let the waves seethe coolly up and over her. Mark sat down and splashed at the

ocean when it splashed at him. They all yelled; they all were wet; they all were happy.

After a while they wandered off up the beach. Jean rescued the big horseshoe crabs which the tide had brought in and left on their backs, helplessly wriggling their many legs and their long dangerous-looking tails. If the marsh crabs had been small, these were sometimes as big as Jean's head.

"I wouldn't dare touch one," declared Lydia, keeping her distance.

But Jean did dare. She picked them up by their bony tails and carried them out into deep water and set them down right-side-up and watched them move off like dragons.

"I can't leave them there to die," she said. "I've saved seven already."

Lydia preferred shells. She had put on her jersey again, to cover her neck and shoulders, and was exploring the high watermark on the beach. There were scallop shells like fans, and conch shells with colored lips; but Lydia was collecting bright yellow or silver or orange shells which were as thin and curving as flower petals. They were stronger than they looked, and in her pockets jingled almost like bells.

Mark preferred feathers—rather draggled ones, crows' or sea gulls'; it was all one to Mark. When they got hungry, which was soon, they ate their lunches, and left the baskets under a flowering beach pea at the edge of the sand.

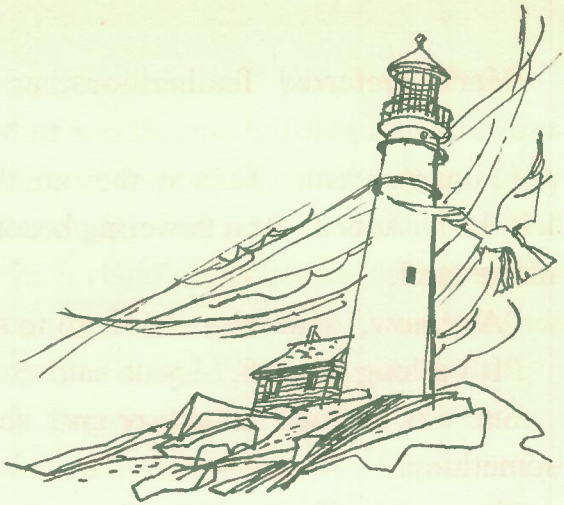
"And now," said Jean, "we'll go to the lighthouse."

"It's a long way off," Lydia said doubtfully.

She was inclined to be lazy until she got started on something.

"It won't be if we walk in the water," Jean insisted.

Lydia might have argued this, but in her heart she agreed. And the lighthouse fascinated her, too. Mark didn't care about lighthouses, but he didn't understand much about distances either. He started off cheerfully enough, splashing as he went. They had all put on their jerseys now, but they left their shorts with the lunch baskets so that they could wade as much as they wanted to. Jean carried the second bottle of ginger ale, to drink at the lighthouse.



The Tower

The trip was very beautiful. The tide was going out and the sky was reflected in the damp sand. Above the shallowing water appeared long sand bars which they had to explore, rousing flocks of sea gulls that were about to do the same thing. Jean had horseshoe crabs to rescue; Lydia was sometimes beckoned to by the bright wink of a shell on the beach. Mark more and more often sat suddenly and solidly down in the seethe of the waves.

"No," he declared when his sisters helped him to his feet, "I want to stay *here*."

And it required all their silkiest coaxings to lure him on any farther.

But undoubtedly the lighthouse was growing taller and taller against the sky. The windows in the tower were not shuttered. They stared out, narrow and vigilant, over the sea, over the land. A tower is always exciting: it means castles, or lonely coasts. An empty deserted tower is perhaps more exciting still.

In the end the girls almost had to drag Mark, not against his will but merely resting between their hot helping hands. A narrow walk led across the dunes, and that made it easier. Past the new steel tower which held the new mechanical light they trudged, past the boathouse, and up to the keeper's house. Here they had a great surprise; for a man came around the corner of the veranda and then stopped and looked at them, with surprise too.

"Well!" he said. "Aren't you all a long ways from home?"

Lydia was usually the one to answer strangers.

"We wanted to see the lighthouse," she explained.

The man laughed.

"Here it is," he said. "What's more, you can see the inside too—at least of the tower. One of the shutters in the shed is off, and the window will open. It leads right through a door to the stairs."

The children stared at him but didn't move.

"What's the matter?" the man asked. He was middle-aged and wore glasses, and there was an amused look around his mouth. "Are you afraid there's a ghost in there?"

"No," said Lydia indignantly, "but we don't think we ought to go into other people's towers without their permission. At least Jean and I don't think so; and Mark mostly doesn't think at all, so he doesn't count."

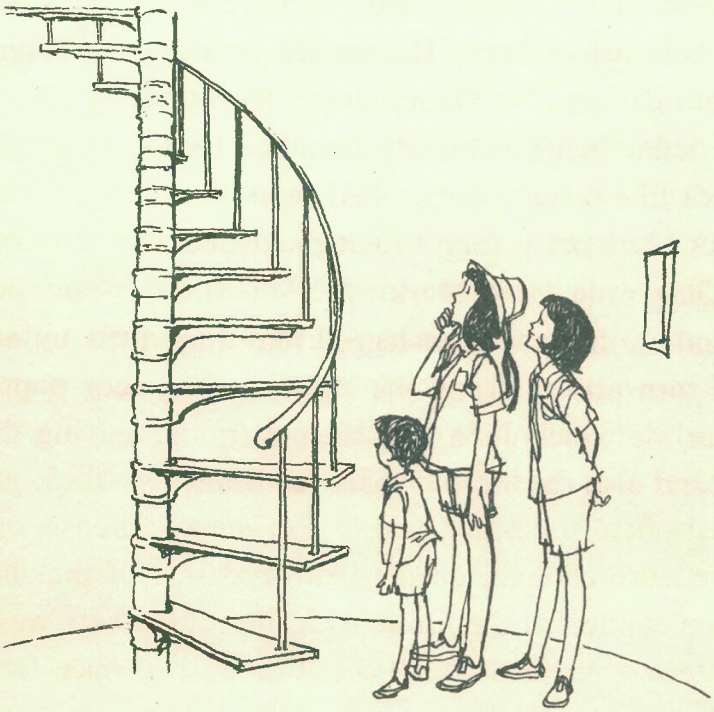
"Well, it's my tower and you have my permission," the man said. "Oh yes, I'm the Mr. Bradley who bought Harding's Light at the auction; but my family doesn't like it and I just came down to make sure it was all right. When I found the shutter off I thought at first I'd have a new one put on, and then I decided that *someone* might as well enjoy the tower. And you have my permission to come as often as you want to. I'm on my way back now, but I'll help you up with the young man if you like. The window's a little high."

After that there was no hesitation. Even Mark galloped off to the other side of the keeper's house, and there, sure enough, on the landward side of the shed which connected the house with the tower there was a shutterless window which could be pushed open from

the outside. Jean scrambled in first; then the owner, with Lydia's help, boosted Mark up to her and, last, he gave Lydia a little helpful shove too.

"Have a good time, and use the tower often," Mr. Bradley said in generous farewell, raised his hat, and was gone.

They were in a narrow passage with a door at either end. The door into the house was padlocked, but the



one into the tower opened at a turn of the handle. It was like being on the inside of an enormous white candle—their candle, their tower. An iron staircase wound upward, round and round like the curve of a drill; and up they went, into a round glassed-in room at the top.

The light was gone; but there was a trap door which could be let down, making a solid floor, and a heap of cushions to sit on. They made themselves cozy, as high in the air as a sea gull flies, with light and wind and space all about them, and the broad sea and the pine-clad land below them. They could see motorboats and oyster rafts on the river, no larger than toys.

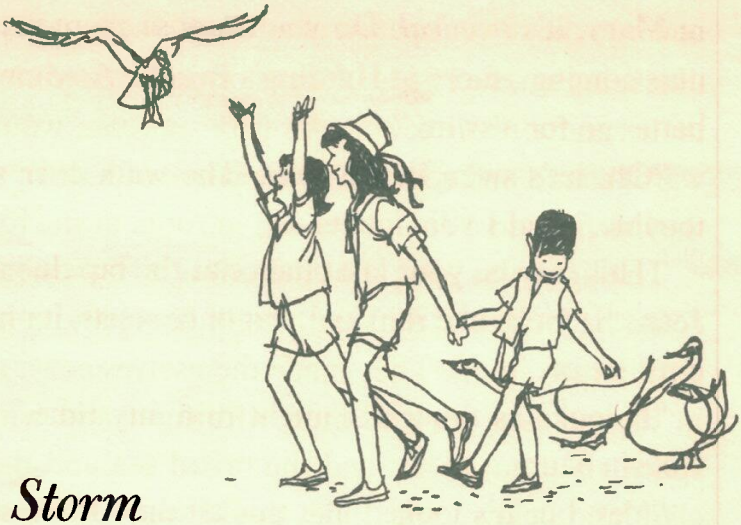
"It's like being an angel," breathed Lydia.

"It's like being a bird," said Jean.

But Mark never forgot to be practical.

"Ginger ale," said Mark.

And so they sat cross-legged like three little tailors and, turn about, drank the rather warm, very poppy ginger ale which Jean had been carrying, leaving the last, and also the largest, share for Mark.



The Storm

Throughout the summer the children played in the tower, explored the oyster beds in the river's mouth, and swam in the sea. Bill, an almost tame sea gull, accompanied them on most of their explorations. Even Major, with his hurt wing, became friendly. Major and Mrs. Major were a pair of stately wild geese that had made their home near Plum Daffy.

Then one very queer afternoon, the sky grew dark. The air was hotter and muggier than on any day they had had that summer, and yet it was late in September and soon they would have to be leaving.

"I expect to see a monkey at any minute. Why, Cous-

in Mary, it's *tropical.* Do you suppose there are coconuts coming ashore at Harding's Beach? Anyhow, we'd better go for a swim."

"Oh, let's swim in the river. The walk over will be terrible," said Lydia lazily.

"This may be your last chance at the beach," argued Jean. "It looks like rain and, if it once starts, it may rain until we go."

"It looks as though it might rain any time," added Cousin Mary.

"Yes, but it's looked like this all day. If we start to get wet, we'll just come home. Mark, you want to go, don't you, ducky? Lydia, we'll take some sandwiches to eat after our swim."

So, marshaling her little army, Jean set out. Lydia wanted a few more shells. Mark still hoped to see the whale he'd been looking for all summer. So, for their own reasons, her companions were not too rebellious. Still, Jean recognized the value of a good commissariat and hastily packed a basket, not taking time for sandwiches, as it turned out, but tucking in an ample supply of crackers, fig newtons, one leftover doughnut, two pieces of rather dry cake, three bottles of Coca-Cola—for all of which they were very grateful later on.

But as they trudged along the shore of the river and across the marsh and dunes, the basket seemed made of lead and was passed often from Jean to Lydia and back to Jean again. The air was more than plain hot. The sky was more than plain gray. There was the funniest feeling of waiting everywhere, as though each bush and stone knew that something was about to happen. And this waiting wasn't a waiting for any pleasant happening, either. It was uneasy.

Perhaps what made the three children feel the atmosphere most was something that happened at the very beginning of their walk. As they clumped down the steps to the beach, they saw Major and Mrs. Major at the edge of the river. They stared at the children with their bright far-seeing eyes, and then beat their wings and rose slowly and heavily into the air, circled once over the river, and flew off inland.

"They didn't say good-by," cried Mark.

"They're coming back tonight," said Jean, but Lydia shook her head.

"No, they were escaping, Jean. And they went inland."

"I didn't know Major could fly." Jean turned the subject a little. She felt uneasy herself.

"I've seen Major fly. Across the river. But I didn't tell," said Mark, now that the secret was out.

There was something wonderful about having Major able to fly. Any other day—on a windy day maybe—if the geese had flown up honking and gone south on their migration, it would have been glorious. But this silence, flying off in the heat, and flying north in the wrong direction for migration, made the children uneasy.

There were no sea gulls about except Bill, whom they had left close to the kitchen door. No crows flapped over the marsh. Even the shore larks and the song sparrows were silent and hidden.

"We'll just have one swim and come back and eat our picnic on the point," suggested Jean.

But, once they were on the beach, it was cooler. The rollers were high and the sand was wet underfoot. A wind had begun to come up from the southeast and the spray blew on the children refreshingly, like the spray of a fountain. By the time they had had their swim, they all—even Mark—wanted to go on to the lighthouse for a final farewell picnic in its airy heights. The basket seemed lighter, and the silence which had touched them on the river was broken here by the sound of the sea.

Quite cheerfully they started out, walking along in

the seethe of the waves as was their custom. They were more than halfway to the lighthouse before the change became noticeable. It had been growing windier right along; but now a gust seemed to come right up out of the sand, raising Jean's hair straight over her head and relapsing as quickly as it had come. Then the wind began again, stronger and stronger. The dry sand on the upper beach commenced to whirl and fly, thick and fast and stingingly. The spray, too, was driving at the children almost like hail.

"Let's go home!" wailed Mark.

But, as they turned, the beach seemed wiped out with flowing sand and flowing spray.

"It's nearer to the lighthouse," shouted Jean above the storm. "Come on, Mark; be a big boy now. Jean and Lydia will hold your hands."

"I'm going to leave the basket," gasped Lydia, who was finding the going hard.

But Jean was the oldest. After all, she was in charge and she had a vague feeling that they would need the basket. She grabbed it and staggered on, pulling at the stumbling and complaining Mark.

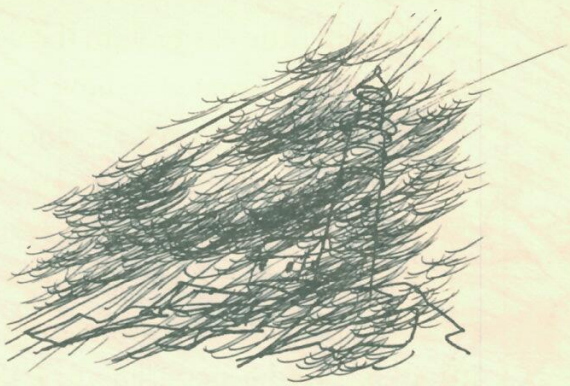
Out of the black sky the rain came pouring. They could hear the wind whistle far overhead like wind in a

rigging. The flattened sea was being piled upward along the beach in a mass. The sand, half dry, half wet, was still spinning against their faces and their almost closed eyes. Mark was crying as they struggled along, bent nearly double. They couldn't see the lighthouse at all.

"We can't make it!" panted Lydia, once when they stopped to catch their breath.

"We can't go back!" Jean was grim. She leaned down, shouting to Mark, "Come on, Mark!" and started off, pulling and struggling like the leader of a dog team throwing itself into harness, breaking out the sled, dragging the rest of the team after it.

Lydia rallied to her help; and Mark stumbled forward, half walking, half hauled along; and the rain and sand baffled and buffeted them and blinded them and the sea rose higher and higher as the land seemed to sink from sight under the onslaught.



Marooned

They had lost all sense of time and of distance. But they struggled on. Perhaps they would have dragged themselves to the end of the point and found themselves too exhausted to return if Lydia, peering through the heavy air about them, had not in some whirl of its awful curtain caught a glimpse of the steel framework of the automatic light, somewhere to their left.

By the time she had stopped Jean and screamed the news to her through the screaming storm, there was nothing to be seen; but Jean knew it was their one chance. Desperately the children turned inland. The

going was a little easier with the wind quartering against them, but they seemed to have lost the lighthouse.

This time it was Mark who first stumbled on the boardwalk, or an uncovered part of it, which led to safety. Once on the walk, they were able to follow it whether they could see ahead of them or not. By this time Mark was scarcely able even to stumble along, and it took all Lydia's courage to half carry him as well as herself. Jean hung onto Mark with one hand and onto the basket with the other.

It seemed a long time before they bumped into the keeper's house. Dumbly they edged about it, and suddenly in its lee they found refuge: the wind, the sand, the driven spray, roared past them and overhead. They heard them shriek by the tower; they heard the groan and creaking of the house, but in the shelter of the building they could stand upright again and wipe the sand out of their eyes.

When they had rested for a little while they pried open their special window and climbed in as usual, except that poor Mark was so tired out that he had to be lifted almost like a dead weight; and Jean, instead of pulling him up by the hands from the window above, had to come down again and help Lydia boost from

below. But somehow they got into the shed, with the picnic basket too, and closed the window behind them.

For a while they just sat there on the floor in the dim light and rested. The shed was strongly built, but it creaked and groaned and shook under the continual buffeting of the wind. Sometimes there were loud knockings and scrapings as one thing or another was hurled against the building from outside; but the shutters of the windows looking out over the sea were all securely fastened, and nothing happened to the children but to be shaken by the constant shaking of the building which trembled like a dog in a cold wind.

Mark could not be long so frightened and tired that he would forget the picnic basket. Almost lost in the sounds of the storm, the girls heard a well-known rustling of waxed paper and cried "Mark!" together; but, as often before, they decided that eating wouldn't be a bad idea, once Mark had brought it to their minds.

Jean, however, took charge of the food.

"It's as though we were on a desert island," she shouted to them, explaining. "We don't know *how* long we'll be here, but we mustn't eat up everything at once. We'll have the cake now. It's got a lot of sand in it because the paper blew off. And we'll open only one bottle

of Coca-Cola and drink it *after* the cake. I'm not very thirsty. See if you can save a little at the bottom of the bottle for later."

Eating *was* a good idea, even sandy cake. And they all felt better afterward. The two girls saved Coca-Cola and the bottle went to Mark half full, but of course he drank it all. He wasn't old enough to understand about keeping anything for later.

After the picnic they went to sleep for a while in a heap like three kittens. When they woke up there was another sound added to the creakings and bangings and whistlings they already knew. This was a sort of cautious lapping and hissing and slapping.

Lydia's eyes opened wide.

"I believe, Jean, the sea's come," she said in a rather unsteady voice.

Mark began to open his mouth for a good yell.

"Then we're on a real island," Jean cut in quickly. "Real as Robinson Crusoe's. I'm Robinson Crusoe because I'm oldest, and Lydia's good man Friday, and, Mark, you can be the goat and butt people and bleat and things."

Mark began to bleat and butt violently.

"Perhaps we'd better go up in the tower and see

what's happening. I'm sure Robinson Crusoe would have," said Jean.

"What about the glass windows up there?" asked Lydia.

"I think it's all right, Friday. They're too high for things to blow against them and, anyway, the tower's strong. Maybe we'd better get out of the shed."

Lap, lap, went the water against the walls, and up the iron stairs of the lighthouse went the children: Jean first, with the basket; then Lydia; and last of all Mark, still intent on bleating and butting. With such an active goat so near, Friday didn't have much time to notice the louder whistle of the wind as they climbed.

When they came to the glass room they found that sand and spray had coated the windows on the side toward the sea, but they could still look out in the other direction. They leaned against the shaking glass and gazed down, but there were neither dunes nor marsh below them. The Sound stretched in one continual heaving surface straight into the river. They were on an island indeed, and the girls wondered uneasily just how firm an island it was.

"If the glass breaks we'll be carried off," said Jean in Lydia's ear. "What do you think, Friday?"

"I'd rather be carried off than have to sit on those iron stairs all night, Robinson Crusoe," returned Lydia, shouting too. Now that she had seen the worst, her fear had somehow left her. This was this. They were marooned. They couldn't get home. No one could come to them. There wasn't anything to do. She arranged some pillows for herself, and made herself comfortable.

"Stop bleating, goat, and cuddle down."

Jean sighed, and put the basket well out of Mark's

reach. She felt the same way about the iron stairs. Still it was nice to have Lydia say so. The water might carry the shed away. The wind might carry the glass away. The stairs were safest but, oh, how uncomfortable!

She looked at the iron ring of the trap door and at Mark. If the glass started to crack she must get the trap door up and push Mark, at least, onto the stair. Maybe Lydia and she could crawl down later. Like Lydia, she made up her mind once and for all, and left the rest to the storm.

Night came early and they lighted a candle end which they had once brought to the lighthouse when they were playing at being lighthouse keepers.

"Cousin Mary maybe will see it and know we're still all right," said Jean.

"I wonder where Bill is."

"Oh, Cousin Mary'd take him into the entry. I wonder if the cats are all right so close to the river?"

"Maybe they've gone to spend the night at Captain Dan's."

"I suppose Major and Mrs. Major found shelter inland. Do you suppose they knew what was going to happen?"

"Everyone knew it—except us."

"What will Daddy be thinking?"

"Maybe they won't have this wind in Boston—or not so strong anyhow. But if they do, he'll be terribly worried. Even then, he won't guess we're at Harding's Beach."

Mark bleated sleepily.

"This will be something to tell our children."

"Our grandchildren too."

"Maybe our great-grandchildren . . ." Lydia's voice trailed off into silence.

"Maybe our great-great-grandchildren."

There was no answer from Lydia.

"Lydia—I mean Friday—are you asleep?"

Still silence.

"Lydia, are you asleep?"

Silence.

"Well, I'm not going to stay here awake all alone," declared Jean with determination.

And, curling up like the others, she, too, went to sleep, while the wind shrieked and the tower trembled and the sea hissed below them at the foundations of their refuge.

Home Again

During the night the hurricane died down. The gusts came more and more infrequently and with less violence. With the going out of the tide the sea, too, slowly withdrew to its proper place. When Lydia woke in the morning and looked down, there was sand below her, strewn with refuse of all kinds, and the early sun was shining and the air was still.

"Jean! Jean!" she shouted. "Wake up! It's all right! The water's gone back and the storm's over."

Jean for once was slow to waken; but she did, at last, and then roused Mark, who began bleating.

"No, Mark!" declared Lydia. "We're not *on* an island any more. Look down. See? There isn't any more water and you're not a goat now. Just Mark."

"Mark, who's going to eat his breakfast," Jean added briskly.

She had saved the fig newtons for the morning, and the last bottle of Coca-Cola—a rather sweet and sticky breakfast, but no one minded. When they had finished, they left everything in order in their tower and hurried down the circling stairs and out through their window, closing it well behind them.

The sand under their feet was wet with many pools and rivulets. Seaweed, straw, twigs, and bits of pine branches were caught in the dune grasses and beach-pea vines. There were splinters of wood and pieces of furniture, a paring knife, a broom, a window curtain, and a dead fish. They couldn't wait to examine anything, because they were so anxious to get home. Once they did stop for a moment to stare at a fishing boat upright between two dunes as though its master had beached it there, far inland.

They were almost at their usual turn when they came upon a chair. It was a large mahogany chair with a horsehair seat. It stood at high watermark on carved

feet, facing squarely toward the sea. The only sign of its experiences was a festoon of seaweed draped across one of its arms.

Solemnly, in turn, each child sat in it and made a wish, and gazed for a moment across the water which it faced so resolutely. In that chair they felt the strangeness of the night, all summed up. But they could not linger. They saw distant figures coming toward them: Cousin Mary and, yes, Daddy . . . (He must have driven half the night, who knows past what fallen trees and over what entanglements of telephone and electric-light wires!) And there was Captain Dan—oh, they were all of them safe and coming to find the children. Even Bill was with them, flying overhead.

Jean and Lydia each caught Mark by a hand, so that he wouldn't be left behind, and began running toward the others, calling out their names joyously as they ran.

Lydia, Jean, and Mark had many exciting adventures that summer on Cape Cod. Elizabeth Coatsworth writes of the rest of their summer vacation in her book *Plum Daffy Adventure* (Macmillan, 1947).

You may also want to read:

Gone-Away Lake
by Elizabeth Enright (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1957)

Five Boys in a Cave
by Richard Church (John Day, 1951)

Mystery of Eel Island
by Irene Bowen (Lippincott, 1961)

Blanche of the Blueberry Barrens
by Anne Molloy (Hastings House, 1959)

Wonders of the World between the Tides
by Norman H. Wakeman (Dodd, Mead, 1961)

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WALT DISNEY'S
COUGAR

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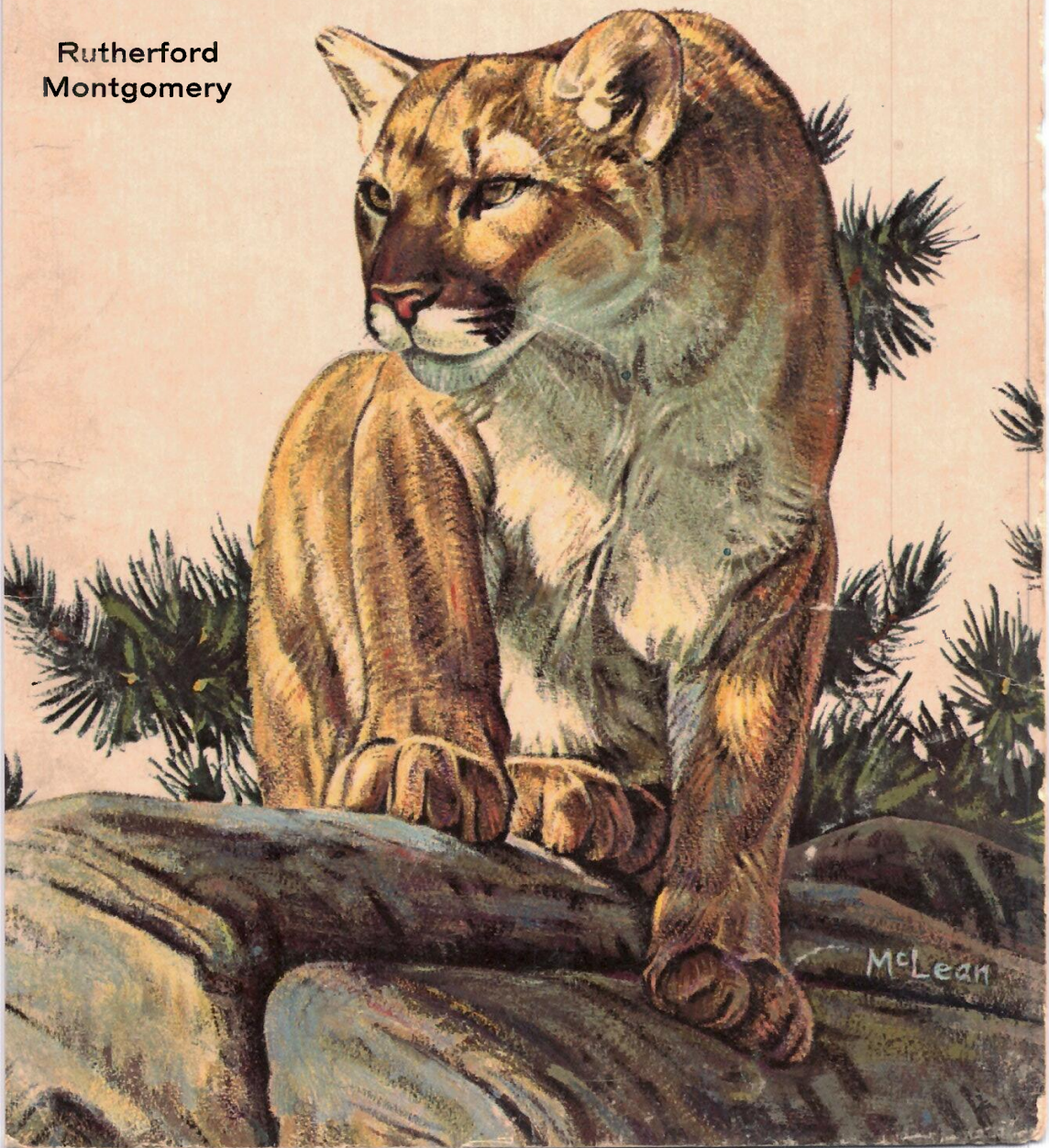


WALT DISNEY'S

COUGAR

by Rutherford Montgomery

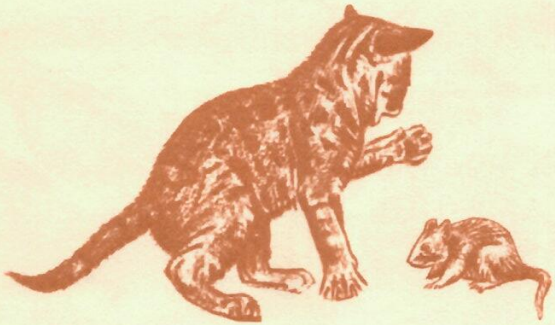
The cougar was the mightiest hunter of them all. She feared no animal on the mountain. Only man—with his deadly rifle and tireless trail hounds—was a match for her.

But Tawny and Chimbica, her two sons, were as yet only small spotted kittens. Their spitting and growling did not even frighten the pack rat that shared their cave. As small a hunter as a weasel could easily kill such small kittens.

Beyond the cave was a wide world of surprise and adventure. But there were dangers as well for Tawny and Chimbica.

Cougar

WALT DISNEY'S
COUGAR



BY RUTHERFORD MONTGOMERY

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1

The Challenge

The smells and the sounds of spring filled the air, and life stirred everywhere. The ice and snow of winter had retreated far up the mountain, where the deep banks would make a stubborn stand against the warm wind and the sun. On the north slopes, above the timberline, the snow would remain all summer.

The sweep of the mountains formed a big, majestic arc, their gray granite peaks outlined sharply against the deep blue sky. Below the naked granite was a belt of balsam, spruce, and pine; lower lay a belt of aspen, with new leaves rustling in the mountain breeze.

Here in the aspen belt were meadows and parks already green with new grass and spotted with clumps of columbine and plumes of fiery paintbrush. This was the warm

growing season, when every plant and bush and blade of grass pushed upward with an urgency that made changes appear overnight. The season was a short one, and seed had to set and ripen before the sudden frosts of early fall.

Nor was there less urgency among the dwellers of bush and meadow. This was a time for mating and borning, for building dens and nests. Chipmunks dashed about, gathering dry grass for nests, or seeking the seeds of the past fall to feed babies already born. Even the golden mantle chips, fat fellows who usually sat and looked out over the tops of the grass, were busy. The yellow-bellied whistlers, watched over by a lone sentinel, hurried their meals to regain the fat they had lost during the winter. Cousin to the woodchuck, these marmots never lived far from a rock pile or a granite-slide run.

A mule deer doe lay in a thicket close to the edge of a park. A hundred yards deeper in the thicket her fawn was curled up under a clump of buckbrush. Wind stirred the leaves above and the sunlight made dappled patterns of shadow over the little fawn, mingling its spotted coat with the green background.

At evening, the hunters and the hunted came out. Among the hunters were the large killers—the bobcat, the coyote, the fox, and the mighty cougar. The smaller killers —the weasel, the mink, and the marten—searched for rabbits and mice and sleeping birds. They, too, had young to feed. The hunted had only one defense to keep them from

disappearing altogether. They raised large families every summer.

The mightiest hunter of them all came to the edge of a high mesa, a half-mile below the spot where the doe was bedded down. A moment later another moved out of a thicket. The cougar and her mate were out early, both hungry after a two-day fast. They were king cats; they feared none among the killers of the wild.

For days the she-cat had been feeling the need to stay close to her den. The time was near when she would mother a brood of baby cougars. Her desire to stay close to the den had kept her and her mate from hunting. But she had at last given in, and the two were out for an evening hunt. As they paused on the mesa she growled softly and looked back toward the mountain.

The male was gazing down at a great valley, and this made the she-cat uneasy. The tall-grass country below was sheep country and out of bounds for her. She was older than the male and wiser. She knew about the hunter and his rifle, and the lion hounds who protected the sheep.

Her mate moved away along the edge of the mesa. The she-cat stayed where she was. Deer and rabbits were her game, and here in the aspen belt was the place to find them. Down on the sheep range she would have to pit her wits against the only force she feared—man.

There had always been a truce between the she-cat and the state hunter. He was not an exterminator. If a cougar

stayed in the high country, off the sheep or the cattle range, he did not hunt it.

From far below, the she-cat heard the baying of hounds. The state hunter was riding the upper reaches of the sheep range with his lion dogs. The she-cat called after her mate —an anxious, demanding call. He moved faster, paying no attention to her. His stride lengthened to a lope and he vanished into an aspen grove. He had caught the smell of sheep carried upward on the evening breeze. The she-cat melted back into the underbrush, where she froze and listened. The hounds were trained to chase nothing except cougars. If they sounded the cry of the hot trail, she would know that trouble had come to her mate and to herself.

That cry floated up to her, but she did not move. The chase was out of sight, but she followed it as clearly as though she could see her streaking mate and the pack

bounding after him. He had turned toward the mountain. She knew he would soon be forced to seek refuge in a tree. The instant he did, the dogs' chorus changed to mad barking, and the sounds did not move up the slope.

The she-cat remained intent, her entire body motionless, waiting. Minutes ticked away, a quarter-hour, twenty minutes. Then she heard the sharp crack of a rifle. The sound struck the cliff above her and echoed back in a staccato burst. Immediately the she-cat came to life. She turned and bounded away up the slope, while from below came the savage barking and snarling of the hounds. This time it was the cry of the kill; the lust for the blood of their most hated enemy. The she-cat kept going, heading toward her cave. She forgot her hunger. In a very short time she would become a mother.

Far below, at the base of a gnarled cottonwood tree, Charlie Winters, the state hunter, was pulling his hounds off the carcass of the big male cougar. The hounds backed away, but the lone Airedale got hold of a foot and tugged, and Charlie kicked him loose.

"Your cockiness will cost you plenty one of these days," Charlie Winters said.

The pack horse snorted fearfully, but did not shy away. Charlie roped the dead lion to the saddle. Somebody would prize that hide and head as a rug.

All the same, Charlie could not help feeling a pang of regret. He hated to kill so beautiful an animal. Besides, the

cougar contributed much to the wildlife of the West. It was not good to break up the system of checks and balances set up by nature. The cougar kept the deer alert and fleet. Without the cougar's constant threat, the deer would become as slow and clumsy as cattle. The beauty of their high-bounding flight would be lost. Without the cougar and the bobcat, the rabbits could become a plague. But when a cougar became a rogue—a sheep and cattle killer—it had to be hunted down and killed.

Charlie knew this cougar had been young and inexperienced—ignorant of the ways of man, and of man's determination to protect his cattle and sheep. The cougar had learned too late about the deadly trail hounds and the deadlier rifle. If he had been able to escape with only a flesh wound, he might have changed his ways. On the other hand, he might have become more cocky, more sure he was master. Charlie mounted his horse and started off, trailing the pack animal.

The trail hounds ran ahead, eager to find another cougar trail and start another chase. They passed below the mesa where the cougars had parted. Only the Airedale ran high enough to cut the trail of the she-cat, and he was no trail hound. He did not even hesitate as he ran across the place where the she-cat had stood and listened—learning of her mate's tragic end.

2

The Cave

The cave had been the den of cougars for many generations. It was dry and roomy, opening upon a narrow ledge which kept most wandering animals from passing close to its mouth. The floor of the cave was littered with dry bones, most of them bleached white, and some older than the she-cat herself. There were feathers, too, and bits of dry skin, and the feet of a grouse. All of this litter was at least one season old. The she-cat had not had time to hunt.

Now, as she returned to her den, she was in a frenzy to build a nest for her kittens. Once there had been a nest, but most of it had been carried off by a pack rat. The pack rat had selected a crevice in the back wall of the cave for his home. Here, two feet above the floor of the cave, he had

built his house from the litter of the cougar's nest. He had added sticks and straw and nettles from the meadow below the cave. Inside his house he had stored his treasures —bright stones, nuts, pine cones, and other small things that struck his fancy. He had made a small opening in the house from which he could keep an eye on what was going on. He considered the cave his private domain. When he saw the she-cat, he squeaked with anger. He even thumped his hind feet on the stick floor of his house.

The she-cat looked up. She was not interested in the angry pack rat, but in his house. Rearing up on her hind feet, she sent the house tumbling down with a sweep of her paw. The pack rat's treasures spilled over the floor and he scrambled among them, kicking wildly. He darted away, hurdling the cat's long tail, and scaled the back wall. From a perch close to the ceiling he squeaked his wrath. He was wooing a female who lived in another cave, and now he had no house to bring her to.

The she-cat paid no attention to him. She kicked the house into a corner and shaped the mass into a crude nest. Her two sons, Tawny and Chimbica, were born in that nest. They came into the world as two small balls of spotted fur, their eyes tightly shut. Mother licked them and caressed them.

Even for a cougar, this was the time of greatest danger. As small a hunter as a weasel could easily kill such tiny kittens. A marten would make short work of them, and so

would a fox or a coyote. Mother must see that they survived these first weeks of helplessness. To do this she must stay with them, and that meant days of hunger.

The pack rat realized that the big cat had come to stay, along with two small cats. But he was a stubborn fellow. He began building another house, closer to the ceiling, high enough to make him feel safe. He could follow a small seam of rock around to the entrance of the cave and avoid being snapped up. His problem now was to lure the female rat away from her suitors and impress her with his new house. And, if he ever got a chance, he would recover his treasures.

Days passed, and Mother grew thinner. Hunger gnawed inside her, but it was not as strong as her love for her little ones. Her ribs began to show under her tawny hide, and her eyes flamed when she stood in the cave opening and looked down upon the big meadow where food could be had for the hunting. But she would not leave her babies unless her milk started to diminish. When that time came, she would have to seek food.

Two days before the kittens opened their eyes, Mother ventured out on the ledge and lay down. Looking down, she saw the three deer that fed in the meadow every night. One was a buck, the other two were does. The does' nervous movements, the quick and watchful way they lifted their heads at short intervals, told her that they had fawns hidden nearby. But it was the buck that she watched most

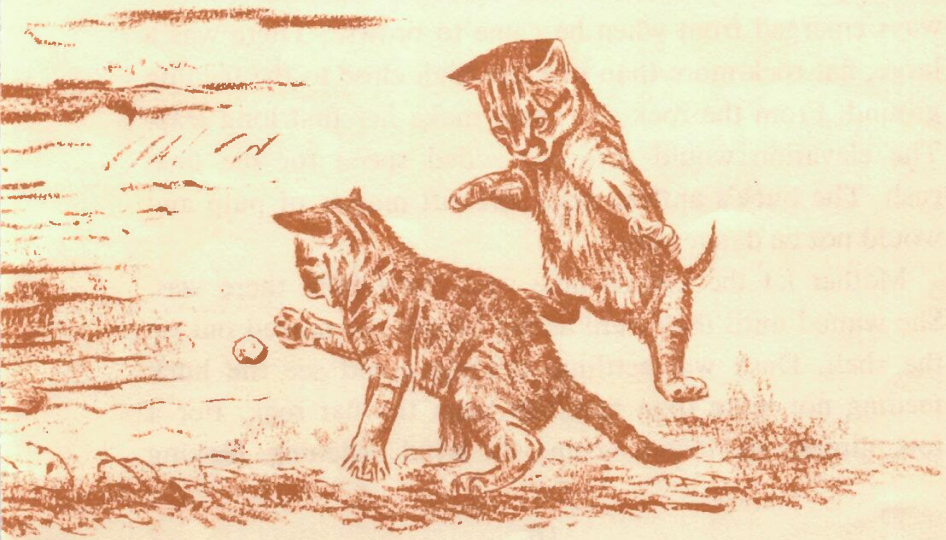
closely. Her yellow eyes stayed on him until night fell and his form was only a dark shadow.

She licked her lips as she turned back to the cave to suckle her babies. Some evening, and very soon, she would have to risk leaving them while she struck down the buck and revived her fading strength. If she did not, the lack of milk would kill the kittens as surely as the fangs of a marten. But that night there was still milk and she knew she could wait a little longer.

When Tawny and Chimbica, the kittens, opened their eyes, the cave was their whole world. They whined with hunger, for Mother's milk was getting low. They were wobbly on their feet, but they wanted to explore. Their spike tails hoisted, they clambered about.

From his new house, the pack rat watched them. He had been able to recover only a few of his treasures. The thing he prized most, a round white stone the size of a wild plum, lay half-hidden among the sticks and straw of the cougar's nest. The pack rat longed to get the stone. It would certainly impress his new bride when he brought her home from the neighboring cave.

Tawny and Chimbica were clumsy fellows. They tried to leap, but their aim was always bad. They tussled with each other, but their blows never landed where they were intended. Already it was clear that Tawny would be the larger, but it was also clear that he would not be so serious and aggressive as Chimbica. To Chimbica a tussle was a fight, to Tawny it was a game to be played.



3

The Kill

The time had come for Mother to go out and make a kill. She had watched the mule deer buck every evening. She had checked the area where he fed; she knew the thicket he always emerged from when he came to browse. There was a large, flat rock more than five feet high close to the feeding ground. From the rock she could make her first long leap. The elevation would give her added speed for the final rush. The buck's antlers were still soft masses of pulp and would not be dangerous.

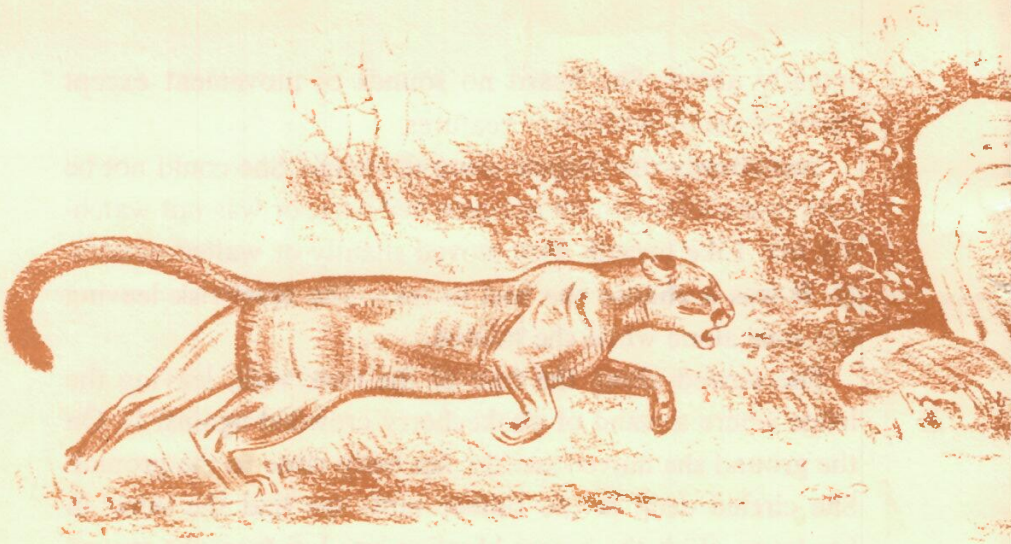
Mother let the kittens take what little milk there was. She waited until they were asleep before she moved out on the shelf. Dusk was settling, but she could see the buck feeding not more than fifty feet from the flat rock. For a few minutes she stood, testing the wind, listening, looking

intently about. She heard no sounds of movement except those of small scurrying creatures.

Soundlessly she slipped along the ledge. She could not be sure that a killer would not pass her cave, or was not watching her. Like herself, they moved silently or waited patiently. It was a chance she had to take. She must risk leaving her sons alone while she hunted.

She moved along the face of the rock wall, leaving the ledge where a stand of chokecherry crowded against it. On the ground she moved swiftly, her belly close to the ground. She circled deep in the timber until she had the wind in her favor. With the breeze blowing into her face, she moved toward the flat rock. If the buck caught one whiff of her scent he would be off at a speed she could not match. It was the short, savage rush—no more than three leaps—aided by the element of surprise, that would give her the prize. Keeping herself screened by bushes, she moved forward.

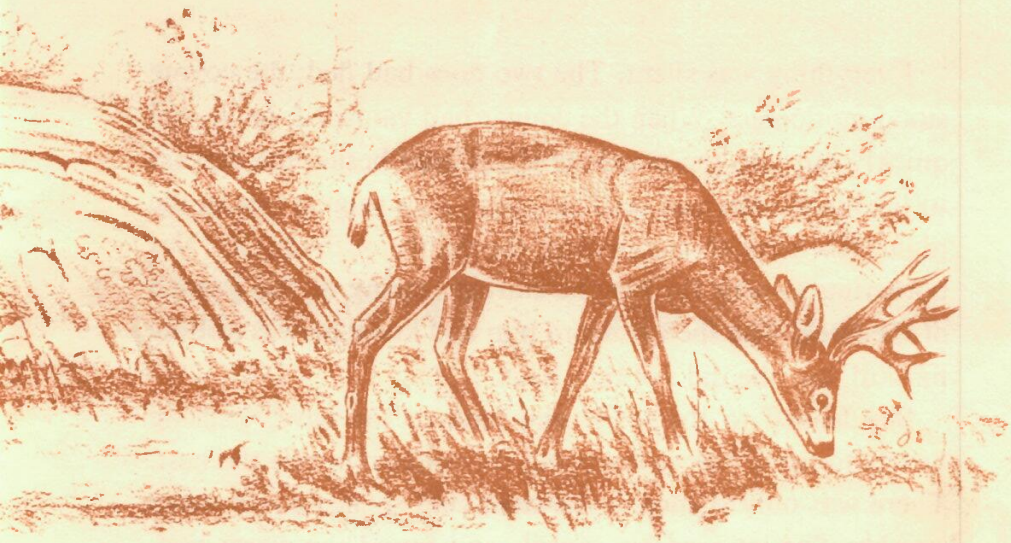
She paused once when she caught the scent of a coyote, and waited until she had him located. She wanted to make sure he was not headed toward the cave. The coyote was aware of her presence and knew what she was up to. He watched her closely to make sure that she was really hunting. If she was out to make a kill, she would leave behind a cache of venison, which he could raid. He was hopeful, because he, too, had seen the buck. Satisfied that the coyote was not headed for the cave, Mother moved again.



She leaped upon the big rock. The instant her great pads landed, she flattened herself and lay motionless. The buck's head came up and he listened and looked. He had caught a fleeting glimpse of movement, but he did not see the she-cat. Her color blended with that of the rock, and as long as she did not move, he could not see her.

The buck's head went down again, and he began feeding. The she-cat could hear him chomping while he snipped the tops from bushes and weeds. Her head came up and she stared intently into the meadow. She could not spend the usual amount of time in setting up a kill. She must hurry. She dare not stay away from the cave too long.

The buck had his rump toward her, and his head was down. This was his most vulnerable moment. The she-cat's



powerful muscles corded and tightened; she drew her legs under her. Then she leaped high and far, a full twenty feet. The instant her pads hit the ground, she leaped again.

Her third leap brought her smashing down upon the back of the buck. Her two hundred pounds of muscle and sinew drove him to the ground. Her long hind claws raked his flanks. Her forepaws reached forward and found the muzzle. A swift, powerful jerk snapped the buck's neck, and death was mercifully sudden.

Within a few seconds, the big cat was taking the first fruits of her kill—the warm blood of her victim. After that she tore at the carcass, bolting down large pieces of venison. Her savage hunger satisfied, she tore off a large piece of meat and loped away across the meadow.

Everything was silent. The two does had fled; the coyote stood motionless. When the cougar had vanished, he moved quickly out into the meadow. He paused beside the carcass to lift his muzzle and send an eager yelp ringing out in the night. His mate answered from the depths of the forest. Not bothering to wait for her, he started tearing at the paunch of the buck. The she-cat heard him and knew he was raiding her kill, but she did not turn back.

She leaped to the ledge and entered the cave, pausing briefly to listen before dropping the venison beside the nest. There was only silence in the cave, and silence could mean tragedy. She lowered her muzzle and found the warm bodies of her sons curled up in sleep.

Tawny and Chimbica roused at her touch. They were hungry; they had been hungry even before they fell asleep. They sniffed the bloodstains on Mother's cheeks and mewed loudly. Mother placed the venison near them, licked it, then licked their muzzles. They spat and growled, but their little tongues came out at once. Soon they, too, were licking the venison, and before long Chimbica was tugging at it.

Mother curled up beside them and closed her eyes. She had triumphed over the first dangerous period in raising her sons. There would be many more, but, like all wild things, she never worried about the future. She might keep these young ones with her longer than was usual, for she might not find another mate in time to raise a family the next season.

4

Danger from the Sky

The pack rat was becoming desperate. He wanted to recover his white stone. He had put off bringing his bride home longer than he should. He looked down from his house. Mother was sleeping in the nest; Tawny and Chimbica were playing on the floor. His eyes fastened upon the white stone, which lay near the litter of sticks and grass that made up the nest. The black tip of Mother's tail brushed the stone gently. Even in her sleep, the tip of her tail always jerked. Suddenly, her tail moved sharply, flipping the round stone across the floor of the cave.

Tawny scurried after it. He batted it with his paw, sending it sliding toward the cave entrance. But as Tawny crouched to leap after it, Chimbica jumped upon his back, and they rolled over and over, biting and hissing.

This looked like the chance the pack rat had been waiting for. He darted out of his house, scampered down to the floor, and raced for the stone. He had trouble getting it into his mouth but he finally managed it, and turned to retreat to his house. But Tawny and Chimbica had seen him. They both charged, and he was cut off. All he could do was scramble out of the cave. The two kittens chased after him, eager to pounce upon the moving creature. It was the first time they had ever stalked anything alive.

The pack rat ran along the ledge, with Tawny and Chimbica close behind him. He darted up a pile of stones that had fallen from the wall. Bounding into a crevice, he crawled far back out of sight, still clutching his prize.

Tawny and Chimbica sniffed about, looking for the pack rat. Never before had they been outside the cave. They knew nothing of the danger that lay in frisking about in the open during the day.

High up in the cloudless sky, a golden eagle soared. Like a glider plane, the eagle took advantage of warm air drafts to circle without beating his wings. The eagle's eyes searched the ground below, watching for the movement that meant life. His prey was any small animal, like a rabbit, or even a fairly large one, like a fawn, that had foolishly left cover.

The eagle's hard eyes caught movement on the ledge below, and banking, he folded his wings and went into a steep dive. His method was to strike a stunning blow with

his heavy breastbone. Then he would seize and carry off his victim with his great talons. The timing had to be exact. The eagle had to check his dive before he hit the rocks below; he must strike his victim but not smash himself.

Playing on a rock below his brother, Tawny was enjoying himself completely. Chimbica was more wary. He didn't completely trust this big outdoor world. Looking up at the sky, he saw the diving eagle. The hooked open beak, the extended talons, and the sound of the whistling air frightened him, but did not make him freeze. He leaped, sending Tawny sprawling. At the same time he let out a wail. Sure of his kill, the eagle had screamed a moment ago. The two screams brought Mother leaping out of the cave, roaring savagely.

Chimbica's quick action made the eagle miss his strike, but one talon raked a furrow along Tawny's back. The eagle beat upward and kept going. He wanted no battle with an enraged mother cougar.

Mother reared up and watched until the eagle vanished. She did not have to cuff her sons back into the cave. They dashed inside and cowered in the nest, spitting and mewing. Tawny whimpered, but Chimbica hissed defiantly. They had learned their first lesson in self-preservation. They must keep to cover when alone and outside during the day. They had learned that danger could come from the sky. In time, they would also learn about danger on the ground.

The days passed, and Tawny and Chimbica grew, becoming a little less clumsy. But they also became restless, and Mother knew that they were about ready for their first real outing. She was eager to take them with her when she hunted. She had been slipping away for brief hunts, bringing in grouse and rabbits which the kittens ate readily. But she did not go out often. She stayed in the cave until hunger forced her to go down to the meadow or the woods. Each day her concern for the safety of her sons lessened a little. As they grew bigger and began to look more like cougars, fewer enemies were willing to attack them.

The narrow escape from the eagle helped Mother with her problem of discipline. Her sons now knew there was a reason for them to stay in the cave while she was hunting. Tawny was no problem, but Chimbica resented being cuffed or ordered to remain inside. She had to slap him hard to make him obey her orders. As different as the brothers were, there was a close bond between them. Chimbica seemed to feel he had to look after Tawny, who was perfectly willing to let him.

The floor of the den became littered with feathers, bones, bits of rabbit skin, grouse, and rabbit feet. Up in his house, the pack rat had become a family man. His mate had presented him with four babies. Part of the time he looked after them while she hunted for food.

So far, Mother had brought in only small game, which she was able to catch near the den. But she could range

much further now. Both Tawny and Chimbica could send their call for help a distance of half a mile, if the breeze was favorable. Mother always worked downwind from the cave, so that their voices would be carried to her.

On the day of the first outing, Mother brought in a snowshoe rabbit. This was to take the edge off their hunger. With full stomachs, they would be less apt to get lost chasing rabbits or ground squirrels. Tawny and Chimbica always had huge appetites, and they devoured the rabbit. They left only the big furry feet and some strips of skin. Then Mother moved to the cave entrance and uttered a low call.

Tawny and Chimbica bounded to her side. They knew that call meant they were to come to her. She used it when she had food for them, or when she wanted to wash their fur with her rough tongue, something they enjoyed very much. Mother stepped out of the cave. The kittens stood waiting, afraid they would be cuffed if they followed. She moved along the ledge and called to them again, and they raced after her eagerly.

5

The World Beyond

Tawny and Chimbica had often looked down upon the world below the ledge. Now they were entering it. Mother leaped down from the upper end of the ledge, just beyond the chokecherry trees, where the drop was only three feet. The kittens halted uncertainly, peering down. In his eagerness Chimbica leaned so far over the edge that he lost his balance. Down he tumbled, landing on the grass on all four feet. It was the first time he had ever used the cat trick of flipping in the air. He didn't have to learn it. He did it by instinct, a force which would govern many of the things he would do from now on.

Tawny considered the risk of a jump for several minutes. Chimbica seemed to be all right, so he, too, jumped. The

instant he landed Chimbica was on him, and they rolled together in the grass. Mother stood watching, letting them play.

Grass was something new to them. There had been no grass in the cave or on the ledge. The stuff was interesting. They could bend it down, and yet it always sprang up again behind them. They could hide in it and crouch, pretending to stalk each other. Tawny flushed a big red-winged grasshopper, which sailed a few yards before landing. Tawny charged after it, but as he pounced on it, the hopper took off again. Tawny liked the game and kept chasing the hopper.

Chimbica had no use for anything so small as a grasshopper. He set off to search for bigger game. He might find a rabbit. He knew they came from the world outside the cave, for Mother always brought them in from the meadow below the den. He moved up a little hill, and near the top he stopped to look back. Mother was stretched out on a flat rock, sunning herself, while Tawny was still chasing the hopper.

Chimbica went on. Investigating a thicket of buckbrush, he discovered a snowshoe rabbit. The snowshoe was drowsing in his bed, and Chimbica thought it looked just like those Mother brought in. It seemed to be dead, and all Chimbica had to do was pounce on it and dine. But no rabbit is ever completely asleep. Part of a rabbit always stays alert, or comes alert at short intervals. A rabbit who

fell into a deep slumber would not live long in a forest where killers are always on the prowl.

When Chimbica leaped, the rabbit awakened and jumped out of the thicket. Chimbica raced after him, snarling fiercely, but he was not fast enough. The rabbit vanished into another thicket, and then used an old trick. Once out of sight, he circled and returned to his bed.

Chimbica ran to the spot where the rabbit had vanished. He looked about, sniffed, and headed straight down the hill. But he saw nothing of his quarry. He was a little uneasy, too, because he could not see Mother or Tawny anywhere, so he started back the way he had come.

When he reached the thicket where he had first discovered the rabbit, he halted for a look. He was surprised to see the rabbit back in his bed, apparently asleep. Chimbica was puzzled, but he crouched down for a leap. At that moment he heard Mother's call, telling him to come back to her. He turned and ran down the slope.

He had not gone far before he saw Mother. She was sitting on a rock, looking up the slope. Tawny was digging at the base of a hollow stump. Chimbica wasn't interested in what Tawny was doing. He had just made a big discovery—some rabbits were alive and could run. He wanted to find another one.

Tawny had discovered the storehouse of a brown squirrel. The squirrel liked to perch on the stump while he shucked seeds from pine cones. Inside the hollow stump were a small

heap of nuts left over from last season, and a larger store of green nuts which the squirrel had gathered recently.

The squirrel was up in a nearby pine tree, cutting off a big cone. He had the stem almost gnawed through when he noticed Tawny poking about his storehouse. Sure this invader was after his cache of nuts, the squirrel scolded loudly. He darted down the tree trunk and started across the grass to chase Tawny away.

Tawny thought the chattering little fellow wanted to play. He ran to meet him, eager to make friends. But the squirrel knew something about cats. Whirling about, he raced back to the tree and scampered up the trunk. Tawny, close behind him, and very much interested, climbed up the tree after him. Reaching a limb, he paused. He could not see the squirrel, but he could hear his angry chattering. He happened to look down, and suddenly he lost all interest in the squirrel.

The ground was far below, and he was on a very small limb. He had no idea how he was going to get back down. As usual when he was frightened, he yowled for Chimbica. Mother wasn't always around, but Chimbica generally was. He set his claws into the bark, hung on, and yowled again.

Both Mother and Chimbica heard Tawny's call. Mother moved toward the pine tree at a leisurely pace. Chimbica raced to it, and started to climb up to rescue his brother. Mother sat down under the tree. She was not concerned. Her sons had to learn about trees.

Chimbica reached Tawny quickly, but once he was out on the small limb with his brother, he did not know what to do. He growled defiantly down at the ground as though he considered it responsible for the fix they were in. He pushed against Tawny, but Tawny refused to budge. Then, sinking his teeth into Tawny's rump, he pulled, and Tawny wailed.

Above them, the squirrel was chattering ceaselessly. He jumped upon the cone he had been cutting in order to get a glimpse of the two cats. The shred of bark holding the cone broke, and down came the cone and the squirrel. The squirrel saved himself by grabbing a twig and dangling from it—but the cone fell, hitting Tawny in the middle of his back.

The force of the blow startled Tawny and knocked him off the limb. Clawing wildly to save himself, he took Chimbica with him. They both fell on Mother. This softened their landing but did not please her.

Mother shook herself and snarled. She was displeased with the antics of her sons. She cuffed Chimbica so hard that he was bowled over. Tawny just looked up at the tree, hoping that the squirrel would come down for a romp. Mother started off toward the cave. The fall had knocked some of the playfulness out of Chimbica and Tawny, and they were ready to take a nap—after they had eaten, of course.

Mother knew that they would want to eat. And she was hungry herself. She soon spotted a big rabbit. Growling at her sons, warning them to keep out of the way, she crept up on the rabbit and pounced upon it. Tawny paid little attention to the capture, but Chimbica watched closely and learned that you sneaked up on a rabbit when you wanted one.

They all dined and went off to the cave, where the kittens curled up at once and went to sleep. Mother lay protectively beside them. Tawny and Chimbica still had much to learn.

Tawny and Chimbica continue to grow and to learn. But their playful hunting becomes deadly serious when their mother is killed.

Rutherford Montgomery, in his book *Cougar* (Golden Press, 1961), writes a true-to-life story of the brothers. You will be interested to see how each animal acts when he comes face to face with man the hunter.

You may also want to read:

Lions on the Hunt
by Theodore J. Waldeck (Viking Press, 1942)

Carcajou
by Rutherford Montgomery (Caxton Printers, 1936)

The White Panther
by Theodore J. Waldeck (Viking Press, 1941)

Haunt Fox
by Jim Kjelgaard (Holiday House, 1954)

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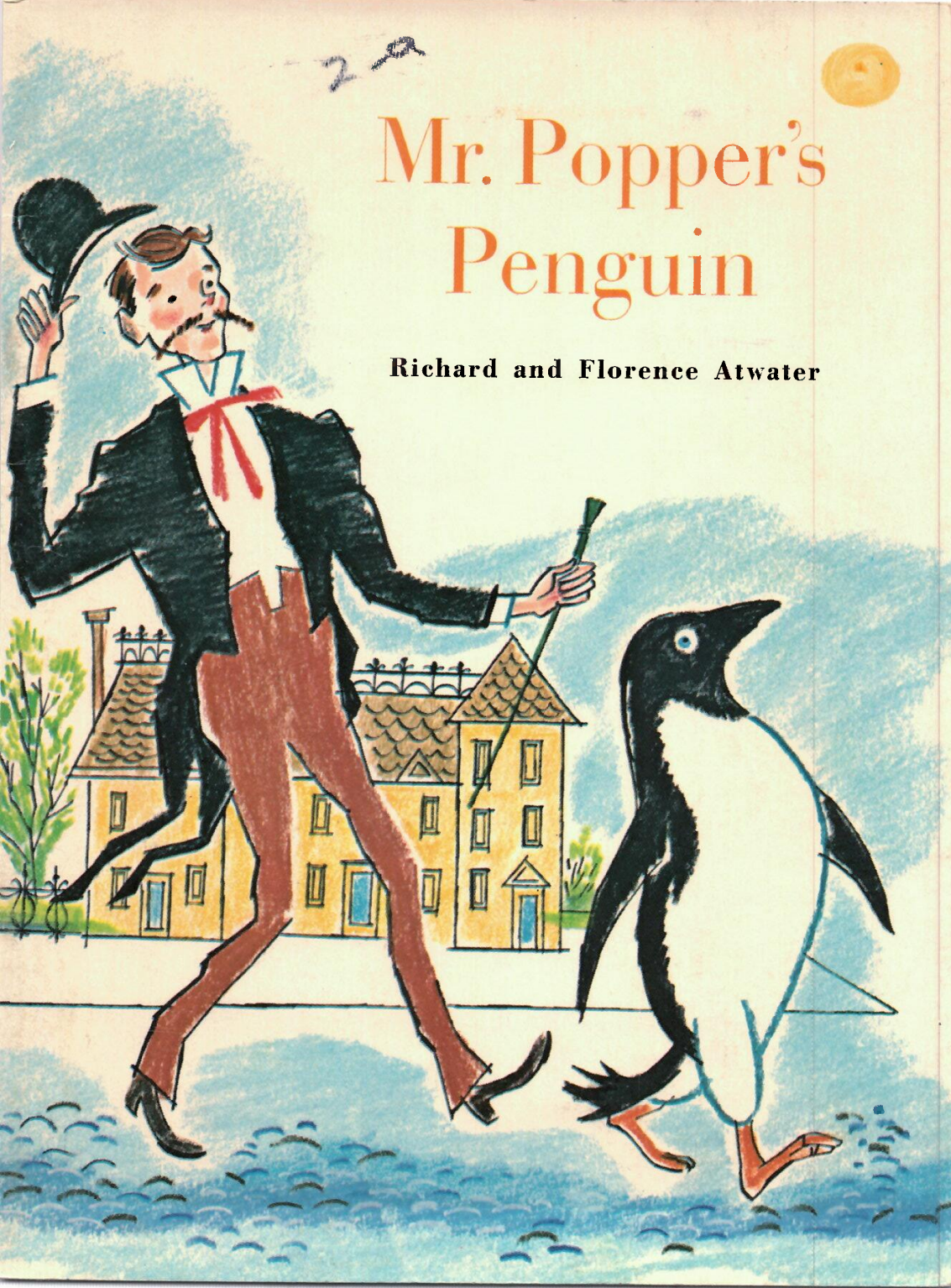
Mr. Popper's Penguin

Richard and Florence Atwater



MR. POPPER'S PENGUIN

by Richard and Florence Atwater

Most people keep food in their refrigerator. Mr. Popper kept a penguin in his.

The fun began when Admiral Drake, the famous Antarctic explorer, sent a penguin to Mr. Popper as a present. The Popper family was delighted with their new pet and decided to call him Captain Cook. But keeping Captain Cook happy and comfortable was not so easy.

Putting his Antarctic visitor in the refrigerator was only one of Mr. Popper's schemes for making his penguin feel at home.

Mr. Popper's Penguin

by RICHARD *and* FLORENCE ATWATER

illustrated by LLOYD WHITE

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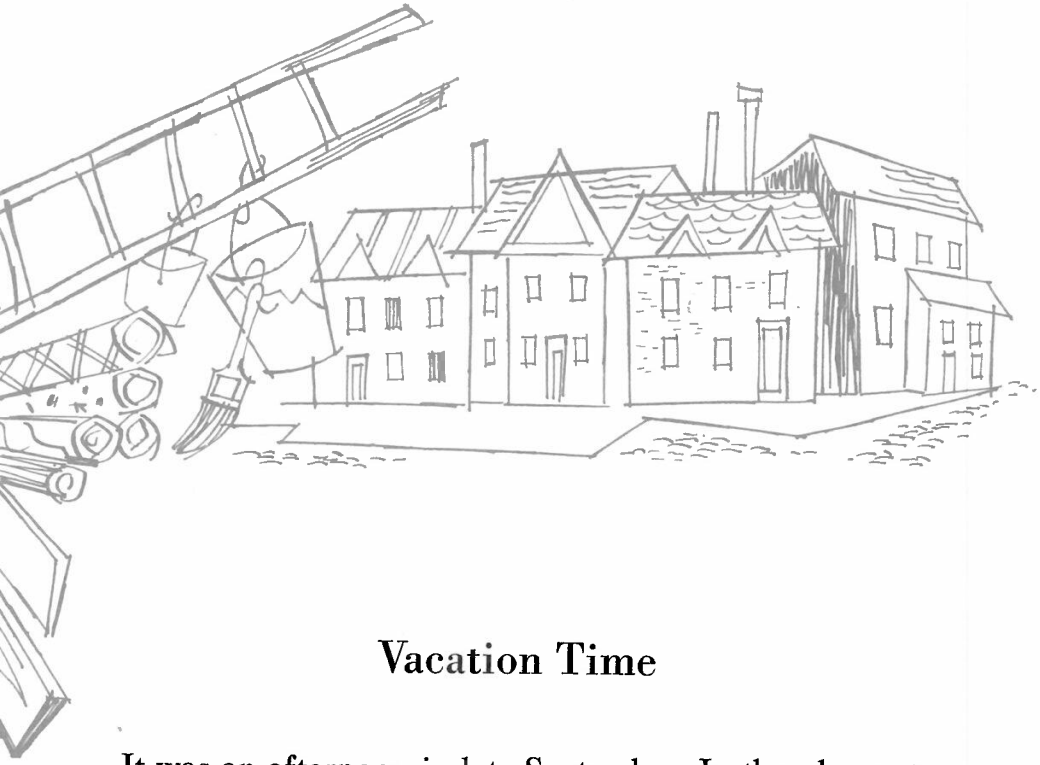


Vacation Time

It was an afternoon in late September. In the pleasant little city of Stillwater, Mr. Popper, the house painter, was going home from work.

He was carrying his buckets, his ladders, and his boards so that he had rather a hard time moving along. He was spattered here and there with paint and calcimine, and there were bits of wallpaper clinging to his hair and whiskers, for he was rather an untidy man.

The children looked up from their play to smile at him as he passed, and the housewives, seeing him, said,

"Oh dear, there goes Mr. Popper. I must remember to ask John to have the house painted over in the spring."

No one knew what went on inside of Mr. Popper's head, and no one guessed that he would one day be the most famous person in Stillwater.

He was a dreamer. Even when he was busiest, smoothing down the paste on the wallpaper or painting the outside of other people's houses, he would forget what he was doing. Once he had painted three sides of a kitchen green, and the other side yellow. The housewife, instead of being angry and making him do it over, had liked it so well that she had made him leave it that way. And all the other housewives, when they saw it, admired it too, so that pretty soon everybody in Stillwater had two-colored kitchens.

The reason Mr. Popper was so absent-minded was that he was always dreaming about far-away countries. He had never been out of Stillwater. Not that he was unhappy. He had a nice little house of his own, a wife whom he loved dearly, and two children, named Janie and Bill. Still, it would have been nice, he often thought, if he could have seen something of the world before he met Mrs. Popper and settled down. He had never hunted tigers in India, or climbed the peaks of the

Himalayas, or dived for pearls in the South Seas. Above all, he had never seen the Poles.

That was what he regretted most of all. He had never seen those great shining white expanses of ice and snow. How he wished that he had been a scientist, instead of a house painter in Stillwater, so that he might have joined some of the great Polar expeditions. Since he could not go, he was always thinking about them.

Whenever he heard that a Polar movie was in town, he was the first person at the ticket window, and often he sat through three shows. Whenever the town library had a new book about the Arctic or the Antarctic—the North Pole or the South Pole—Mr. Popper was the first to borrow it. Indeed, he had read so much about Polar explorers that he could name all of them and tell you what each had done. He was quite an authority on the subject.

His evenings were the best time of all. Then he could sit down in his little house and read about those cold regions at the top and bottom of the earth. As he read he could take the little globe that Janie and Bill had given him the Christmas before, and search out the exact spot he was reading about.

So now, as he made his way through the streets, he

was happy because the day was over, and because it was the end of September.

When he came to the gate of the neat little bungalow at 432 Proudfoot Avenue, he turned in.

"Well, my love," he said, setting down his buckets and ladders and boards, and kissing Mrs. Popper, "the decorating season is over. I have painted all the kitchens in Stillwater; I have papered all the rooms in the new apartment building on Elm Street. There is no more

work until spring, when people will want their houses painted."

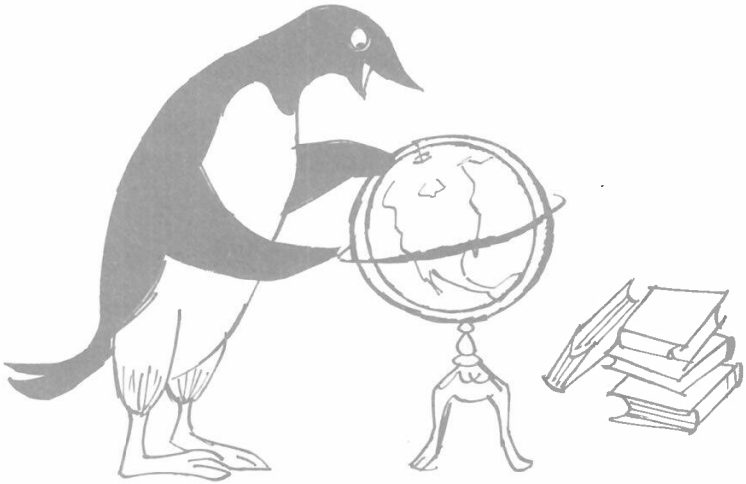
Mrs. Popper sighed. "I sometimes wish you had the kind of work that lasted all year, instead of just from spring until fall," she said. "It will be very nice to have you at home for a vacation, of course, but it is a little hard to sweep with a man sitting around reading all day."

"I could decorate the house for you."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Popper firmly. "Last year you painted the bathroom four different times, because you had nothing else to do, and I think that is enough of that. But what worries me is the money. I have saved a little, and I daresay we can get along as we have other winters. No more roast beef, no more ice cream, not even on Sundays."

"Shall we have beans every day?" asked Janie and Bill, coming in from play.

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Popper. "Anyway, go wash your hands for supper. And Papa, put away this litter of paints, because you won't be needing them for quite a while."



The Voice in the Air

That evening, when the little Poppers had been put to bed, Mr. and Mrs. Popper settled down for a long, quiet evening. The neat living room at 432 Proudfoot Avenue was much like all the other living rooms in Stillwater, except that the walls were hung with pictures from the *National Geographic Magazine*. Mrs. Popper picked up her mending, while Mr. Popper collected his pipe, his book, and his globe.

From time to time Mrs. Popper sighed a little as she thought about the long winter ahead. Would there really be enough beans to last, she wondered.

Mr. Popper was not worried, however. As he put on his spectacles, he was quite pleased at the prospect of a whole winter of reading travel books, with no work to interrupt him.

"What are you reading?" asked Mrs. Popper.

"I am reading a book called *Antarctic Adventures.* It is very interesting. It tells all about the different people who have gone to the South Pole and what they have found there."

"Don't you ever get tired of reading about the South Pole?"

"No, I don't. Of course I would much rather go there than read about it. But reading is the next best thing."

"I think it must be very boring down there," said Mrs. Popper. "It sounds very dull and cold, with all that ice and snow."

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Popper. "You wouldn't think it was dull if you had gone with me to see the movies of the Drake Expedition at the Bijou last year."

"Well, I didn't, and I don't think any of us will have any money for movies now," answered Mrs. Popper, a little sharply. She was not at all a disagreeable woman, but she sometimes got rather cross when she was worried about money.

"If you had gone, my love," went on Mr. Popper, "you would have seen how beautiful the Antarctic is. But I think the nicest part of all is the penguins. No wonder all the men on that expedition had such a good time playing with them. They are the funniest birds in the world. They don't fly like other birds. They walk erect like little men. When they get tired of walking they just lie down on their stomachs and slide. It would be very nice to have one for a pet."

"Pets!" said Mrs. Popper. "First it's Bill wanting a dog and then Janie begging for a kitten. Now you and penguins! But I won't have any pets around. They make too much dirt in the house, and I have enough work now, trying to keep this place tidy. Anyway, we have the bowl of goldfish."

"Penguins are very intelligent," continued Mr. Popper. "Listen to this, Mamma. It says here that when they want to catch some shrimps, they all crowd over to the edge of an ice bank. Only they don't just jump in, because a sea leopard might be waiting to eat the penguins. So they crowd and push until they manage to shove one penguin off, to see if it's safe. I mean if he doesn't get eaten up, the rest of them know it's safe for them all to jump in."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Popper in a shocked tone. "They sound to me like pretty heathen birds."

"It's a queer thing," said Mr. Popper, "that all the polar bears live at the North Pole and all the penguins at the South Pole. I should think the penguins would like the North Pole, too, if they only knew how to get there."

At ten o'clock Mrs. Popper yawned and laid down her mending. "Well, you can go on reading about those heathen birds, but I am going to bed. Tomorrow is Thursday, September thirtieth, and I have to go to a meeting of the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society."

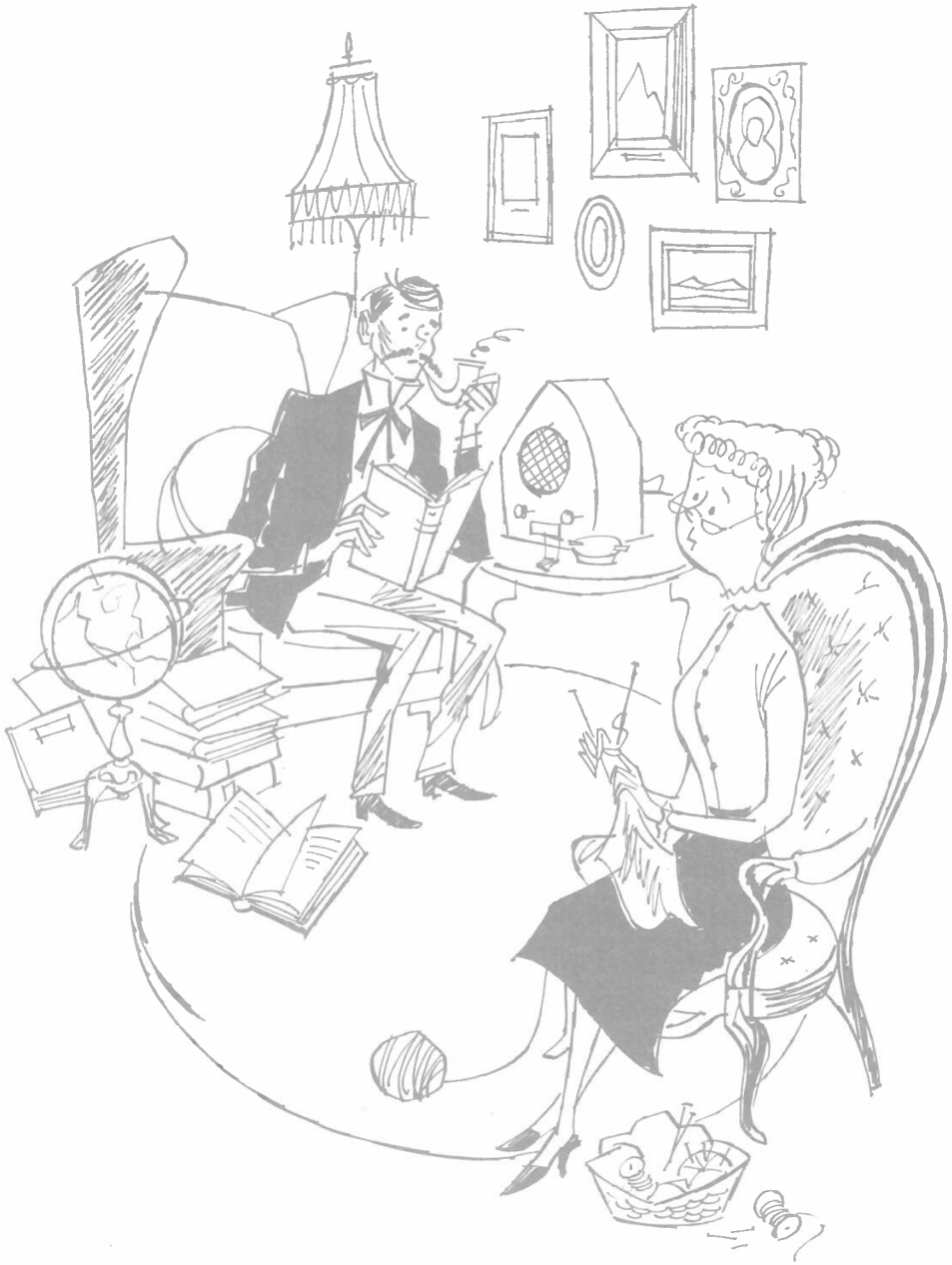
"September thirtieth!" said Mr. Popper in an excited tone. "You don't mean that tonight is Wednesday, September twenty-ninth?"

"Why, yes, I suppose it is. But what of it?"

Mr. Popper put down his book of *Antarctic Adventures* and moved hastily to the radio.

"What of it!" he repeated, pushing the switch. "Why, this is the night the Drake Antarctic Expedition is going to start broadcasting."

"That's nothing," said Mrs. Popper. "Just a lot of men at the bottom of the world saying 'Hello, Mamma. Hello, Papa.' "



"Sh!" commanded Mr. Popper, laying his ear close to the radio.

There was a buzz, and then suddenly, from the South Pole, a faint voice floated out into the Popper living room. "This is Admiral Drake speaking. Hello, Mamma. Hello, Papa. Hello, Mr. Popper."

"Gracious goodness," exclaimed Mrs. Popper. "Did he say 'Papa' or 'Popper'?"

"Hello, Mr. Popper, up there in Stillwater. Thanks for your nice letter about the pictures of our last expedition. Watch for an answer. But not by letter, Mr. Popper. Watch for a surprise. Signing off. Signing off."

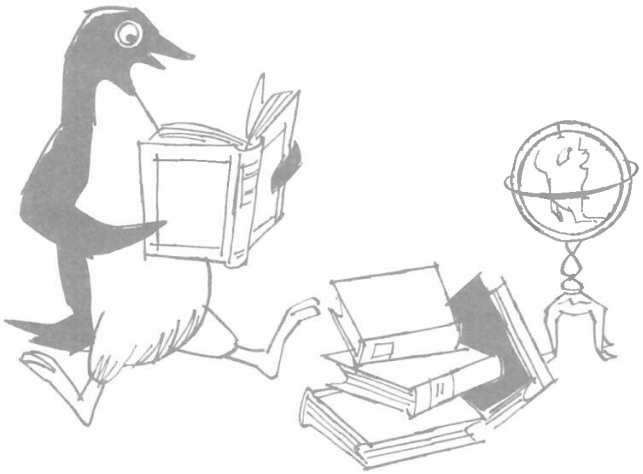
"*You* wrote to Admiral Drake?"

"Yes, I did," Mr. Popper admitted. "I wrote and told him how funny I thought the penguins were."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. Popper, impressed.

Mr. Popper picked up his little globe and found the Antarctic. "And to think he spoke to me all the way from there. And he even mentioned my name. Mamma, what do you suppose he means by a surprise?"

"I haven't any idea," answered Mrs. Popper, "but I'm going to bed. I don't want to be late for the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society meeting tomorrow."



Out of the Antarctic

What with the excitement of having the great Admiral Drake speak to him over the radio, and his curiosity about the Admiral's message to him, Mr. Popper did not sleep very well that night. He did not see how he could possibly wait to find out what the Admiral meant. When morning came, he was almost sorry that he had nowhere to go, no houses to paint, no rooms to paper. It would have helped to pass the time.

"Would you like the living room papered over?" he asked Mrs. Popper. "I have quite of lot of Paper Number Eighty-eight left over from the Mayor's house."

"I would not," said Mrs. Popper firmly. "The paper on now is plenty good enough. I am going to the Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society today and I don't want any mess to clean up when I get home."

"Very well, my love," said Mr. Popper meekly, and he settled down with his pipe, his globe, and his book of *Antarctic Adventures*. But somehow, as he read today, he could not keep his mind on the printed words. His thoughts kept straying away to Admiral Drake. What could he have meant by a surprise for Mr. Popper?

Fortunately for his peace of mind, he did not have so very long to wait. That afternoon, while Mrs. Popper was still away at her meeting, and Janie and Bill had not yet come home from school, there was a loud ring at the front door.

"I suppose it is just the postman. I won't bother to answer it," he said to himself.

The bell rang again, a little louder this time. Grumbling to himself, Mr. Popper went to the door.

It was not the postman who stood there. It was an expressman with the largest box Mr. Popper had ever seen.

"Party by the name of Popper live here?"

"That's me."

"Well, here's a package that's come Air Express all the way from Antarctica. Some journey, I'll say."

Mr. Popper signed the receipt and examined the box. It was covered all over with markings. "UNPACK AT ONCE," said one. "KEEP COOL," said another. He noticed that the box was punched with air holes.

You can imagine that once he had the box inside the house, Mr. Popper lost no time in getting the screw driver, for by this time, of course, he had guessed that it was the surprise from Admiral Drake.

He had succeeded in removing the outer boards and part of the packing, which was a layer of dry ice, when from the depths of the packing case he suddenly heard a faint *"Ork."* His heart stood still. Surely he had heard that sound before at the Drake Expedition movies. His hands were trembling so that he could scarcely lift off the last of the wrappings.

There was not the slightest doubt about it. It was a penguin.

Mr. Popper was speechless with delight.

But the penguin was not speechless. *"Ork,"* it said again, and this time it held out its flippers and jumped over the packing debris.

It was a stout little fellow about two and a half feet

high. Although it was about the size of a small child, it looked much more like a little gentleman, with its smooth white waistcoat in front and its long black tail-coat dragging a little behind. Its eyes were set in two white circles in its black head. It turned its head from one side to the other, as first with one eye and then with the other, it examined Mr. Popper.

Mr. Popper had read that penguins are extremely curious, and he soon found that this was true, for stepping out, the visitor began to inspect the house. Down the hall it went and into the bedrooms, with its strange, pompous little strut. When it, or he—Mr. Popper had already begun to think of it as he—got to the bathroom, it looked around with a pleased expression on its face.

"Perhaps," thought Mr. Popper, "all that white tiling reminds him of the ice and snow at the South Pole. Poor thing, maybe he's thirsty."

Carefully Mr. Popper began to fill the bathtub with cold water. This was a little difficult because the inquisitive bird kept reaching over and trying to bite the faucets with its sharp red beak. Finally, however, he succeeded in getting the tub all filled. Since the penguin kept looking over, Mr. Popper picked it up and dropped it in. The penguin seemed not to mind.

"Anyway, you're not shy," said Mr. Popper. "I guess you've got sort of used to playing around with those explorers at the Pole."

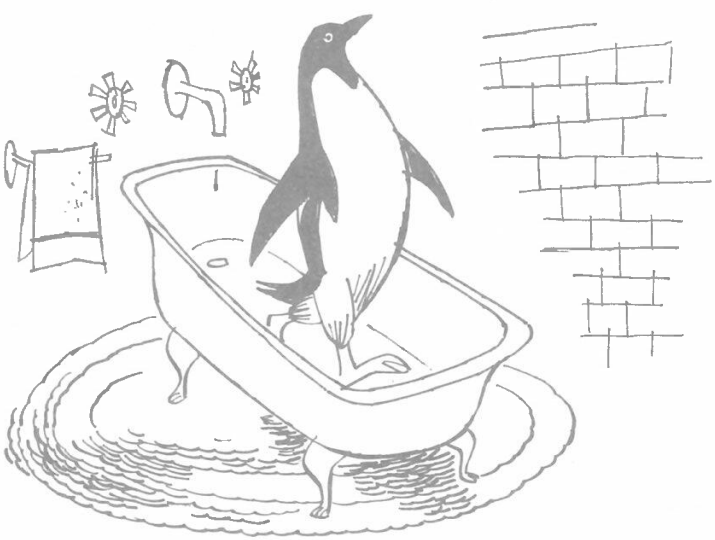
When he thought the penguin had had enough of a bath, he drew out the stopper. He was wondering what to do next when Janie and Bill burst in from school.

"Papa," they shouted together at the bathroom door. "What is it?"

"It's a penguin sent to me by Admiral Drake."

"Look!" said Bill. "It's marching."

The delighted penguin was indeed marching. With little pleased nods of his handsome black head he was



parading up and down the inside of the bathtub. Sometimes he seemed to be counting the steps it took—six steps for the length, two steps for the width, six steps for the length again, and two more for the width.

"For such a big bird he takes awfully small steps," said Bill.

"And look how his little black coat drags behind. It almost looks as if it were too big for him," said Janie.

But the penguin was tired of marching. This time, when it got to the end of the tub, it decided to jump up the slippery curve. Then it turned, and with outstretched flippers, tobogganed down on its white stomach. They could see that those flippers, which were black on the outside, like the sleeves of a tailcoat, were white underneath.

"Gook! Gook!" said the penguin, trying its new game again and again.

"What's his name, Papa?" asked Janie.

"Gook! Gook!" said the penguin, sliding down once more on his glossy white stomach.

"It sounds something like 'Cook,' " said Mr. Popper. "Why, that's it, of course. We'll call him Cook—Captain Cook."

Captain Cook

"Call who Captain Cook?" asked Mrs. Popper, who had come in so quietly that none of them had heard her.

"Why, the penguin," said Mr. Popper. "I was just saying," he went on, as Mrs. Popper sat down suddenly on the floor to recover from her surprise, "that we'd name him after Captain Cook. He was a famous English explorer who lived about the time of the American Revolution. He sailed all over where no one had ever been before. He didn't actually get to the South Pole, of course, but he made a lot of important scientific discoveries about the Antarctic regions. He was a brave man

and a kind leader. So I think Captain Cook would be a very suitable name for our penguin here."

"Well, I never!" said Mrs. Popper.

"Gork!" said Captain Cook, suddenly getting lively again. With a flap of his flippers he jumped from the tub to the washstand, and stood there for a minute surveying the floor. Then he jumped down, walked over to Mrs. Popper, and began to peck her ankle.

"Stop him, Papa!" screamed Mrs. Popper, retreating into the hallway with Captain Cook after her, and Mr. Popper and the children following. In the living room she paused. So did Captain Cook, for he was delighted with the room.

Now a penguin may look very strange in a living room, but a living room looks very strange to a penguin. Even Mrs. Popper had to smile as they watched Captain Cook, with the light of curiosity in his excited circular eyes, and his black tailcoat dragging pompously behind his little pinkish feet, strut from one upholstered chair to another, pecking at each to see what it was made of. Then he turned suddenly and marched out to the kitchen.

"Maybe he's hungry," said Janie.

Captain Cook immediately marched up to the re-

frigerator. *"Gork?"* he inquired, turning to slant his head wisely at Mrs. Popper, and looking at her pleadingly with his right eye.

"He certainly is cute," she said. "I guess I'll have to forgive him for biting my ankle. He probably only did it out of curiosity. Anyway, he's a clean-looking bird."

"Ork?" repeated the penguin, nibbling at the metal handle of the refrigerator door with his beak.

Mr. Popper opened the door for him, and Captain Cook stood very high and leaned his sleek black head back so that he could see inside. Now that Mr. Popper's work was over for the winter, the icebox was not quite so full as usual, but the penguin did not know that.

"What do you suppose he likes to eat?" asked Mrs. Popper.

"Let's see," said Mr. Popper, as he removed all the food and set it on the kitchen table. "Now then, Captain Cook, take a look."

The penguin jumped up onto a chair and from there onto the edge of the table, flapping his flippers again to recover his balance. Then he walked solemnly around the table, and between the dishes of food, inspecting everything with the greatest interest, though he touched nothing. Finally he stood still, very erect, raised his

beak to point at the ceiling, and made a loud, almost purring sound. *"O-r-r-r-r-h, o-r-r-r-h,"* he trilled.

"That's a penguin's way of saying how pleased it is," said Mr. Popper, who had read about it in his books.

Apparently, however, what Captain Cook wanted to show was that he was pleased with their kindness, rather than with their food. For now, to their surprise, he jumped down and walked into the dining room.

"I know," said Mr. Popper. "We ought to have some seafood for him, canned shrimps or something. Or maybe he isn't hungry yet. I've read that penguins can go for a month without food."

"Mamma! Papa!" called Bill. "Come see what Captain Cook has done."

Captain Cook had done it all right. He had discovered the bowl of goldfish on the dining-room window sill. By the time Mrs. Popper reached over to lift him away, he had already swallowed the last of the goldfish.

"Bad, bad penguin!" reproved Mrs. Popper, glaring down at Captain Cook.

Captain Cook squatted guiltily on the carpet and tried to make himself look small.

"He knows he's done wrong," said Mr. Popper. "Isn't he smart?"

"Maybe we can train him," said Mrs. Popper. "Bad, naughty Captain," she said to the penguin in a loud voice. "Bad, to eat the goldfish." And she spanked him on his round black head.

Before she could do that again, Captain Cook hastily waddled out to the kitchen.

There the Poppers found him trying to hide in the still opened refrigerator. He was squatting under the ice-cube coils, under which he could barely squeeze, sitting down. His round, white-circled eyes looked out at them mysteriously from the dimness of the inside of the box.

"I think that's about the right temperature for him, at that," said Mr. Popper. "We could let him sleep there, at night."

"But where will I put the food?" asked Mrs. Popper.

"Oh, I guess we can get another icebox for the food," said Mr. Popper.

"Look," said Janie. "He's gone to sleep."

Mr. Popper turned the cold control switch to its coldest so that Captain Cook could sleep more comfortably. Then he left the door ajar so that the penguin would have plenty of fresh air to breathe.

"Tomorrow I will have the icebox service department

send a man out to bore some holes in the door, for air," he said, "and then he can put a handle on the inside of the door so that Captain Cook can go in and out of his refrigerator, as he pleases."

"Well, dear me, I never thought we would have a penguin for a pet," said Mrs. Popper. "Still, he behaves pretty well, on the whole, and he is so nice and clean that perhaps he will be a good example to you and the children. And now, I declare, we must get busy. We haven't done anything but watch that bird. Papa, will you just help me to set the beans on the table, please?"

"Just a minute," answered Mr. Popper. "I just happened to think that Captain Cook will not feel right on the floor of that icebox. Penguins make their nests of pebbles and stones. So I will just take some ice cubes out of the tray and put them under him. That way he will be more comfortable."

A Snug Home

The next day Captain Cook was in the children's room, watching Jane and Bill put together a jigsaw puzzle on the floor. He was very good about not disturbing the pieces after Bill had spanked him for eating one. He did not hear the refrigerator service man come to the back door.

Mrs. Popper had gone marketing for canned shrimps for the penguin, so that Mr. Popper was alone in the kitchen to explain to the service man what he wanted done to the refrigerator.

The service man put his tool bag down on the kitchen

floor, looked at the refrigerator, and then at Mr. Popper, who, to tell the truth, had not shaved yet and was not very tidy.

"Mister," he said, "you don't need no ventilating holes in that there door."

"It's my icebox, and I want some holes bored in the door," said Mr. Popper.

They argued about it for quite a while. Mr. Popper knew that to get the service man to do what he wanted, all he had to do was to explain that he was going to keep a live penguin in the icebox, and that he wanted his pet to have plenty of fresh air, even though the door was closed all night. He felt a little stubborn about explaining, however. He didn't want to discuss Captain Cook with this unsympathetic service man, who was already staring at Mr. Popper as if he thought Mr. Popper was not quite right in his head.

"Come on, do what I said," said Mr. Popper. "I'm paying you for it."

"With what?" asked the service man.

Mr. Popper gave him a five-dollar bill. It made him a little sad to think how many beans it would have bought for Mrs. Popper and the children.

The service man examined the bill carefully as if he

didn't trust Mr. Popper too much. But at last he put it in his pocket, took a drill from his tool bag, and made five small holes in a neat pattern on the refrigerator door.

"Now," said Mr. Popper, "don't get up. Wait a minute. There is one more thing."

"Now what?" said the service man. "I suppose now you want me to take the door off its hinges to let in a little more air. Or do you want me to make a radio set out of your icebox?"

"Don't get funny," said Mr. Popper indignantly. "That is no way to talk. Believe it or not, I know what I'm doing. I mean, having you do. I want you to fix an extra handle on the inside of that box so it can be opened from the inside of the box."

"That," said the service man, "is a fine idea. You want an extra handle on the inside. Sure, sure." He picked up his tool bag.

"Aren't you going to do it?" asked Mr. Popper.

"Oh, sure, sure," said the service man, edging toward the back door.

Mr. Popper saw that for all his words of agreement, the service man had no intention of putting on an inside handle.

"I thought you were a service man," he said.

"I am. That's the first sensible thing you've said yet."

"You're a fine kind of service man if you don't even know how to put a handle inside an icebox door."

"Oh, I don't, don't I? Don't think I don't know how. As far as that goes, I've even got a spare handle in my tool bag, and plenty of screws. You needn't think I don't know how to do it, if I wanted to."

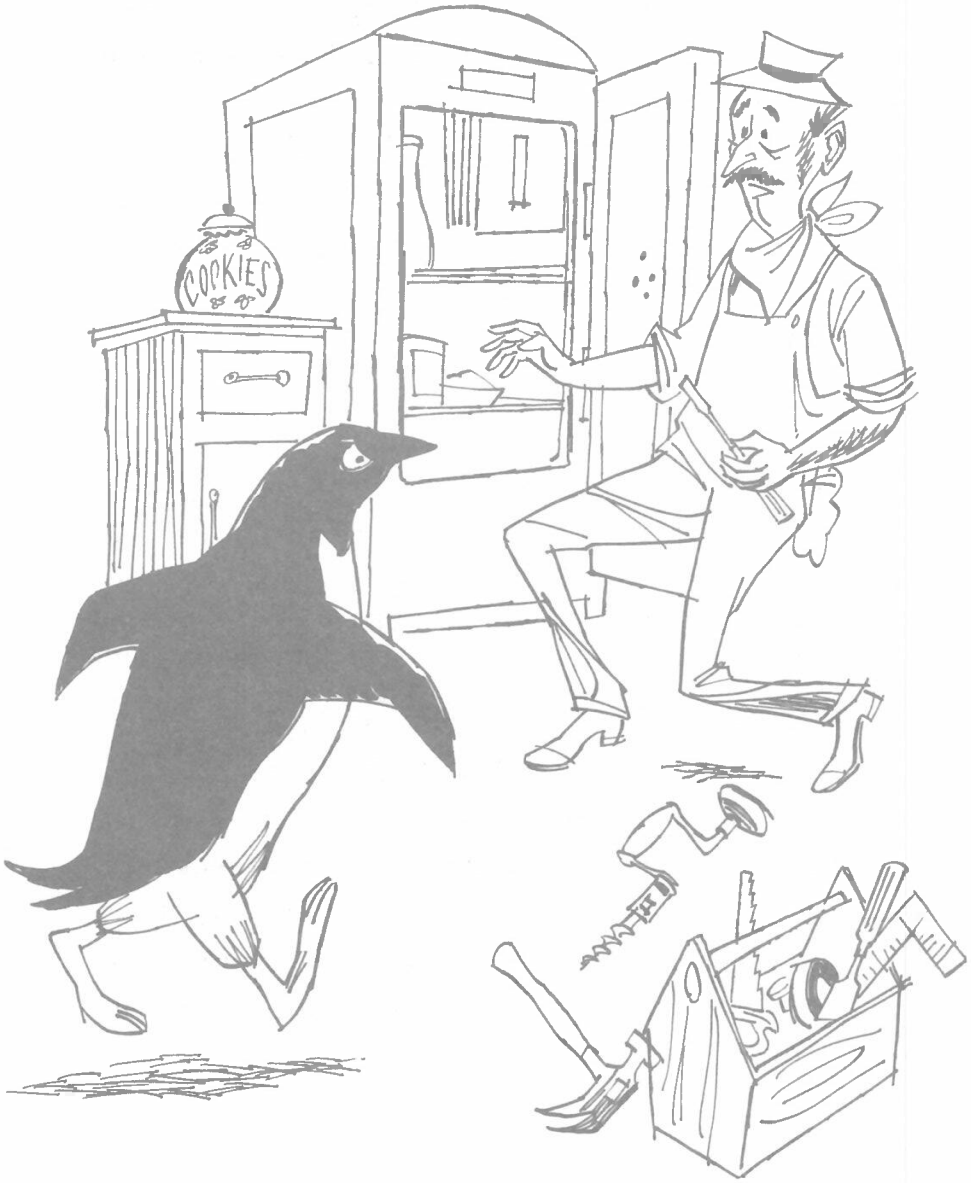
Mr. Popper silently reached into his pocket and gave the service man his last five-dollar bill. He was pretty sure that Mrs. Popper would be annoyed at him for spending all that money, but it could not be helped.

"Mister," said the service man, "you win. I'll fix your extra handle. And while I am doing it, you sit down on that chair over there facing me, where I can keep an eye on you."

"Fair enough," said Mr. Popper, sitting down.

The service man was still on the floor, putting in the final screws that held the new handle in place, when the penguin came out to the kitchen on his silent pink feet.

Surprised at seeing a strange man sitting on the floor, Captain Cook quietly walked over and began to peck him curiously. But the service man was even more surprised than Captain Cook.


COOKIES

"*Ork*," said the penguin. Or perhaps it was the service man. Mr. Popper was not sure just what had happened when he picked up himself and his chair a moment later. There had been a shower of flying tools, a violent slamming of the door, and the service man was gone.

These sudden noises, of course, brought the children running. Mr. Popper showed them how the refrigerator was now all remodeled for the penguin. He showed Captain Cook, too, by shutting him inside it. The penguin at once noticed the shiny new inside handle and bit it with his usual curiosity. The door opened, and Captain Cook jumped out.

Mr. Popper promptly put Captain Cook back inside and shut the door again, to be sure that the penguin learned his lesson. Before long, Captain Cook was going in and out of the refrigerator as easily as if he had lived in one all his life.

Mr. Popper thought he had problems with one penguin. Imagine what troubles he had when, finally, he had twelve of them in the house!

First Mr. Popper flooded and froze the basement. Then there were all those extra mouths to feed, and—well, you can read the rest of this crazy story in Richard and Florence Atwater's book *Mr. Popper's Penguins* (Little, Brown, 1938).

You may also want to read:

Penguins
by Louis Darling (William Morrow, 1956)

Penguins on Parade
by Patricia Lauber (Coward-McCann, 1958)

My Father's Dragon
by Ruth S. Gannett (Random House, 1948)

Rabbit Hill
by Robert Lawson (Viking Press, 1944)

The Enormous Egg
by Oliver Butterworth (Little, Brown, 1956)

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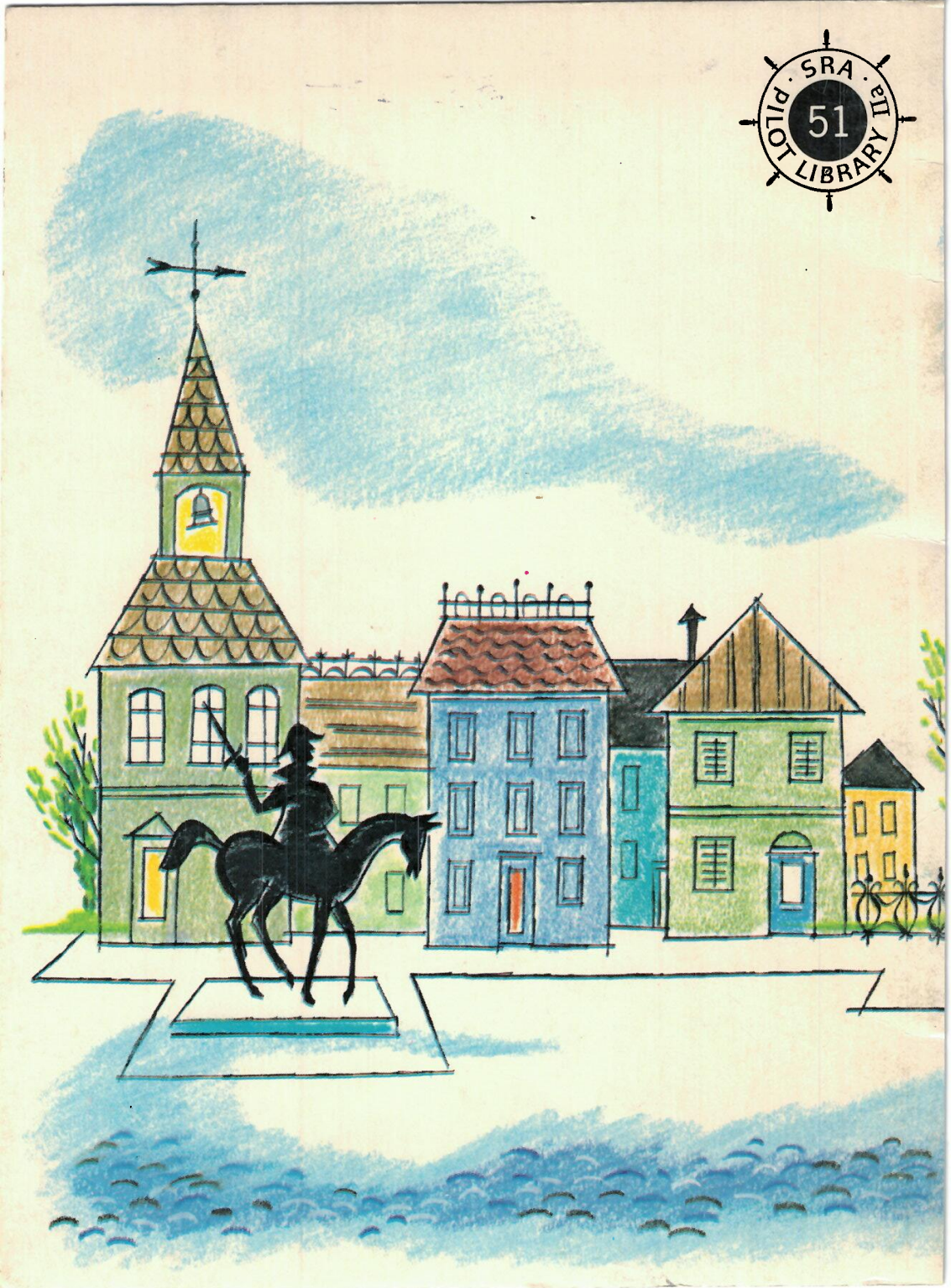
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Henry Ford's Dream

Miriam Gilbert

HENRY FORD'S DREAM

by Miriam Gilbert

Young Henry Ford knew he could not spend his life working on the family farm. His love for machines was too great. Henry wasn't interested in plows and harnesses. He wanted more than anything else to build a machine—a machine that would make people's lives easier.

This is the story of how Henry began, while just a boy and miles from any factory, to build the foundation for his dream.

Henry Ford's Dream

By MIRIAM GILBERT

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1

The Farmer's Son

"Henry!" his father called. "Let's get started with the plowing. The sun has been up for more than an hour."

William Ford turned to his wife. "Now, Mary, will you tell me where that boy is? I've warned him time and again—"

"Don't be angry with him," Mary soothed. "He's helping, too."

"Helping!" Mr. Ford exploded. "Since when has Henry been a real help on the farm? He's no farmer's son, always tinkering with tools and machines."

Henry, lean and slight for his eleven years, hurried into the neat farmhouse. "I'm sorry I didn't hear you call me,"

he explained breathlessly. "I was in the barn fixing a broken plow. John told me you wanted to see me."

"See, William," Mrs. Ford said gently, "Henry was trying to help in his own way."

"Helping!" he shouted again. "I want him to help me on the *farm.*" Mr. Ford stomped out of the house and headed for the fields. Henry trailed behind. His father stopped abruptly, his face softening. "Look at all of this." His hand circled around. Henry stood still. His father's farm was beautiful and prosperous.

William Ford was known for being a hard worker and a thrifty man. He was proud of his farm. Henry felt proud, too. The Ford orchards in season were ripe with apples, peaches, and other fruits. Beyond the land which his father had cleared with so much backbreaking labor stretched the woods, where Henry loved to wander.

The Fords had their own sawmill for cutting timber. They owned horses and sheep. Mrs. Ford made many warm clothes from the wool sheared from their sheep. This was a fine place for a farmer. Henry sighed. He didn't want to be a farmer, and his father knew it.

Mr. Ford had been so happy when Henry was born. He had thought that he would have someone to whom he could pass along his love for the farm. Besides, a farmer can always use strong, hard-working sons.

But from the beginning, Henry had shown little interest

in farming. Tools were his toys. He liked nothing better than to mend a broken hoe, repair a harness, or hammer out a hinge.

"What are you daydreaming about?" his father called.

Swallowing hard, Henry plodded along beside his father. Once, he turned back to look at the spacious, two-story farmhouse. His mother understood about his love for tools. Yet it was his mother who often scolded him, but so gently that he hardly felt he was being scolded.

"Stick to your job, no matter how much you may dislike it," she said. "Life will give you many unpleasant tasks to do. Do them to the best of your ability." Henry was to remember this advice throughout his life.

"Henry!" his father shouted. "It'll be noon before we get started if you don't hurry up with your chores."

But even as he spoke, Mr. Ford knew he had been too harsh on Henry. Henry could work tirelessly in the fields all day and yet at night have energy left over to repair house and farm equipment. Mr. Ford turned to Henry, but the young boy had already left for the stable to take out the work horse.

Here in the dark stall, Henry could hide his feelings. He put his hands on the horse's mane to pat it, and then suddenly he cried out, "I'm strong! I'm as strong as you!" He arched his narrow shoulders back. "But I'm not going to wear myself out like my father, working on this farm."

The horse stamped, impatient to go out to the fields. "Why are you in such a hurry? Don't you ever get tired?" Henry put his flushed cheek against the horse's mane. "Some day I'm going to build a machine—a machine that will pull a plow—and then I'll be able to—"

"Henry!" His father's voice carried to the stable. "Have you fallen asleep in there?"

Blinking back his tears, Henry led out the horse and hitched it to the plow. Without a word, his father started the plow. The blades cut deep furrows in the ground. Henry followed behind, pulling up any weeds that the plow didn't catch. At the same time, as he walked along, Henry dropped fertilizer in the turned-up soil.

Henry was surprised when Mr. Ford suddenly swerved the plow, making the furrow crooked. Henry stopped, puzzled. He saw that his father had turned the plow aside so that he would not crush a bird's nest.

Henry looked at his father with understanding. They might not think alike about farming, but when it came to their love for wildlife, for the birds in the fields and the small wild animals that lived in the woods, Henry Ford and his father were the same.

Henry turned to his father. "I'll be glad to help pick a bushel of peaches for Mr. Flower when he stops here today," Henry said.

His father grasped Henry's thin hand in his, which was

calloused and bronzed. "Maybe you'll make a farmer's son yet."

But if William Ford had heard Henry talking to Mr. Flower several hours later, he would have known this was not to be.

The Flower brothers occasionally dropped in at the Ford farm to pick up fresh fruits and vegetables. Henry tried to be around when they came. The Flowers owned a small factory and foundry in Detroit, about ten miles from Greenfield, where the Fords lived. Henry was always eager to question the brothers about the work they were doing.

That afternoon when George Flower had finished a long explanation about iron castings, he teasingly told Henry, "Now you'll know as much about ironwork as I do."

"Some day," Henry said seriously, "I'll know a lot about how machines work and are put together, about iron and—"

Mr. Flower was quick to catch the determined look in Henry's blue eyes. "Well, if you ever want to give up farming, I suppose we could find a place for a bright young fellow like you in our shop."

"Give up farming!" Henry clenched his fists. "I hate farming! Some day I'll just run away."

2

Schoolboy Dreams

As much as Henry objected to the farm, he stayed on. He enjoyed going to school. It helped him to escape from some of the drudgery of farm work.

In 1870, when Henry was almost seven and a half years old, he had started going to the Scotch Settlement School, which was over a mile from his house. There he learned to read, write, and spell.

What he liked best about school were arithmetic and the stories in the McGuffey readers. These readers were very popular in the schools at that time. They contained stories and poems which a teacher, William Holmes McGuffey,

had gathered together. Some of the selections were stirring accounts of how girls and boys acted bravely and steadfastly in spite of hardships. Henry remembered well the lessons he learned in these readers.

But even at school, Henry kept up his interest in mechanical things. He remembered the first day he had gone to school. He went with his friend Edsel Ruddiman, and they were allowed to sit together, since two pupils shared a desk. Henry was sure that he would like school when the teacher, Miss Emily Nardin, started the day off with a song.

But when Henry was called up to the long bench in front of the room for spelling, his joy began to fade.

"You live on a farm, Henry." Miss Nardin smiled sweetly. "You should know how to spell *horse*."

"H-r," Henry began. He saw Miss Nardin slowly shake her head.

"H-u-r," Henry tried again.

Henry heard a snicker. "Henry doesn't like horses," Alanson Brush said. "That's why he doesn't know how to spell *horse*."

"My tongue gets all twisted when it comes to spelling words," Henry said, fidgeting.

"Well, I'll call on you again before school closes," Miss Nardin said. Henry's heart sank, but in a moment it lifted. "Recess," Miss Nardin announced, and in a flash the girls and boys raced for the door.

"I'm sorry I teased you," Alanson Brush said, when Henry came out to the yard. "Come and see the water wheel some of the boys are making."

Henry nodded, and he, Edsel, and Alanson went behind the schoolhouse, where there was a ditch half-filled with water. Henry munched on an apple while he watched the older boys dam up the ditch.

"What are they going to use to make the water wheel?" Henry asked.

"One of the boys has an old mill that his mother used to use to grind coffee beans," Alanson said. "I think they're going to use that."

But Henry didn't get a chance to find out, because recess was over, and the boys had to go back to their desks.

The next afternoon, Henry again watched while the older boys tried to hook the coffee mill to a wooden wheel. But somehow they couldn't get it to turn.

James Ruddiman walked over to them. "Would you like to help us look for some sticks?" he asked his brother Edsel and Henry.

"It would be better if you had a long, smooth rod," Henry said. "Something like an axle."

James looked at him curiously. "Got any ideas?"

Henry nodded. "We have a broken rake in the barn. If my father would let me use the rake handle, I could show you how to make the wheel work."

"Well, I don't know." James hesitated. He didn't think the older boys would like being shown how to do something by a youngster. "I'll tell you what we'll do. Bring the rake handle tomorrow, and we'll set it up together."

The rake handle did the trick. The wheel could now spin smoothly. The water dropped onto the wheel, creaking it slowly around. As the wheel turned, enough power was created to set the coffee mill working. The boys were able to grind up potatoes and chunks of earth.

From that time on, the boys welcomed Henry whenever they made experiments. They met in the evenings at one of the farms, after their chores were done, and tried to make things out of odds and ends of metal or wood.

One day the boys found a wheel from an old corn sheller, and from it they made a blower. Many of the boys had been to the blacksmith shop in Detroit and had watched the blacksmith use his bellows to stir up the fire by creating a draft of air. The simple blower that Henry and his friends made used the same idea of blowing up a current of air to keep a fire going. It worked so well that they were able to melt glass.

They were so proud of their work that they decided to make a steam boiler. When it was finished, they took it to school to show the other children. They set the boiler up against the school fence.

During recess, Henry's sister Margaret warned him,

"The teacher is going to be angry if he finds out what you boys have here."

Henry shrugged. "It doesn't have much power. If we could make a really good steam turbine that could give us lots of power, maybe one day it could do the work of teams and teams of horses."

Margaret laughed. "There you go again, Henry, talking against horses." She drew closer to an excited group of girls and boys who were clustered around the steam boiler. Margaret, curious in spite of herself, said, "I've never seen a—what did you call it—a turbine?"

Now it was Henry's turn to laugh. "Of course you've seen a turbine, lots of times. You just didn't know what you were looking at. A windmill is a kind of turbine, and so is a water wheel. A wheel that is turned by some moving power, like water, steam, gas, even wind, can be called a turbine." He took his sister through the crowd of school children. "Here, let me show you—"

Henry didn't finish speaking. There was a tremendous explosion, and metal seemed to be flying everywhere. A spark from the boiler caught on the wooden school fence, and the flames began to spread. The children scattered, screaming.

"Hurry, call the teacher!" Henry said to his sister. "Get buckets of water!" he called to his friend Marvin Miller, who was standing by, too dazed to know what to do.

Henry looked down and saw Robert Blake, another school companion, lying on the ground. A piece of the metal had hit him in the stomach and knocked him out. Henry grabbed Edsel, who was running by. "Get help for Robert!" Henry shouted.

"You'll need help, too," Edsel replied. "Look at your lip, Henry. It's bleeding. A piece must have hit you."

Henry had become so excited that he hardly felt the pain. The slight lip injury didn't bother him half as much as

wondering what his father was going to say when he found out what had happened.

Henry's teacher, Mr. Brush, insisted on accompanying Henry home that afternoon, and Henry was sure that he would be in trouble with his father.

At first, Mr. Ford was upset, but as he listened to the teacher, his anger disappeared.

"I don't approve of what the boys did this afternoon," Mr. Brush said. "But between you and me, Mr. Ford, it was a remarkable piece of work."

"But dangerous," Mr. Ford said firmly.

"Yes." Mr. Brush smiled, turning to Henry, who stood quietly in the corner of the room. "But next time, he'll do a better job."

Henry felt a wave of relief wash over him. "I promise I won't fool around with steam again until I know more about it," he said. "It's a very tricky thing," he added, looking thoughtful, "but there's lots of power in it, if we can only find out how to use it."

Mr. Ford couldn't hold back his displeasure any longer. "I'm going to keep you so busy after school," he said, "that you're not going to have time to do anything after your chores but go to bed!"

3

Magic Hands

Henry didn't complain about the extra farm work that his father gave him. He still looked about for odd jobs to do.

One morning during the summer, Henry had to deliver a load of produce to town. When he got to the outer yard, he had to climb off the wagon and open the farm gate. He kicked the gate open and started back for the wagon. He climbed back on and drove out onto the road. Then he got off again to shut the gate behind him.

"Off again, on again, off again, on again," he muttered in annoyance. "I have to do something about that gate."

That evening Henry made a latch that would open and

close the gate without the driver's having to get off the wagon. Mr. Ford seemed almost pleased with this contraption, but still he couldn't understand Henry's interest in machines.

As Henry grew older, when he ran out of things to fix at home, he took one of the horses and rode off to some of the neighbors to repair their farm implements. At first, Mr. Ford didn't mind when he heard of the fine reputation Henry was getting as a local mechanic. But when he learned that Henry wouldn't take a penny, no matter how hard the job was, or how long it took, he grew angry.

One evening when Henry returned late from fixing a neighbor's wagon, his father was waiting for him. He called to Henry when he came in. "How many hours have you spent at the Ruddiman farm fixing their wagon?"

"I don't know." Henry shrugged. "But it's better than new now."

"If you at least accepted some payment, I wouldn't mind," his father said. "Then it would help to pay for some of the farm expenses, but—"

"I enjoy this work," Henry explained. "I don't think it's fair to take money for something that's fun to me."

"From now on," his father said firmly, "you're going to act like a son of mine—a son of the soil. Besides your other chores, you're going to take care of the horses."

Henry started to protest. He had never liked caring for

the horses. A sharp glance from his father stopped him from speaking.

"You can wear yourself out tinkering with machines at night, but at dawn you'd better be fresh enough to do your share of the farm work. If you don't want to be a farmer, all right. But I won't have you turn into a footloose tinkerer."

"I'm trying to learn about machines all the time," Henry put in mildly. "One day maybe I'll be able to invent something that will make farm work easier."

"Easier!" His father shrugged. "Sounds as if you're trying to wriggle out of doing your chores. It's about time you made up your mind what kind of trade you want to go into, if farming's not to your liking. You've been going to school long enough now." He spread out his hands in a helpless gesture. "But it seems that school isn't doing much to change you either. No matter where you go, you end up working on machines."

His father, feeling that he had been a bit hard on Henry, decided to get him a watch for his twelfth birthday. Henry was delighted. He had hardly finished saying thank you, when before his father's astonished eyes, Henry started to take the watch apart.

"Do you realize how expensive a watch is?" his father cried out. "How dare you—"

But as soon as he had taken the watch apart, he began to put the tiny parts together again. In a short while he held up the perfectly ticking watch. "I just wanted to see how it worked, so that if ever anything went wrong, I could fix it," Henry explained.

From then on, word of Henry's skill at fixing clocks and watches spread throughout the community. He repaired the timepieces free of charge, just for the sheer pleasure of working with mechanical objects. He needed fine, sharp tools to use on the clocks and watches. Henry knew he could not ask his father for money to buy them, so he decided to make his own.

One day he asked his mother for her old knitting needles, and he made them into some small files. Often he walked to Detroit to get bits of metal which he could pick up for little or nothing. The foremen and workers in the Detroit machine shops soon came to know the lanky farm boy who came in for odd parts.

"I'm proud of you," his mother said, when Henry showed her the files he had made. "I know it breaks your father's heart that you don't like farming, but one day you'll be a success with your magic hands."

"Not magic hands, Mother," Henry said. "Mechanical. If I can ever work magic, it will be with machines."

4

Henry Sees a Steam Engine

In March, 1876, when he was thirteen years old, Henry's mother died. Henry felt his father's grief and stayed close to the farm. It was going to be a problem, taking care of the little family, Henry knew. There were his brothers, John, William, and little Robert to worry about, besides his sisters, Margaret and Jane.

For a time, his Aunt Rebecca, who lived in Detroit, came to help. Before long, she had to return to take care of her own family. Henry wondered what would happen now. But Henry did not have to worry for long. Aunt Rebecca sent her twenty-year-old daughter Jane to the Ford farm to take her place.

Henry's sister Margaret was only nine, and his sister Jane two years younger, but both of them worked with Cousin Jane, learning how to run a farm household. They watched her cook stews and churn butter and preserve berries and care for the chickens. They helped her in the vegetable garden, and they learned how to knit and sew. Before long, the household was running smoothly again.

Henry's father was now free to turn his attention back to the farm. This time, Henry went side by side with his father, helping him on the farm as much as he could. But buried deep in him was his love for machines.

One summer day when Henry and his father were driving their wagon to the city, Henry saw a steam engine moving along the country road. He had seen locomotives before on rails, pulling trains. This was the first time Henry had seen on a road a steam engine which was not drawn by horses.

On several trips around the neighborhood, he had occasionally seen steam engines used to furnish power for threshing machines or for sawmills. But the engines he was familiar with had been pulled from farm to farm by horses. Here was a machine that moved independently—on its own power—a machine that didn't need horses. Henry was thrilled by the idea.

The engine moved very slowly. A coal cart bumped along behind it. The engineer stopped to let the Fords'

wagon pass. As if he were hypnotized, Henry jumped off the wagon and went up to the engineer.

"Where are you going?" Henry asked.

"To the Baines farm," the engineer said. "Going to saw some wood." He pointed to a chain between the engine and the rear wheels. "See this?"

Henry nodded, fascinated.

"When I get to the farm, I'll take it off and put on a cutting belt. The engine will make the power for sawing the wood."

Henry's blue eyes widened in wonder. This machine was making life easier for the farmer. It was just as he had told his father. Some day he could help the farmer, too, not by planting and plowing, but by making his work easier through machines.

"Henry, come along," his father called.

But Henry moved alongside the engine as if he were in a trance.

"Do you do all the work yourself?" Henry asked the engineer, peering at the water tank.

"Yes, but there's not much to it. Shovel in the coal, work the throttle, and steer."

"Yes, I can see that," Henry said. "The coal heats the water. The water changes to steam, and the steam is carried to . . . to that tank there, and the steam gives the engine the push it needs to go."

The engineer looked at Henry, astonished. "That's pretty clever reasoning. You make it all sound very simple."

"It is easy," Henry said, "once you figure out how one thing leads to another." Henry pursed his narrow lips together thoughtfully. "You know," he added, "I think I could run the engine."

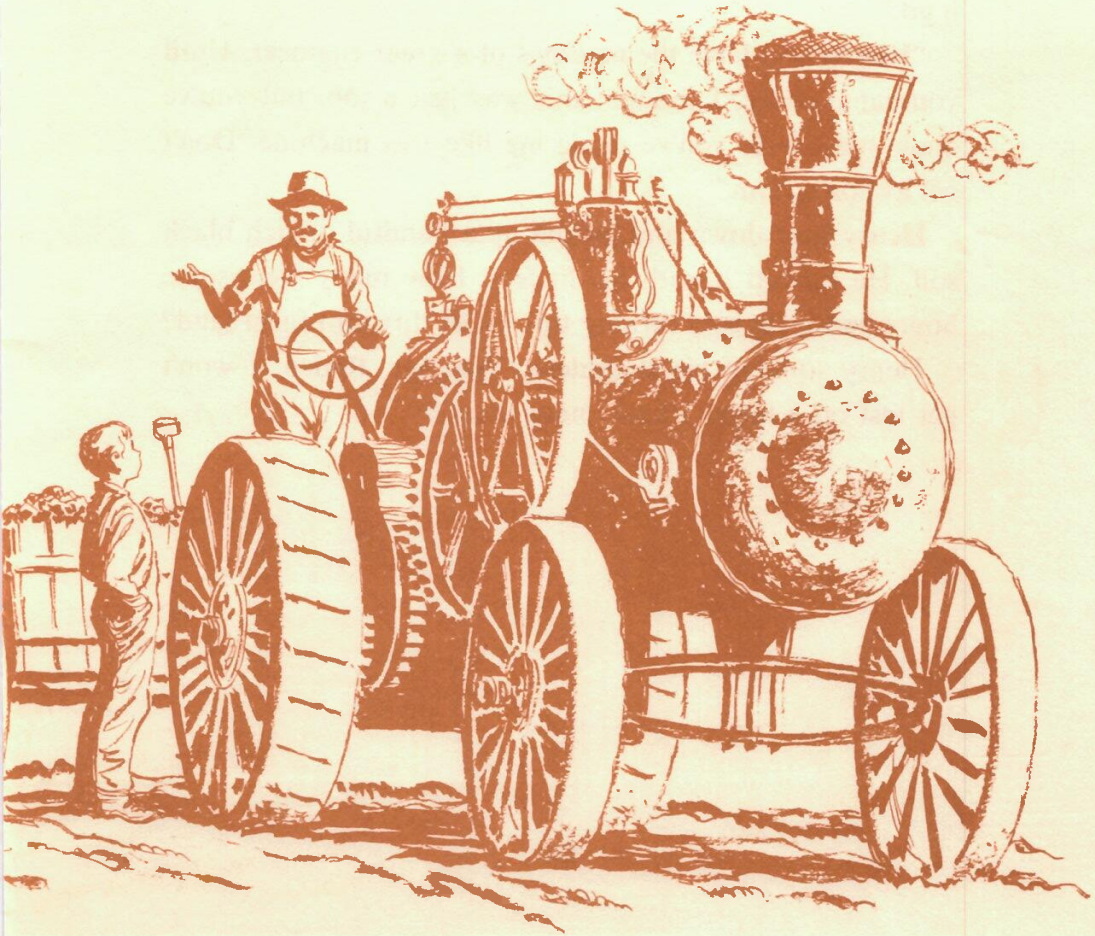
"What's your name, youngster?" the engineer asked, chuckling.

"Ford, Henry Ford."

"I'm Fred Reden," the engineer said. "I'll be around these parts for a while. A lot of the farms are going to be using this engine to run their threshing machines, besides sawing wood."

"Henry!" his father shouted.

The engineer smiled. "Better get along, Henry, or you'll get it!"



From time to time during that year, Henry hurried over to one of the local farms, and Fred Reden let him try out the engine. The engineer was amazed at Henry's questions about difficult engineering matters.

"Where did you learn all this stuff?" Fred asked him in surprise one day. "You must read a lot of books."

"No," Henry said, "I just look at a machine, and after a while I can get the hang of it and figure out what makes it go."

"Henry, you have the makings of a great engineer. Until you came along, I thought this was just a job, but you've made me—well, you've made me like this machine. Don't get lost on a farm."

Henry bent down and picked up a handful of rich black soil. He rubbed it with his fingers. How many wearisome hours had gone into turning this bit of dirt into farm land?

Henry squared his shoulders. "No, Mr. Reden, I won't get lost on a farm. I have other ideas."

5

On His Own

Henry's chores became more burdensome as the years passed. His only escape was his interest in watch repairing and the hours he spent at his workbench fixing and repairing farm tools and equipment.

The home was running smoothly. Margaret was a young lady now. She had learned how to handle the household duties so well that Cousin Jane had been able to return to her own home in the city.

Henry had grown into a fine young man. He was sixteen. He had finished school. It was time for him to plan his future.

His father still urged him to settle down on the farm. Henry knew his father would never give up the hope of making his oldest son a farmer. He realized that the longer he waited, the harder it would be for him to leave the farm.

At last, Henry made up his mind. He felt the time was right for him to go out on his own. His brothers, John and William, enjoyed working on the farm. Little Robert had died soon after Henry's mother. He knew his father would not like his decision, but if in time Henry could do something—something with that ever-present dream of a machine of some sort chugging along under its own power —then his father might realize that he had not been day-dreaming in vain.

Henry had often taken farm produce to Detroit, one of the few chores he did happily, because it gave him a chance to visit the machine shops. On these trips, he had often passed the Michigan Car Company. It was the largest railroad car factory in Detroit. It had a machine shop, a woodworking shop, and an assembly shop, which had four railroad tracks extending from one end of the building to the other.

Here was a place, Henry thought, where a young boy could learn much about machinery.

Luck was with him, and Henry got a job as an apprentice, learning the machinist's trade. He planned to stay

with his Aunt Rebecca, who lived in Detroit, so that his family would not worry about him.

Henry had hoped to slip away quietly without any long, tearful family good-bys, but in the gray, early morning as he started off on the road to Detroit, he saw his father leaning against a tree.

"I'm not stopping you," his father said quickly. "I just came to tell you I wish you well and to remember that there will always be a good home for you on this farm." He clasped Henry's hand, then turned and walked across the fields he had tended as carefully and lovingly as his own child.

Henry stopped a moment and looked solemnly over the peaceful landscape. He loved these trees and flowers. He had napped under the big oaks and knew the sticky feel of maple sap. He had picked walnuts in the fall and cherries in the spring. He was leaving much behind, but the future was ahead.

A partridge whirred in the brush and startled him for the moment. Like the whirring of wheels, Henry thought. Wheels on a machine. On an engine that would go, just like a bird, using its own power.

Henry turned up the road again. Detroit was ahead.

Henry reported for work long before the plant opened. The foreman smiled and said, "You won't be here so early by the end of the week."

But long after the last workman had left, Henry remained in the yard, poking about, looking in at the assembly shop, checking the railroad cars which had been finished that day.

Henry was amazed at how efficiently everything worked in a plant so huge. The work was prepared so that the materials seemed to go in one direction. The wood left the lumber pile, then was shaped up in the woodworking shop. From there it went to the assembly shop, where pieces were put together.

The same thing was done with the ironwork. It began at one end, and finally the iron wheels and the wooden parts were fitted together. When the car was completed, it was moved along, still going in the same direction, to the paint shop, where it was given the final touches. When the car came out, it was ready for the rails.

Henry stayed with this company for only six days, but what he saw there stayed with him for life. The idea of an assembly line—the idea of work going smoothly from one operation to another—remained fixed in his mind.

There was something else that Henry learned on this job —not to be a show-off. It finally cost him his job. One day something had gone wrong with a piece of machinery. Henry hung around, watching the experienced mechanics trying to fix it. He spotted at once what was wrong, but he was too timid to say anything. The men worked on the

machine all morning, and by lunch time they still hadn't repaired the trouble.

While the others were at lunch, Henry went in, and in a half hour fixed the machine. When the older men came in and saw the machine working, they were furious. They complained to the foreman. "This smart guy is going to cause trouble around here," they warned him. "We don't like his showing us up. How do you think it'll look to the boss?"

There was only one thing for the foreman to do. He couldn't lose experienced workers, even though Henry had shown his skill. Henry was fired.

Fortunately, Henry didn't have much difficulty getting another job. He remembered the Flower brothers and went to work in their machine shop. His father was pleased with this change. He knew that Henry would be well looked after.

Henry was also pleased. The James Flower & Brothers Machine Shop was a small factory. Here he would have a chance to learn more. He could get a better understanding of machines by working with many kinds.

His new job gave Henry a sense of independence. He rented a room so that he would not have to disturb his aunt with his comings and goings.

But Henry ran into some problems with his change of

job and change of lodgings. His room and board cost $3.50 a week. He earned only $2.50 a week as an apprentice. He would have to find a way to earn extra money.

One evening Henry walked home from the factory to save carfare on the horse-drawn streetcar. As he turned up the block to his boarding house, a delivery boy bumped into him. The boy was carrying several boxes of watches, and he dropped the top box.

"What will Mr. McGill say to me?" the boy said. "Every watch must be smashed."

Henry picked up the box carefully. He walked into the watch store with the messenger boy, an idea sprouting in his mind.

"I know how to repair watches," Henry said to Mr. McGill. "I'll be glad to check all of the watches in the box that dropped."

The jeweler looked at him. "I don't know," he hesitated. "You don't look very old. These are valuable watches."

"I'll check all of them free of charge."

"If you're really that good, I'll give you fifty cents a night to repair watches for me."

The next day, Henry was hired.

Mr. McGill was constantly amazed at Henry's skill in repairing watches and clocks. But he was afraid that his customers would not approve of a youngster repairing their precious watches. He asked Henry if he would mind working on the watches in a back room, out of sight.

Henry didn't mind at all. His life was full of the things he liked to do best. During the day, he worked on machines; at night, he repaired watches.

But Henry's ambition didn't let him rest. At the end of nine months, in the late summer of 1880, he left the Flower brothers' shop, seeking more experience. He was grateful for the experience he had gained, but he wanted to learn still more.

He got a job with the Detroit Drydock Company, the largest shipbuilding company in Detroit.

"Pretty soon you'll be leaving me," Mr. McGill teased

Henry one night, when he came in to work. "A nice job with a big company like the Detroit Drydock—well, that's really something."

"I like working in a big place," Henry admitted. "That's the way to do things—on a big scale. You can afford to make mistakes then."

"And yet you don't mind working in my little shop."

"That's different," Henry said. "As a matter of fact . . ." he paused. He had learned to be cautious in revealing his dreams. "Well, you know, Mr. McGill, I've been thinking about going into the watchmaking business myself."

"Oh ho! So I have a competitor!" Mr. McGill laughed.

"No, I wouldn't open a jewelry store," Henry said. "What I had in mind was a watch factory. What I would like to do is make a good, cheap watch, something that everyone could afford to buy. The way to do it is on a big scale."

Henry shrugged. "But watches are a luxury, and so I don't suppose I'll start that kind of business. But some day I'll think of something—something useful, something good for all people—and I'll make it and make it cheap, and then everyone will be able to benefit from it."

The boy with the mechanical mind and the magic hands not only designed and built the Model T automobile; he mass-produced airplanes, tractors, trucks, and tanks as well. How Henry made his dream come true is told in Miriam Gilbert's book *Henry Ford: Maker of the Model T* (Houghton Mifflin, 1962).

You may also want to read:

The Early Days of Automobiles
by Elizabeth Janeway (Random House, 1956)

How Automobiles Are Made
by David C. Cooke (Dodd, Mead, 1957)

What's Inside of Engines?
by Herbert S. Zim (William Morrow, 1953)

Tom Edison: Boy Inventor
by Sue Guthridge (Bobbs-Merrill, 1947)

Eli Whitney and the Machine Age
by Wilma P. Hays (Franklin Watts, 1959)

The Wright Brothers
by Quentin Reynolds (Random House, 1950)

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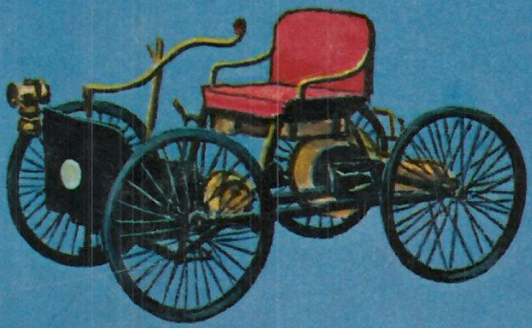
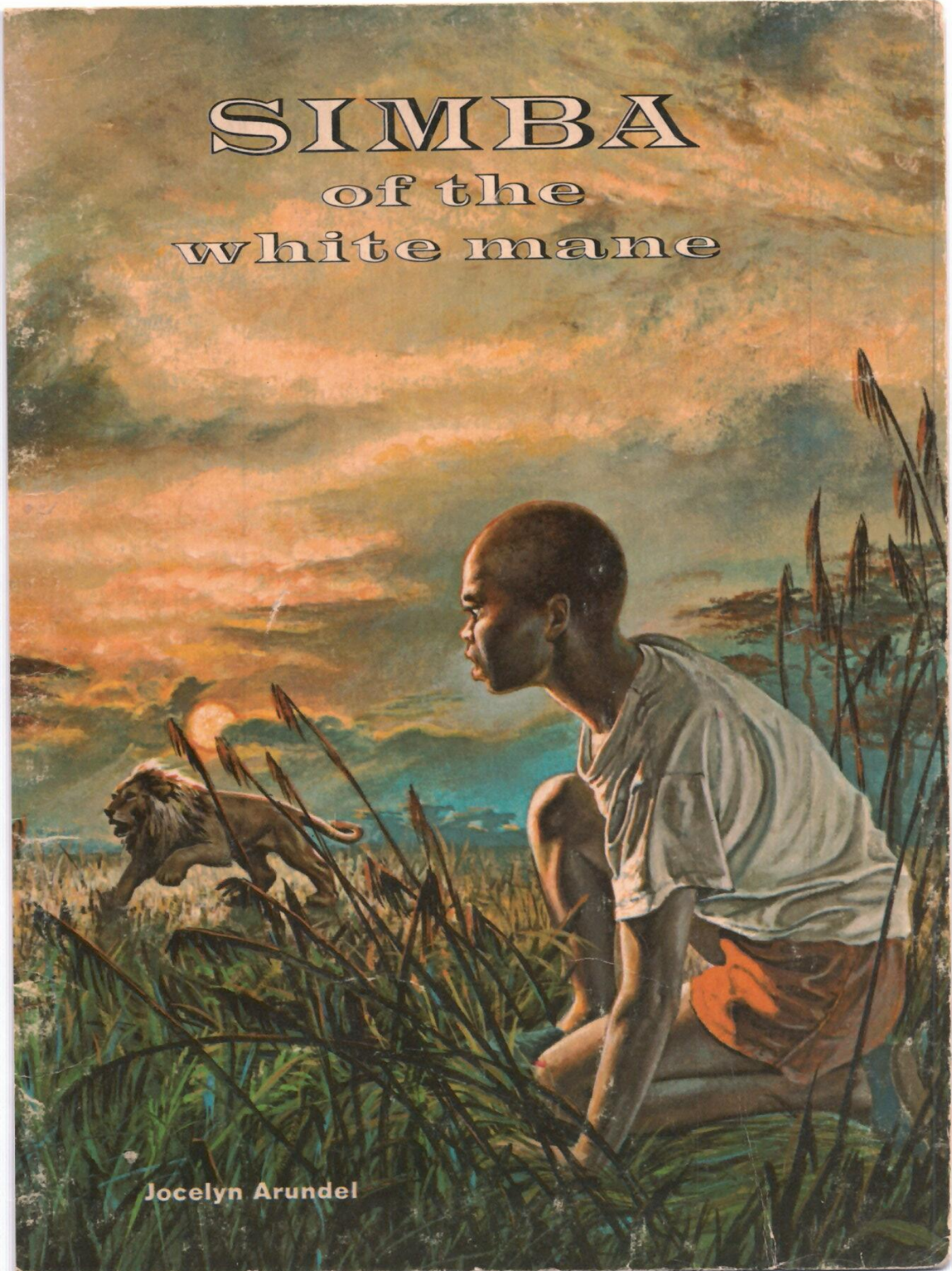


SIMBA
of the white mane



Jocelyn Arundel

SIMBA
OF THE WHITE MANE

by Jocelyn Arundel

Simba-of-the-White-Mane. That was what the African tribesmen called him. Stories were told around many campfires of a huge lion with streaks of silver in his mane. A proud, giant cat, they said. A mysterious lion that no hunter could kill.

Was Simba real? Was there such a lion? Or was he just a legend?

Toki, a small African boy, decided to stow away with a safari. He wanted only to see the vast Serengeti Plains. Little did he suspect that one day he would come face to face with Simba-of-the-White-Mane.

SIMBA of the white mane

BY JOCELYN ARUNDEL

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES FRACÉ

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Chapter 1 Safari!

Toki peered around the trunk of the fever tree. From the densely overgrown swampland behind him, a hippopotamus tooted balefully. Ahead, at last, stretched the clearing where *Bwana* Pike's safari had camped. Mid-morning sunlight glared on the taut canvas roofs of three green tents. It blazed on the metal fender of a big truck, also green, and the hoods of a jeep and a hunting car.

Toki studied the scene carefully. If only his plan would work. But it *had* to work!

African safari boys, laughing and chattering, moved busily about the camp site. Toki counted six, then eight

of them. Some packed china plates and tinned food into wooden crates. Others were yanking tent pegs from the ground. Their bare backs gleamed with perspiration as they worked. Even from many yards, Toki could sense the excitement in the air.

"Abdul!"

The loud voice echoed harshly over the separating yards. A large man ducked out of one of the tents. "Abdul!" he repeated, bellowing. "Can't you hurry these boys up? Long trip ahead!" He paced back and forth for a moment or two, then climbed into the hunting car beside another man. The two of them drove away while dust rose in swirls behind them. Toki watched them disappear toward a horizon of blue hills.

Toki knew the rest of the safari would soon follow. The last tent was crumpling into a shapeless heap. He reached behind him for the brownish grain sack that held a few pieces of extra clothing, a soft blanket, and a lunch of biscuits and two ripe mangoes. He had even brought a small yellow spelling book from the mission school because he felt guilty about the many days of lessons he would miss.

Bending low so he would not be seen, Toki slipped among the trees, silent as a leopard. A careful dash took him across the clearing to crouch by the wheel of the big supply truck. A heavy canvas covered the loaded supplies in the truck's body. Finding toe holds between the slats,

Toki scrambled up. After long moments of frantic work, the rope lashings loosened. Toki scrambled inside and let the tarpaulin fall back into place. All became dusky and close around him.

He found a cozy spot among the loosely packed tents and bedrolls. The dusty smell of canvas mingled with the fragrance of bananas packed somewhere inside the truck. Toki grinned. For the moment it was easy to forget what might happen when they discovered him.

Voices approached outside the truck. Two men were speaking Swahili, the widely known language that helped various groups of people in Africa understand one another. Toki spoke it almost as well as his own Mbulu tongue, and listened eagerly to their words.

"Eh, yes," he heard one of them say, "yes, tonight we will be in the *big* animal country. Tonight we will build fires to keep the lions away."

"Fire?" retorted the other. "Yes, that is good to keep most lions away. But if the great *simba* comes near, fire will be of no use. The Lion-of-the-White-Mane is said to fear nothing."

"The Lion-of-the-White-Mane!" scoffed the first safari boy. "Do you believe these tales? No such lion exists!"

"I would not be so sure if I were you, Thomas. Many vow they have seen this lion. Anyway, I heard *Bwana* Pike say he plans to look for him."

The two men moved away. Then the truck door slammed. The engine roared. The truck lurched forward, knocking loose some cooking pans. They clattered noisily about Toki's ears, but he was far from minding. He was on his way at last!

Hours passed as they traveled. Morning slipped into afternoon. Several of the safari boys rode on top of the load during the long trip, making idle conversation. Once in a while something started them hooting with laughter.

Closing his eyes, Toki tried to sleep. But his mind flooded with thoughts of the safari ahead. The words of the two safari boys filled him with new excitement. He had heard much of the huge lion with silver in its mane . . . the mysterious cat that roamed from place to place, eluding all hunters. His own father had often talked of it. And had not Toki's father been one of the most trusted scouts in the Tanganyika Game Department?

For years he had patrolled the wild country on foot, helping to check on populations of elephant and buffalo or seeing that hunting laws were not broken. He had taken Toki on some of the shorter trips. The little boy had learned much about the ways of wild creatures during long exciting days, or evenings of talk around a campfire. Before he could repeat the alphabet, Toki had learned to know the hoofprint of a bushbuck, to recognize a leopard's cough.

After his father had died, Toki's mother had brought her children to the peaceful farming country near the town of Mto-wa-Mbn. They studied at the mission school. But Toki had never forgotten the wonderful bush country. He dreamed of returning some day with a big safari . . . not only to the country his father had scouted, but to the great Serengeti Plains that lay beyond.

Dust swirled thicker inside the truck. Millions of red particles danced inside spears of light that filtered through cracks. Again and again Toki stifled sneezes. He longed for a breath of fresh air and a look at the country outside.

Thirst made him remember the cool stream that bubbled through the forest near his home. Even now his mother and sisters would be filling large gourds with clear water. Toki felt a brief pang of conscience as he thought how troubled they would be when his younger brother told what he had done. Toki had made him promise to say nothing until that night.

His thoughts were abruptly interrupted. The brakes screeched up front, bringing the truck to a jerky halt. A sudden cloud of reddish dust poured into the truck. Just as the engine sighed into silence, Toki sneezed. Then, gagged by the dust, he began coughing.

Talking stopped short above him. A surprised voice asked, "What was that?"

In dismay Toki watched the canvas caving, as someone

moved across the surface of the load. Fingers fumbled at the rope lashing that held the canvas in place. A corner of light appeared and grew until Toki blinked against an explosion of sunlight. A face blocked the open patch. Then another. "Ehh!" exclaimed a low, puzzled voice.

There was nothing to do but crawl out. It wasn't easy. After cramped hours, one of Toki's legs had gone to sleep. It tingled miserably as he tried to put weight on it. He stood behind the truck while the safari boys clustered around him.

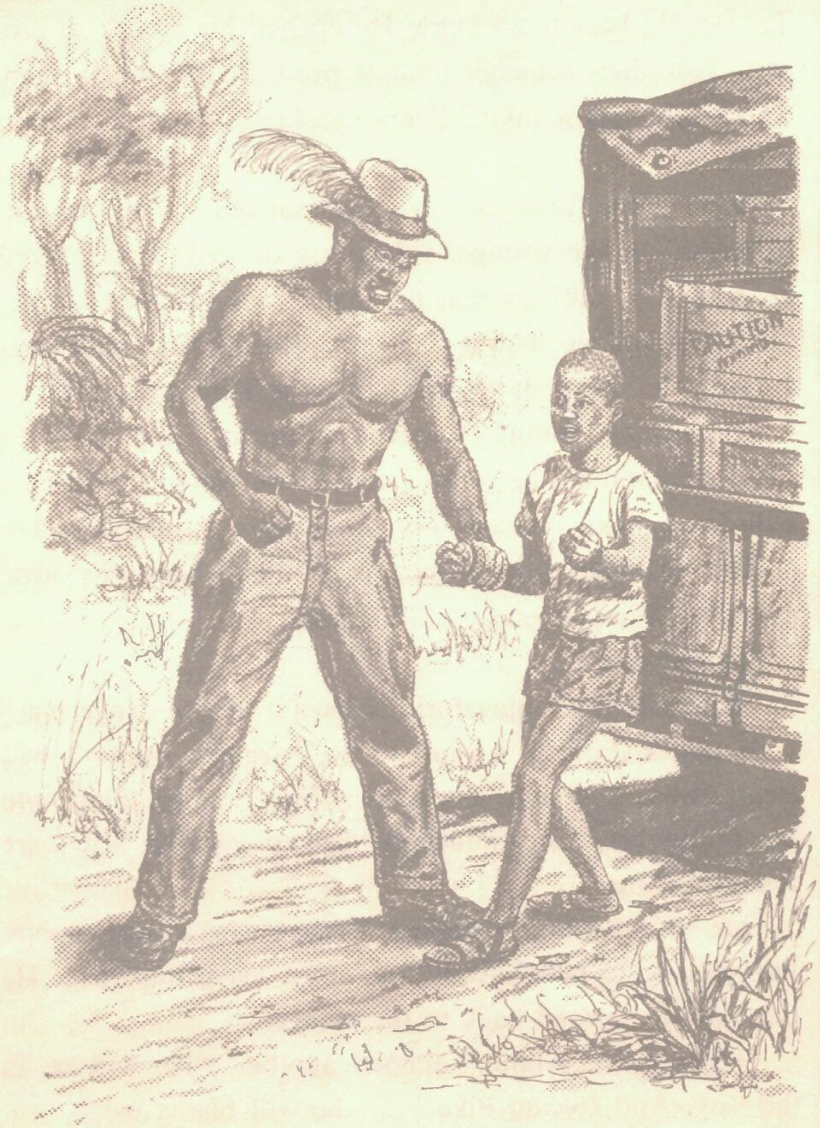
"Who are you?" demanded one of them gruffly. He was a brawny young man with an ostrich feather in the dusty brim of his hat. "What were you up to inside the truck?" He glared at Toki, his eyes dark and threatening. The little boy backed up a step, and felt the truck's tailgate press against his back.

"I . . . I am called Toki," he said. His own voice sounded shaky and strange. Nor could he force more words to come out. It was all he could do to meet the hard black eyes without flinching.

"What business have you hiding inside the truck?" demanded another safari boy.

"Ahh . . . it's clear he was there to steal!" said the one with the ostrich feather. "What were you stealing? I will show you how we handle little thieves!"

His strong arm shot forward and grabbed Toki's wrist.



Long fingers tightened hard. Pain mixed with panic until Toki could bear it no more. He opened his mouth to protest. Just then someone else stepped in. An older man, whose face was wrinkled like a monkey's, stepped between them.

"Free him, Thomas!" he commanded. With an annoyed grunt, the younger safari boy obeyed. Toki looked up gratefully and saw that the man's eyes twinkled kindly. "I do not believe such a small *toto* (little one) could steal very much," he went on. He looked at Toki quizzically.

"I was not stealing. I meant no harm," said Toki. "I . . . I only wanted to go on safari. I can work very hard. I will do anything you ask. I want no pay . . . just to go."

The old man looked surprised, then shook his head gravely. "You are too small!" he said.

"I am strong . . . I . . ."

"This will be a long safari. Perhaps it will be dangerous."

"I am not afraid. I want to go," argued Toki. "I will clean dishes and shine boots. Anything!" A pleading note crept into his voice. Suddenly discouraged, he felt tears ready to come.

One of the others laughed. "What can a little puppy like you do to help? Abdul, we must leave him here. He can follow the road back to the village."

"*N'dio* (yes), Abdul," echoed another. "He will be in the way. And *Bwana* Pike . . . he will blame us!"

The older man, Abdul, listened patiently at first, then silenced the safari boys with a wave of his hand. "What are you saying?" he scolded. "We cannot send a small boy back alone. It is too far. He must go on with us until we reach the camping spot. When *Bwana* Pike joins us, he will decide what is to be done."

Apparently Abdul's word was to be heeded and obeyed. The others murmured reluctant agreement. Thomas threw Toki a final unfriendly look. "Ehh," he grumbled. "He will not act so smart when he meets *Bwana* Pike! The little puppy acts bold. But we will see, we will see!"

One by one the safari boys climbed back to their places on top of the load. Toki followed, finding a spot near Abdul. He drew his knees up under his chin and leaned back against the cab of the truck.

The truck followed a red road as it twisted up a steep hill, barren except for thornscrub. Beyond rose forested mountains. The warm breeze smelled of sunlight and acacia bloom. Toki's heart soon felt as light as a springing gazelle.

Chapter 2 Punda Toto

The spot chosen for camp lay on the fringes of the Serengeti Plains. For the last miles of the trip, the truck bumped down a twisting road. Rolling grasslands stretched as far as Toki could see. Sunset's first warm lights painted the plains in lovely burnt golds. Acacia trees made feathery silhouettes near scattered herds of zebras and gazelles. Tiny birds flew chattering from taller grass clumps.

Toki worked hard as they pitched camp. He helped hand down boxes and folding chairs from the truck, and found dry wood for the fire. Camp was tidy and complete by the time Adam Pike and Carl Cobble, his white hunter, appeared, their car kicking up dust in the twilight.

When Mr. Pike discovered Toki, he was very angry. However, he agreed to allow Toki to remain with the safari until someone could be found who was traveling in the direction of the boy's village. In the meantime, Mr. Pike warned him to stay out of the way.

During the next few days, Mr. Pike searched vainly for Simba-of-the-White-Mane. Thomas and the other trackers would leave camp at dawn. Mr. Pike would set out after breakfast with Carl Cobble. They would comb the region for clues, then return to camp later in the morning.

Toki learned safari routine and worked hard. Each morning he rose before the sun, put fresh wood on the fire, and poked it until it blazed strongly. He carried trays of steaming tea to Mr. Pike's tent, leaving it just inside the door. Then he would polish Mr. Pike's boots until they gleamed, or help Abdul prepare breakfast.

Mr. Pike rarely spoke to him. Never so much as a nod of appreciation rewarded the extra-high shine Toki gave Mr. Pike's boots, though he rubbed until his arm ached. Nor did Mr. Pike notice that the dining tent had never been so neat. Each speck of dirt was faithfully swept from the canvas flooring. Maps and magazines were piled in orderly stacks, and the kerosene lamps were lined neatly in rows on a new little shelf Toki had made. Toki even collected flowers from the plains and arranged them in an empty

pickle jar. If Mr. Pike did notice, he never mentioned it. Toki met a disapproving glare whenever he crossed Mr. Pike's path.

But he did not mind. Each day seemed more exciting than the day before. He never tired of watching animals out on the plains. Some wandered close to camp. When the day's work was done, and he joined the circle of safari boys around the campfire, he listened breathlessly to tales of Africa's wilderness. Mr. Pike's trackers might tell of a cheetah's flight through a gully, or a sign of elephant.

Sometimes Masai tribesmen wandered into camp, drawn by curiosity. From Abdul, Toki learned many things about this strange nomadic people who wandered from one place to another with their huge herds of cattle and goats. Abdul could speak a few words of the Masai language—enough to greet them. Toki tried hard to learn, but the sounds were strange and hard to imitate. He longed to be able to ask the Masai about the great lion. But they never seemed very much interested in talk. The women especially preferred to wander around the camp, gaping at strange sights such as mirrors and coffee pots.

On the morning of his fifth day on safari, Toki was awake before dawn with his toes feeling icy cold. The air had turned chilly during the night, for the Serengeti Plains form part of a vast high plateau. Although it would take only a few days' northward travel to cross the equa-

tor, here Toki was glad for a warm sweater in the early hours before the sun was high.

Nobody else was awake. Toki missed the crackle of the fire. It had died hours before, leaving only a few red embers under gray ash. Soon it would be time to heat *Bwana* Pike's shaving water, and to start tea. Toki yawned and wiggled his toes to start the blood moving. Then he pulled on his sandals, folded his blanket in a neat square, and yawned one last time.

A few minutes later he was off and away through the acacia grove. He had a long knife hitched to his belt to cut firewood, and a fat yellow banana in hand to reward his own good work. He moved as silently as a young leopard, peeling the banana as he went. Never had he felt more happy! Tiny emerald lovebirds darted through the lacy treetops. Thick as rain they were, and their bright chatter was all around.

A coppery antelope scampered almost into his path. Seeing Toki, it bounded away like a rabbit, hardly touching the ground as it went. All in fun, Toki chased the animal, trying to imitate its silent graceful springs. He laughed at himself for landing so heavily in comparison.

Even the job of cutting wood seemed like play. One after another, the long branches creaked and fell to the ground. When there was enough, Toki surveyed the neat stack with self-satisfaction. Hands folded against his chest,

he cocked his head as if defying the fallen "foes" to rise again.

Before him, the acacia grove led like aisles into the open plains. In the distance, the ancient extinct volcano called Lemagrut was gray against a faint-lemon dawn sky. Not far away, a herd of fat zebras grazed peacefully. A lone wildebeest pushed his way into their midst, as if he thought that he, too, was a zebra. He seemed to be an animal made of spare parts with his mulish hindquarters and his great bearded head.

Toki came nearer until the zebra leader froze and lifted its head. The other zebras stopped grazing and stared in Toki's direction. Suddenly they wheeled about as if the same trigger had loosened springs in all their hoofs. Their chubby rumps were soon vanishing over the rim of a hill. Flustered and frantic, the wildebeest loped behind.

For more than half an hour Toki walked across the plains, fascinated by the varied animal life. He watched a group of giraffes eating a dainty breakfast of acacia leaves. Six ostriches were racing over the more distant plains, their feathers like skirts fanning in the breeze. The ridiculously large ears of baby fennec foxes peered at him cagily over the tips of the grass, their black eyes snapping to see this uninvited stranger on their private patch of land. Minutes disappeared like leaves in a whirlpool, and the plains turned full face to the sun. Toki realized it was

late. He turned quickly, and started back at a steady trot.

Knowing he had traveled in a rough semicircle, Toki decided to take a short cut back to camp. It took him into denser "bush" country, where the rock-strewn earth grew scrubby acacia trees. The plains fell away. Hooklike thorns of bushes caught at his sweater, scratched his bare legs. A canopy of branches filtered out the sun. It was likely country for rhinos, and for any number of dangers that Toki would as soon avoid.

Trails made by wild animals laced the dense bush. It was easy to follow them, for they were packed firm from frequent use. Toki picked an especially well-used trail that led toward camp. The prints of paws and hoofs were stamped upon it like a crazy design. Toki could see the tiny sharp grooves made by a forest antelope in full flight, and the old paw prints of a leopard. He gasped a little and stopped when the large deep tracks of a rhinoceros joined the trail from the left. They couldn't be more than an hour old! The rhino might be around the next turn, behind any rock or group of bushes. Toki walked more swiftly, watching closely to catch any sign of movement.

It was a curious place to find a baby zebra! The little fellow, which couldn't have been more than a few days old, stood directly in Toki's path, its color protection so artful that Toki nearly ran into it. Its stripes were chocolate brown and still covered with fuzz.

There was no sign of its mother, but Toki thought she must surely be close by. He stood very still, leaning against a fig tree. There was no sign of life, however, except for the usual stir of monkeys and birds. The little zebra eyes gazed at Toki without fear. It shook its striped head up and down a few times. Then, haltingly, its long legs took a few steps toward the boy.

"*Punda toto* (little zebra)," said Toki softly, "where is your mother?" He sank down to his hands and knees. Immediately the baby zebra came up to him, buried its small black nose against the boy's shoulder, and nudged him.

Toki had never been so close to a zebra. He was delighted. Running his hand over its fuzzy neck, he talked to

it gently, mixing Swahili with his own Mbulu language. The zebra's teeth took a playful hold on his trousers, and he seemed wonderfully happy with his new companion.

Finally, after several minutes, Toki stood up with a sigh. He put his hands on his hips and eyed the little animal as if it were a naughty child that deserved a scolding.

"No, Toto," he said, "you must find your mother. I am already very late returning to camp. Run away—I have no time to play with you."

The zebra only looked up at him with soft dark eyes, and nudged Toki's leg for more attention. Toki couldn't help smiling. "Don't you know there is a huge lion who will eat you if you're not careful? Or maybe a leopard?"

Toki stepped nimbly around the little animal and walked away for several yards without looking back. When he did glance over his shoulder, he saw he was being stubbornly followed. Toki stopped. The little animal broke into a trot and came happily alongside.

"Bad one!" said Toki. He knew he must leave it behind, or it might lose its mother completely. It was odd enough, he thought, that she had left it all by itself for so long. He had walked only a few yards farther, however, when he heard the sound!

Chapter 3 Alone on the Serengeti

Toki stopped and did not move. Even his breathing sounded too loud in the stillness that followed. Several moments passed while he stood listening. The baby zebra stood trustingly at his feet, and the sun filtered through the trees to give a copper glow to his baby fuzz. Then Toki looked up. To his horror, he saw that dozens of huge buzzards and marabou storks were circling overhead. The ugly scavengers could mean only one thing: tragedy had struck, or was threatening to strike.

Then it came again, the loud sound of thrashing and breaking twigs. Whatever made the noise was well hidden

in the thick growth that lay to the left of the animal trail. Toki could be fairly sure that the sound came from an animal in trouble. And he knew one rule well: an injured animal is to be avoided. Fear and pain will make it desperate and ready to attack any other living thing. He knew that predatory animals would be quick to follow the telltale scavengers overhead. Leopards—even lions—might be nearby at that very moment, silent, invisible, waiting.

The thrashing sound came again. Toki's fingers closed tightly around the knife that still hung at his belt, and he was suddenly quite grateful to have it. He retraced the animal trail for a few steps until he found a break in the bushes. Step by step, watching each stone and bush in case of a sudden movement, he crept forward. How foolish I am, how foolish I am, he thought, and the words kept pounding in his mind, constant and quick as his heartbeat.

Nevertheless, something drew him on. It was partly curiosity, and partly the mysterious spell of this quiet place where he, a human being, was a stranger. A large boulder blocked his path. He flattened himself against it and moved cautiously around to the other side.

What he saw made him draw his breath in, long and deep. A large female zebra lay on her side, half-choked by a tight wire noose. Apparently some clever animal poacher had strung the noose trap among the trees where it would be scarcely visible in the bushes. The zebra had

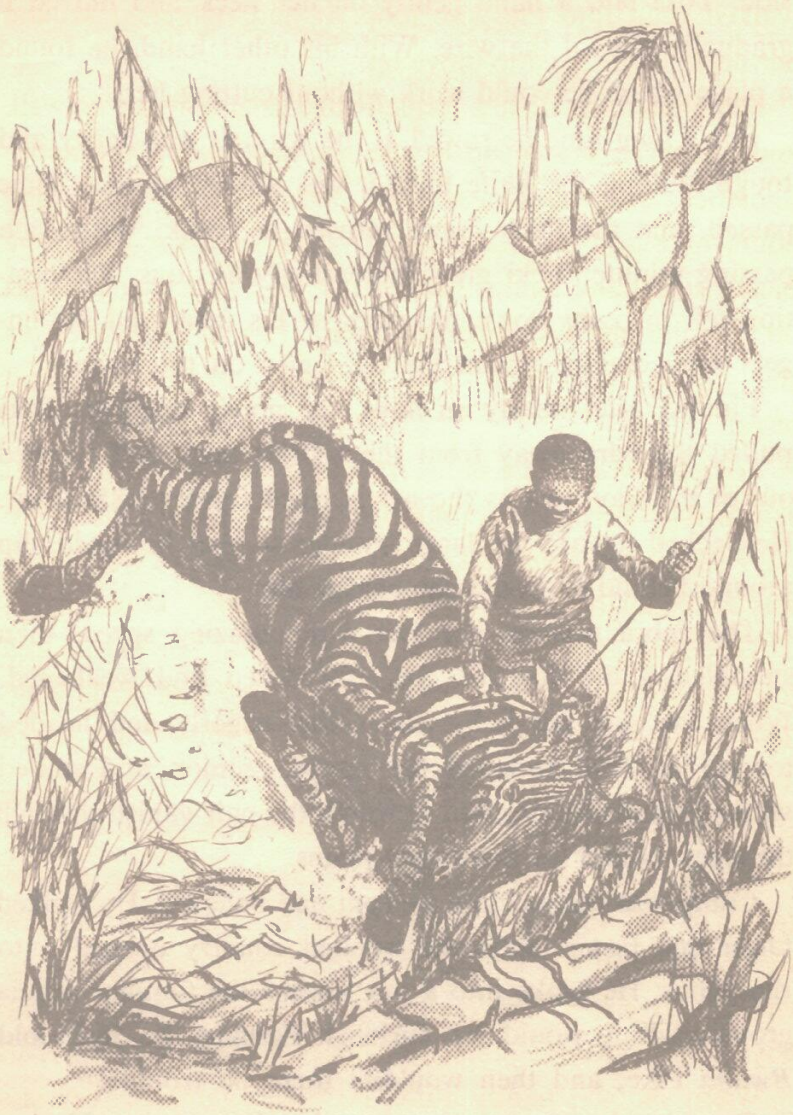
walked right into the wire loop. It had tightened around her neck as she tried to move on.

Somehow, one of her forelegs had been caught as well, and had been drawn up beside her head when the noose tightened. Her neck was torn and bleeding from long hours of battle to free herself. When she saw Toki, she began struggling again, flailing her legs and trying to get up. Finally she lay still, exhausted. Her sides heaved as she gasped for breath, and her black eyes rolled with terror.

Toki knew he must either run away, or free her as fast as possible. Perhaps he could return to camp for help. No . . . he knew *Bwana* Pike would want to shoot her. There was no better bait to draw lions than a newly killed zebra. Toki looked at the desperate zebra, then at her bewildered *toto,* which had followed him like a trusting little dog. The thought sickened him. "Well, *toto,* I'll try," whispered Toki.

Quickly he scanned the bushes for any sign of danger. Slowly he approached the zebra, careful to keep out of range of her sharp hoofs. Then he bent down and drew the knife from his belt. The zebra began flailing the air with her free legs, and one of her hoofs barely missed the boy's bent head. He jumped back quickly.

When she was finally quiet, he tried again. Luckily she had worn herself out, and could only lie weakly on her



side. Toki laid a hand gently on her neck and moved it gradually toward the wire. With his other hand, he found a place where he could work without cutting her.

For a long time he sawed at the wire. It was heavy and tough, dulling the knife until it was almost useless. Time passed, and the thick noose refused to break. With each passing minute, Toki grew increasingly anxious. Perspiration fell in paths down the sides of his face, and his fingers were cramped from the tight grip on the knife.

Finally, after nearly an hour, the noose snapped. Toki pulled the wire away from the zebra's neck and jumped out of the way, just as the newly freed foreleg lashed out. He backed toward the large boulder so that he could slip around behind it should she charge him.

The zebra was on her feet with amazing speed, then stumbled a bit, for she was still dazed and weakened. When she saw her baby, she called eagerly and headed toward it. Toki watched the happy reunion and smiled with pleasure. He lingered to watch the pair vanish through the trees, bound for their open plains.

Camp was not so close as Toki had believed. He walked faster and faster. Soon the wooded country opened onto the plains. He broke into a run toward the familiar acacia grove. Adbul would be furious! Perhaps he had told *Bwana* Pike, and then wouldn't there be trouble!

Once inside the acacia grove, he thought it odd that

there was no smoke from the campfire, and that he heard no voices. He hurried through the last wall of trees, into the clearing, then stopped short. The tents were gone. Even when he stared blankly at the charred circle left by the campfire, and the square spots of flattened grass where the tents had been . . . even then he could not believe it!

Meanwhile, many miles to the north, Abdul shifted about uneasily in the rear of the jeep. He was seated on a bedroll with his feet braced against a food box. "You are *sure* the little boy is in the big truck?" he asked. His dark face was troubled and anxious.

"Sure, sure," Thomas answered. He peeled a banana and tossed the skin lightly away. "I saw him climb in. He's there, all right."

"I don't know, I don't know," said Abdul. "I didn't see him about this morning. He usually helps me. I just don't know." He peered out the back of the jeep as if he were trying to see the little boy. But the truck was many miles behind.

Chapter 4 Simba of the White Mane

Bewildered, Toki stared at the deserted camp site. Three squares of flattened grass, like faded yellow patches, marked the spots where tents had stood. A charred circle replaced the friendly campfire. Toki's eyes searched the open plains beyond, where a single wildebeest kicked up a small dust cloud. A buzzing fly tickled Toki's ear and he brushed it away.

Except for the wildebeest, the fly, and a gentle puff of breeze, nothing seemed to move. Toki suddenly felt as if he were in the midst of a bad dream. Perhaps he would suddenly waken to find himself cozily wrapped in his

blanket, with Abdul snoring on the other side of the campfire. But he forced himself to realize it was no dream. The safari had left without him. Panic started to grow.

Surely, someone must have stayed behind to wait for him. "Abdul? Abdul?" he called softly. The quiet air lifted his voice but returned no answer. The squeak of an old tree limb was the only reply.

Tire tracks of the jeep and trucks crisscrossed, joined, separated in the grass as they headed away from the spot. Squinting against the bright morning sun, Toki followed them with his eyes as far as he could. Then he set out. The safari would probably return to find him. Perhaps he could meet them.

Toki walked for about an hour. The sun grew hotter and his lips felt parched. But he didn't pause. As he plodded on, each event of the safari was written into its path. Toki could see where the jeep narrowly missed dropping a wheel into a hyena's hole, and where someone had eaten a banana and tossed away the skin. Here the vehicles had stopped, pulled up alongside each other, then changed direction slightly. At least the jeep and hunting car had. They were obviously far ahead of the truck. In dismay, Toki realized that each group might think he had ridden with the other. And they might not realize the mistake until nightfall!

The tough grass was pushing up quickly, making the

tracks harder and harder to see. Sometimes they disappeared entirely, as if the trucks had been swallowed by the Serengeti Plains. Toki searched on hands and knees to find them again.

Farther on, the tracks traced the edge of an acacia tree grove. Yellow-green foliage threw gentle shadows across a carpet of emerald grass. The grove had a cool, secret look. Hot and tired, Toki longed to stretch out beneath the roof of branches. In his mind he could almost feel the fresh green grass against his burning face and thorn-scratched ankles.

He wandered slowly into the grove. It was peaceful there. For a brief instant, some sixth sense warned that it was almost too quiet. But the feeling quickly passed. Toki began to enjoy the graceful charm of the trees with their feathery leaves. He had started humming a tune when a flash of movement startled him. He did not know why, but he sensed something out of the ordinary . . . perhaps in the quick way the grasses parted, or perhaps in a half-seen shape of whatever had moved.

Almost no large undergrowth cluttered his view. Toki could see ahead for many yards. It occurred to him that he, himself, could be seen just as easily. He narrowed his eyes and stared. A tawny shape became half visible. Or was it just grass and shadows? Curious, though uneasy, Toki walked slowly forward. The grass grew taller around

the spot where the thing had moved. Perhaps a hyena was pausing to stare at him before lumbering off.

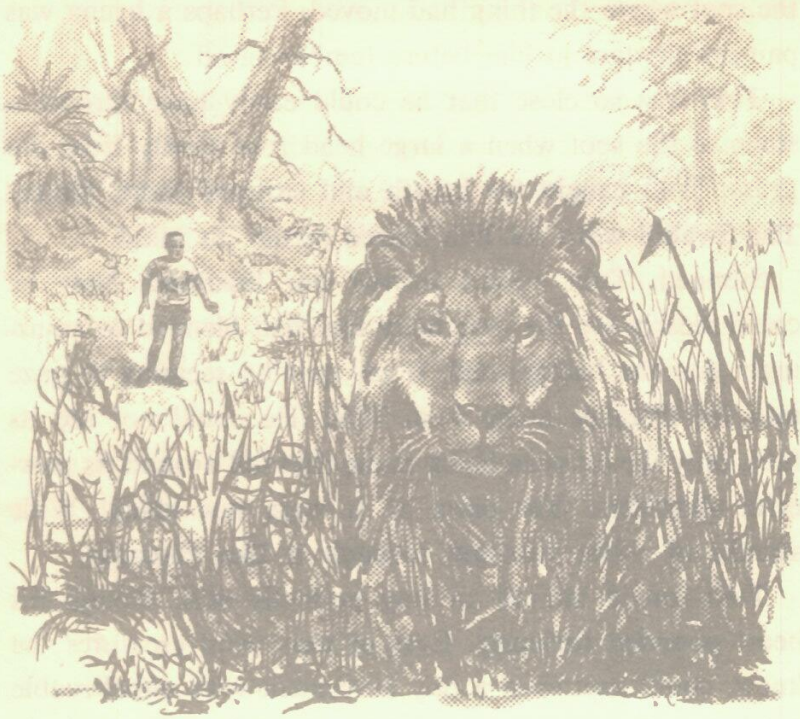
Toki was so close that he could easily have thrown a stone to the spot when a large head rose slowly from the grass. Toki caught his breath and stopped short. Simba! The Swahili word for lion blazed across his mind.

Stunned, Toki neither moved nor breathed. Now he could clearly see the long body that had blended so amazingly into the background. It lay quietly, seeming to gaze into the distance away from Toki. He could not see its face, only the massive black mane that fell around its powerful shoulders. Yet parts of it were not black! Wide streaks of white tumbled through it like cascades.

Toki forced himself to stay perfectly still, though his heart pounded furiously. Eyes of most wild creatures, he knew, could spot even a tiny movement with unbelievable quickness. But how long could he stand there doing nothing?

Perhaps half a minute passed, but it seemed far longer. Desperately Toki tried to think of a way out. As he tried to fight back growing panic, the great head lifted. It was only a slight movement, but abrupt, as if the great cat had suddenly sensed something unfamiliar nearby. Then slowly, very deliberately, the head turned. Calm yellow eyes seemed to stare directly at Toki.

For a moment or two Toki's terror dropped away. The



splendid animal seemed more to be admired than feared. Square head high and proud, soft lights glinted in the tangled mane. The long, taut body curved easily against the ground, matching the baked grass. In fact, the lion seemed to belong to the rolling, sun-drenched plains. And, like the plains, he seemed at peace.

But Toki did not marvel for long. Suddenly the lion became alert and on guard. With one swift easy spring it

rose to its feet. Toki had never dreamed a lion could be so big . . . even this one. Once or twice Toki looked desperately around him, as if hoping some help would miraculously appear. Then he wheeled and began to run wildly, on and on, never looking back.

Much later, Toki slowed down to a walk. His throat throbbed. Breathing hard, he lay near a *kopje*. In the shade of its rocks he closed his eyes and stretched full length in the cool grass.

Slowly his head cleared. Not until then did he begin to realize the full meaning of what had happened. Between breaths, Toki whispered over and over to himself, "He is real, he is not a legend at all!" Opening his eyes, he let his eyes follow the slow circling of a stork in the sky. But his mind was on the lion. "I am the only person who has seen him!" Toki whispered to himself. "I am the only one who knows where he is."

For a long time Toki rested near the *kopje,* deciding what he must do. Finally he got up, brushed the dust from his trousers, and set out, determined to find the safari.

But Toki was truly lost now. Even the familiar pattern of distant hills seemed changed. As the afternoon sun blazed a path across the sky, he walked with no special direction. Surely somewhere he would find signs of human life.

Growing more and more thirsty, more and more tired,

Toki plodded stubbornly over the plains. Finally he climbed to the crest of a small hill and sat down, drawing his scratched ankles beneath him. A group of zebras stood not far away, still as shadows, ready to run. A magnificent eland, coat like polished copper in the sun, caught sight of him. It took flight. Toki forgot his troubles as he marveled at its long, spiraling horns, its speed and grace.

Toki watched the eland until it disappeared. Cupping his hands above his eyes, he studied the plains. Another hill rose abruptly on his right, bare and slashed with eroded gullies. Directly in front of him the plains sloped long and gently into a shallow valley. On a distant slope were black dots of animals, grazing. At first Toki thought they were wildebeests. He studied them closely, puzzled, until a hoarse call, faint as an echo, reached his ears across the separating valley. The herd began to shuffle slowly, not moving like wild animals. To the left of them, three slight figures came into view, sprinting across the plains. All of a sudden Toki realized they were Masai herders.

A wave of happy relief filled him. The Masai could surely help him find his way. Walking with new strength, he started toward them.

While Toki is with the Masai herdsmen a runner brings word that Simba has been wounded by the guns of the safari. An injured lion brings terror to the plains. He must be killed. Toki decides to try to save Simba. But how? he wonders. He learns that it sometimes takes more courage to protect than to kill.

The rest of this exciting story of Africa is told in Jocelyn Arundel's book *Simba of the White Mane* (Whittlesey House, 1958).

You may also want to read:

The White Panther
by Theodore Waldeck (Viking Press, 1941)

Elsa
by Joy Adamson (Pantheon Books, 1961)

Hari: The Jungle Lad
by Dhan Gopal Mukerji (E. P. Dutton, 1924)

Burma Boy
by Willis Lindquist (Whittlesey House, 1953)

The Big Cats
by Herbert S. Zim (William Morrow, 1955)

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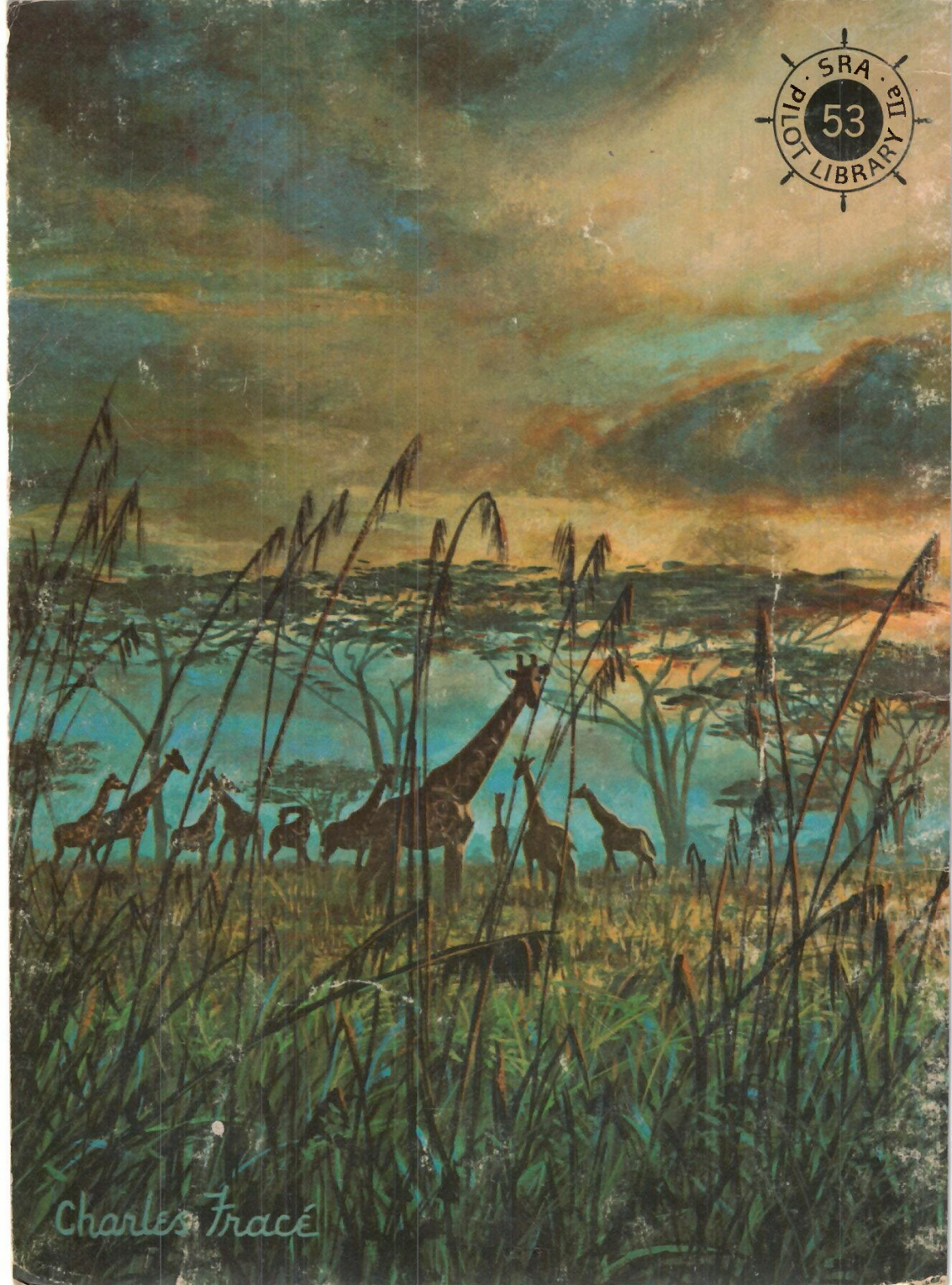
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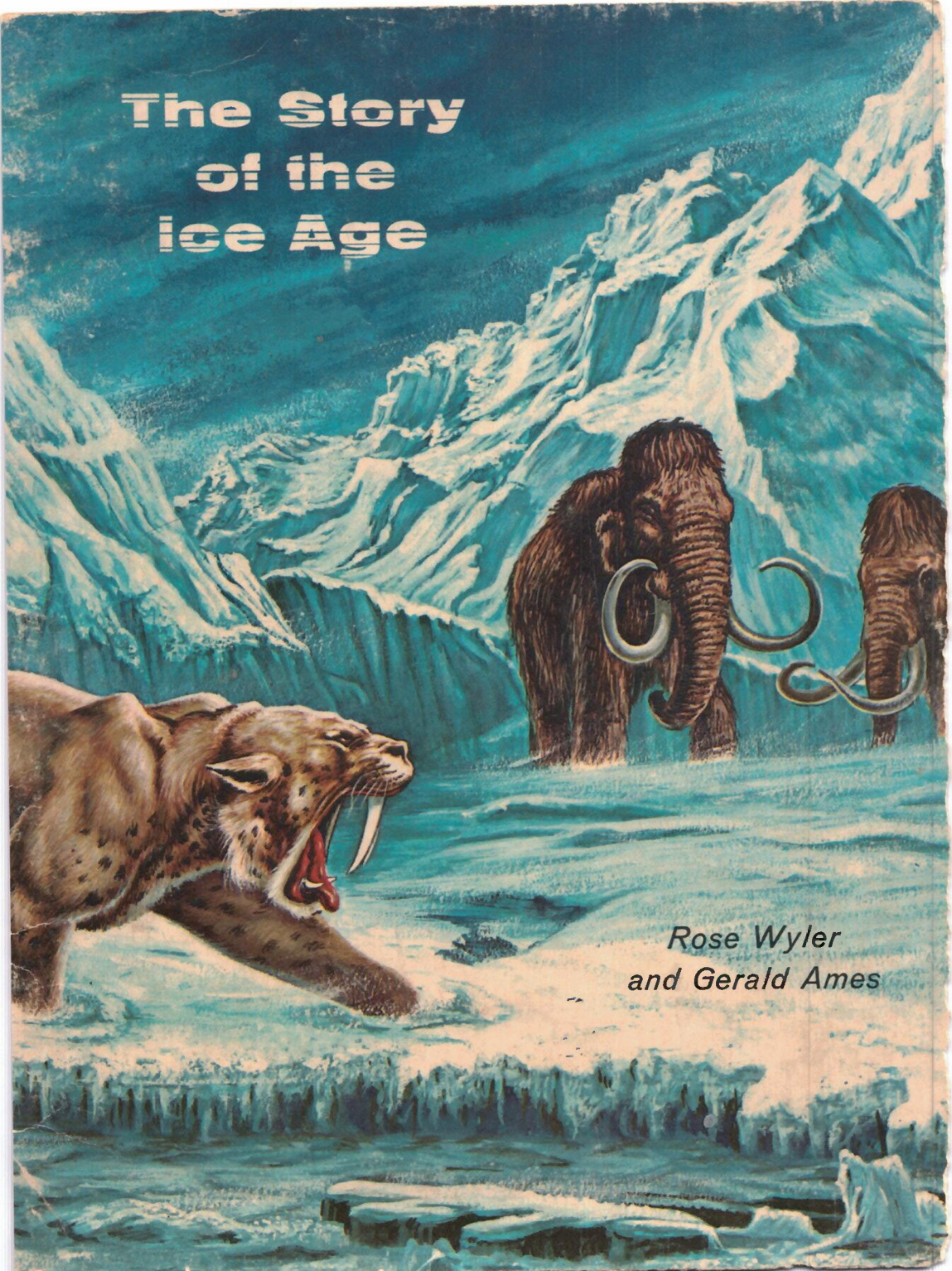
The Story of the Ice Age



Rose Wyler
and Gerald Ames

THE STORY OF THE ICE AGE

by Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames

During the great Ice Age, glaciers covered much of Europe, Asia, and North America. Many huge and strange animals roamed the plains of the Northern Hemisphere. Woolly mammoths, saber-toothed tigers, and the ancestors of today's horse, deer, and bear lived near the edge of the great ice sheets.

There were men during the Ice Age as well. They left no writing, but remains of tools have told us much about these first hunters. Some even left paintings on the walls of caves.

This is a story of what life must have been like for both men and animals of the Ice Age.

The Story of the Ice Age

BY ROSE WYLER AND GERALD AMES

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES FRACÉ

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ANIMAL WANDERERS

Several times in the past, the lands of the earth were attacked by a mighty enemy—ice. Moving sheets of it buried the Antarctic Continent and Greenland. Other sheets overran half of Europe and North America. Blue ice cliffs plowed over valleys and plains and mountains. Only the tallest peaks rose above the ice, like islands in a white sea.

Those were dangerous times, yet bands of people in Europe and Asia dared to roam the borders of the ice, hunting the reindeer, the woolly rhinoceros, and the mammoth. Several kinds of great beasts died off during the Age of Ice, but the people lived.

The hunters had no way of writing, and left no account of their adventures. Until about a hundred years ago, no one in the world knew they had ever existed, or that there had ever been an Ice Age. Then bones of unknown animals

and people were dug up, and hints of mysterious events were found. Scientists fitted the clues together, bit by bit, until they unfolded a strange chapter in the history of the earth.

During the Ice Age, Europe, Asia, and North America had more large animals than Africa has today. Several kinds of mammoths, with their cousins the mastodons, roamed the lands of the Northern Hemisphere. The imperial mammoth, which ranged over the southern part of North America, stood seventeen feet tall. If it existed today, this great beast could easily look over the head of an African elephant.

When the sea level was low, animals could travel freely between North America and Asia. The continents were joined by land where Bering Strait separates them today. Even now, the waters of the Strait are very shallow. If the sea bottom were to rise only 120 feet, a passage of dry land would connect the continents.

The route was usually free of ice. In northeast Asia winters were so cold that the air held little moisture. Snowfall therefore was slight, and formed only small glaciers.

In Alaska the winters were somewhat milder, but the high mountains along the coast caught most of the moisture brought by winds from the Pacific. The snow fell

mainly on the slopes facing the ocean, and ice forming there flowed harmlessly into the great sea.

The dry air passing over the mountains brought little snow, so ice did not spread over Alaska. The Yukon Valley was free of ice, and opened into the corridor between the Keewatin ice sheet and the Rockies. Thus a long, ice-free route led all the way from Asia to the plains of the American Southwest.

Animals migrated both ways from continent to continent. The bison, mammoth, and mastodon families came from Asia and spread to North America. The camel, a native of North America, traveled to Asia.

A wonderful assemblage of animals lived on the North American plains. Horses of several types roamed in enormous herds. Some were ponies; others grew larger than any horses of today. With their trim, long-legged bodies built for speed, they could travel far in search of grass, and could outrun enemies. When a herd was frightened and stampeded, the plain must have echoed with the thunder of their hoofs.

Wherever plant eaters go, flesh eaters pursue them. Wolves, lion-like cats, bears, and other beasts of prey migrated with the plant eaters from continent to continent.

Among the flesh eaters was the great cat called the sabertooth because of the tusks that jutted from its upper

jaw. They were not round, but were flattened like blades, and curved backward. The whole body of the creature was built in a way to put power behind those terrible weapons. Its neck, shoulders, and front legs were thick and heavily muscled. When the beast leaped upon its prey, it did not bite. It stabbed the victim with its deadly "sabers."

The last branch of the family in America has been named the California sabertooth because its remains are plentiful there. Many of the beasts were trapped and buried alive in tar pools at a place that is now inside Los Angeles.

Oil seeped up from rocks under the tar pools, drenching the earth and sand. The oil contained asphalt, which made the ground sticky. Sometimes water lay on top of it. Unsuspecting animals came there to drink, and when they stepped on the gummy bottom it caught and held them. They struggled to pull themselves out, but only sank deeper.

Bones of the trapped animals were preserved by the asphalt. Many skeletons have been taken from the tar, and now stand in our museums. Among them are several types of horses, long-horned bison, camels, and that strange beast, the ground sloth.

Ground sloths came from South America. The last type to arrive was as bulky as an elephant. It had a thick,

powerful tail. It used the tail as a prop when it squatted on its haunches, stripping leaves from trees. Flesh eaters probably dared not come within reach of the giant's forepaws, for they were armed with great claws.

When a sloth or other animal was caught in a tar pool, its struggles attracted flesh eaters, but what seemed an easy meal turned out to be a baited trap. When wolves and sabertooths came to attack the victims, they themselves often sank into the mire.

Giant vultures, the largest flying birds that ever lived, hovered over the tar pools waiting for trapped animals to

die, then settled on the carcasses for a feast. Some of them ate so much that they could not fly away, and they too sank into the sticky earth.

Most kinds of large animals spread all the way across the continent. On the east coast, animals migrating southward reached Florida and were stopped by the sea. Many settled there, and their descendants stayed during the ice periods and the warm periods, too.

Tapirs, whose modern cousins inhabit the jungles of South America, splashed along the watercourses, feeding on plants that hung over the banks. Ground sloths half sat and half stood, grasping tree branches and eating leaves endlessly, as they had to do in order to nourish their enormous bodies.

Among the plant eaters were horses, asses, camels, and deer. Wolves hunted them, and so did jaguars and saber-tooths. But all these animals made way for the lordly mastodons and mammoths when they came crashing through the thickets gathering trunkfuls of leaves.

THE GREAT HUNTERS

Skeletons of Ice Age animals are plentiful, but skeletons of Ice Age people are rare. This is explained simply. Animals blundered into quicksand or tumbled over riverbanks. Their bones were buried under mud that preserved them. But people were too intelligent to fall into such traps.

Human remains would be more plentiful if people of the Ice Age had buried their dead. Most people, it seems, left their dead in the open, where the bodies were destroyed by animals and by decay.

But human beings left traces more durable than bones. They used tools, some of which were made of flint and other hard stones. Many of the tools have been dug up in Europe. The simplest type is an oval stone chipped on one

side so as to give it an edge. The other side is left round, and will fit into the hand. A person holding such a "hand ax" can use it either as a weapon or as a cutting or scraping tool.

The "hand ax people" were tribes from Asia and Africa that drifted into Europe about 300,000 years ago. Only a few of their bones have been found—just enough pieces of skulls and jaws to tell us that these human beings were low-browed, big-jawed creatures.

The hand axes are usually found in the banks of streams. It seems the people roamed along the rivers, living on clams, mussels, and roots, which they dug up with their stone tools.

During the time of the hand ax people, the second ice sheet disappeared from Europe, and forests crept northward. In the forests lived African animals like the hippopotamus, elephant, and rhinoceros. When the climate turned cold again and a new ice sheet spread, the hand ax people were driven away. Very few could find places with enough shellfish and roots to keep them alive.

While the third ice sheet was retreating, people of a new type appeared in Europe. At times they took shelter in caves, and some of them buried their dead. In several places bones have been found preserved in graves and in cave dwellings. Some were dug up in the Neanderthal district of Germany, so the people have been named "Neanderthal men."

A Neanderthal man was short-legged, compared to us, but not small. He had a barrel chest, powerful arms, a thick neck, and a large head and face. He slouched forward when he walked. A great ridge over his eyes must have made him resemble an ape.

The Neanderthal men used hand axes that were expertly chipped for different uses such as cutting, sawing, and scraping. They certainly had spears and other weapons, for they were hunters of large animals. We know this because bones of bison, horses, and reindeer have been found with Neanderthal remains.

Lions, bears, and wolves were the people's rivals. They chased the same game. Some of them took refuge in the same caves. There was a cave bear, a cave hyena, and a cave lion. Sometimes the people came face to face with these beasts in the caves, and fought them with blazing torches, clubs, and spears.

When the fourth ice sheet—the last—spread over Europe, the Neanderthal people disappeared, probably because they could not survive.

Later, while the fourth ice sheet was retreating in northern Europe, tribes of mighty hunters appeared in the south. We think they came from Asia and Africa, following the big game animals. The newcomers were like us in build. Judging from the skulls which have been found, some resembled modern Europeans, some Negroes, and others looked like Eskimos.

Several branches of the human family kept alive during the centuries of trial. Through their struggle for life in the changing world, they themselves changed. The groups that became most skillful in hunting and working together prospered and spread to new places. The future belonged to them.

Tools and weapons left by the Great Hunters show that they were very clever people. They fashioned many kinds of implements from wood, flint, and ivory. Some genius invented a wonderful weapon, the harpoon. This was a spear with a detachable point that carried a line. When the point hooked into an animal, the Hunters could hold it by the line.

The Great Hunters spent their summers following game on the plains and tundra. In winter they sometimes took refuge in caves, living in the entrances, which were light and airy.

Bone needles and needle cases, dug up from campsites, show that the people sewed material for garments. No doubt they learned to clothe themselves with animal skins, as the Eskimos and other arctic peoples do today.

Since no trees grew on the plains and tundra, the Hunters had no wood, so they burned another kind of fuel. We know about it from stone lamps, shaped like trays, which have been dug up. Several of these lamps had bits of animal matter clinging to them. When tested, this stuff proved to be remains of fat. A wick of some material like moss was set into the fat and lighted.

You can imagine a group of fur-clad men, women, and children gathered in their cave shelter, protected from winds that howl outside. They squat in a circle around a lamp, their faces lighted and warmed by the bright flame. They feast on chunks of tasty meat, and other chunks hang over the lamp, roasting. Life is good, in spite of the cold and ice.

SECRET OF THE CAVES

Have you ever tried to draw a horse? It isn't easy, is it? The Great Hunters painted beautiful pictures of horses and other animals. You can see them, still fresh and life-like, on the walls of caves in southern France and northern Spain. The figures are so wonderfully drawn that you might think the artists had tame animals to pose as models. Reindeer are shown grazing, running, or swimming across streams. Wild oxen are fighting. Bison fall, wounded by the spears and harpoons of hunters.

The pictures tell us that wild horses, asses, bison, and antelopes roamed the grassland of southern Europe. We know the tundra was not far away, for the artists painted woolly mammoths and woolly rhinos, and their favorite subject was the reindeer. Bones of tundra animals and plains animals have been dug up from the same campsites.

During winter, herds of reindeer, mammoths, and musk oxen migrated to the plains of southern Europe. In summer, they returned to the tundra. Bands of the Great Hunters followed the reindeer northward, all the way to the ice front.

We can imagine the wild country the Hunters traveled over. First they crossed old moraines covered with plants, then new ones, bare of any green thing. Rivers wound between heaps of boulder-strewn earth. Where the streams were dammed by moraines, wide lakes spread.

As the Hunters closed behind the fleeing deer, they saw the ice front ahead of them. Torrents roared from caverns at its base, filling a lake. Ice cliffs rose from the water and thrust their gleaming blue towers against the sky.

The Hunters drove the deer to water in order to slow and tire them. Then they could be harpooned. We are able to guess this from one of the cave paintings in which deer are shown swimming with only their heads above water. The artist must have learned to paint swimming deer when he hunted with his band and chased the animals to water.

You can be sure that every able-bodied person, young and old, was needed for a big game drive. Women and children carried torches, waving them to frighten the animals and chase them toward the harpooners and spearmen.

Sometimes the Hunters drove their game over cliffs. At a place called Solutré, in France, there is a steep cliff at the foot of which the skeletons of thousands of horses have been found. When surrounded, the terrified animals plunged over the edge of the cliff and were killed. Then the Hunters had only to gather the meat at the foot of the cliff.

The woolly mammoth, king of the tundra, was too mighty to be chased. When a hunting band came upon a herd of mammoths—or when a herd came upon them—the people quickly got out of the way.

But the Hunters found a way to trap the king of beasts. They would dig a pit along the trail, cover it carefully, and wait for a mammoth to fall into it. Then they surrounded the beast and attacked it with spears.

If you study the paintings of the Great Hunters, you can learn the secret of their skill and courage. The paintings are located, not in the cave entrances where the Hunters camped, but in deep, dark, distant passages. Why, you wonder, did the artists hide their work?

The practices of other hunters, in recent times, may explain this riddle. Australian tribesmen also had caves where they kept figures of game animals. They thought that the living animals were connected with their pictures. A part of them, their "soul" or "life," was supposed to be in the pictures. By guarding the pictures, the tribesmen sought to protect the animals and control them.

The life substance of the people, they said, was stored in the same cave. The tribesfolk believed that animal souls were the same as human souls, and called the animals their brothers and sisters. The tribesmen held ceremonies

in the cave to keep the animals plentiful and the hunting band strong.

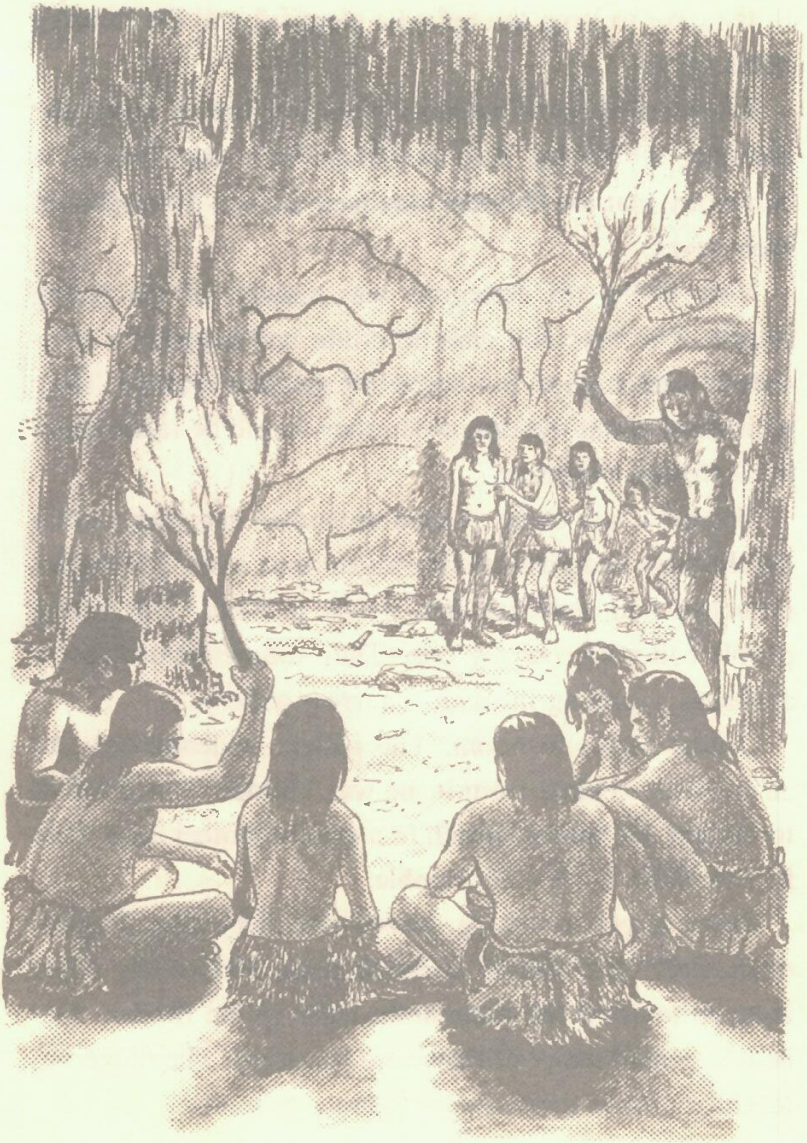
Knowing of such customs, you can try to guess the meaning of the Ice Age paintings. You can imagine a ceremony that the Hunters may have held in the depths of their caves.

Very likely, the ceremony was mainly for the young people. The boys and girls no doubt had heard of a mysterious, secret place, but dared not speak of it aloud. They whispered about the time when they would be taken there for a strange ceremony.

The great day came. A man or woman carrying a torch led the boys and girls into the mysterious cave. The leader crouched and squeezed into a low passage. The young people followed, one by one. They found themselves in darkness, crawling through a narrow gallery.

Drums began to boom. The gallery widened out. As each youth stepped from it, he was blinded by a flood of torchlight. He found himself in a great chamber, and what he saw there made him tremble.

Bison, about to charge, glared with fiery eyes. Horses, oxen, deer, and rhinos crowded near. Above the other animals towered the mammoth, ruler of the tundra. The beasts seemed real, but they were paintings. The flickering torchlight made them appear to move as if alive.



Men and women crouched in a circle. Swaying their shoulders, they chanted to the music of the drums. They sang of their great secret, perhaps in words like these:

Behold our kin of tundra, plain—
The horse, the deer, the mighty mammoth.
We keep their life in safety here;
For each we kill, another comes.
We hold them to the hunting ground,
We guard their life, their life is ours.
Our strength is great, for we are one,
Kindred of the hunting band.

By joining in the ceremony, the boys and girls became grown-up members of the band. They learned that all during their lives they would work with the whole group for the good of all.

This was the secret of the caves, the secret of the Hunters' strength. They helped one another in game drives and in all the tasks of their life. The dangers they faced were great, but the Hunters saved themselves. Because they knew how to work together, they lived through the Age of Ice.

PIONEERS OF THE NEW WORLD

For thousands of years the summers were warm. The ice sheets retreated in Europe and North America, uncovering land farther and farther to the north. Around the melting ice fronts lay a wilderness of bare moraines, lakes, and dry lake beds. Gradually, the moraines and clay beds turned green with plants spreading over them. As the zone of tundra crept northward, so did the zone of grassland behind it, and then the forest.

Animals of each zone moved northward to stay in their own kind of home. The reindeer, the woolly mammoth, and the musk ox migrated all the way to the shore of the Arctic Ocean.

Where the game herds of Europe and Asia went, the Great Hunters followed. Their migration lasted for many

centuries. The people had no written history, so later generations probably did not know that their ancestors had come from places far away. Surely none of them dreamed that they themselves were to discover the shores of a northern ocean, and some were to reach a new continent.

Somewhere, in the course of their wanderings, hunters of Asia adopted a very important animal friend, the dog. We can only guess how this happened. All over the world, in later times, hunting people had dogs. Usually they were more than just pets. Sometimes they were set to trailing and chasing game. This must have been their first work, for dogs are hunters by nature. That great hunter, the wolf, is just an untamed dog.

It is hard for us to imagine people ever taming wolves. Today men fight wolves as enemies, and the wolves, in turn, act as enemies. They run away from the terrible human creature.

This has not always been true. Long ago, wolves gathered around hunters' camps to feed on their scraps. People tossed them bones, and because they were treated as friends, the wolves grew more and more tame. When you look at an Eskimo dog, with its sharp muzzle and thick fur, you don't doubt it is descended from the wolf.

About fifteen thousand years ago, bands of hunting people reached the northeast tip of Asia. At that time Bering

Strait, which separates Asia from North America, was narrow and shallow. Islands rose here and there across it like stepping stones. In the winter, ice connected the islands and made a dry route between the continents.

The hunters stood on their home shore, looked across the waste of ice, and saw, dimly outlined, a far, strange land. Reindeer sometimes crossed the ice going toward that land or coming from it. Herds no doubt roamed there just as they did at home.

But did people dwell there? The hunters must have talked about the unknown country for a long while. Finally they made up their minds to explore it.

They packed their food and weapons, bundled up the

small children, and, accompanied by their dogs, set out to cross the icy Strait.

When they reached the other side and stepped ashore, they saw game, but no people. It was truly a new world, for until then no human being, so far as we know, had ever set foot upon North America.

The discoverers, who were ancestors of the Indians, traveled along the Yukon or the Mackenzie Valley. Some turned southward, following the old route of migration east of the Rockies, where hosts of animals had passed. They found it was a wonderful hunting ground, inhabited by great herds of reindeer, mammoths, bison, and musk oxen. Bands of people in time wandered south as far as the

plains. There they hunted camels, southern mammoths, horses, and long-horned bison.

Until about twenty-five years ago, nobody knew that people had lived on the plains during the close of the Ice Age. Then a discovery was made by a cowboy who worked on a ranch near Folsom, New Mexico. He was riding through a ravine called Dead Horse Gulch, looking for stray cattle, when he noticed some white objects sticking out of the bank.

The cowboy rode up to the bank to investigate. He saw that the things were bones, and pulled some of them out. They seemed to be buffalo bones, but the horns were long and straight, not stubby and curved like the horns of ordinary buffalo.

This was so strange that the cowboy forgot about the strays he had been looking for, and kept on digging. He saw something—picked up an arrowhead, then several others. But were they arrowheads? The flint points were different from any arrowheads the cowboy had ever seen. They were long, thin blades, with a groove running down the middle of each side, as on a bayonet.

The cowboy told his friends of his discovery. Scientists heard about it and came to investigate. Digging into the bank, they took out everything they could find. There were skeletons of twenty-three long-horned bison. Among the

bones lay nineteen flint points, and also a flint scraper and a knife. Clearly, this place had been the scene of a bison kill.

Only one thing was missing, or twenty-three things—the tails of the bison. Hunters could tell what this meant. "The tail goes with the hide," they say, meaning that a hunter, when skinning his kill, leaves the tail attached to the hide. The flint scraper and knife showed that the hunters had skinned the carcasses and cut up the meat on the spot.

What sort of people were these bison hunters? Did they resemble the Indians who hunted buffalo on the plains at

the time when Spanish explorers first visited the Southwest? A companion of the explorer Coronado wrote a description of these Indians and their life.

The chronicler says that a band of people would attach themselves to a bison herd and practically become a part of it. Men, women, and children followed the herd wherever it went, and carried all their possessions with them. Each dog, too, carried a pack, or dragged a travois made of poles.

The band depended on the herd for their food and all other necessities. Bison hides were their tent coverings and blankets. Bison sinews served them as thread for their skin clothing. Their tools were made of bison horn and bone, their water bags of the stomachs. They used dry bison dung as fuel for their campfires. This way of life was like the existence of Ice Age people. The Plains Indians possibly were descendants of the hunters who killed the bison at Dead Horse Gulch.

RECENT DISCOVERIES

Since the discovery of the flint points at Dead Horse Gulch, others like them have been found in localities all the way from Alaska to Mexico. A point of this type, known as a "Folsom point," is skillfully chipped, giving it a keen edge. It is grooved down the middle of each side, which makes it thin and very good for piercing.

At a place called Lindenmeier, in Colorado, bones of a long-horned bison were dug up, and a broken Folsom point was found wedged between two bones of the spine. The bones were tested and found to be about ten thousand years old.

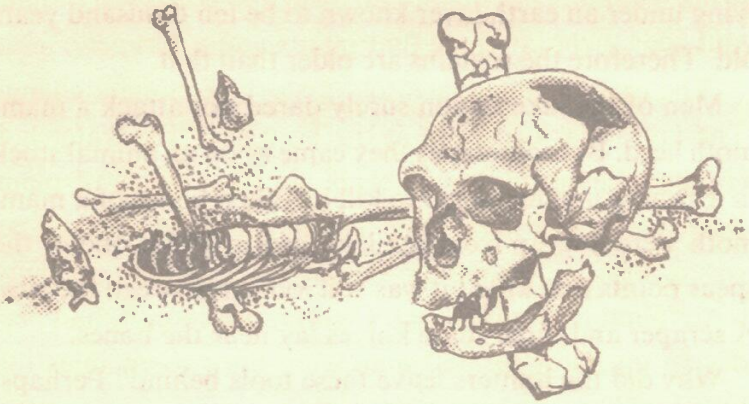
Several years ago a rancher was plowing a field in Roberts County, Texas, when his plowshare turned up some ancient bones. The spot was excavated and turned out to be an old water hole where southern mammoths came to

drink. A number of mammoth teeth and bones were found, and near them lay three flint points and a scraper.

The earth at this place told a story of climate change. The layer that had been at the bottom of the water hole contained a sprinkling of black stuff—remains of plants that once grew around the pool. On top of the old pool bed was a deposit of wind-blown dust. The mammoth bones were found in this material. Clearly, the country had been drying up. Drought and man were the two enemies that killed off the southern mammoths.

Other relics have been found in caves in the Sandia Mountains of New Mexico. Flint points and tools lay among the bones of mammoths, ground sloths, horses, camels, and long-horned bison. Hunters evidently carried the carcasses into the caves for storage.

Bones of ground sloths, camels, and wild horses have been tested by the "radiocarbon method," which shows that these animals still existed in the Southwest about 8,600 years ago. We don't know just when and how the last of them died out. But certainly drought and shortage of food cut down their numbers, and hunters helped to wipe out the rest. Horses disappeared along with other animals. No horses were to roam the American plains for several thousand years, until the Spaniards came with their horses from Europe.



For many years scientists looked for bones of the ancient hunters themselves, but every time a skull or skeleton was found it turned out to be no more than a few hundred years old.

In 1947, while men were digging a drainage ditch near the village of Tepexpan, about twenty miles northeast of Mexico City, they uncovered the skull and other bones of a mammoth. This region, called the Valley of Mexico, is dry today. But twelve thousand years ago the climate was rainy, and the Valley held a large lake. Herds of southern mammoths wandered around the edges, feeding on the plants. No doubt they often bathed in the lake.

Mexican and United States scientists thought this was a good place to look for human remains, so they dug into the old lake bed in several places. In one excavation they found a man's skull and several of his bones. They were

lying under an earth layer known to be ten thousand years old. Therefore the remains are older than that.

Men of the lake region surely dared not attack a mammoth herd. But sometimes they came upon an animal stuck in a swamp and managed to kill it. When bones of a mammoth were dug up from the lake bed in 1952, one of the spear points that killed it was still lodged between the ribs. A scraper and three stone knives lay near the bones.

Why did the hunters leave these tools behind? Perhaps, while they were butchering the carcass, the smell of meat attracted a great sabertooth which came and drove them away.

Scientists continue to search for relics of the ancient American hunters. No doubt they will find many campsites, hunting grounds, weapons, and human and animal skeletons. Each discovery will tell us a little more of the wanderings of the great game herds and the people who followed them.

This selection was taken from The Story of the Ice Age by Gerald Ames and Rose Wyler, a Harper & Row Curriculum Enrichment Book

Is another Ice Age coming? How do we know so much about the last Ice Age? Who first explained the action of glaciers? These are some of the many questions answered in the book *The Story of the Ice Age*, by Rose Wyler and Gerald Ames (Harper & Row, 1956).

You may also want to read:

Throw Stone: The First American Boy 25,000 Years Ago
by E. B. Sayles and Mary E. Stevens (Reilly & Lee, 1960)

Prehistoric World
by Carroll Fenton (John Day, 1954)

All About Strange Beasts of the Past
by Roy Chapman Andrews (Random House, 1956)

Snow
by Thelma Bell (Viking Press, 1954)

The Land We Live On
by Carroll and Mildred A. Fenton (Doubleday, 1944)

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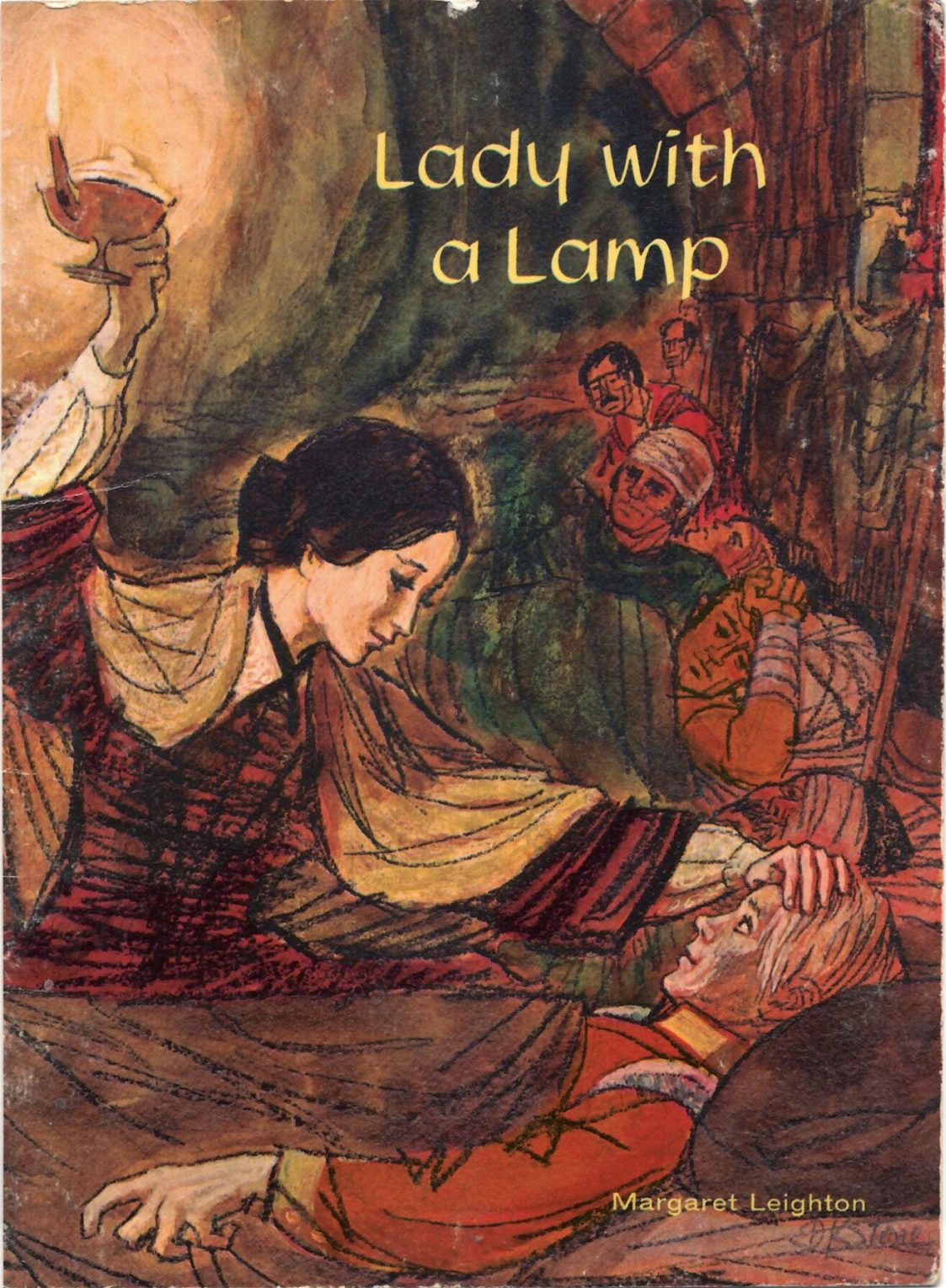
Lady with
a Lamp
Margaret Leighton

LADY WITH A LAMP

by Margaret Leighton

There had been a terrible battle in the Crimea. Wounded British soldiers had been sent to the army hospital at Scutari, in Turkey. But there were not enough doctors to help them. And there were no nurses. Men were dying every day from lack of medicine and care. Something had to be done.

Something *was* done. A woman named Florence Nightingale organized the first group of nurses ever to serve in British army hospitals. Florence Nightingale's work at Scutari earned her the love of the soldiers and the gratitude of the English nation. Nursing today is a noble profession largely because of the example of this brave woman.

LADY WITH A LAMP

BY
MARGARET LEIGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY
DAVID K. STONE

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The Great Call

Florence Nightingale sat in the office of her little hospital. She was reading the *London Times,* and a worried frown drew her brows together.

The year was 1854. A war was going on in a place called the Crimea on the Black Sea. A large army of British soldiers had been sent to the Crimea to help France and Turkey fight against Russia. With the army the *London Times* had sent a reporter. Now the reporter had sent back dreadful news.

As she read it, Florence drew in her breath with a gasp of horror.

"What is it, Miss Nightingale?" her assistant, Susan Gray, asked anxiously.

"There has been a terrible battle, Susan," Florence replied, glancing up from the paper. "Thousands of British soldiers have been wounded. They have been sent to the British hospital at Scutari. But no preparations have been made to take care of them.

"There are not enough doctors in the hospital. There are no nurses. And there is not even linen to make bandages. Wounded men are dying every day because there is no one to care for them."

She struck the paper sharply with her hand. "Something must be done," she said. "This is a disgrace to our country. It must be remedied at once!"

"But how?" Susan asked. "What can anyone do?"

"Why, some Englishwomen must go out there to the military hospitals and care for our wounded soldiers," Flo said. Her voice was suddenly firm. "*I* shall go myself, as soon as I can gather a group of nurses."

"But there have never been women nurses in British army hospitals," Susan cried.

"There will be now," Miss Nightingale replied firmly. And, laying aside her newspaper, she began to make some plans.

Soon she was writing to her good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Herbert, to tell them that she and a few other nurses were getting ready to sail for Scutari. Since Mr. Herbert was the Secretary of War, she asked his advice about what hospital supplies she should take.

Off went the letter. But even before it reached Mr. Herbert, Flo received a letter from *him*. When she read it, she could hardly believe her eyes.

The Secretary of War had also decided that women nurses should be allowed in army hospitals. He wanted to know if Miss Nightingale would be willing to take forty nurses to Scutari. She was to select and direct the nurses herself. And she could call on the Government for any help she needed.

"There is but one person in England that I know of who would be capable of organizing and superintending such a scheme," wrote Mr. Herbert. And he added that he hoped she would go.

Florence read the letter through again. "This is a great honor," she thought. "No woman has ever been given such responsibility by the Army before." She knew, however, that she was ready for the work, and that she could do it.

Mrs. Herbert's house in London was a strange sight during the next few days. For Florence Nightingale was using it as her headquarters. It was crowded with busy, bustling people.

In the drawing room Liz Herbert was interviewing the nurses who wanted to go on the expedition. Parthe Nightingale was there too, helping her. To Flo's joy, her sister had offered to aid in the preparations as soon as she heard the news.

In the dining room, dressmakers were cutting, sewing,

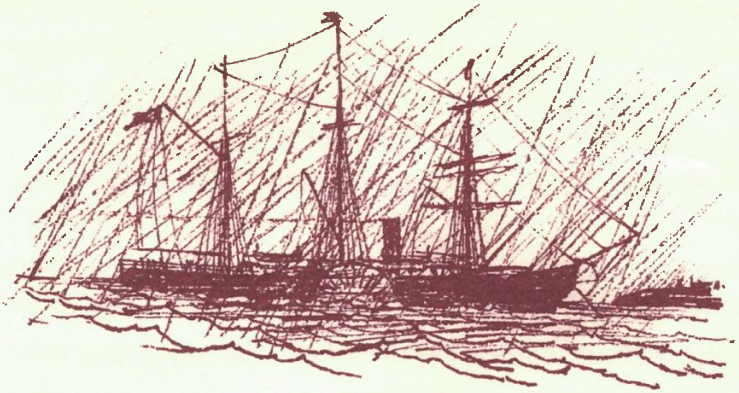
and fitting the uniforms Miss Nightingale had designed for her nurses. Her friends, the Bracebridges, were going to Scutari with her, and Selina Bracebridge had charge of this work.

Tradesmen came and went, bringing parcels and boxes. Messengers brought letters and took away answers.

Flo had set Saturday, October 21, as the day of departure. But no one else would believe that they could be ready so soon. "Why, that will be less than a week after you received Mr. Herbert's letter!" Selina Bracebridge had exclaimed.

Nevertheless, the whole group left London Saturday, bound for France. Cheering crowds came to the ship to see them off. Most precious to Flo, however, was the loving letter her mother had sent to her, and the memory of Parthe's proud and happy face. "With the love and understanding of my own family, I can face anything," she thought.

So Florence Nightingale set sail on her great adventure. She carried with her the deep prayers and gratitude of the British people. She would need all their prayers, and she would deserve all their gratitude for the work she was to do.



A Strange Welcome

It was a dismal November morning. Rain was falling. The steamer *Vectis* was anchored at last off Scutari. Florence leaned on the ship's rail and peered through the thick mist. She could see some large buildings on the hills above the shore. "Is that the hospital?" she wondered.

A rowboat came alongside the *Vectis*. A young army officer climbed briskly up the ladder. "I present the compliments of our general, Lord Raglan," he said, saluting. "He welcomes you, Miss Nightingale, on behalf of the whole Army."

"Thank you, Captain," Florence answered. "And please thank Lord Raglan for me. I hope we shall deserve his welcome. Tell me, what's the news of the war?"

The officer's face darkened. "Bad news, ma'am," he said. "There has been another battle at Balaclava. Our brave Light Brigade charged, but it was almost wiped out. The wounded will soon be under your care."

"We shall be ready for them, Captain," Florence promised.

It was time for the party to land. Scutari had no pier. The nurses had to climb down rope ladders from the ship to small rowboats. They were drenched with spray and rain when at last they stood on the beach.

A medical officer was there to meet them. His manner was polite, but cold. "Please follow me," he said. "I will show you to your quarters."

Before them rose a steep, muddy slope. No road, but only a winding track, led up from the shore. The nurses followed him, toiling up through the slippery mud in their long, wet skirts.

The officer pointed to an enormous yellow building on the hillside. "Your quarters are there, in what we call the Barrack Hospital," he said. "It was given to us by the Turks when our own general hospital filled up with cholera cases. It used to be a Turkish barracks."

"Cholera!" one of the nurses exclaimed in alarm.

Flo silenced her with a look. But not before she had seen a scornful smile on the officer's face.

As they approached, the Barrack Hospital seemed to grow more and more enormous. There were towers at each

of its corners. About it was a sea of mud. The enclosed courtyard was like a pond, and was littered with refuse.

The guide led the nurses up a stone stairway in one of the towers. "Here are your quarters, ma'am," he announced to Miss Nightingale. "You are to cook, eat, and sleep here." Then he was gone.

"Well, let's see what we have," Florence said.

The nurses looked around, and what they saw filled them with dismay. There were five small rooms to hold forty-four people. The rooms were dirty and littered. Rats scuttled across the floor and cockroaches ran up the damp walls.

"A lively committee of welcome!" Flo said. Some of the nurses were able to smile faintly in answer.

"There is no furniture! There are not even beds!" Mrs. Bracebridge exclaimed.

Raised wooden platforms ran around the walls of some of the rooms. "Those could serve for beds," Mr. Bracebridge suggested.

But there was no bedding. There was no food, no fuel, and no stoves. The women were cold and hungry, and night was coming on. For a moment even Florence Nightingale was dismayed and silent.

"We must provide for ourselves," she said, rallying her courage. "Begin to unpack our things. I'll see what I can find."

While the nurses unpacked the clothing and supplies,

Florence Nightingale went down the stairs to the hospital. She returned later with a pailful of tea which was all that she had been able to find for supper. There was no sugar or milk, but at least the tea was strong and hot. She poured it out into tin basins which she had brought upstairs also.

While the nurses drank their tea awkwardly from the shallow basins, Flo told them what she had learned.

"Conditions here in this hospital are worse, far worse, than the *Times* reported," she said. "When I saw what the sick and wounded men are having to endure, I was ashamed to complain of our quarters here.

"There are not nearly enough beds for the patients. Many wounded men are lying on the floors. They are in the same stiff, blood-soaked clothes in which they fell on the battlefield. There are no clean hospital shirts for them to wear. There are not even any sheets."

The nurses exclaimed in horror. "But they told us in England that everything had been provided," Nurse Anna protested.

"I know," Florence agreed. "Someone has managed things badly. But I haven't told you everything yet. The sewers under this building are all clogged up. The lavatories in the wards are useless. The whole place is filthy from top to bottom.

"But there are no brooms or scrubbing brushes," she continued grimly. "There is no laundry. The kitchen has

no kettles or saucepans, only huge copper boilers. The fuel for them is green wood. And the food served to sick and wounded men is half-raw meat and half-cooked pease porridge!"

Nurse Bertha could hold in her indignation no longer. "But that is disgraceful!" she cried.

"Let's waste no more time talking," stout, motherly Nurse Lawfield cried. "I'll clean one ward, tonight, even if I have to use my own petticoat for a mop!"

She was interrupted by a scream from one of the women, who pointed upward. An enormous, gray-whiskered rat sat on a rafter above their heads. Its small eyes gleamed red in the twilight and it showed long, yellow fangs in an angry snarl.

The others were too frightened to move, but Florence swiftly slipped off her shoe.

"I shouldn't miss. I've had too much practice throwing balls for my cousins to bat," she declared. And she hurled the shoe with all her force.

The shoe struck the rat and knocked it to the floor. Mr. Bracebridge soon disposed of it. For a moment this raised the nurses' spirits. "We should give Miss Nightingale a military decoration for courage," Nurse Bertha suggested. "A medal, picturing a rat with a shoe striking it."

Several of the nurses laughed. But Miss Nightingale had more bad news for them.

"The doctors in the hospital don't want us here," she

said. "Dr. Hall, their chief, was very angry at the *Times* reports, because they criticized his work. He has ordered his doctors to have nothing to do with us."

"But the Government sent us!" Nurse Roberts exclaimed. "They *can't* keep us from doing the work we were sent here to do!"

Florence shook her head. "There is a rule that no nurse may even enter a ward unless requested to do so by the doctor who is in charge," she told them.

"Just let anyone try to keep *me* from doing my duty by those poor soldiers!" Mrs. Lawfield cried. "I'll soon show them!"

Flo smiled, but she shook her head again. "No, we must not be angry. We must be patient and tactful," she said. "We must win over the doctors if we hope to help the patients. I told Lord Raglan's aide that we would be ready for the wounded when they arrived. I mean to keep my word. Just how we shall manage I don't know yet. But I shall find a way."

"Lady with a Lamp"

Florence Nightingale's party slept very little that night. They were all cold and hungry. Fleas bit them, the wooden benches were hard, and rats ran about the room all night.

Florence rose in the early dawn and looked out at the bright sky. Across the shining water she could see the domes and minarets of Constantinople. It was one of the most beautiful views in all the world. But she gave it only a brief glance.

Already she had made her plans. "We will set up the portable stoves in here which we brought from Marseilles," she told her nurses. "We will make hot, nourishing drinks and have them ready for the wounded when they are

brought here from the ships. Surely no doctor will refuse that help for his patients at a time like this."

The stretchers, loaded with sick and wounded soldiers, soon began to pour into the hospital. Miss Nightingale and her nurses stood waiting at the entrance to each ward.

"May we serve these hot drinks to your patients?" Miss Nightingale asked respectfully of each doctor in turn. No one refused, as she had foreseen. And before the week was over, her nurses were working in the wards, cleaning, dressing wounds, and caring for the sick.

Meanwhile more and more men arrived from the battlefields. Besides the wounded, there were men suffering from cold and frostbite. Others were sick with fever and cholera. The hospital was swamped with cases, and confusion grew. Medicines, bandages, food—everything was lacking.

The chief supply officer sat in his office. Papers were stacked high on his desk and on the floor around him. There was so much to be done that he had almost given up trying to do anything.

Suddenly he noticed a young woman in black standing in his doorway. "Miss Nightingale!" he exclaimed.

Florence Nightingale went straight to the point. "Before we left England, the Government told us that they had sent all the equipment and supplies the hospitals needed. If it was sent, why hasn't it reached the wards?"

The supply officer shrugged his shoulders. "That's the question," he said. "Some of it was sent to the wrong port.

Some has been lost or stolen. Some is in the storehouse, here."

"Here?" Florence said. "If it is here, why isn't it taken out and used?"

The officer looked uncomfortable. "There are papers to be signed, and rules. All these things take time," he said. He felt his face growing red under Miss Nightingale's bright and steady stare.

"And in the meantime, men are dying!" she said. "If the Army cannot find ways to provide for its soldiers, I shall do it. Please tell your doctors that when they need something which they cannot get immediately from you, to come to me.

"I already have some supplies. I shall buy whatever else is needed at the markets in Constantinople. The English people have raised a large sum of money for me to use in my work. And I can think of no better way to spend it."

"But—" the officer stammered, "that is quite contrary to the rules—"

"Then the rules must be changed," Florence Nightingale told him. She turned and went back to her quarters.

The officer looked after the graceful black-clad figure, and shook his head. "Poor foolish young lady!" he thought. "She'll never do anything that way. She's trying to change the British Army!"

But he was wrong. Before the month was over Florence Nightingale was supplying the whole hospital.

"I am a dealer in socks, shirts, knives and forks, wooden spoons, tin baths, tables and benches, cabbages and carrots, operating tables, towels and soap, combs, lice powder, scissors, bed pans, and pillows," she wrote in one of her long daily reports to Sidney Herbert.

Next, Florence started a laundry. She hired a house in Scutari, and had boilers set up in it. Then she engaged women from the town to work there. Soon there were clean hospital shirts and sheets for the patients.

The commander of the Army—Lord Raglan—sent word that five hundred more wounded men were being sent down from the fighting front to the Scutari hospitals.

"But there's no space left even on the floor!" exclaimed the officer in charge of the hospitals, when he heard this news.

"A whole wing of the Barrack Hospital is not in use," Florence said quietly. "I'm told it was destroyed by fire. Why not repair it?"

The officer shook his head. "That fire happened before we took this place over," he explained. "I have no right to have repairs made there. I'd have to get permission from the War Office in London."

"I shall have it done myself then," said Florence Nightingale. She hired workmen, bought lumber and supplies, and drew up plans. By the time the ships arrived bringing the wounded, the new wing was ready for them.

But still the disasters grew. The British Army had failed

to supply its troops with warm clothing or proper food. Winter came. The men suffered cruelly in the icy trenches from hunger and cold. The cholera increased. More than half the Army lay wounded and sick. The nurses worked from before dawn to after dark with quiet heroism.

But night did not bring an end to Florence Nightingale's labors.

One night a young transport sailor named William lay restless and wakeful in his cot. It was almost midnight. The great echoing wards of the Barrack Hospital were dark. The only sound was the slow step of the sentry pacing the stone floor.

William's throat burned with thirst. The pain of his shattered leg seemed more than he could bear. Worst of all was the fear growing in his heart.

"Tomorrow we'll operate," the surgeon had said.

"What does that mean?" William wondered. "Will they cut my leg off? I think I'd rather die, here and now!"

Suddenly he noticed shadows sliding along the ceiling. A light was moving, far down the ward. A whispered murmur passed from man to man. "It's *her!* It's Miss Nightingale," they said.

She came as quietly as a shadow. When she reached William's cot she set the lantern down and bent over him. Her cool hand touched his forehead. "You're hot and thirsty, William. Here's a drink for you."

Her arm steadied him while he gulped the water.

"There, is that better?" she asked. In the lantern light her face was pale, but as kind and gentle as his own mother's.

"Miss Nightingale," William said hoarsely. "Are they going to cut off my leg tomorrow?"

Florence Nightingale's face was grave. "I don't know, William," she said. "But I promise you that I shall be there with you all the time. If they can save your leg, they will, you may be sure of that. And will you promise me something?"

"What do you mean, ma'am?" he asked doubtfully.

"Promise me that you will bear whatever they decide like the brave British sailor that you are," she asked.

He could not refuse *her*. "Yes, I'll promise," he said.

She smiled. "Now try to sleep." She touched his eyelids and he closed them. But when she moved on, he raised his head and watched the light of her lantern flickering down the long room. She spoke to a soldier here, and smiled at another there. William saw a brawny fellow turn his head and kiss her shadow as it lay for a moment on his pillow.

"She seems to know, somehow, whenever a fellow is a bit low, and she comes to cheer him up," the man next to William said. "She's an angel, and no mistake."

William turned over on his side. He could still feel the touch of her fingers on his eyelids. And what Florence Nightingale did for him that night she did for hundreds, yes, thousands of other men during that terrible and tragic winter.

The Front Lines

"How are you this morning, Tommy?"

The young drummer boy looked up. Miss Nightingale, the Lady-in-Chief herself, was visiting the wards. He sat up in his bed and saluted. "I'm fine, ma'am," he answered.

Miss Nightingale smiled. Tommy's cheeks were beginning to fill out and to show some color. He had been brought in so ill with Crimean fever that no one had expected him to live. Florence Nightingale had refused to give up hope, and she had nursed him herself. She had pulled him through, somehow, as she had done with so many others.

"You look so well that I think we'll get you out of bed for a while," she told him. "Let's see how your legs will work. Mrs. Roberts and I will help you."

"I don't need any help!" Tommy boasted. He slid off the bed and stood up suddenly.

To his astonishment his knees bent under him. If Miss Nightingale hadn't been there to catch him, he would have fallen to the floor.

"What's the matter with my feet?" he asked, looking down at them. "They feel all prickly."

Miss Nightingale was laughing. "That's the way it always is after a long illness, Tommy," she said.

The two nurses helped him to walk up and down the ward a few times. When he lay down on his bed again he gave a sigh of relief. He was very tired. But the next day he was stronger, and by the end of two weeks he was as lively as a cricket.

"I'm going to put that energy of yours to work, Tommy," Miss Nightingale told him. "I need someone to run errands and carry messages for me. Would you like the job?"

The boy stood stiff and straight as a ramrod, and saluted. "You saved my life, Miss Nightingale," he said. "I'm your man. I'll be glad to forsake my drums and my army career to serve you, ma'am."

From that moment Tommy was Florence Nightingale's devoted helper. He ran her errands. He escorted her when she went from one section of the hospital to another. He took charge of her cape and umbrella in wet weather. And he kept her lantern filled and polished.

Winter passed, and warm spring winds blew across the

trampled mud of Scutari. Miss Nightingale's letters and reports to Sidney Herbert brought some action at last. A group of sanitary engineers arrived from England. They soon cleaned out the sewers under the Barrack Hospital.

At once the cases of fever and cholera grew less. The wounded men recovered far faster, now that the air they breathed and the water they drank were clean and pure.

Tommy heard Mr. Bracebridge and Miss Nightingale talking together one morning. "Yes, these hospitals are running smoothly," Florence Nightingale said. "I think I can safely leave them for a while. I want to inspect the front-line hospitals in the Crimea. Some new nurses have been sent from England and put to work there. I've learned that Dr. Hall is making things difficult for them."

She turned and saw Tommy. His eyes were round and pleading. "May I go with you, ma'am?" he begged.

"Of course, Tommy," she told him. "I couldn't get on without you."

Several days later Florence Nightingale set sail on the steamer *Robert Lowe* for Balaclava in the Crimea. Nurse Roberts, three other nurses, two cooks, Mr. Bracebridge, and Tommy went with her.

The *Robert Lowe* arrived at Balaclava on May 5, 1855. When word spread that the Lady-in-Chief was aboard, the troops crowded to the waterside to shout and cheer.

"Before I inspect the hospitals, I should like to visit the front-line trenches," Florence Nightingale said.

A horse with a sidesaddle was brought for her. Tommy thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful as his beloved Miss Nightingale mounted on the spirited little mare. She rode off surrounded by officers in brilliant uniforms. "She's like a queen," he thought.

She returned to the ship that night with her arms full of wild lilies and orchids. They had been picked on the heights of Balaclava and presented to her by the soldiers. "I could not bring them all," she told Tommy. "But I took a few from each man."

She went out to inspect the hospitals the next day. This time Tommy went with her, walking behind her up and down the endless wards. Even he could see how dirty and disorderly they were.

The chief medical officer, Dr. John Hall, walked beside her. His replies to her quiet, but searching, questions were haughty and almost rude. Tommy saw Mr. Bracebridge grow red with anger. Mrs. Roberts bit her lip as though to hold back sharp words. Miss Nightingale's face remained calm and serene. Her clear, soft voice never changed.

But when she returned to the ship she lay down at once on the bunk in her cabin. "Dr. Hall can't forgive me for coming out here and disturbing his reign," she said. "He's jealous of the improvements we've made in our hospitals." She sighed. "I'm very tired, Tommy. So *very* tired."

The next morning she could not get up. Mrs. Roberts called in a doctor. "It's the Crimean fever," he reported.

"She is very ill. She must be moved to a hospital on shore."

Four soldiers carried Miss Nightingale, on a stretcher, from the shore up to the hospital on the heights. They moved between lines of silent, anxious men. Mrs. Roberts and the doctor walked beside the stretcher.

Behind them all came Tommy, crying bitterly. "I want to do something to help her," he sobbed. "But they say I'm not strong enough to carry the stretcher."

There were tears on faces older than Tommy's as the procession passed. The soldiers knew how swiftly and terribly the fever struck. They had seen their comrades die of it by the thousands. Was the Lady-in-Chief to die, too?

The news of her illness spread fast. When it reached Scutari, men turned their faces to the wall and wept.

For a while Miss Nightingale was very near death. During that time, Tommy never left his place beside the door of the hospital hut where she lay. Mrs. Roberts tried to give him courage. "Everyone is thinking of her," she said. "They are having special church services all over England to pray for her recovery. So many heartfelt prayers *must* make a difference. You'll see."

At last the crisis of the fever came and passed. "She has crossed the danger line," the doctors reported. "She will recover."

That evening a horseman wrapped in a dark cloak rode up to the door of Miss Nightingale's hut. Tommy sprang to his feet as the man dismounted and knocked. Mrs. Rob-

erts appeared in the doorway. "Hush!" she whispered. "Don't make such a noise."

"Is this where Miss Nightingale is lodged?" the stranger asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Roberts answered. "But she cannot see any visitors, my man. Who are you?"

"Only a soldier, but I have ridden a long way. My name is Raglan."

"Oh, Mrs. Roberts, it's the commander—Lord Raglan!" Tommy cried.

"Well—" Mrs. Roberts said, hesitating.

Miss Nightingale's voice, weak but clear, came from inside the hut. "Ask Lord Raglan to come in," she said.

He entered and sat beside her narrow cot. "I had orders from Queen Victoria to come and see for myself how you are," he said. "Her Majesty wants me to telegraph to her tonight about you. And never was I happier, for I have *good* news to send."

Florence Nightingale's recovery was slow. The doctors said that she was worn out with all her months of hard work. They advised her to go home to England and rest.

"No. There is still too much to do here," she protested. Nothing would make her change her mind. "So long as there are sick and wounded to be cared for, I shall remain also," she stated.

"I Can Never Forget"

Florence Nightingale was now beloved by all the people of England. The poor people, especially, thought of her almost as a saint. Their sons and brothers and husbands in the Army had sent letters home. The letters had been full of stories of Miss Nightingale's courage and devotion.

There was hardly a city tenement or a country cottage that did not have her picture on the wall, or her statue on its mantelpiece. During her illness, people throughout England had prayed for her recovery. When word came that she would get well, strangers had stopped each other on the streets to share the good news.

On November 29, 1855, a great public meeting was held in London. Royal dukes, statesmen, and members of Parlia-

ment all made speeches praising Florence Nightingale and her nurses. Other meetings were held in other towns and cities. Money was collected to buy a beautiful gift for Miss Nightingale.

But so much money came pouring in that it was used to start a "Nightingale Fund." This fund was to be used in any way that Miss Nightingale wished. In addition to all this, the Queen sent Florence Nightingale a beautiful jeweled brooch, which had been made especially for her.

At last the bitter Crimean War ended. When the last soldier had left the hospitals, Florence Nightingale, too, left Scutari for England. The Queen wished to send a battleship to bring her home. Regiments of soldiers asked to be allowed to meet her at the dock with flags flying and bands playing. Cities and towns wanted to give great public receptions in her honor.

But she refused it all. "The gratitude of England should go to the soldiers who fought for her," she declared, "not to me."

Florence traveled quietly home across Europe. She had sent what she called her "spoils of war" home before her. These were William, the sailor boy whose leg had been cut off ten months earlier in the Scutari hospital, a little Russian orphan named Peter, a big, rough-coated puppy, and a kitten.

Tommy was already in England. But he had promised to pay Miss Nightingale a long visit as soon as she returned.

Florence Nightingale did not use her own name on her journey. She landed in England unnoticed and went to the family home by train. Her family did not know that she was coming until the puppy began to bark excitedly. They looked out and saw Florence walking alone up the driveway.

She would not allow them to tell people that she had returned. "I am so tired," she said. "I cannot see anyone for a while. And as soon as I am rested, I have work to do. I must plan how best to do it."

But she could not rest. Her mind was filled with pictures of the terrible things she had seen. She paced the floor at night, unable to sleep. Her shadow, moving along the wall, reminded her of the wards at Scutari.

"I can *never* forget!" she thought. "And I shall make sure that England does not forget those heroic soldiers, either."

She had improved conditions in army hospitals near the battlefield. Now she wanted to improve conditions in all the army hospitals in England. But her good friend, Sidney Herbert, was no longer the Secretary of War. And Lord Panmure, who had taken his place, hated change. He would not even talk with Flo about the work she wished to do.

Poor Florence Nightingale was in despair. Her despair turned to joy, however, when she received a very special invitation. Queen Victoria asked her to call on her at the

castle of Balmoral in Scotland. The Queen wished to hear all about her work at Scutari.

The September air was clear and bright when Miss Nightingale traveled northward to Scotland. The rugged hills and deep glens of the Highlands were very beautiful. Purple heather covered the mountainsides. The valleys were rich and green, and the lakes and streams sparkled in the sun.

Balmoral Castle stood high on a hill overlooking the river Dee. As Miss Nightingale's carriage stopped at the great doorway, her heart beat rapidly. A servant in Highland kilts came down the steps to meet her.

She was ushered into the great hall. Almost at once, a

lady in waiting came hurrying in to take her to Queen Victoria.

Once before Florence Nightingale had curtsied before her Queen. The years since had changed Victoria from a slim young girl to a plump wife and mother. But her eyes were still blue and friendly.

Miss Nightingale was introduced to the Prince Consort, Victoria's tall, serious husband. Then, for two hours, she talked with them about her work at Scutari. She told them all about the terrible conditions there. They listened with the greatest interest. Both asked many questions.

When the interview was over, the Queen made arrangements for another meeting, and then another. She took Miss Nightingale driving with her in her pony carriage, and for long walks in the autumn woods.

Queen Victoria was shocked by the stories of how the soldiers had suffered because they had not had proper care. She promised that she would do everything in her power to see that army hospitals were made better. But even the Queen could do nothing without permission from her Government. So she sent for Lord Panmure.

The Secretary of War did not wish any changes made in his army hospitals. Unwillingly he went to the castle to talk with Florence Nightingale. For some reason he had expected her to be a large, loud-voiced, bossy creature. He saw, instead, a woman who was slim and graceful and still young. Her face was serene and lovely and her voice sil-

very-soft. What was more, she wanted nothing, and would accept nothing, for herself.

Miss Nightingale won him over completely. When he heard what she wanted to do he promised her his help.

Florence Nightingale stayed in the Highlands for a month. Before she left, the Queen and Lord Panmure had promised that a group of important men would be organized to improve conditions in army hospitals and in the soldiers' barracks also.

Miss Nightingale herself was to select these men and tell them what to do. She knew that all this would take time and work and patience. But by now she also knew her own power.

"I *shall* succeed because I *must,*" she said to herself as she set out for home.

And she did succeed, although it took her years to do so. It was not easy to change the methods of the British Army. There were many times when she was discouraged. Her illness in the Crimea had left her weak and tired. She often had to work lying on a couch, but she never stopped working.

"Rest a little, Flo. Do rest," her mother or her sister Parthe would beg. But Florence had little time for rest. There were too many things that she wanted to do.

Not only did she work to improve conditions in the army hospitals and barracks. She also improved conditions in civilian hospitals. News of what she was doing in England

spread throughout the world. The King of Portugal, the Queen of Holland, the Crown Prince of Prussia, the Government of India, and the Government of the United States all sent to her for advice about hospitals in their different countries.

And in 1872 a man from Switzerland spoke before a large audience in London. His name was Henri Dunant, and he had started an organization called the International Red Cross.

"Though I am known as the founder of the Red Cross," he said, "it is to an Englishwoman that all honor is due. What inspired me was the work of Miss Florence Nightingale in the Crimea."

Meanwhile Florence Nightingale had used the money in the "Nightingale Fund" to start an excellent training school for nurses, the first of many.

"Nursing should be a noble profession," she had once told her cousin Hilary.

And it *is* a noble profession today because of Florence Nightingale's unceasing work and her shining example.

Even when she was a little girl, Florence liked to play nurse with her dolls and pets. When, as a young lady, she said that she wanted to become a nurse, her mother was shocked! In those days, a hospital was not considered a suitable place for a proper young lady.

You will enjoy reading all of this determined young woman's story in Margaret Leighton's fine book *The Story of Florence Nightingale* (Grosset & Dunlap, 1952).

You may also want to read:

Clara Barton
by Helen D. Boylston (Random House, 1955)

The Helen Keller Story
by Catherine O. Peare (T. Y. Crowell, 1959)

Queen Victoria
by Noel Streatfeild (Random House, 1958)

Great Men of Medicine
by Ruth Fox Hume (Random House, 1955)

City Neighbor: The Story of Jane Addams
by Clara Judson (Scribner, 1951)

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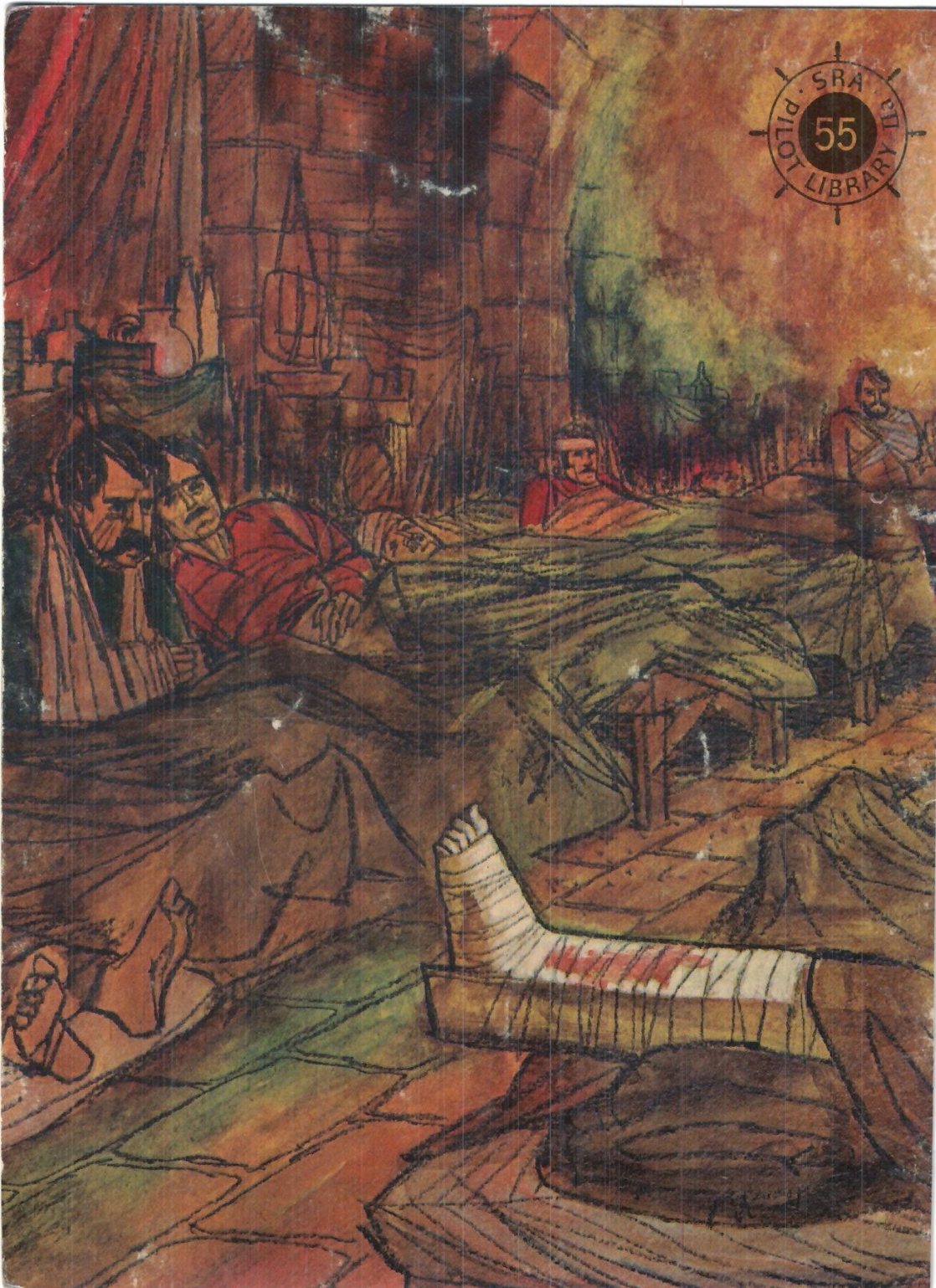
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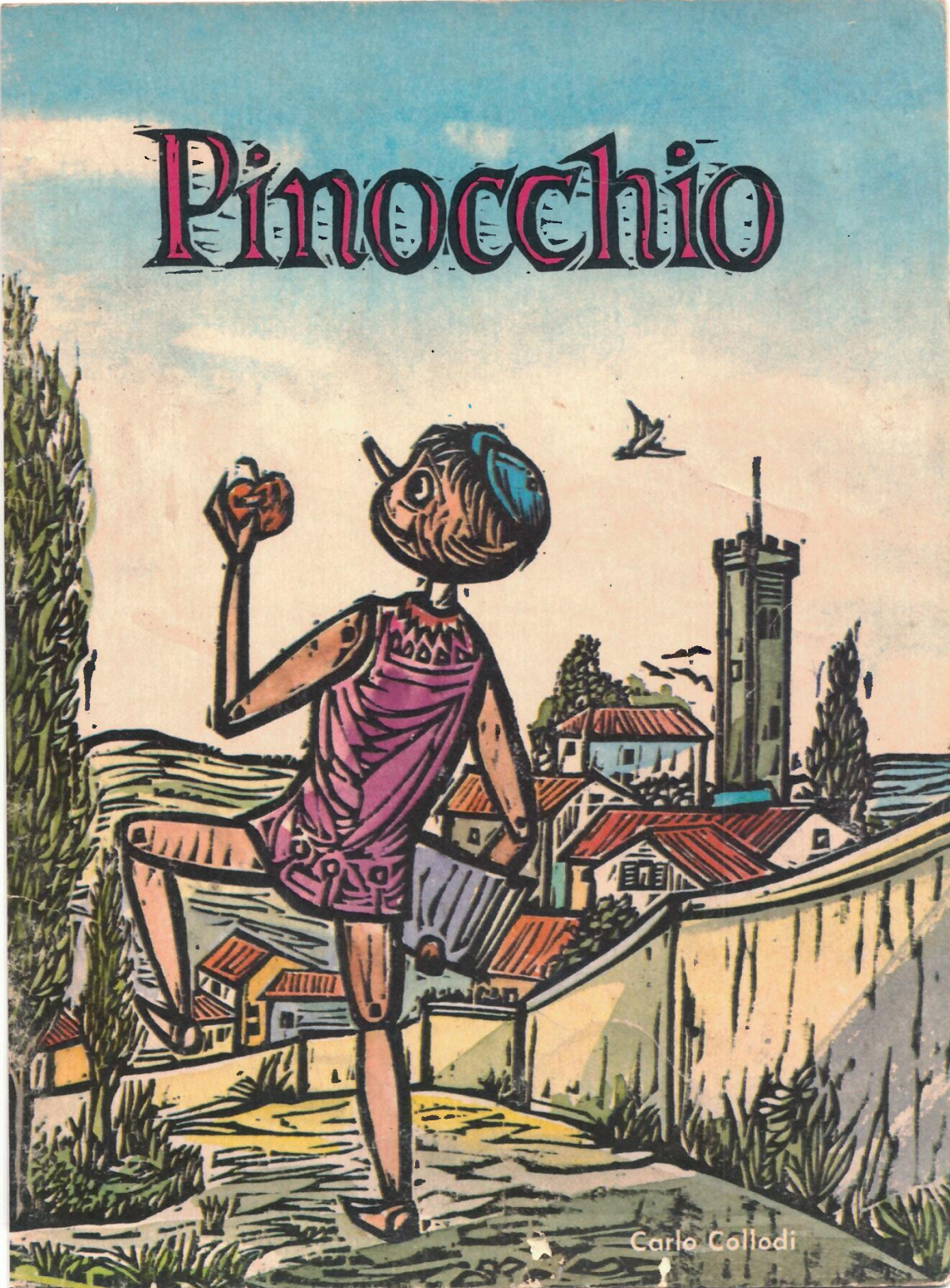
Pinocchio



Carlo Collodi

PINOCCHIO

by Carlo Collodi

Imagine the old carpenter's surprise when the block of wood that he was about to carve into a table leg began to speak! It was just an ordinary piece of firewood. And yet—

"Stop it! Oh, stop it! Ha, ha, ha! You tickle my stomach!" cried a voice within the wood.

And this was the beginning of the naughtiest and most famous of all wooden marionettes—Pinocchio.

PINOCCHIO

Pinocchio

BY CARLO COLLODI

Translated from Italian into English
BY CAROL DELLA CHIESA

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER FERRO

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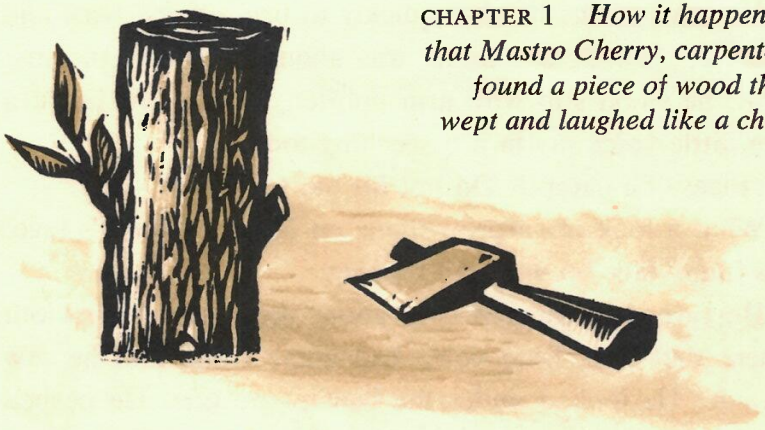


CHAPTER 1 *How it happened that Mastro Cherry, carpenter, found a piece of wood that wept and laughed like a child*

Centuries ago there lived—

"A king!" my readers will say immediately.

No, children, you are mistaken. Once upon a time, in Italy, there was a piece of wood. It was not an expensive piece of wood. Far from it. Just a common block of firewood, one of those thick, solid logs that are put on the fire in winter to make cold rooms cozy and warm.

I do not know how this really happened, yet the fact remains that one fine day this piece of wood found itself in the shop of an old carpenter. His real name was Mastro Antonio, but everyone called him Mastro Cherry, for the tip of his nose was so round and red and shiny that it looked like a ripe cherry.

As soon as he saw that piece of wood, Mastro Cherry was filled with joy. Rubbing his hands together happily, he mumbled half to himself: "This has come in the nick of time. I shall use it to make the leg of a table."

He grasped the hatchet quickly to peel off the bark and shape the wood. But as he was about to give it the first blow, he stood still with arm uplifted, for he had heard a wee, little voice say in a beseeching tone:

"Please be careful! Do not hit me too hard!"

What a look of surprise shone on Mastro Cherry's face! His funny face became still funnier.

He turned frightened eyes about the room to find out where that wee, little voice had come from, and he saw no one! He looked under the bench—no one! He peeped inside the closet—no one! He searched among the shavings—no one! He opened the door to look up and down the street—and still no one!

"Oh, I see!" he then said, laughing and scratching his wig. "It can easily be seen that I only thought I heard the tiny voice say the words! Well, well—to work once more."

He struck a most solemn blow upon the piece of wood.

"Oh, oh! You hurt!" cried the same faraway little voice.

Mastro Cherry grew dumb, his eyes popped out of his head, his mouth opened wide, and his tongue hung down on his chin.

As soon as he regained the use of his senses, he said, trembling and stuttering from fright, "Where did that voice come from, when there is no one around? Might it be that this piece of wood has learned to weep and cry like a child? I can hardly believe it. Here it is—a piece of common firewood, good only to burn in the stove, the same as

any other. Yet—might someone be hidden in it? If so, the worse for him. I'll fix him!"

With these words, he grabbed the log with both hands and started to knock it about unmercifully. He threw it to the floor, against the walls of the room, and even up to the ceiling.

He listened for the tiny voice to moan and cry. He waited two minutes—nothing; five minutes—nothing; ten minutes—nothing.

"Oh, I see," he said, trying bravely to laugh and ruffling up his wig with his hand. "It can easily be seen I only imagined I heard the tiny voice! Well, well—to work once more!"

The poor fellow was scared half to death, so he tried to sing a gay song in order to gain courage.

He set aside the hatchet and picked up the plane to make the wood smooth and even, but as he drew it to and fro, he heard the same tiny voice. This time it giggled as it spoke.

"Stop it! Oh, stop it! Ha, ha, ha! You tickle my stomach." This time poor Mastro Cherry fell as if shot. When he opened his eyes, he found himself sitting on the floor.

His face had changed; fright had turned even the tip of his nose from red to deepest purple.

CHAPTER 2 *Mastro Cherry gives the piece of wood to his friend Geppetto, who takes it to make a marionette that will dance, fence, and turn somersaults*

In that very instant, a loud knock sounded on the door.

"Come in," said the carpenter, not having an atom of strength left with which to stand up.

At the words, the door opened and a dapper little old man came in. His name was Geppetto, but to the boys of the neighborhood he was Polendina,* on account of the wig he always wore which was just the color of yellow corn.

Geppetto had a very bad temper. Woe to the one who

*Cornmeal mush.

called him Polendina! He became as wild as a beast and no one could soothe him.

"Good day, Mastro Antonio," said Geppetto. "What are you doing on the floor?"

"I am teaching the ants their ABC's."

"Good luck to you!"

"What brought you here, friend Geppetto?"

"My legs. And it may flatter you to know, Mastro Antonio, that I have come to you to beg for a favor."

"Here I am, at your service," answered the carpenter, raising himself to his knees.

"This morning a fine idea came to me."

"Let's hear it."

"I thought of making myself a beautiful wooden marionette. It must be wonderful, one that will be able to dance, fence, and turn somersaults. With it I intend to go around the world, to earn my crust of bread and cup of wine. What do you think of it?"

"Bravo, Polendina!" cried the same tiny voice which came from no one knew where.

On hearing himself called Polendina, Mastro Geppetto turned the color of a red pepper and, facing the carpenter, said to him angrily, "Why do you insult me?"

"Who is insulting you?"

"You called me Polendina."

"I did not."

"I suppose you think *I* did! Yet I *know* it was you."

"No!"

"Yes!"

"No!"

"Yes!"

And growing angrier each moment, the two men went from words to blows, and finally began to scratch and bite and slap each other.

When the fight was over, Mastro Antonio had Geppetto's yellow wig in his hands and Geppetto found the carpenter's curly wig in his mouth.

"Give me back my wig!" shouted Mastro Antonio in a surly voice.

"You return mine and we'll be friends."

The two little old men, each with his own wig back on his own head, shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.

"Well then, Mastro Geppetto," said the carpenter, to show he bore him no ill will, "what is it you want?"

"I want a piece of wood to make a marionette. Will you give it to me?"

Mastro Antonio, very glad indeed, went immediately to his bench to get the piece of wood that had frightened him so much. But as he was about to give it to his friend, with a violent jerk it slipped out of his hands and hit against poor Geppetto's thin legs.

"Ah! Is this the gentle way, Mastro Antonio, in which you make your gifts? You have made me almost lame!"

"I swear to you I did not do it!"

"It was *I*, of course!"

"It's the fault of this piece of wood."

"You're right; but remember you were the one to throw it at my legs."

"I did not throw it!"

"Liar!"

"Geppetto, do not insult me or I shall call you Polendina."

"Idiot."

"Polendina!"

"Donkey!"

"Polendina!"

"Ugly monkey!"

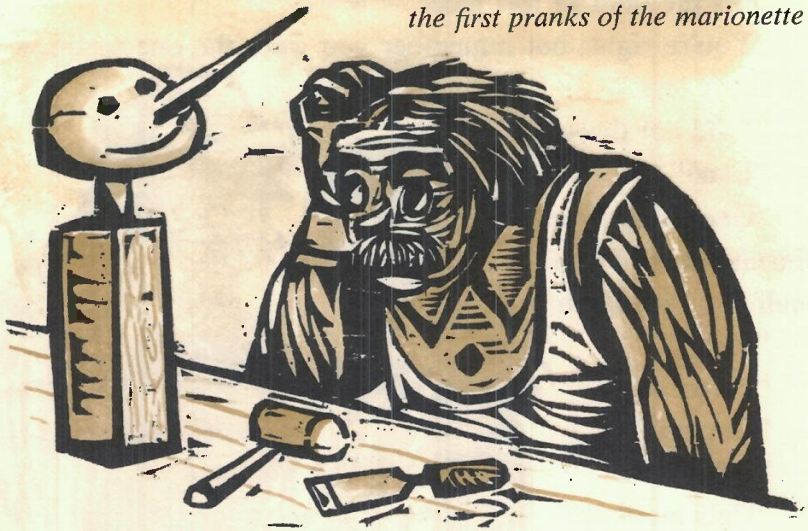
"Polendina!"

On hearing himself called Polendina for the third time, Geppetto lost his head with rage and threw himself upon the carpenter. Then and there they gave each other a sound thrashing.

After this fight, Mastro Antonio had two more scratches on his nose, and Geppetto had two buttons missing from his coat. Thus having settled their accounts, they shook hands and swore to be good friends for the rest of their lives.

Then Geppetto took the fine piece of wood, thanked Mastro Antonio, and limped away toward home.

CHAPTER 3 *As soon as he gets home, Geppetto fashions the marionette and calls it Pinocchio; the first pranks of the marionette*



Little as Geppetto's house was, it was neat and comfortable. It was a small room on the ground floor, with a tiny window under the stairway. The furniture could not have been much simpler: a very old chair, a rickety old bed, and a tumble-down table. A fireplace full of burning logs was painted on the wall opposite the door. Over the fire, there was painted a pot full of something which kept boiling happily away and sending up clouds of what looked like real steam.

As soon as he reached home, Geppetto took his tools and began to cut and shape the wood into a marionette.

"What shall I call him?" he said to himself. "I think I'll

call him *Pinocchio*. This name will make his fortune. I knew a whole family of Pinocchi once—Pinocchio the father, Pinocchia the mother, and Pinocchi the children—and they were all lucky. The richest of them begged for his living."

After choosing the name for his marionette, Geppetto set seriously to work to make the hair, the forehead, the eyes. Fancy his surprise when he noticed that these eyes moved, and then stared fixedly at him. Geppetto, seeing this, felt insulted and said in a grieved tone:

"Ugly wooden eyes, why do you stare so?"

There was no answer.

After the eyes, Geppetto made the nose, which began to stretch as soon as finished. It stretched and stretched and stretched till it became so long it seemed endless.

Poor Geppetto kept cutting it and cutting it, but the more he cut, the longer grew that impertinent nose. In despair he let it alone.

Next he made the mouth.

No sooner was it finished than it began to laugh and poke fun at him.

"Stop laughing!" said Geppetto angrily; but he might as well have spoken to the wall.

"Stop laughing, I say!" he roared in a voice of thunder. The mouth stopped laughing, but stuck out a long tongue.

Not wishing to start an argument, Geppetto made believe he saw nothing and went on with his work.

After the mouth, he made the chin, then the neck, the shoulders, the stomach, the arms, and the hands.

As he was about to put the last touches on the finger tips, Geppetto felt his wig being pulled off. He glanced up and what did he see? His yellow wig was in the marionette's hand. "Pinocchio, give me my wig!"

But instead of giving it back, Pinocchio put it on his own head, which was half swallowed up in it.

At that unexpected trick, Geppetto became very sad and downcast, more so than he had ever been before.

"Pinocchio, you wicked boy!" he cried out. "You are not yet finished, and you start out by being impudent to your poor old father. Very bad, my son, very bad!"

And he wiped away a tear.

The legs and feet still had to be made. As soon as they were done, Geppetto felt a sharp kick on his nose.

"I deserve it!" he said to himself. "I should have thought of this before I made him. Now it's too late!"

He took hold of the marionette under the arms and put him on the floor to teach him to walk.

Pinocchio's legs were so stiff that he could not move them, and Geppetto held his hand and showed him how to put out one foot after the other.

When his legs were limbered up, Pinocchio started walking by himself and ran all around the room. He came to the open door, and with one leap he was out into the street. Away he flew!

Poor Geppetto ran after him but was unable to catch him, for Pinocchio ran in leaps and bounds, his two wooden feet, as they beat on the stones of the street, making as much noise as twenty peasants in wooden shoes.

"Catch him! Catch him!" Geppetto kept shouting. But the people in the street, seeing a wooden marionette running like the wind, stood still to stare and to laugh until they cried.

At last, by sheer luck, a policeman happened along who, hearing all that noise, thought that it might be a runaway colt, and stood bravely in the middle of the street, with legs wide apart, firmly resolved to stop it and prevent any trouble.

Pinocchio saw the policeman from afar and tried his best to escape between the legs of the big fellow, but without success.

The policeman grabbed him by the nose (it was an extremely long one and seemed made on purpose for that very thing) and returned him to Mastro Geppetto.

The little old man wanted to pull Pinocchio's ears. Think how he felt when, upon searching for them, he discovered that he had forgotten to make them!

All he could do was to seize Pinocchio by the back of the neck and take him home. As he was doing so, he shook him two or three times and said to him angrily:

"We're going home now. When we get home, then we'll settle this matter!"

Pinocchio, on hearing this, threw himself on the ground and refused to take another step. One person after another gathered around the two.

Some said one thing, some another.

"Poor marionette," called out a man. "I am not surprised he doesn't want to go home. Geppetto, no doubt, will beat him unmercifully, he is so mean and cruel!"

"Geppetto looks like a good man," added another, "but with boys he's a real tyrant. If we leave that poor marionette in his hands he may tear him to pieces!"

They said so much that, finally, the policeman ended matters by setting Pinocchio at liberty and dragging Geppetto to prison. The poor old fellow did not know how to defend himself, but wept and wailed like a child and said between his sobs:

"Ungrateful boy! To think I tried so hard to make you

a well-behaved marionette! I deserve it, however! I should have given the matter more thought."

What happened after this is an almost unbelievable story, but you may read it in the chapters that follow.

CHAPTER 4 *The story of Pinocchio and the Talking Cricket, in which one sees that bad children do not like to be corrected by those who know more than they do*

Very little time did it take to get poor old Geppetto to prison. In the meantime that rascal, Pinocchio, free now from the clutches of the policeman, was running wildly across fields and meadows, taking one short cut after another toward home. In his wild flight, he leaped over brambles and bushes, and across brooks and ponds, as if he were a goat or a hare chased by hounds.

On reaching home, he found the house door half open. He slipped into the room, locked the door, and threw himself on the floor, happy at his escape.

But his happiness lasted only a short time, for just then he heard someone saying:

"Cri-cri-cri!"

"Who is calling me?" asked Pinocchio, frightened.

"I am!"

Pinocchio turned and saw a large cricket crawling slowly up the wall.

"Tell me, Cricket, who are you?"

"I am the Talking Cricket and I have been living in this room for more than one hundred years."

"Today, however, this room is mine," said the marionette, "and if you wish to do me a favor, get out now, and don't turn around even once."

"I refuse to leave this spot," answered the Cricket, "until I have told you a great truth."

"Tell it, then, and hurry."

"Woe to boys who refuse to obey their parents and run away from home! They will never be happy in this world, and when they are older they will be very sorry for it."

"Sing on, Cricket mine, as you please. What I know is that tomorrow, at dawn, I leave this place forever. If I stay here the same thing will happen to me that happens to all other boys and girls. They are sent to school, and whether they want to or not, they must study. As for me, let me tell you, I hate to study! It's much more fun, I think, to chase after butterflies, climb trees, and steal birds' nests."

"Poor little silly! Don't you know that if you go on like that, you will grow into a perfect donkey and that you'll be the laughingstock of everyone?"

"Keep still, you ugly Cricket!" cried Pinocchio.

But the Cricket, who was a wise old philosopher, instead of being offended at Pinocchio's impudence, continued in the same tone:

"If you do not like going to school, why don't you at least learn a trade, so that you can earn an honest living?"

"Shall I tell you something?" asked Pinocchio, who was beginning to lose patience. "Of all the trades in the world, there is only one that really suits me."

"And what can that be?"

"That of eating, drinking, sleeping, playing, and wandering around from morning till night."

"Let me tell you, for your own good, Pinocchio," said the Talking Cricket in his calm voice, "that those who follow that trade always end up in the hospital or in prison."

"Careful, ugly Cricket! If you make me angry, you'll be sorry!"

"Poor Pinocchio, I am sorry for you."

"Why?"

"Because you are a marionette and, what is much worse, you have a wooden head."

At these last words, Pinocchio jumped up in a fury, took a hammer from the bench, and threw it with all his strength at the Talking Cricket.

Perhaps he did not think he would strike it. But, sad to relate, he did hit the Cricket, straight on its head.

With a last weak "cri-cri-cri" the poor Cricket fell from the wall, dead!

CHAPTER 5 *Pinocchio is hungry and looks for an egg to cook an omelet; but, to his surprise, the omelet flies out the window*

If the Cricket's death scared Pinocchio at all, it was only for a very few moments. For, as night came on, a queer, empty feeling at the pit of his stomach reminded the marionette that he had eaten nothing as yet.

A boy's appetite grows very fast, and in a few moments the queer, empty feeling had become hunger, and the hunger grew bigger and bigger, until soon he was as ravenous as a bear.

Poor Pinocchio ran to the fireplace where the pot was boiling and stretched out his hand to take the cover off, but to his amazement the pot was only painted! Think how he felt! His long nose became at least two inches longer.

He ran about the room, dug in all the boxes and drawers, and even looked under the bed in search of a piece of bread, hard though it might be, or a cooky, or perhaps a bit of fish. A bone left by a dog would have tasted good to him! But he found nothing.

And meanwhile his hunger grew and grew. The only re-

lief poor Pinocchio had was to yawn; and he certainly did yawn. Soon he became dizzy and faint.

He wept and wailed to himself: "The Talking Cricket was right. It was wrong of me to disobey Father and to run away from home. If he were here now, I wouldn't be so hungry! Oh, how horrible it is to be hungry!"

Suddenly he saw, among the sweepings in a corner, something round and white that looked very much like a hen's egg. In a jiffy he pounced upon it. It was an egg.

The marionette's joy knew no bounds. It is impossible to describe it, you must picture it to yourself. Certain that he was dreaming, he turned the egg over and over in his hands, fondled it, kissed it, and talked to it:

"And now, how shall I cook you? Shall I make an omelet? No, it is better to fry you in a pan! Or shall I drink you? No, the best way is to fry you in the pan. You will taste better."

No sooner said than done. He placed a little pan over a foot warmer full of hot coals. In the pan, instead of oil or butter, he poured a little water. As soon as the water started to boil—tac!—he broke the eggshell. But in place of the white and the yolk of the egg, a little yellow chick, fluffy and gay and smiling, escaped from it. Bowing politely to Pinocchio, he said to him:

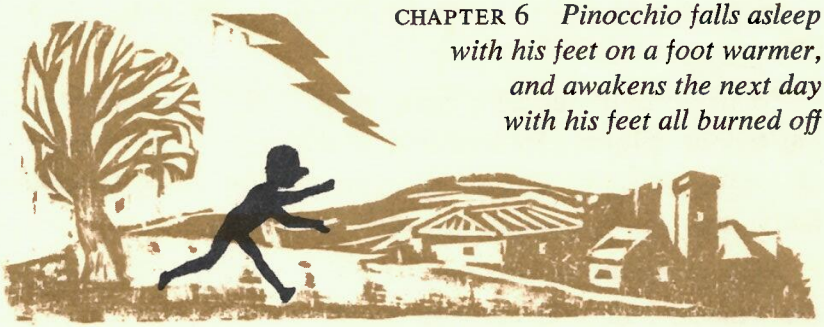
"Many, many thanks, indeed, Mr. Pinocchio, for having saved me the trouble of breaking my shell! Good-by and good luck to you and remember me to the family!"

With these words he spread out his wings and, darting to the open window, he flew away into space till he was out of sight.

The poor marionette stood as if turned to stone, with wide eyes, open mouth, and the empty halves of the eggshell in his hands. When he came to himself, he began to cry and shriek at the top of his lungs, stamping his feet on the ground and wailing all the while:

"The Talking Cricket was right! If I had not run away from home and if Father were here now, I should not be dying of hunger. Oh, how horrible it is to be hungry!"

And as his stomach kept grumbling more than ever and he had nothing to quiet it with, he thought of going out for a walk to the nearby village, in the hope of finding some charitable person who might give him a bit of bread.



CHAPTER 6 *Pinocchio falls asleep with his feet on a foot warmer, and awakens the next day with his feet all burned off*

Pinocchio hated the dark street, but he was so hungry that, in spite of it, he ran out of the house. The night was pitch-black. It thundered, and bright flashes of lightning now and again shot across the sky, turning it into a sea of fire. An angry wind blew cold and raised dense clouds of dust, while the trees shook and moaned in a weird way.

Pinocchio was greatly afraid of thunder and lightning, but the hunger he felt was far greater than his fear. In a dozen leaps and bounds, he came to the village, tired out, puffing like a whale, and with his tongue hanging.

The whole village was dark and deserted. The stores were closed, the doors, the windows. In the streets, not even a dog could be seen.

Pinocchio, in desperation, ran up to a doorway, threw himself upon the bell, and pulled it wildly, saying to himself, "Someone will surely answer that!"

He was right. An old man in a nightcap opened the window and looked out. He called down angrily, "What do you want at this hour of night?"

"Will you be good enough to give me a bit of bread? I am hungry."

"Wait a minute and I'll come right back," answered the old fellow, thinking he had to deal with one of those boys who love to roam around at night ringing people's bells while they are peacefully asleep.

After a minute or two, the same voice cried, "Get under the window and hold out your hat!"

Pinocchio had no hat, but he managed to get under the window just in time to feel a shower of ice-cold water pour down on his poor wooden head, his shoulders, and over his whole body.

He returned home as wet as a rat, and tired out from weariness and hunger.

As he no longer had any strength left with which to stand, he sat down on a little stool and put his two feet on the stove to dry them.

There he fell asleep, and while he slept, his wooden feet began to burn. Slowly, very slowly, they blackened and turned to ashes.

Pinocchio snored away happily as if his feet were not his own. At dawn he opened his eyes just as a loud knocking sounded at the door.

"Who is it?" he called, yawning and rubbing his eyes.

"It is I," answered a voice. It was the voice of Geppetto.

CHAPTER 7 *Geppetto returns home and gives his own breakfast to the marionette*

The poor marionette, who was still half asleep, had not yet found out that his two feet were burned and gone. As soon as he heard his father's voice, he jumped up from his seat to open the door, but, as he did so, he staggered and fell headlong to the floor.

In falling, he made as much noise as a sack of wood falling from the fifth story of a house.

"Open the door for me!" Geppetto shouted from the street.

"Father, dear Father, I can't," answered the marionette in despair, crying and rolling on the floor.

"Why can't you?"

"Because someone has eaten my feet."

"And who has eaten them?"

"The cat," answered Pinocchio, seeing that little animal busily playing with some shavings in the corner of the room.

"Open! I say," repeated Geppetto, "or I'll give you a sound whipping when I get in."

"Father, believe me, I can't stand up. Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall have to walk on my knees all my life."

Geppetto, thinking that all these tears and cries were only other pranks of the marionette, climbed up the side of the house and went in through the window.

At first he was very angry, but on seeing Pinocchio stretched out on the floor and really without feet, he felt very sad and sorrowful. Picking him up from the floor, he fondled and caressed him, talking to him while the tears ran down his cheeks: "My little Pinocchio, my dear little Pinocchio! How did you burn your feet?"

"I don't know, Father, but believe me, the night has been a terrible one and I shall remember it as long as I live. The thunder was so noisy and the lightning so bright —and I was hungry. And then the Talking Cricket said to me, 'You deserve it; you were bad'; and I said to him, 'Careful, Cricket'; and he said to me, 'You are a mario-

nette and you have a wooden head'; and I threw the hammer at him and killed him. It was his own fault, for I didn't want to kill him. And I put the pan on the coals, but the chick flew away and said, 'I'll see you again! Remember me to the family.' And my hunger grew, and I went out, and the old man with a nightcap looked out of the window and threw water on me, and I came home and put my feet on the stove to dry them because I was still hungry, and I fell asleep and now my feet are gone but my hunger isn't! Oh!—Oh!—Oh!" And poor Pinocchio began to scream and cry so loudly that he could be heard for miles around.

Geppetto, who had understood nothing of all that jumbled talk except that the marionette was hungry, felt sorry for him and, pulling three pears out of his pocket, offered them to him, saying, "These three pears were for my breakfast, but I give them to you gladly. Eat them and stop weeping."

"If you want me to eat them, please peel them for me."

"Peel them?" asked Geppetto, very much surprised. "I should never have thought, dear boy of mine, that you were so dainty and fussy about your food. Bad, very bad! In this world, even as children, we must accustom ourselves to eat of everything, for we never know what life may hold in store for us!"

"You may be right," answered Pinocchio, "but I will not eat the pears if they are not peeled. I don't like them."

And good old Geppetto took out a knife, peeled the three pears, and put the skins in a row on the table.

Pinocchio ate one pear in a twinkling and started to throw the core away, but Geppetto held his arm.

"Oh, no, don't throw it away! Everything in this world may be of some use!"

"But the core I will not eat!" cried Pinocchio in an angry tone.

"Who knows?" repeated Geppetto calmly.

And later the three cores were placed on the table next to the skins.

Pinocchio had eaten the three pears, or rather devoured them. Then he yawned and wailed, "I'm still hungry."

"But I have no more to give you."

"Really, nothing—nothing?"

"I have only these three cores and these skins."

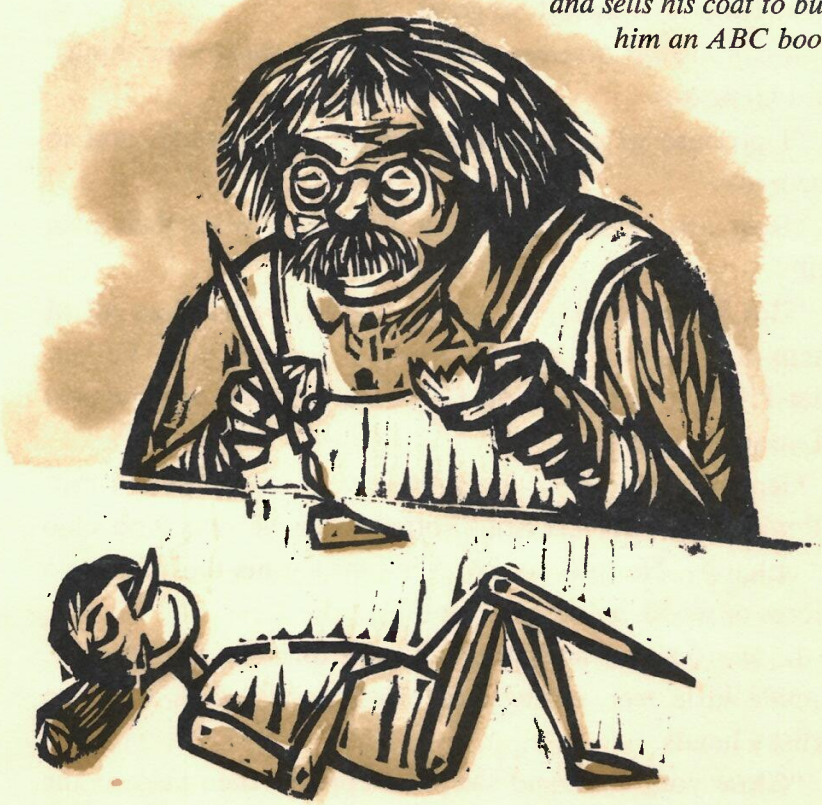
"Very well, then," said Pinocchio, "if there is nothing else I'll eat them."

At first he made a wry face, but, one after another, the skins and the cores disappeared.

"Ah! Now I feel fine!" he said after eating the last one.

"You see," observed Geppetto, "that I was right when I told you that one must not be too fussy and too dainty about food. My dear, we never know what life may have in store for us!"

CHAPTER 8 *Geppetto makes Pinocchio a new pair of feet, and sells his coat to buy him an ABC book*



The marionette, as soon as his hunger was appeased, started to grumble and cry that he wanted a new pair of feet. But Mastro Geppetto, in order to punish him for his mischief, let him alone the whole morning. After dinner he said to him, "Why should I make your feet over again? To see you run away from home once more?"

"I promise you," answered the marionette, sobbing, "that from now on I'll be good—"

"Boys always promise that when they want something," said Geppetto.

"I promise to go to school every day, to study, and to succeed—"

"Boys always sing that song when they want their own will."

"But I am not like other boys! I am better than all of them and I always tell the truth. I promise you, Father, that I'll learn a trade, and I'll be the comfort and support of your old age."

Geppetto, though trying to look very stern, felt his eyes fill with tears and his heart soften when he saw Pinocchio so unhappy. He said no more, but taking his tools and two pieces of wood, he set to work diligently.

In less than an hour the feet were finished, two slender, nimble little feet, strong and quick, modeled as if by an artist's hands.

"Close your eyes and sleep!" Geppetto then said to the marionette.

Pinocchio closed his eyes and pretended to be asleep, while Geppetto stuck on the two feet with a bit of glue melted in an eggshell, doing his work so well that the joint could hardly be seen.

As soon as the marionette felt his new feet, he gave one

leap from the table and started to skip and jump around, as if he had lost his head from very joy.

"To show you how grateful I am to you, Father, I'll go to school now. But to go to school I need a suit of clothes."

Geppetto did not have a penny in his pocket, so he made his son a little suit of flowered paper, a pair of shoes from the bark of a tree, and a tiny cap from a bit of dough.

Pinocchio ran to look at himself in a bowl of water, and he felt so happy that he said proudly, "Now I look like a gentleman."

"Truly," answered Geppetto. "But remember that fine clothes do not make the man unless they be neat and clean."

"Very true," answered Pinocchio, "but, in order to go to school, I still need something very important."

"What is it?"

"An ABC book."

"To be sure! But how shall we get it?"

"That's easy. We'll go to a bookstore and buy it."

"And the money?"

"I have none."

"Neither have I," said the old man sadly.

Pinocchio, although a happy boy always, became sad and downcast at these words. When poverty shows itself, even mischievous boys understand what it means.

"What does it matter, after all?" cried Geppetto all at

once, as he jumped up from his chair. Putting on his old coat, full of darns and patches, he ran out of the house without another word.

After a while he returned. In his hands he had the ABC book for his son, but the old coat was gone. The poor fellow was in his shirt sleeves and the day was cold.

"Where's your coat, Father?"

"I have sold it."

"Why did you sell your coat?"

"It was too warm."

Pinocchio understood the answer in a twinkling, and, unable to restrain his tears, he jumped on his father's neck and kissed him over and over.

Pinocchio was never good for very long. He ran away from home again and again. But after many adventures, he learned that a kind and well-behaved marionette may at last become a real boy. His story is told in *The Adventures of Pinocchio,* by Carlo Collodi (Macmillan, 1951).

You may also want to read:

Miss Hickory
by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey (Viking Press, 1946)

The Magician's Nephew
by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, 1955)

Cinders
by Katherine Gibson (David McKay, 1939)

The Magic Chalk
by Zinken Hopp (David McKay, 1959)

A Likely Story
by Mary Lavin (Macmillan, 1957)

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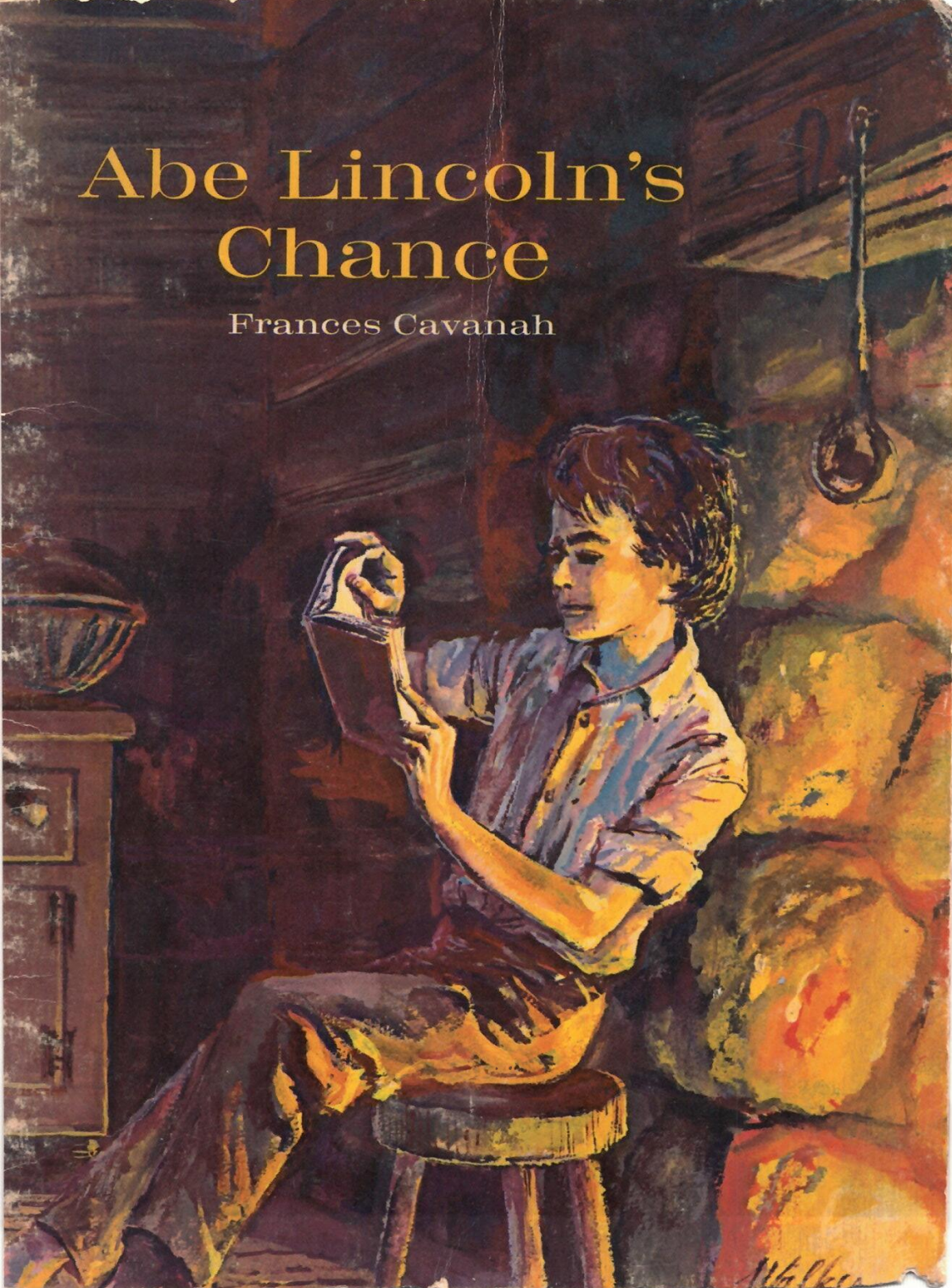
Abe Lincoln's Chance

Frances Cavanah



ABE LINCOLN'S CHANCE

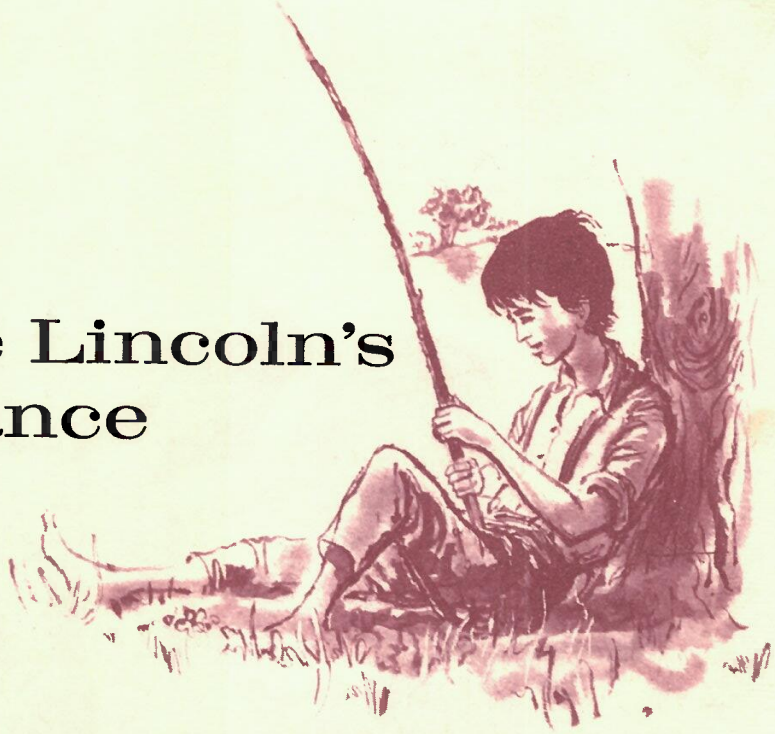
by Frances Cavanah

Abe Lincoln, his hand and
his pen,
He will be good, but God
knows when.

Young Abe wrote those lines about himself in a frontier schoolroom. He never dreamed that one day he would be so important that even this little rhyme of his would be remembered.

The qualities that made Abraham Lincoln a great president began to appear when he was just a young boy. In this story you will meet that boy and his family. Young Abe had a hard time of it, but you will discover that he never gave up—and never lost his sense of humor, either.

Abe Lincoln's Chance



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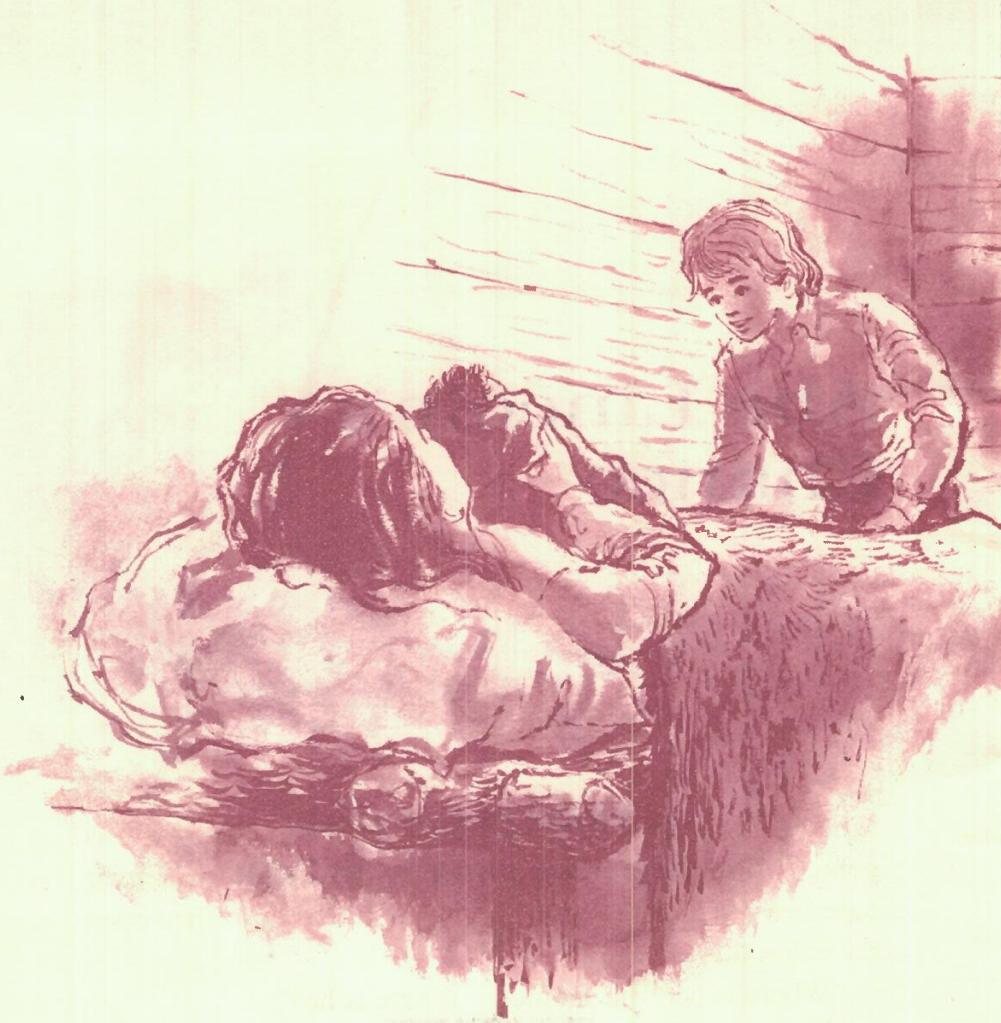

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A BIRTHDAY

There was a new boy baby at the Lincoln cabin! By cracky! thought Dennis Hanks as he hurried up the path, he was going to like having a boy cousin. They could go swimming together. Maybe they could play Indian. Dennis pushed open the cabin door.

"Where is he?" he shouted. "Where is he?"

"Sh!" A neighbor, who had come in to help, put her finger to her lips. "The baby is asleep."

Nancy Lincoln was lying on the pole bed in a corner of the one-room house. She looked very white under the dark

bearskin covering, but when she heard Dennis she raised her head. "It's all right, Denny," she said. "You can see him now."

Dennis tiptoed over to the bed. A small bundle, wrapped in a homespun shawl, rested in the curve of Nancy's arm. Dennis could not think of anything to say. The baby was so wrinkled and so red. It looked just like a cherry after the juice had been squeezed out.

Nancy touched one of the tiny hands with the tip of her finger. "See his wee red fists and the way he throws them around!" she said.

"What's his name?" Dennis asked at last.

"We're calling him after his grandpappy. Abraham Lincoln!"

"That great big name for that scrawny little mite?"

Nancy sounded hurt. "Give him a chance to grow, will you?"

Then she saw that Dennis was only teasing. "You wait!" she went on. "It won't be long before Abe will be running around in buckskin breeches and a coonskin cap."

"Well, maybe—"

The door opened, and Tom Lincoln, the baby's father, came in. With him was Aunt Betsy Sparrow. She kissed Nancy and carried the baby over to a stool by the fireplace. Making little cooing noises under her breath, she dressed him in a white shirt and a yellow flannel petticoat. Sally Lincoln, two years old, who did not know quite what to

make of her new brother, came over and stood beside her. Dennis drew up another stool and watched.

Aunt Betsy looked across at him and smiled. Dennis, an orphan, lived with her and she knew that he was often lonely. There weren't many people living in Kentucky in the year 1809, and Dennis had no boys to play with. "I reckon you're mighty tickled to have a new cousin," she said.

"I—I guess so," said Dennis slowly.

"Want to hold him?"

Dennis was not quite sure whether he did or not. Before he could answer, Aunt Betsy laid the baby in his arms. Sally edged closer. She started to put out her hand, but pulled it back. Abraham was so small she was afraid to touch him.

"Don't you fret, Sally," said Dennis. "Cousin Nancy said that he is going to grow. And when he does, do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to teach him to swim."

Looking down into the tiny red face, Dennis felt a sudden warm glow in his heart. "Yes, and we can go fishing down at the creek. When I go to the mill to get the corn ground, he can come along. He can ride behind me on the horse, and when it goes cloppety-clop—"

Dennis swung the baby back and forth. It puckered up its face and began to cry. Dennis caught his breath in dismay. How could such a large noise come out of such a small body?

"Here, Aunt, take him quick!"

He looked at Cousin Nancy out of the corner of his eye. "I reckon he'll never come to much."

"Now, Dennis Hanks, I want you to behave," said Aunt Betsy, but this time Nancy paid no attention to his teasing. She held out her arms for her son and cuddled him against her breast.

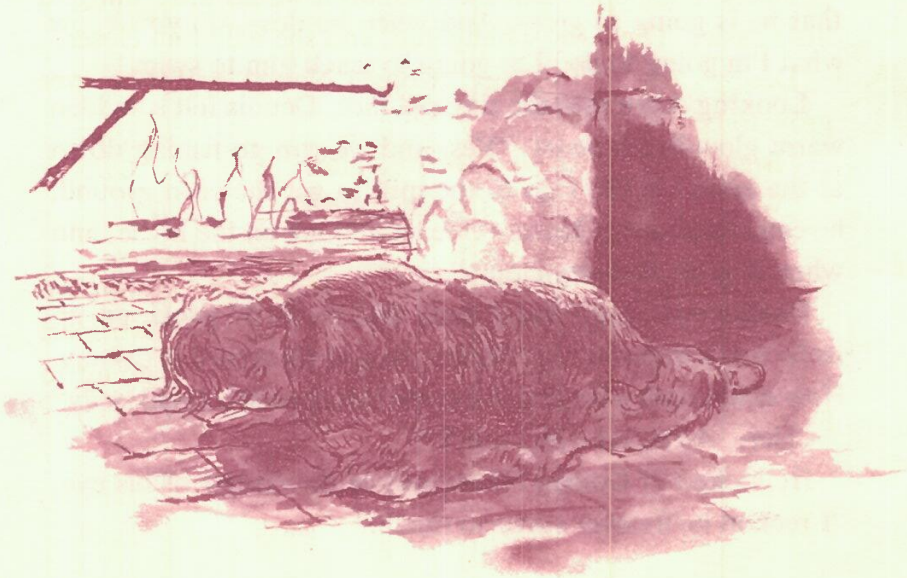
"As I told you," she said gaily, "you have to give him a chance to grow."

It was almost dark by the time Aunt Betsy had tidied the one-room cabin. She cooked some dried berries for Nancy, and fed Sally. Dennis begged to spend the night. After his aunt had put on her shawl and left for her own cabin, he curled up in a bearskin on the floor.

"Denny," asked Nancy, "what day is this?"

"It's Sunday—"

"I mean what day of the month."



"I don't rightly know, Cousin Nancy."

"I remember now," she went on. "It is the twelfth day of February. February 12, 1809! Little Abe's birthday!"

Outside the wind rose, whistling through the bare branches of the trees. There was a blast of cold air as the door opened. Tom came in, his arms piled high with wood. He knelt on the dirt floor to build up the fire, and the rising flames lit the log walls with a faint red glow.

"Are you glad it's a boy, Tom?" Nancy asked as he lay down beside her. "I am."

"Yes," said Tom, but when she spoke to him again, he did not answer. He was asleep. She could see his tired face in the firelight. Life had been hard for Tom; it was hard for most pioneers. She hoped that their children would have things a little easier. The baby whimpered, and she held him closer.

Denny's voice piped up: "Cousin Nancy, will Abe ever grow to be as big as me?"

"Bigger'n you are now," she told him.

"Will he grow as big as Cousin Tom?"

"Bigger'n anybody, maybe."

Nancy looked down at her son, now peacefully asleep. She made a song for him, a song so soft it was almost a whisper: "Abe—Abe," she crooned. "Abe Lincoln, you be going to grow—and grow—and grow!"

PIGEON CREEK

Abraham Lincoln did grow. He seemed to grow bigger every day. By the time he was seven, he was as tall as his sister, although Sally was two years older.

That fall their father made a trip up to Indiana.

"Why did Pappy go so far away?" Sally asked.

"When is he coming home?" asked Abe.

"Pretty soon, most likely."

Nancy laid down her sewing and tried to explain. Their pa had had a hard time making a living for them. He was looking for a better farm. Tom was also a carpenter. Maybe some

of the new settlers who were going to Indiana to live would give him work. Anyway, he thought that poor folks were better off up there.

Abe looked surprised. He had never thought about being poor. There were so many things that he liked to do in Kentucky. He liked to go swimming with Dennis after his chores were done. There were fish to be caught and caves to explore. He and Sally had had a chance to go to school for a few weeks. Abe could write his name, just like his father. He could read much better. Tom knew a few words, but his children could read whole sentences.

Abe leaned up against his mother. "Tell us the story with our names," he begged.

Nancy put her arm around him. She often told the children stories from the Bible. One of their favorites was about Abraham and Sarah. "Now the Lord said unto Abraham," she began—and stopped to listen.

The door opened, and Tom Lincoln stood grinning down at them. "Well, folks," he said, "we're moving to Indiany."

Nancy and the children, taken by surprise, asked questions faster than Tom could answer them. He had staked out a claim about a hundred miles to the north, at a place called Pigeon Creek. He was buying the land from the government and could take his time to pay for it. He wanted to start for Indiana at once, before the weather got any colder.

It did not take long to get ready. A few possessions—a skillet, several pans, the water buckets, the fire shovel, a few

clothes, a homespun blanket, a patchwork quilt, and several bearskins—were packed on the back of one of the horses. Nancy and Sally rode on the other horse. Abe and his father walked. At night they camped along the way.

When at last they reached the Ohio River, Abe stared in surprise. It was so blue, so wide, so much bigger than the creek where he and Dennis had gone swimming. There were so many boats. One of them, a long low raft, was called a ferry. The Lincolns went right on board with their pack horses, and it carried them across the shining water to the wooded shores of Indiana.

Indiana was a much wilder place than Kentucky. There was no road leading to Pigeon Creek; only a path through the forest. It was so narrow that sometimes Tom had to clear away some underbrush before they could go on. Or else he had to stop to cut down a tree that stood in their way. Abe, who was big and strong for his age, had his own little ax. He helped his father all he could.

Fourteen miles north of the river, they came to a cleared place in the forest. Tom called it his "farm." He hastily put up a shelter—a camp made of poles and brush and leaves—where they could stay until he had time to build a cabin. It had only three walls. The fourth side was left open, and in this open space Tom built a fire. The children helped their mother to unpack, and she mixed batter for cornbread in a big iron skillet. She cut up a squirrel that Tom had shot earlier in the day, and cooked it over the campfire.

"Now if you will fetch me your plates," she said, "we'll have our supper."

The plates were only slabs of bark. On each slab Nancy put a piece of fried squirrel and a hunk of cornbread. The children sank down on one of the bearskins to eat their first meal in their new home. By this time it was quite dark. They could see only a few feet beyond the circle of light made by their campfire.

Nancy shivered. She knew that they had neighbors. Tom had told her there were seven other families living at Pigeon Creek. But the trees were so tall, the night so black, that she had a strange feeling that they were the only people alive for miles around.

"Don't you like it here, Mammy?" Abe asked. To him this camping out was an adventure, but he wanted his mother to like it, too.

"I'm just feeling a little cold," she told him.

"I like it," said Sally decidedly. "But it is sort of scary. Are you scared, Abe?"

"Me?" Abe stuck out his chest. "What is there to be scared of?"

At that moment a long-drawn-out howl came from the forest. Another seemed to come from just beyond their campfire. Then another and another—each howl louder and closer. The black curtain of the night was pierced by two green spots of light. The children huddled against their mother, but Tom Lincoln laughed.

"I reckon I know what you're scared of. A wolf."

"A wolf?" Sally shrieked.

"Yep. See its green eyes. But it won't come near our fire."

He got up and threw on another log. As the flames blazed higher, the green lights disappeared. There was a crashing sound in the underbrush.

"Hear him running away? Cowardly varmint!" Tom sat down again. "No wolf will hurt us if we keep our fire going."

It was a busy winter. Abe worked side by side with his father. How that boy can chop! thought Nancy, as she heard the sound of his ax biting into wood. Tree after tree had to be cut down before crops could be planted. With the coming of spring, he helped his father to plow the stumpy ground. He learned to plow a straight furrow. He planted seeds.

In the meantime, some of the neighbors helped Tom build a cabin. It had one room, with a tiny loft above. The floor was packed-down dirt. There were no windows. The only door was a long, up-and-down hole cut in one wall and covered by a bearskin. But Tom had made a table and several three-legged stools, and there was a pole bed in one corner. Nancy was glad to be living in a real house again, and she kept it neat and clean.

She was no longer lonely. Aunt Betsy and her husband, Uncle Thomas, brought Dennis with them from Kentucky to live in the shelter near the Lincoln cabin. Several other new settlers arrived, settlers with children. A schoolmaster, Andrew Crawford, decided to start a school.

"Maybe you'll have a chance to go, Abe," Nancy told him. "You know what the schoolmaster down in Kentucky said. He said you were a learner."

Abe looked up at her and smiled. He was going to like living in Indiana!

EARLY LESSONS

But sad days were coming to Pigeon Creek. There was a terrible sickness. Aunt Betsy and Uncle Thomas died, and Dennis came to live with the Lincolns. Then Nancy was taken ill. After she died, her family felt that nothing would ever be the same again.

Sally tried to keep house, but she was only twelve. The one little room and the loft above looked dirtier and more and more gloomy as the weeks went by. Sally found that cooking for four people was not easy. The smoke from the fireplace got into her eyes. Some days Tom brought home a rabbit or a

squirrel for her to fry. On other days, it was too cold to go hunting. Then there was only cornbread to eat and Sally's cornbread wasn't very good.

It was hard to know who missed Nancy more—Tom or the children. He sat around the cabin looking cross and glum. The ground was frozen, so very little work could be done on the farm. He decided, when Andrew Crawford started his school, that Abe and Sally might as well go. There was nothing else for them to do, and Nancy would have wanted it.

For the first time since his mother's death Abe seemed to cheer up. Every morning, except when there were chores at home, he and Sally took a path through the woods to the log schoolhouse. Master Crawford kept a "blab" school. The "scholars," as he called his pupils, studied their lessons out loud. The louder they shouted, the better he liked it. If a scholar didn't know his lesson, he had to stand in the corner with a long pointed dunce cap on his head.

One boy who never had to wear a dunce cap was Abe Lincoln. He was too smart. His side won nearly every spelling match. He was good at figuring, and he had the best handwriting of anyone at school. Master Crawford taught reading from the Bible, but he had several other books from which he read aloud. Among Abe's favorite stories were the ones about some wise animals that talked. They were by a man named Aesop who had lived hundreds of years before.

Abe even made up compositions of his own. He called them "sentences." One day he found some of the boys being

cruel to a terrapin, or turtle. He made them stop. Then he wrote a composition in which he said that animals had feelings the same as folks.

Sometimes Abe's sentences rhymed. There was one rhyme that the children thought was a great joke:

"Abe Lincoln, his hand and pen,
He will be good, but God knows when."

"That Abe Lincoln is funny enough to make a cat laugh," they said.

They always had a good time watching Abe during the class in "Manners." Once a week Master Crawford had them practice being ladies and gentlemen. One scholar would pretend to be a stranger who had just arrived in Pigeon Creek. He would leave the schoolhouse, come back, and knock at the door. Another scholar would greet "the stranger," lead him around the room, and introduce him.

One day is was Abe's turn to do the introducing. He opened the door to find his best friend, Nat Grigsby, waiting outside. Nat bowed low, from the waist. Abe bowed. His buckskin trousers, already too short, slipped up still farther, showing several inches of his bare leg. He looked so solemn that some of the girls giggled. The schoolmaster frowned and pounded on his desk. The giggling stopped.

"Master Crawford," said Abe, "this here is Mr. Grigsby. His pa just moved to these parts. He figures on coming to your school."

Andrew Crawford rose and bowed. "Welcome," he said. "Mr. Lincoln, introduce Mr. Grigsby to the other scholars."

The children sat on two long benches made of split logs. Abe led Nat down the length of the front bench. Each girl rose and made a curtsy. Nat bowed. Each boy rose and bowed. Nat returned the bow. Abe kept saying funny things under his breath that the schoolmaster could not hear. But the children heard, and they could hardly keep from laughing out loud.

Sally sat on the second bench. "Mrs. Lincoln," said Abe in a high falsetto voice, "this here be Mr. Grigsby."

While she was making her curtsy, Sally's cheeks suddenly grew red. "Don't let on I told you, Mr. Grigsby," Abe whispered, "but Mrs. Lincoln bakes the worst cornbread of anyone in Pigeon Creek."

Sally forgot that they were having a lesson in manners. "Don't you dare talk about my cornbread," she said angrily.

The little log room rocked with laughter. This time Master Crawford had also heard Abe's remark. He walked over to the corner where he kept a bundle of switches. He picked one up and laid it across his desk.

"We'll have no more monkeyshines," he said severely. "Go on with the introducing."

One day Abe almost got into real trouble. He had started for school early, as he often did, so that he could read one of Master Crawford's books. He was feeling sad as he walked through the woods; he seemed to miss his mother more each

day. When he went into the schoolhouse, he looked up and saw a pair of deer antlers. Master Crawford had gone hunting. He had shot a deer and nailed the antlers above the door.

What a wonderful place to swing! thought Abe. He leaped up and caught hold of the prongs. He began swinging back and forth.

Crash! One prong came off in his hand, and he fell to the floor. He hurried to his seat, hoping that the master would not notice.

But Master Crawford was proud of those antlers. When he saw what had happened, he picked up the switch on his desk. It made a swishing sound as he swung it back and forth.

"Who broke my deer antlers?" he shouted.

No one answered. Abe hunched down as far as he could on the bench. He seemed to be trying to hide inside his shirt.

Master Crawford repeated his question. "Who broke my deer antlers? I aim to find out, if I have to thrash every scholar in this school."

All the children looked scared, Abe most of all. But he stood up. He marched up to Master Crawford's desk and held out the broken prong that he had been hiding in his hand.

"I did it, sir," he said. "I didn't mean to do it, but I hung on the antlers and they broke. I wouldn't have done it, if I had thought they'd a broke."

The other scholars thought that Abe would get a licking. Instead, Master Crawford told him to stay in after school. They had a long talk. He liked Abe's honesty in owning up to

what he had done. He knew how much he missed his mother. Perhaps he understood that sometimes a boy "cuts up" to try to forget how sad he feels.

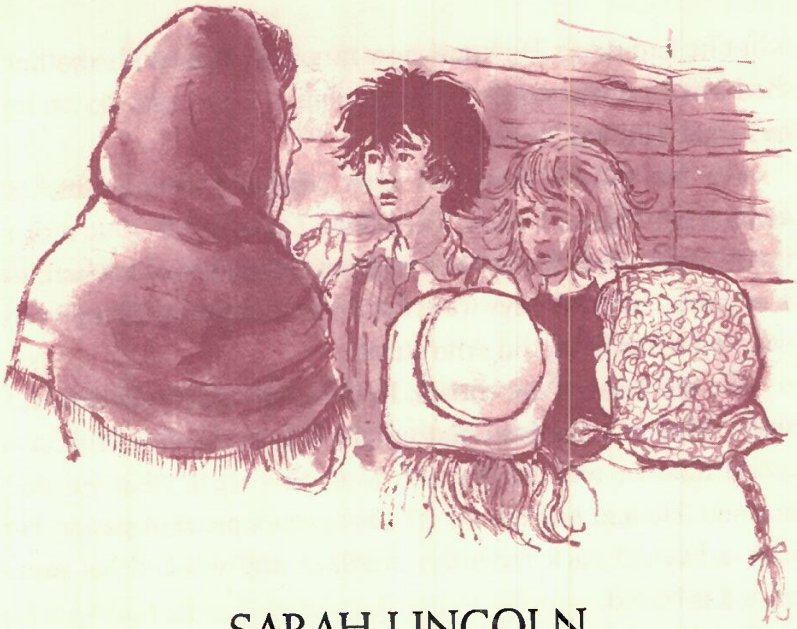
Abe felt sadder than ever after Master Crawford moved away from Pigeon Creek. Then Tom Lincoln left. One morning he rode off on horseback without telling anyone where he was going. Several days went by. Even easygoing Dennis was worried when Tom did not return.

Abe did most of the chores. In the evening he practiced his sums. Master Crawford had taught him to do easy problems in arithmetic, and he did not want to forget what he had learned. He had no pen, no ink, not even a piece of paper. He took a burned stick from the fireplace and worked his sums on a flat board.

He wished that he had a book to read. Instead, he tried to remember the stories that the schoolmaster had told. He repeated them to Sally and Dennis, as they huddled close to the fire to keep warm. He said them again to himself after he went to bed in the loft.

There were words in some of the stories that Abe did not understand. He tried to figure out what the words meant. He thought about the people in the stories. He thought about the places mentioned and wondered what they were like.

There were thoughts inside Abraham Lincoln's head that even Sally did not know anything about.



SARAH LINCOLN

Abe took another bite of cornbread and swallowed hard. "Don't you like it?" asked Sally anxiously. "I know it doesn't taste like the cornbread Mammy used to make."

She looked around the room. The furniture was the same as their mother had used—a homemade table and a few three-legged stools. The same bearskin hung before the hole in the wall that was their only door. But Nancy had kept the cabin clean. She had known how to build a fire that didn't smoke.

Sally glanced down at her faded linsey-woolsey dress, soiled with soot. The dirt floor felt cold to her bare feet. Her last pair of moccasins had worn out weeks ago.

"I don't mind the cornbread—at least, not much." Abe finished his piece, down to the last crumb. "If I seem down in the mouth, Sally, it is just because—"

He walked over to the fireplace, where he stood with his back to the room.

"He misses Nancy," said Dennis bluntly, "the same as the rest of us. Then Tom has been gone for quite a spell."

Sally put her hand on Abe's shoulder. "I'm scared. Do you reckon something has happened to Pappy? Isn't he ever coming back?"

Abe stared into the fire. He was thinking of the wolves and panthers loose in the woods. There were many dangers for a man riding alone over the rough forest paths. The boy wanted to say something to comfort Sally, but he had to tell the truth. "I don't know, I—"

He stopped to listen. Few travelers passed by their cabin in the winter, but he was sure that he heard a faint noise in the distance. It sounded like the creak of wheels. The noise came again—this time much closer. A man's voice was shouting: "Get-up! Get-up!"

"Maybe it's Pappy!" Abe pushed aside the bearskin and rushed outside. Sally and Dennis were right behind him.

"It *is* Pappy," Sally cried. "But look—"

Tom Lincoln had left Pigeon Creek on horseback. He was returning in a wagon drawn by four horses. He was not alone. A strange woman sat beside him, holding a small boy in her lap. Two girls, one about Sally's age, the other about eight,

stood behind her. The wagon was piled high with furniture—more furniture than the Lincoln children had ever seen.

"Whoa, there!" Tom Lincoln pulled at the reins and brought the wagon to a stop before the door.

"Here we are, Sarah." He jumped down and held out his hand to help the woman.

She was very neat looking, tall and straight, with neat little curls showing at the edge of her brown hood. She said, "Tsch! Tsch!" when she saw Tom's children. She stared at their soiled clothing, their matted hair, their faces smudged with soot. "Tsch! Tsch!" she said again, and Abe felt hot all over in spite of the cold wind. He dug the toe of his moccasin into the frozen ground.

"Abe! Sally!" their father said. "I've brought you a new mammy. This here is the Widow Johnston. That is, she *was* the Widow Johnston." He cleared his throat. "She is Mrs. Lincoln now. I've been back to Kentucky to get myself a wife."

"Howdy!" The new Mrs. Lincoln was trying to sound cheerful. She beckoned to the children in the wagon. They jumped down and stood beside her. "These here are my young ones," she went on. "The big gal is Betsy. The other one is Mathilda. This little shaver is Johnny."

Dennis came forward to be introduced, but he had eyes only for Betsy. She gave him a coy look out of her china-blue eyes. Tilda smiled shyly at Sally. Both of the Johnston girls wore pretty linsey-woolsey dresses under their shawls and

neat moccasins on their feet. Sally, looking down at her own soiled dress and bare toes, wished that she could run away and hide. Abe said "Howdy" somewhere down inside his stomach.

Sarah, Tom's new wife, looked around the littered yard, then at the cabin. It did not even have a window! It did not have a door that would open and shut—only a ragged bearskin flapping in the wind. She had known Tom since he was a boy and had always liked him. Her first husband, Mr. Johnston, had died some time before, and when Tom had returned to Kentucky and asked her to marry him, she had said yes. He had told her that his children needed a mother's care, and he was right.

Poor young ones! she thought. Aloud she said, "Well, let's not stand here and freeze. Can't we go inside and get warm?"

The inside of the cabin seemed almost as cold as the outdoors. And even more untidy. Johnny clung to his mother's skirt and started to cry. His sisters peered through the gloom, trying to see in the dim light.

Sally was sure that they were looking at her. She sat down hastily and tucked her feet as far back as she could under the stool. Abe stood quite still, watching this strange woman who had come without warning to take his mother's place.

She smiled at him. He did not smile back.

Slowly she turned and looked around. Her clear gray eyes took in every nook, every crack of the miserable little one-room house. She noticed the dirty bearskins piled on the pole

bed in the corner. She saw the pegs in the wall that led to the loft. The fire smoldering in the fireplace gave out more smoke than heat.

"The first thing we'd better do," she said, taking off her bonnet, "is to build up that fire. Then we'll get some victuals ready. I reckon everybody will feel better when we've had a bite to eat."

From that moment things began to happen in the Lincoln cabin. Tom went out to the wagon to unhitch the horses. Dennis brought in more firewood. Abe and Mathilda started for the spring, swinging the water pail between them. Betsy mixed a fresh batch of cornbread in the iron skillet, and Sally set it on the hearth to bake. Tom came back from the wagon, carrying a comb of honey and a slab of bacon, and soon the magic smell of frying bacon filled the air. There were no dishes, but Sally kept large pieces of bark in the cupboard. Eight people sat down at the one little table, but no one seemed to mind that it was crowded.

The Lincoln children had almost forgotten how good bacon could taste. Abe ate in silence, his eyes on his plate. Sally seemed to feel much better. Sitting between her stepsisters, she was soon chattering with them as though they were old friends. Once she called the new Mrs. Lincoln "Mamma," just as her own daughters did.

Dennis sat on the other side of Betsy. He seemed to be enjoying himself most of all. He sopped up his last drop of golden honey on his last piece of cornbread.

"I declare," he said, grinning, "we ain't had a meal like this since Nancy died."

Abe jumped up at the mention of his mother's name. He was afraid that he was going to cry. He had started for the door, when he felt his father's rough hand on his shoulder.

"Abe Lincoln, you set right down there and finish your cornbread."

Abe looked up at Tom out of frightened gray eyes. But he shook his head. "I can't, Pa."

"A nice way to treat your new ma!" Tom Lincoln sounded both angry and embarrassed. "You clean up your plate or I'll give you a good hiding."

The young Johnstons gasped. Abe could hear Sally's whisper: "Please, Abe! Do as Pa says." Then he heard another voice.

"Let the boy be, Tom." It was Sarah Lincoln speaking.

There was something about the way she said it that made Abe decide to come back and sit down. He managed somehow to eat the rest of his cornbread. He looked up and saw that she was smiling at him again. He almost smiled back.

Sarah looked relieved. "Abe and I," she said, "are going to have plenty of chance to get acquainted."

SARAH'S BOOKS

Sarah rose from the table. "There's a lot of work to be done here," she announced, "before we can bring in my plunder." She meant her furniture and other possessions in the wagon. "First, we'll need plenty of hot water. Who wants to go to the spring?"

She was looking at Abe. "I'll go, ma'am." He grabbed the water bucket and hurried through the door.

Abe made several trips to the spring that afternoon. Each bucket full of water that he brought back was poured into the big iron kettle over the fireplace. Higher and higher roared the flames. When Sarah wasn't asking for more water, she

was asking for more wood. The steady chop-chop of Tom's ax could be heard from the wood lot.

Everyone was working, even Dennis. Sarah gave him a pan of soap and hot water and told him to wash the cabin walls. The girls scrubbed the table, the three-legged stools, and the corner cupboard inside and out. Sarah climbed the peg ladder to peer into the loft.

"Tsch! Tsch!" she said, when she saw the corn husks and dirty bearskins on which the boys had been sleeping. "Take them out and burn them, Tom."

"Burn them?" he protested.

"Yes, and burn the covers on the downstairs bed, too. I reckon I have enough feather beds and blankets to go around. We're starting fresh in this house. We'll soon have it looking like a different place."

Not since Nancy died had the cabin had such a thorough cleaning. Then came the most remarkable part of that remarkable afternoon—the unloading of the wagon. Sarah's pots and pans shone from much scouring. Her wooden platters and dishes were spotless. And the furniture! She had chairs with real backs, a table, and a big chest filled with clothes.

There was one bureau that had cost forty-five dollars. Abe ran his finger over the shining dark wood. Sarah hung a small mirror above it and he gasped when he looked at his reflection. This was the first looking glass he had ever seen.

Most remarkable of all were the feather beds. One was

laid on the pole bed, downstairs. Another was placed on a clean bearskin in the opposite corner to provide a sleeping place for the girls. The third was carried to the loft for the three boys. When Abe went to bed that night, he sank down gratefully into the comfortable feathers.

On either side, Dennis and Johnny were asleep. Abe lay between them, wide awake, staring into the darkness. The new Mrs. Lincoln was good and kind. He knew that. She had seemed pleased when Sally called her "Mamma." Somehow he couldn't. There was still a lonesome place in his heart for his own mother.

Something else was worrying him. Before going to bed, Sarah Lincoln had looked at him and Sally out of her calm gray eyes. "Tomorrow I aim to make you young ones look more human," she said. Abe wondered what she meant.

He found out the next morning. Tom and Dennis left early to go hunting. Abe went out to chop wood for the fireplace. When he came back, he met the three girls going down the path. Sally was walking between her two stepsisters, but what a different Sally! She wore a neat, pretty dress that had belonged to Betsy. She had on Sarah's shawl. Her hair was combed in two neat pigtails. Her face had a clean, scrubbed look. Her eyes were sparkling. She was taking Betsy and Mathilda to call on one of the neighbors.

"Good-by, Mamma," she called.

Sarah stood in the doorway, waving to the girls. Then she saw Abe, his arms piled high with wood. "Come in," she said.

"Sally has had her bath. Now I've got a tub of good hot water and a gourd full of soap waiting for you. Skedaddle out of those old clothes and throw them in the fire."

"I ain't got any others." Abe looked terrified.

"I don't aim to pluck your feathers without giving you some new ones." Sarah laughed. "I sat up late last night, cutting down a pair of Mr. Johnston's old pants. I got a shirt, too, laid out here on the bed."

Slowly Abe started taking off his shirt. He looked fearfully at the tub of hot water.

"There's no call to be scared," said Sarah. "That tub won't bite. Now I'm going down to the spring. By the time I get back, I want you to have yourself scrubbed all over."

Abe stuck one toe into the water. He said "Ouch!" and drew it out. He then tried again, and put in his whole foot. He put in his other foot. He sat down in the tub. By the time Sarah returned he was standing before the fire, dressed in the cut-down trousers and shirt of the late Mr. Johnston.

Sarah seemed pleased. "You look like a different boy," she said. "Those trousers are a mite too big, but you'll soon grow into them."

Abe was surprised how good it felt to be clean again. "Thank you, ma'am. Now I'd better get in some more wood."

"We have plenty of wood," said Sarah. "You see that stool? You sit down and let me get at your hair. It looks like a heap of underbrush."

Abe watched anxiously when she opened the top drawer

of the bureau and took out a haw comb and a pair of scissors. I'll stand for it this time, he thought, because she's been so good to us. But if she pulls too hard—

Mrs. Lincoln *did* pull. But when Abe said "Ouch!" she patted his shoulder and waited a moment. He closed his eyes and screwed up his face, but he said nothing more. Perhaps she couldn't help pulling, he decided. Lock after lock she snipped off. He began to wonder if he was going to have any hair left by the time she got through.

"I've been watching you, Abe. You're a right smart boy," she said. "Had much schooling?"

"I've just been to school by littles."

"Have you a mind to go again?"

"There ain't any school since Master Crawford left. Anyhow, Pappy doesn't set much store by eddication."

"What do you mean, Abe?"

"He says I know how to read and write and cipher and that's enough for anyone."

"You can read?" she asked.

"Yes'm, but I haven't any books."

"You can read and you haven't any books. I have books and I can't read."

Abe looked at her, amazed. "You have *books?*"

Sarah nodded, but said nothing more until she had finished cutting his hair. Then she led him over to the bureau.

"Now see if you don't like yourself better without that brush heap on top of your head," she asked him.

A boy with short neat hair gazed back at Abe from the mirror.

"I still ain't the prettiest boy in Pigeon Creek," he drawled, "but there ain't quite so much left to be ugly. I'm right glad, ma'am, you cleared away the brush heap."

Was he joking? He looked so solemn that Sarah could not be sure. Then he grinned. It was the first time that she had seen him smile.

"You're a caution, Abe," she said. "Now sit yourself down over there at the table, and I'll show you my books."

She opened the top drawer of the bureau and took out four worn little volumes. Although she could not read, she knew

the titles: "Here they are: *Robinson Crusoe, Pilgrim's Progress, Sinbad the Sailor,* and *Aesop's Fables.*"

"Oh, ma'am, this book by Mr. Aesop is one the schoolmaster had. The stories are all about some smart talking animals."

He seemed to have forgotten her, as he bent his neat shorn head down over the pages. He chuckled when he read something that amused him. Sarah watched him curiously. He was not like her John. He was not like any boy that she had ever known. But the hungry look in his eyes went straight to her heart.

He looked up at her shyly. "Ma'am," he said, "will you let me read these books sometimes?"

"Why, Abe, you can read them any time you like. I'm giving them to you to keep."

"Oh, *Mamma*!" The name slipped out as though he were used to saying it. He had a feeling that Nancy, his own mother, had never gone away.

"You're my boy, now," Sarah told him, "and I aim to help you all I can. The next time a school keeps in these parts, I'm going to ask your pappy to let you and the other children go."

"Thank you, ma'am," said Abe. "I mean—thank you, Mamma."

Abe's stepmother helped him in many ways. But how could this poor, uneducated boy ever hope to become president? You will find his story continued in Frances Cavanah's book *Abe Lincoln Gets His Chance* (Rand McNally, 1959).

You may also want to read:

Abraham Lincoln: Friend of the People
by Clara I. Judson (Follett, 1950)

Frederick Douglass: Slave-Fighter-Freeman
by Arna Bontemps (Alfred Knopf, 1959)

Freedom Train
by Dorothy Sterling (Doubleday, 1954)

The Civil War
by Fletcher Pratt (Doubleday, 1955)

Lee and Grant at Appomattox
by MacKinlay Kantor (Random House, 1950)

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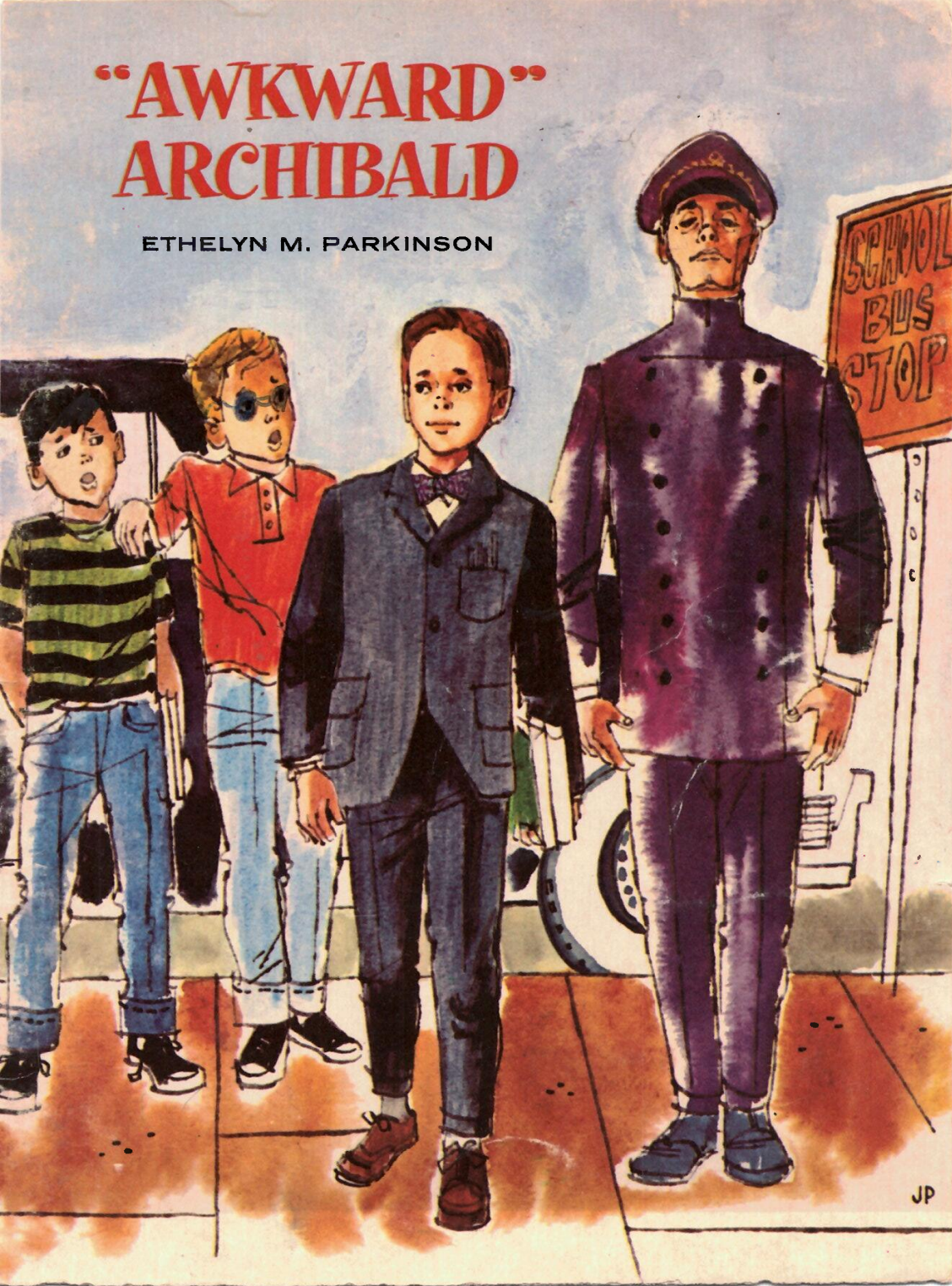
"AWKWARD" ARCHIBALD

ETHELYN M. PARKINSON



"AWKWARD" ARCHIBALD

by Ethelyn M. Parkinson

When good old Ralph left town, Trent Conway and the other fellows were sad. It would take a pretty good man, they figured, to fill good old Ralph's empty seat and desk in Miss Kramer's room.

Then Archibald Brewster arrived. He wore a gray suit to school, with a white shirt and tie. He put smelly stuff on his hair. He didn't even know how to play baseball!

If Archibald was going to take good old Ralph's place, he had a lot to learn. But the gang at Brookfield School had a few things to learn about Archibald, too.

"AWKWARD" ARCHIBALD

BY ETHELYN M. PARKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY JO POLSENO

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Good Old Ralph

In Brookfield School, things happen fast, sometimes. So, before anything else happens, I, Trenton J. Conway, Junior, am going to write down some important events of the past four weeks, just for the records.

First, good old Ralph Jackson moved away and left his seat and desk in Miss Kramer's room very empty.

The Monday morning after that, the guys stood around in the schoolyard eating their salted peanuts very sadly.

Wilmer Pitkin looked saddest because Wilmer had a black eye, and there is something very sad about one black eye and one blue one.

"Good old Ralph!" Wilmer said. "He is gone, but not forgotten. I miss him. I feel bad. I do not feel like playing baseball, and the big game is only four weeks away. Maybe the Lawson Lions will beat us Brookfield Bumblebees this year."

The Bumblebees always play the Lawson Lions on picnic

day, and our mothers always come to watch. Ralph had been a very good player.

"Yes, this is hard to take," Wilmer said. He licked some salt off his fingers and wiped his fingers on his pants. He said, "Any more peanuts, Harley? I need a few more to brace me up."

"Take some," said Harley Scott. "Wait." Harley took a few first.

Harley has black hair; and as soon as he is eighteen, he is going to join the Marines and have a black mustache to scare the girls away.

But Harley has feelings. He said, "I am going to miss Ralph when we sing 'The Marines' Hymn.' Won't you miss good old Ralph when we sing 'The Marines' Hymn,' Trent?"

Now even though it is true that I am the captain of the Bumblebees, I am just a plain guy with a butch cut and freckles and a loud voice. But under my sweater I am not just skin and knobby bones. I have feelings, too, and I felt sad. I swallowed my last peanut. "One more peanut, Harley," I said. "Yes, Ralph sang it loud."

"And all on one note," added Wonderful Wanda Wilson.

Wanda was standing behind me, with Gorgeous Glenora Jones and Harley's cousin, Susie Scott. They are always listening in.

"What about you, Wanda?" Harley said. "I will now sing a little to show how you sound." Harley opened his mouth wide, shut his eyes, and sang: "Sa-ha-hanta Loo-hoo-cheeya! San-taw Loo-chee-yaw!"

"Very funny!" Wanda said. She shook back her pony tails.

Wanda has two yellow pony tails and eyes that are the color of my blue china piggy bank.

She said, "I sing the tune, don't I, Trent?"

"I will answer that," Wilmer said. Wilmer is a very great thinker. He always knows what to say. "No one would ever get lonesome for your singing, Wanda," he said. "You flitter around too much from high to low. Ralph did not flitter around. Ralph always sang C-sharp, and you could depend on it. Right, Harley?"

"Right!" Harley said. "Ralph sang C-sharp in kindergarten, and kept right on. When good old Ralph is one hundred, he will still sing C-sharp."

"Loud!" said Glenora. She put her hands over her ears, flopped her funny black eyelashes at Harley, and laughed. "I can hear him now!"

Susie giggled. "I hear a horrible sound, too. But it isn't Ralph. It's the bell."

It was the first bell, and I said, "I hate to go in and look at good old Ralph's empty seat and desk."

"So do I," Wilmer said. "Ralph even took his horse chestnut."

Just then something happened. A very long, shiny car stopped in front of the school, and a boy got out of it. He stood there on the walk and looked at us, and we looked at him.

"Who is that?" Wilmer said. "He does not look like any guy I ever saw."

The boy was dressed up in a gray jacket, gray pants, a

white shirt, and a bow tie. He had a wrist watch and a ring. His hair looked kind of red and kind of brown, and it was combed down very slick.

"Well," I said, "my mother says you should not look at other people's clothes. Inside his best clothes, he is just a guy, maybe."

"He can't play ball in his best clothes," Wilmer said. "Victor Valley would laugh him out of town."

Victor Valley is captain of the Lawson Lions. He is thirteen and a very hard man.

The girls had their arms around each other, and they were smiling at the strange boy.

"Oh, isn't he keen?" Wanda said. Her eyes were very round. "Oh, isn't he neat? Tee-hee! I hope he's in our room!"

"Maybe he is in our room," Susie said. "He's just as tall as Trent and Harley and Wilmer. Tee-hee! I hope he's in our room."

"So do I," Glenora said.

Harley said, "It is easy to see that some people are not sad because good old Ralph is gone-but-not-forgotten. They will be very happy to see the Lawson Lions win the big game and be the champions!"

The second bell rang, and we ran in. Susie stopped on the stairs to fix her hair, and the new boy caught up with her.

"Good morning," he said. "I am Archibald Brewster. I shall be attending your school. Where is the principal's office, please?"

"Hee-hee, it's right there!" Susie said. She pointed at Miss Buckmaster, standing in her door.

"Thank you," Archibald said. He walked over to Miss Buckmaster, and the rest of us went into Miss Kramer's room.

But in a minute there was a tap on the door. Miss Kramer went into the hall, and we could hear Miss Buckmaster's voice. Then Miss Kramer brought Archibald into our room.

"Boys and girls," she said, "you will all be very happy to know that we have a new boy in our class. His name is Archibald Brewster, and he will have Ralph Jackson's seat."

Well, it did not make us happy to see someone else in good old Ralph's seat, putting his books in good old Ralph's desk.

"We are going to sing this morning," Miss Kramer said. "Who has a choice?"

The fellows raised their hands.

"Harley," she said, "what do you wish to sing—as if I didn't know?"

" 'The Marines' Hymn,' " Harley said.

"The Marines' Hymn" sounded very strange without Ralph's good old C-sharp. It was very sad to see Archibald Brewster sitting there tapping on Ralph's desk with one finger but not singing.

He was as smart as Wonderful Wanda. He got one hundred in arithmetic and one hundred in spelling. But we boys knew he was just showing off.

At recess he stayed in Ralph's seat to pile his books neatly in the desk. We walked over and watched him.

"Well," Harley said, "Ralph is gone."

"Yes, Ralph is gone," Wilmer said. "We have nothing to remember him by."

"Right!" said Susie. "A black eye can't last forever, Wilmer Pitkin, but I think the one Ralph gave you will last another week."

"Very funny!" Wilmer said. "It was all a mistake."

"Yes!" I said. "Two mistakes. Pitkin made them both. First, he struck Ralph out, and then he couldn't run away fast enough. Good old Ralph was the fastest Bumblebee. He could really run!"

"And hit!" Wanda said. "And it is very impolite to talk over Archibald's head this way."

"Oh, I don't mind," Archibald said. "In fact, if you wish to put a few flowers on this desk in memory of Ralph, I shall be very careful not to spill the water."

This was a very queer speech. We did not know any other guy who would make a speech like that.

But then, we did not know any other guy who had a real gold wrist watch or a ring with a brown stone in it. We did not know any other guy who wore his best gray jacket to school with a white shirt and necktie, or who put smelly stuff on his hair to plaster down the curls.

I sniffed. "What do I smell?" I said. "It smells like the dear little flowers in spring."

Wanda sniffed, too. "I smell that big chew of terrible mint gum in your pocket, Trent Conway!" she said. "When

you chew that, everyone will think you have the mumps."

"I will not chew all of it," I said. "I am gum banker for the guys this week."

All the girls tried to turn pale. But it was only a joke, and all the guys laughed except Archibald. He looked very worried.

"Boys and girls," Miss Kramer said, "you are missing some nice sunshine."

So we went out to play.

"Well," Harley said, "I feel too sad to play baseball, but good old Ralph would wish us to bat a little."

"Yes," I said. "Ralph is gone-but-not-forgotten, but life has to go on. First batter!"

Archibald was standing there waiting.

We did not want to bother with Archibald, but the Brookfield Bumblebees are very polite.

"A-hem!" I said. "Archibald, you can be outfielder. If you have to scramble through the hedge and get the ball, be careful on the other side. That's where Mr. Walton keeps his mad dog."

Archibald put his hands in his pockets. "I should like to observe the game this morning," he said.

Observe.

Harley said, "You can't sing 'The Marines' Hymn'! Can't you even play baseball?"

"I have played indoor softball," Archibald said. "Tennis is my outdoor game."

Tennis.

Wilmer said, "In Brookfield only girls play tennis. There is only one tennis court in this town, and big girls always have it."

"Perhaps I'll have a tennis court of my own," Archibald said.

"In Ralph's back yard?" said Harley.

"I didn't move into good old Ralph's house," Archibald said. "I'm living in a white house on Maxwell Street, at present."

At present.

There is only one white house on Maxwell Street. Wilmer's eyes popped, although the black one could not pop much.

Wilmer said, "You mean the big, empty house with a fence around it?"

"Yes," Archibald said. "It belongs to my father's Aunt Grace. She has come to live here for awhile. There is a large back lawn. Baker will make me a tennis court if I ask him."

We all stood in a circle around Archibald.

"Baker? Who's Baker?" I asked.

"Why, Baker is the man."

"Do you mean he's your dad?"

"Oh, no!" Archibald said. "My father is too busy to bother. And he's too far away. Baker drives the car."

Harley said, "You mean you hire a man just to drive?"

"Baker does other things, of course," Archibald said. "He mows the lawn. Who mows your lawn, Trent?"

"I do," I said, "if Ma can catch me. Or one of my brothers, if Ma can catch one."

Archibald stared. "Have you *two* brothers, Trent?"

"Two? Ha!" I said. "I have six." I pointed around the schoolyard. "There's Shannon, with the red hair. That's one. He's in Fifth, and he's the best cook next to Ma. The Third Grader who just batted a home run is Hanky. He's one. The pitcher is Kymie. He's in Third, too, and he's one. Then there're Joel and Jerry, those twins, yelling loudest in the marble game. They're in Second. And Corky's around on the kindergarten side. He looks like me, with light brown hair and freckles. He's one. There's one almost anywhere you look. Who lives at your house, Archibald?"

"Well," Archibald said, "there's Father's Aunt Grace. That's one. And I."

"That's two," I said. "Go on."

"Well, there's the help. That's all at present. My mother has tuberculosis, and she has to stay in a sanitarium until she's well."

"Too bad," Harley said. "Any brothers?"

Archibald shook his head. "I have a dog."

A dog. All the guys have dogs. We all turned back to the game.

"Come on," Wilmer said. "Let's play ball!"

"Okay! No women on the field!" I yelled. "First batter up!"

Archibald sat on the walk with his hands in his pockets, and watched.

Wilmer Pitkin wound up and sent one ball at me. "Strike one!" he yelled.

"That was a ball, and you know it, Pitkin!" I said.

"Strike one!" he yelled again.

I threw down the bat. "It was a ball, and if you don't know it, I'll teach you!" I said.

But the bell rang.

"We will not waste another recess on Archibald," Wilmer said. "I have just had a terrible thought. If we are friendly, he will want to play. And if he is on the team, we will lose the big game for sure. So watch it, men, watch it!"

Free Haircuts

After school we started home down Oak Street, and Archibald Brewster tried to walk with us.

"You don't live this way, Archibald," Wilmer Pitkin said.

"You live over on Maxwell," said Harley Scott.

I said, "If you walk down Oak Street, you will just have to walk back."

"No, I won't," Archibald said. "Don't you see that big car coming behind us? That's Baker. My Aunt Grace has sent him. Whenever I'm ready, he will drive me home. I am not ready, yet. Where is your house, Trent?"

I moaned. I was afraid of this. Archibald was coming to see me! I did not want to bother with a boy like Archibald. And we did not want him on the Bumblebees team.

But before I knew it, we were standing in front of my house. "Well, this is it," I said.

My house is square and white. There is a long porch across the front of it. There is a side porch, and there is a

back porch. Archibald looked at my house a long time. He said, "Do you sleep upstairs, Trent?"

I said, "We all sleep upstairs, except Pa and Ma."

"Show me your window," Archibald said.

I pointed to a front window over the porch. "That's my room and Shannon's," I said. "The one next to it belongs to Hanky and Kymie. They are painting a diesel on the wall. The room just back of mine belongs to Joel and Jerry. Corky just visits around."

"The twins don't have a good view," Archibald said. "They can't see the street."

"Oh, but they have the clothes chute," Wilmer said. "Nobody else has the clothes chute."

Archibald was staring at the side of the house. "Say, Trent!" he said. "Do you see something that looks like a coffee can clattering down the side of your house?"

"Yes," I said. "That's the Lightning Express. Hanky and Kymie are sending down for cookies. Watch!"

The Lightning Express is a coffee can on a rope. Hanky and Kymie send it out the hall window down to the kitchen. Ma puts cookies in it, and they pull it up.

They were hanging way out the window now. They are skinny guys. Hank's hair is black, and Kymie's is red like Shannon's. They are the same age because one of them is adopted.

The kitchen window screen pushed out, and we saw Ma's hand reaching. The can disappeared. In a minute it was on the window sill again and the screen closed.

"Watch me flag down the Express!" I said. I took five

leaps toward the kitchen window and reached for the can, but it was dangling just above me. Kymie howled for Ma.

I went back to the sidewalk. Wilmer and Harley were doubled up laughing. Archibald looked very worried.

I slapped my hands together. "Well, that's that!" I said. "No cookies!"

"I didn't want any," Archibald said. "Where is your doghouse?"

"Doghouse?" I said. "What doghouse?"

"You said you had a dog."

"I didn't say we had a doghouse. Toby just visits around like Corky."

"Our dog has a doghouse," Archibald said.

I said, "What's good enough for us is good enough for Toby."

Just then the side door opened, and my dad came out on the porch in an apron. He had a pair of shears in one hand, and he put the other hand up to his mouth.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" he yelled. "The Trenton J. Conway, Senior, Barber Shop is now open for business. Free haircuts to the first ten customers! A dollar for every shave!"

Wilmer giggled. "Look out for your big, black mustache, Harley!" he whispered.

Archibald stepped back a little. "Who is that man?" he said.

"It's Pa," I told him.

"Is he a barber?"

"In office hours he is a poor, worried lawyer," I said. "But around home he cuts everyone's hair twice a month."

I wiggled over a little so Pa could not see me.

"Hear ye! Hear ye!" Pa yelled. "Free haircuts on me, and if there isn't some business here in five seconds, I'm coming after some!"

Toby tiptoed out on the porch to see what was up. Toby is a little black and white dog with a little black tail and big pop eyes. Dad grabbed him by the tail, and you should have heard Toby howl.

Pa howled, too. "Never mind, cowards! Here's a customer! I'll just clip off this customer's tail; and if he's got a dollar, I'll shave him all over!"

There were some terrible howls. Our whole street echoed. Some howls came from Wilmer and Harley and me. We started running, and then I stopped. There was a howl from Archibald, and he was running, too.

"Well, look, Archibald," I said. "You don't have to die! It's only a joke. Even Toby knows it's a joke. Pa doesn't mean it. He just wants us to come. See? There are Kymie and Hanky and Corky on the porch. See? And Joel and Jerry, with the popsickles and the black hair. You don't have to come."

"Oh!" Archibald said. He put his hands in his pockets. "Excuse me," he said.

The big car moved up close, and Baker opened the door. Baker had a sort of purple suit, a cap with braid on it, and a big, anxious face. "Archibald," he said, "it's long past four o'clock. Do you wish to ask your new friends to tea?"

Archibald looked at Wilmer and Harley and me. He said, "You can come to tea if you'll wash your hands."

"Tea!" Wilmer said. "We don't drink tea!"

"It isn't tea," Archibald said.

"If tea isn't tea," I said, "what is it?"

"Well, it's wafers and goat's milk."

Goat's milk.

"No, thanks," Harley said, turning pale. "Marines don't drink goat's milk."

So Archibald got into the car. "I'll see you," he said.

"Oh, sure," Wilmer Pitkin said. "Oh, sure."

The car rolled away.

"Well, we won't be bothered with Archibald again," I said. "He thought Pa meant it about Toby. He does not know about fun."

Wilmer moaned. "I wish good old Ralph was back. Ralph did not have someone like Baker breathing down his neck."

"Ralph did not drink goat's milk," Harley said. "We will never go to see Archibald at mealtime and get sick."

We wanted to bat a few, but it was too late. So we sat on my back porch, and Joel and Jerry and Hanky sat with us. Shannon was starting to cook his supper on the summer stove in the basement. Kymie was in the basement, too, getting his hair cut. We could hear him howling. Every time he howled, Pa would howl louder, and Toby would howl, too. And then Ma would yell from the kitchen, "Darlings, I'll come down there!"

"Let's plan a circus," I said. "There is going to be a vacation Thursday and Friday while the teachers go to a meeting. A circus would be fun."

But just then Pa began to yell, "Trent! Boy, if you don't leg it down here, I'm coming up there! And if I come, I'm going to shave every pumpkin head in sight. If I whack off an ear or two or some Marine's mustache, I won't charge for it!"

Harley felt of his lip. "Well," he said, "I'll be going."

He and Wilmer put their jackets over their heads and ran down the driveway. "Tell him we're some dear, dear girls, running away!" Harley yelled.

I went down to the basement. While Pa cut my hair, I told him all about Archibald and his best clothes and watch and ring.

"Well, clothes do not make the man," Pa said. "Look at me! Archibald might be a fine guy!"

"Sure," I said. "But can you see Archibald sliding into third in his good suit? Anyway, he does not know a joke from grim facts, Pa. He thought you meant it about Toby's tail. He thinks you are a corker, and we won't be bothered with him again."

On Thursday we held the circus in my back yard. And as you might guess, Archibald came to observe.

After the show was over, the girls all went home, but Archibald just sat there on the step with the other boys.

"Well," Wilmer said, "I guess we can go home."

"I am not going home," said Archibald. "I am going to stay here. Trenton's mother invited me to dinner."

Dinner.

"It's supper," I said. "Down, Toby!"

Toby was sniffing Archibald and looking very worried, and I couldn't blame him. Toby never saw a boy dressed like Archibald except on Sunday.

Well, we wanted to play baseball, but we did not want Archibald to think he was a Bumblebee. We wished he would go home but I have some manners.

"I am very glad you are staying, Archibald," I said. "We are having chops. Ma said she believed they were made from pigtails, but they were the best Mr. Sensenbrenner could do today. I hope you'll like them."

"I shall," said Archibald.

That did not work. Harley gave me a sad wink that meant, "We are going to see him on the ball team yet!"

"Well," I said, "do you wish to wrestle, Archibald? We will be careful not to tear your best clothes much. Down, Toby! Can't you see that Archibald's dressed up? There isn't a flea on him! Want to wrestle, Archibald?"

"No, thanks," Archibald said. "I shall observe."

So we wrestled. I got Wilmer Pitkin down, and I was sitting on his chest. "Do you beg?" I said.

"Look!" Wilmer said. "Look at Archibald!"

Toby was on Archibald's lap giving him a big, sloppy kiss on the cheek. Archibald was scared. He was bending way back looking at Toby with his eyes crossed.

"Toby!" I yelled. "Down! Don't you know when a man is only observing? Down!"

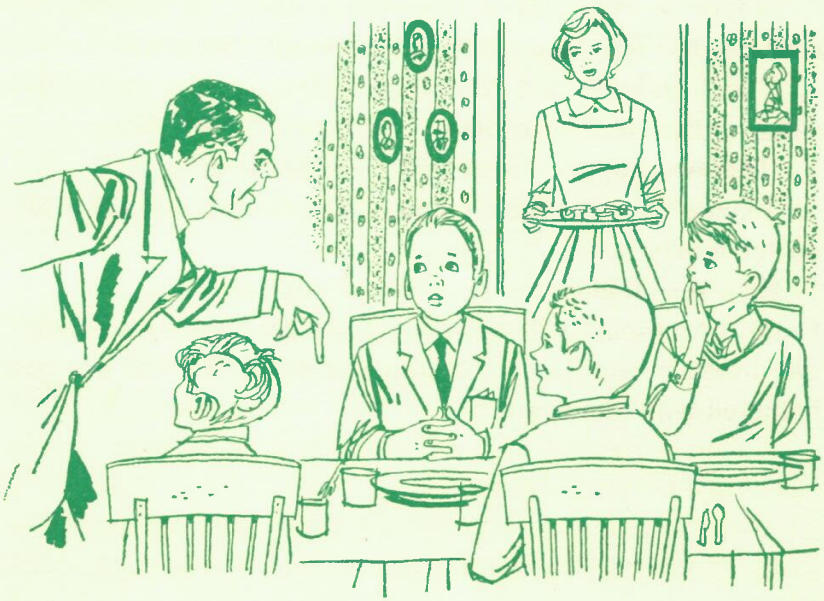
Just then Wilmer gave a heave and rolled me over. The next minute he was sitting on me, and it was Archibald's fault.

Then Ma called us to the table, and we said grace. After that, Pa gave Archibald a big smile. "Well," Pa said, "supper! supper! All pitch in, for Old Dan Tucker!"

"Daddy!" Ma said. "Maybe Archibald will not appreciate your jokes, darling. Maybe he is used to rules of table etiquette."

Etiquette. She meant manners.

"Archibald," Pa said, "we have a rule, too. Don't you ever think we haven't! Every man is allowed both elbows and one knee on the table, but no more. So don't you try anything funny."



Everybody laughed except Archibald. Now maybe he will stay away, I thought.

Archibald had very fine manners. Ma gave him a big napkin. He unfolded it half and laid it across his pants. He cut his chops with his knife and ate them with his fork.

Corky watched him eat.

"Come, come, Corky, man!" Pa said. "Let me cut up that chop, and you get going. If you don't eat, I'm going to adopt me a boy who will."

So everybody had a good supper.

"Archibald," Ma said, "would you like another piece of pie?"

But just then we heard a horn.

"Anybody expecting a car with a driver in uniform?" Dad asked. "Are you, Corky? You, Hank? Kymie?"

"That's Baker," said Archibald. "Mrs. Conway, will you please excuse me? And thank you for the lovely dinner."

"This was supper," Joel said. "Dinner is at noon."

"Excuse me," Archibald said. "Mrs. Conway, thank you for the lovely supper."

Then Archibald rode away in his long car. "That's that!" I said. "Archibald will be very glad to get back to his sanitary house where they have dinner at night. We will not be bothered with him again."

Just a Little Wrestling

At seven o'clock on Friday morning Ma said, "My stars! See who's sitting on the front porch!"

It was Archibald. He was sitting hunched up like a puppy, waiting. I opened the door a little and said, "Did you forget something?"

Archibald stood up. He said, "Good morning, Trenton. I returned to thank your mother properly for inviting me to supper last night."

I was going to say, "You're welcome, I'm sure," and shut the door.

But Ma was breathing down my neck. "Come in, Archibald," she said. "Breakfast is ready. Do you like wheat cakes and syrup?"

"I think so, thank you," Archibald said.

"You think so!" Pa said. "Man, we want the facts of the case. But remember, everything you say may be used against you."

Archibald's eyes popped like Toby's, and he looked scared to death. I thought he would run out the door, and we would get rid of him; but Shannon had to say something.

"Don't die, Archibald," he said. "Pa is just practicing for court. He always practices on us. Law and barbering."

"And there's not much money in either," Pa said.

So Archibald gave facts. He said, "I have seen many pictures of pancakes, but I have never eaten any."

"Well," Pa said, "you sit right down here and stash away as many of these flapjacks as you can. But don't go over thirty for the first time. Here. Take some maple syrup."

"It's pure maple, mixed with brown sugar," Shannon said. "I made it."

So Archibald started out easy with six wheat cakes. Then he ate four more, and then three more.

"That's thirteen," Hanky said. "That's very unlucky! Here. Take two of mine. They're getting salty, anyway."

Archibald turned red. "You don't need to turn red," Kymie said. "Hanky only means that he has eaten too many."

So Archibald ate two more.

"More, Archibald?" Ma said.

"No, thank you, Mrs. Conway," Archibald said. "I have eaten—I have eaten—I mean, they are getting salty!"

It sounded so funny when Archibald said it that everyone laughed, and Toby barked.

"Off the noise!" Pa said. "Order in the court! When I come home today, I want to see the back yard and basement looking slick as a button. Remember! I don't want the

neighbors saying that Attorney and Mrs. Trenton J. Conway, Senior, have a dirty yard and basement and eight big, lazy boys."

"Seven, Pa!" Jerry said. "Seven big, lazy boys."

Pa pointed at each of us and counted. "One! Two! Three! Four! Five! Six! Seven! Eight big, lazy boys!"

"Ha!" Joel said. "You counted Archibald Brewster!"

Pa looked at us. "Which one is Archibald Brewster? I didn't know one of my big lazy boys was named Archibald Brewster."

Archibald said, "I am Archibald Brewster, sir." His voice squeaked a little. "I thought you knew it."

"A-ha!" Pa said. "That was before eight o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth! Since then, everything has changed. When I make out my tax paper, can I write, 'Dear Uncle Sam: At eight o'clock on the morning of the seventeenth, one Archibald Brewster lapped up twenty–thirty of my flapjacks, with pure maple syrup, and I demand a deduction'? No. I cannot! I will simply write: 'Exemptions: eight big, lazy boys!' "

Right then the telephone rang, and Pa went to answer. So Hanky poked Archibald. "Joke!" Hanky said.

Archibald tried to giggle with his mouth closed because that is polite.

After a while Pa took his hat and briefcase and we heard him tell Ma good-by. Then he raced the motor and drove away in the station wagon.

After breakfast we sat on the porch. "Trent," Archibald said, "did good old Ralph ever eat here?"

"Hundreds of times," I said. "Sometimes he ate Ma's cooking. Sometimes he ate Shannon's."

"Oh!" Archibald said.

I wondered if he was going to try to stay for dinner.

"Archibald," I said, "what are you doing today?"

"Whatever you do," he said.

I wanted to play ball, but I had to keep Archibald out of that.

"Well," I said, "we will omit the basement, but we will have to clean the yard. You could observe, but it would not be much fun."

"No," Archibald said, "it wouldn't." But he did not go.

Toby slipped up, sniffed Archibald's ear, and then smacked him across the face. Archibald shuddered a little, but he gave Toby a quick little pat.

"You will get dirty," I said. "Toby played with a toad in the garden this morning."

Archibald shuddered again and stood up.

"You could help me clean the yard," I said. "But you can't do it in those clothes. What are you looking at?"

Archibald was staring up toward the sky with his eyes and mouth wide open.

"Don't faint, Archibald," I said. "The little angels are not sliding down from the sky. Kymie and Hanky are just coming down from their room."

Kymie and Hanky slid down the porch post onto the ground. Shannon came behind them.

"Ma sent you some orders," Shannon said. "You are ordered to mow the yard."

"How can I when I have company?" I said. "Shannon, you can mow. Kymie, you can clip the roses. Hanky, you can rake."

But just then Wilmer Pitkin and Harley Scott came along wanting to bat a few. Of course they were very surprised to see Archibald sitting there with me.

"Hi, Trent!" they said. "Did you hear anything from good old Ralph? Hi, Archibald!"

Wilmer said, "Trent, it is a very nice morning for wrestling, but I notice you have company."

"Yes," Harley said, "it is not polite to have a lot of fun wrestling when you have company."

"Of course," Wilmer said, "we do not have any company, so we can have some fun. Come on, Harley."

So Wilmer and Harley and Shannon and Kymie and Hanky went out to wrestle in my back yard.

"Archibald," I said, "maybe you would like to scuffle with Joel and Jerry. They would not rough you up much."

I thought he would get mad and go home, but he said, "I will wrestle with you. Let me empty my pockets."

I emptied my pockets, too. I took out my gum, my dried grasshopper, my horse chestnut, my compass, my rubber bands, my nails, my electric cord, and my flashlight.

Archibald took out a white handkerchief with his initial on it. Then he took out a comb, a pen, a pencil, and a zipper purse. Last he took out two dear little books.

"What are they?" I said.

"One is my pocket dictionary," Archibald said. "The other is a little book of rules for wrestling."

Rules.

"Well," I said, "take off your watch and ring, and I will show you how to wrestle."

We walked out to the middle of our back yard. I took a very light hold on Archibald's knees and got ready to throw him very gently.

But something happened. I mean, the next minute I was down, and Archibald was on top of me.

"Very funny!" I said. "What's the idea of falling on me and holding me down on my back? Let me up so we can start wrestling."

"I have started," Archibald said. He got up.

I got up, and he grabbed me. He grabbed me some very sly way, and I slipped off my feet. The next thing I knew, I was right back on the ground and Archibald was holding me down.

Was I mad! "Hey!" I said. "What's the idea, throwing me down?"

"We're wrestling, aren't we?" said Archibald.

"Well, sure," I said, "but you threw me down before I could get started."

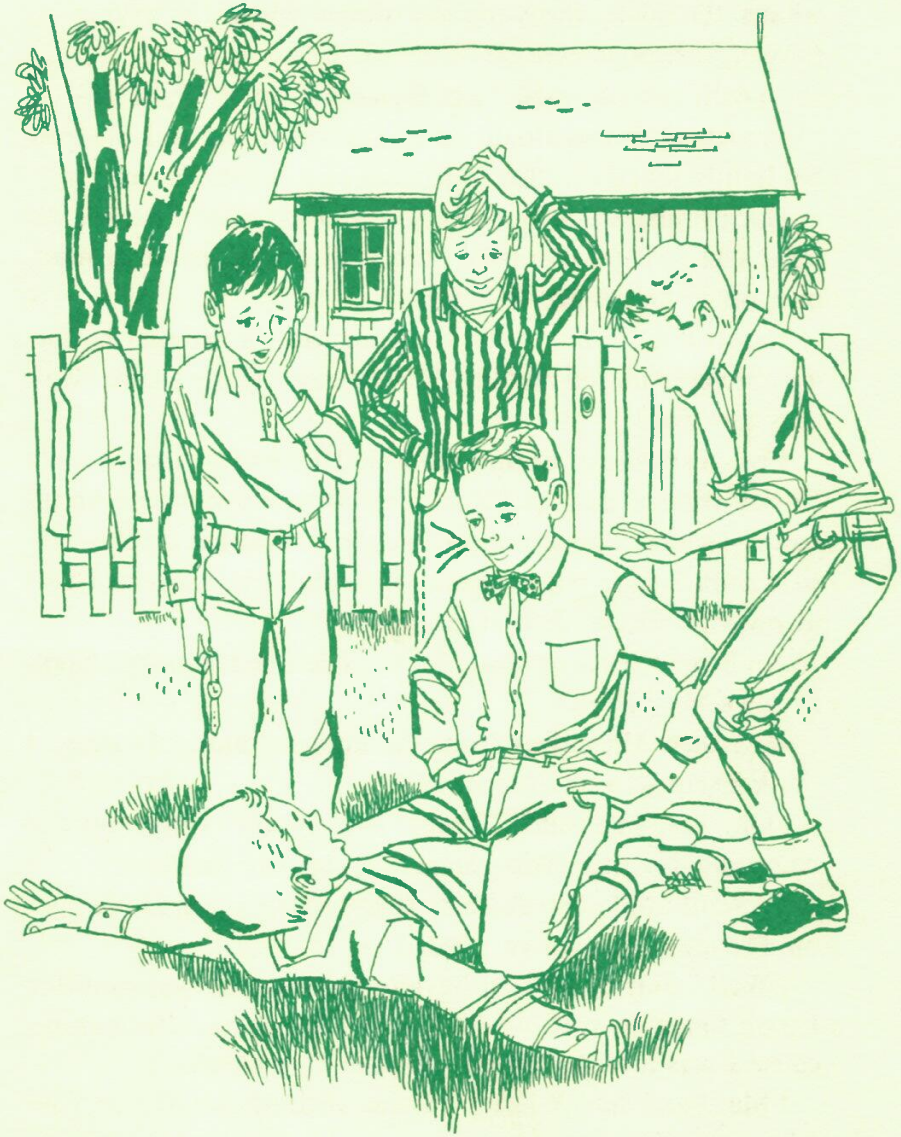
Archibald smiled. "Get up if you can," he said.

Wilmer and Harley and Shannon and Kymie and Hanky were standing in a circle around us, looking at us.

Wilmer said, "How can Trent get up, the way you're holding him down? You don't wrestle fair, Archibald. Let me show you how to wrestle."

"Fine!" said Archibald. "Are you ready?"

"You bet I'm ready! Oooooops! Ow!" Wilmer said. "Hey,



what's the idea, throwing me down when I'm trying to show you how to wrestle?"

"Yeah," Harley said. "Let Pitkin get up, Archibald."

"Certainly," Archibald said. He stood up and slapped his hands together. "Do you wish to wrestle, Harley?"

Harley just stuck out his jaw and grabbed Archibald's legs. The next minute they were both down on the ground, and we heard someone laughing.

It was Pa. He had come back for Ma's letter that he forgot. "Archibald fell on me, Mr. Conway," Harley said. "He's very awkward."

Dad walked all around them and looked at them, while Harley tried to get up. "You certainly are awkward, Archibald," Pa said. "As grandpa would say, you fell on that boy so that he's four points down. How did you learn to be so awkward?" He winked at Archibald.

Archibald tried to wink back. "I learned it in my book of rules, sir," he said.

Just then Ma called from the kitchen door. "Darling, I think I sent you on an errand."

"Oh, yes," Pa said. "Trent, call up the army and the navy and get this lawn cleaned up today! Or else!"

Pa went away, and Archibald got up, and then Harley got up. Harley's face was very red.

"Well," Harley said, "I have to go. But there is one thing I wish to say to you, Archibald. I could not wrestle you because I was afraid I would soil your best clothes."

"Me, too," said Wilmer. "I was afraid I would tear your white shirt."

"I have more clothes like these at home," said Archibald.

"Well," I said, "they are too good to wrestle in, so I will not wrestle with you until you get some others."

Then Shannon said, "You guys had better not wrestle with Archibald until you study his rule book."

"Okay, Smarty," I said. "Let's get at this yard."

"Well," Wilmer and Harley said, "we just stopped to see if you had heard from good old Ralph, Trent. We will be going."

But they waited. They thought Archibald would go.

"Trenton," Archibald said, "did good old Ralph help clean your lawn?"

"Ralph could rake as well as he could bat," I said.

Archibald rolled up his white sleeves. "I will help you clean the lawn," he said.

But Baker drove up and parked the long car and started to get out. We ran around to the street.

"Oh, there you are, Archibald!" Baker said. "Your aunt wishes you to come home and practice your piano lesson before luncheon."

Luncheon.

"But Baker," Archibald said, "I promised Trent I would help clean his lawn."

Baker peeked into the back yard. "What in the world hit that yard?" he said.

"Well," Archibald said, "we had a circus yesterday. And we wrestled a little this morning."

We. Next he will be saying, *we* play the Lawson Lions three weeks from Tuesday, I thought.

"Well, come along, Archibald," he said. "Your friend will excuse you."

"Sure," I said. "You'd better practice your piano lesson, Archibald."

So Archibald got in the long car and rode away. He did not look back and wave.

Wilmer and Harley and I sat on the back step with my brothers, and we had a talk.

"I have news for you guys," Wilmer said. "Archibald pinned you. Of course, it is only because he's awkward, I hope! But he pinned you."

"How about you, Pitkin?" Harley said. "He had you down, and you could not wiggle."

"I could, too," Wilmer said. "I could wiggle my ears."

"Well," I said, "I am glad Wonderful Wanda and Gorgeous Glenora and Susie and the other girls did not see that. They would not believe it was because Archibald is awkward."

Wilmer and Harley went away, and we Conways slaved all day Friday and most of Saturday until the yard was clean. I almost wished Archibald had stayed to help.

The title of Ethelyn M. Parkinson's book is *Good Old Archibald* (Abingdon Press, 1960). Do you think Archibald ever does take the place of good old Ralph? Read the whole book and find out.

You may also want to read:

The Expandable Browns
by Adele and Cateau De Leeuw
(Little, Brown, 1955)

That Summer on Catalpa Street
by Louise Pliss (Reilly & Lee, 1961)

That Jud!
by Elspeth Bragdon (Viking Press, 1957)

Call Me Charley
by Jesse Jackson (Harper & Row, 1945)

The Bells of Bleeker Street
by Valenti Angelo (Viking Press, 1949)

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AVALANCHE!

A. Rutgers van der Loeff

AVALANCHE!

by A. Rutgers van der Loeff

Snow had fallen for days, piling layer upon layer high in the mountains. The people of the little Swiss village of Urteli watched the heights anxiously. They knew that the slightest noise, the smallest movement, could start an avalanche.

High above Urteli, a group of boys on a skiing trip had taken refuge from the storm in a small hut. Without food, they must soon try to return. And when they did, they might bring tons of snow down upon the village.

Hans and his son Werner were the best skiers in the village. They knew they must reach the boys and guide them safely down the slope.

AVALANCHE!

BY A. RUTGERS VAN DER LOEFF

ILLUSTRATED BY HAMILTON GREENE

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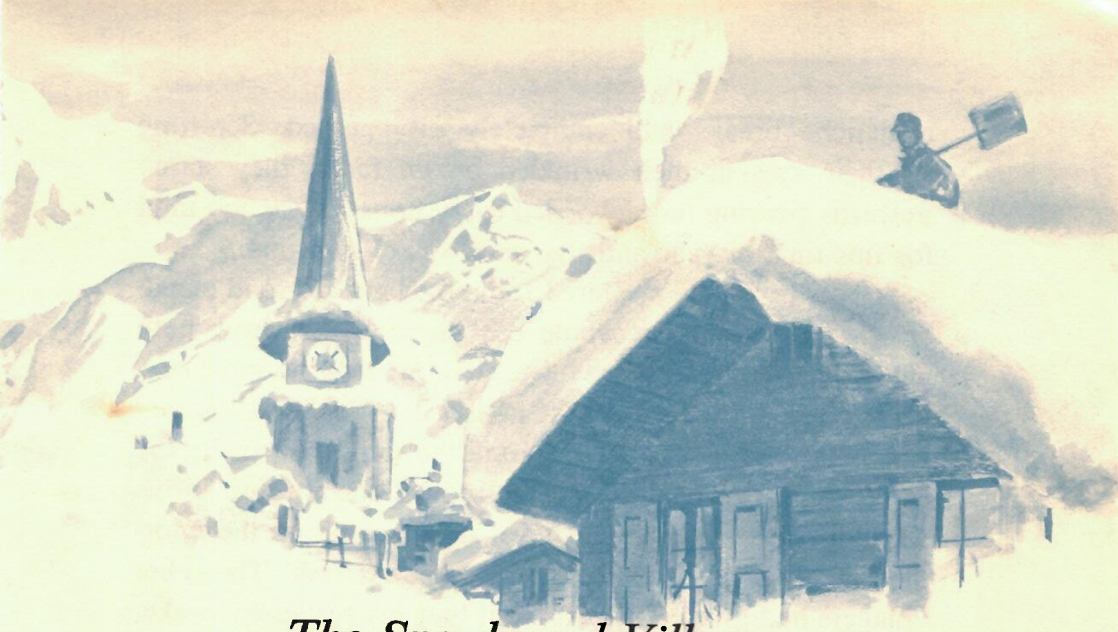


The Snowbound Village

One Monday morning in January it began to snow. It snowed and snowed, hour after hour, day and night. By Friday there were more than six feet of fresh snow on top of the old, hard-packed layer that had been lying there since December. And still it went on snowing.

But it seemed to be growing lighter. There was a change in the sky. By midday the snow had thinned to a few fluttering flakes, and for the first time in days one could see the tops of the mountains.

The old people in the little village of Urteli, Switzerland, now completely cut off by the snow, stared anxiously up at the steep slopes. The black patches of pine forest were almost hidden under their thick white load, and the

avalanche breaks had completely disappeared. Screwing up their eyes in their wrinkled brown faces, they stared upward, growing more worried every hour. It was too mild for this time of year and the wind was changeable.

"Bad, very bad," muttered John, the bent old road mender. He had spent the whole day clearing a narrow path along what had been the village street, where the snow now lay in deep drifts between the houses.

"Hi! Look out!" shouted Bartel, the son of Gurtnelli, the café owner. Bartel stood on the roof of the café up to his waist in snow, trying to shovel down some of the enormously heavy load. But it was a hopeless task. The other villagers had given it up. At night they lay restlessly awake, thinking they heard the roof beams crack under the weight.

"I wouldn't work any more if I were you!" Bartel shouted down to Old John. "We'd better climb in through the upstairs windows. It's much easier than grubbing passages to our front doors."

"A man must work or else he starts thinking too much," Old John grunted. "Well, I'm going to find my old woman. She'll have the soup hot for my dinner by now, I expect." And he trudged off with the broad snow shovel over his shoulder. Round a bend in the path he vanished between the high snow walls which reached to the wooden balconies of the upper stories.

Old John did not find his wife at home when he stepped into the dark kitchen. But a pot of soup stood on the oil-stove. He took off the lid and sniffed. "Lentil soup," he murmured, "but where are the onions?" He shook his

head. Of course, there were no onions left in the village. All supplies were cut off.

He found his wife with her upstairs neighbor, Mrs. Rähmi, listening to the radio. There was a strange, milky twilight in the room. But on the table glowed the familiar green cloth with the red roses, and on it his wife's work-worn hands lay beside those of her younger neighbor. There was a restful look about those old hands, and in an odd way they comforted him.

He cleared his throat, but his wife nodded silently at the radio and motioned him to sit down. The clock struck twelve strokes. They took a long time. And after the last stroke it was a few seconds before the familiar voice of the announcer began:

"The Federal Research Institute for snow and avalanche conditions has issued the following statement: 'Since Monday snow has been falling in the Alps without interruption, with westerly to northerly gales in places. In central Switzerland from five to eight feet of fresh snow have fallen during the last week. There is acute danger of avalanches, especially in the central and eastern Alps. In many valleys they have already occurred, blocking roads and railways and carrying away telephone wires. In view of the continued snowfall and the unfavorable winds and temperatures, people living in the area between the eastern frontier and the Bernese Oberland are strongly advised to take all necessary measures to evacuate houses and villages in places of danger. The threat of avalanches increases hourly.' "

Mrs. Rähmi turned off the radio. She was pale and her lips quivered. "I can't listen any more," she said. "I'm afraid—for the children."

Old John glanced at the cradle in the corner by the stove and then at the toddler sitting under the table near his mother, spooning dried peas from one cup into another and back again. "I'm hungry," he said.

His wife got up without a word and the two old people shuffled through the door. Old John stuck his head in again to say, "There's no harm packing your box in case we have to leave the village. A trip down the valley isn't bad for a change."

The little boy began to cry. Old John laughed and shook his head. "Not three years old yet, but what a voice! If you hold him out of the window he'll start off an avalanche with his bellowing."

What he had said was true.

Even a shout can suddenly loosen the treacherously piled mass of snow and start it roaring down the slope, sweeping away everything in its path and leaving white death in its wake. When the wind builds strange snow terraces on the mountaintops and piles up layer upon layer of snow of varying densities, the slightest disturbance can make the whole thing break loose; the weight of a man or a chamois, even a vibration in the air, the sound of the wind or a shout, is enough to tear the masses apart and send them roaring down to the valleys.

All the older people in the village knew this. So next day Hans Altschwank, who was schoolmaster and bell

ringer, decided not to ring in the Sunday rest as he usually did when work ended on a Saturday. He was afraid the sound of the bell might start the loose snow slipping on the steep slopes.

"It's the first time I haven't rung in the Sunday rest in all the years I've lived here," he said to Old John when he met him in the narrow path along the village street. "The first time in nearly twenty years."

"Have you heard?" called Finetti, the butcher. "They're beginning to evacuate the women and children from here early on Monday. They've all got to go. First to Glarmatt, and then farther down the valley by train. The troops are coming up to help get them away. And the engineers are going to set off mines to bring the dangerous avalanches down. Tomorrow afternoon they'll be here."

Hans Altschwank shrugged his shoulders. "We must take things as they come," he said.

A boy of about thirteen came running toward them. He had a tanned face with rosy cheeks and wore a woolen cap with ear flaps as did everyone else in the village. He screwed up his eyes against the first pale rays of the sun which were struggling through the gray blanket of cloud, now that the snow had stopped. "Father!" he called excitedly from a few yards away.

Hans Altschwank turned. "What's up, Werner?"

"The radio says we must evacuate the village. Mr. Baumgartner's going from house to house to see that everyone knows. Only people with cattle to tend may stay behind. May I stay, Father?"

"I thought you wanted to see the world, boy. It isn't every day you get a chance to go down to the valley."

"I'd rather stay up here," said Werner.

"You can't always choose," his father answered. "Come along, we're going home."

Finetti and Old John looked after them. The schoolmaster and his son had the same quiet walk and the same sturdy legs. "There go the two best ski runners in the village," said Old John.

"Father," Werner said suddenly, when they were almost home, "what about those boys who went through here Saturday on their way up to the hut? They must still be up there. Do you think they need food?"

Hans Altschwank stopped short in his tracks. "Food!" he exclaimed. "How could we have forgotten them! Food is not the important thing! Someone must warn them not to come down the way they went up. If they cross that great flat stretch of snow below the Kühelihorn they'll surely be buried by an avalanche."

Werner had seen the boys only once, on the Saturday before the snow began. They were probably on a skiing trip with a teacher, perhaps from some boarding school. They had come through the village on their way up from Glarmatt to the hut.

At home, Hans Altschwank and his son sat at the table and silently ate their soup. Altschwank absent-mindedly crumbled a piece of bread. When the bread was all in crumbs his wife got up angrily.

"Why don't either of you say anything? You get on my nerves!" She swept all the bread crumbs off the table into her hand and threw them irritably into her husband's soup. "Soon we shall have no bread at all," she said. Then she covered her face with her hands and burst into sobs. "I know you are planning something you won't tell me about. As if everything wasn't difficult enough without that!"

Werner did not dare look up. His father went on with his meal in silence. When he had finished he pushed his plate to one side and put his arms on the table and looked straight at his wife.

"You're right, Mother. Werner and I *are* planning something. You know that hut halfway up to the Tschauschegg? Well, those boys must still be up there. They will have stayed inside all through this heavy snowfall, of course. But they'll be running short of food and they don't know what's been happening. They've no radio there. Today or tomorrow they're sure to come down, and they'll come back to the village the usual way. Their leader can't know how dangerous things are at the moment. And he can't know this village is to be evacuated.

"Werner and I are going up there this afternoon; we'll go the long way round and then over the ridge. You needn't be anxious—there's no danger of avalanches there. We must show them that way down. If they try to come the other way and cross that great flat stretch of snow below the Kühelihorn, they'll be buried by an avalanche!"

"But why must you two go?"

"Why not?" he asked gently.

"Let them go hungry for a day or two!" she begged.

"I would, if that was all," said her husband. "But we can't let them start coming down the wrong way or something frightful may happen, and it won't happen only to them. We must be sure an avalanche isn't started off before the village is evacuated."

"You needn't worry, Mother," said Werner. "Father and I will be careful."

"Oh, child, what do you know about the mountains!"

Werner reddened but said nothing.

"We'll take care of ourselves," said his father. "We'll use avalanche cords and each carry a spade. Nothing will happen to us." He spoke in a tone that told his wife further argument was useless. She dried her eyes with her apron, pressed her lips tightly together, and set about stacking the plates.

"Come along, Werner, we'll get ready," said Altschwank. "Mother, if we're not home before dark you'll know we're spending the night at the hut, and that you must feed the animals. Mind you close and bar the shutters tight. And, if you can manage it, drop in and see Aunt Augusta. She's as pigheaded as they come; she'll never agree to be evacuated."

"She'll have to," said his wife bitterly, "like all the rest of us."

The Journey Up

They had no proper avalanche cord, strong red rope marked off at every five yards. Ordinarily, the villagers did not use it. "Newfangled stuff, all right for tourists," said the people of Urteli. "We can manage without."

But now Werner's father wanted it. "We'll get some cord from Aunt Augusta's shop," he said, as they slipped along the narrow path, one behind the other, on their skis.

Aunt Augusta kept the village dry-goods store, a dark little shop where she sold shoelaces, collar buttons, shirts, pants and aprons, tape, apron strings and yarn.

Werner and his father stuck their skis upright in the snow beside the shop door. The snow walls on both sides reached almost to the low roof. In front of the door they scraped the snow off their boots and brushed them with the broom that stood ready. Then one behind the other they stepped inside.

"Have you wiped your feet?" asked Aunt Augusta in her creaky voice. Winter and summer she asked everyone who came into the shop if he had wiped his feet. The villagers had stopped answering the question long ago.

"We want two hundred yards of strong braid or binding from you, Auntie," said Werner's father. "You'd better begin with all the red and after that all the other bright colors you've got."

"What did you say?" asked his aunt.

Altschwank patiently repeated what he had said. Aunt Augusta wasn't deaf, far from it; but life's surprises were sometimes too much for her. To explain things he added, "We're going to fetch a party of boys down from the hut before it's too late. We want something for avalanche ropes."

"For what?"

"Avalanche ropes. To be on the safe side. It ought to be strong red cord marked in lengths. You tie it round your waist and let about twenty yards trail behind you. If anything happens and you're buried under the snow, your friends find the end of the rope. They can tell from the markings on it where to look for you."

"Newfangled nonsense!" said Aunt Augusta. "My grandfather was flung from the roof of his house by an avalanche and buried six hundred yards lower down. He dug himself out without so much as a cold in the head. But nowadays! All this fancy nonsense they have to have! Must I give my braid that cost good money for that?"

"This modern nonsense has saved a good many lives,"

said her nephew. "Come along and give us all the bright-colored stuff you've got."

Aunt Augusta grunted and began to climb her creaking ladder, grumbling as she went. Presently she dumped some rolls of broad red and green braid in front of him. "Try and keep it clean," she snapped. "Then you can bring it back. I can easily run an iron over it."

Hans Altschwank smiled, but he did not answer. He stuffed the rolls of braid into his knapsack in silence. He and Werner each had a short shovel and two loaves of bread in their knapsacks.

"We've got quite a job before us," said Altschwank, as they fastened on their skis outside Aunt Augusta's door. "We shall have to keep our distance as soon as we start climbing. Fifty yards between us. And if I stop, you stop. If I swing my arm twice, unfasten your skis. If I swing it three times, you can fasten them again. We're taking a safe route, but we must be careful of snow shelves breaking away. And mind, off with your skis and fling away your sticks as soon as you see you can't get through. If the snow comes over you, swim as hard as you can. Tread with your feet and swim with your arms—it helps to keep you up."

"Oh, I know all that, Father," Werner said impatiently.

"It hasn't happened to you yet, and plenty of experienced mountaineers have been killed because they didn't fling off their skis at once. Skis and sticks anchor you fast under the snow. And remember, if you're buried by the snow, keep your hand in front of your nose and mouth and shove your elbows out in front to make a breathing

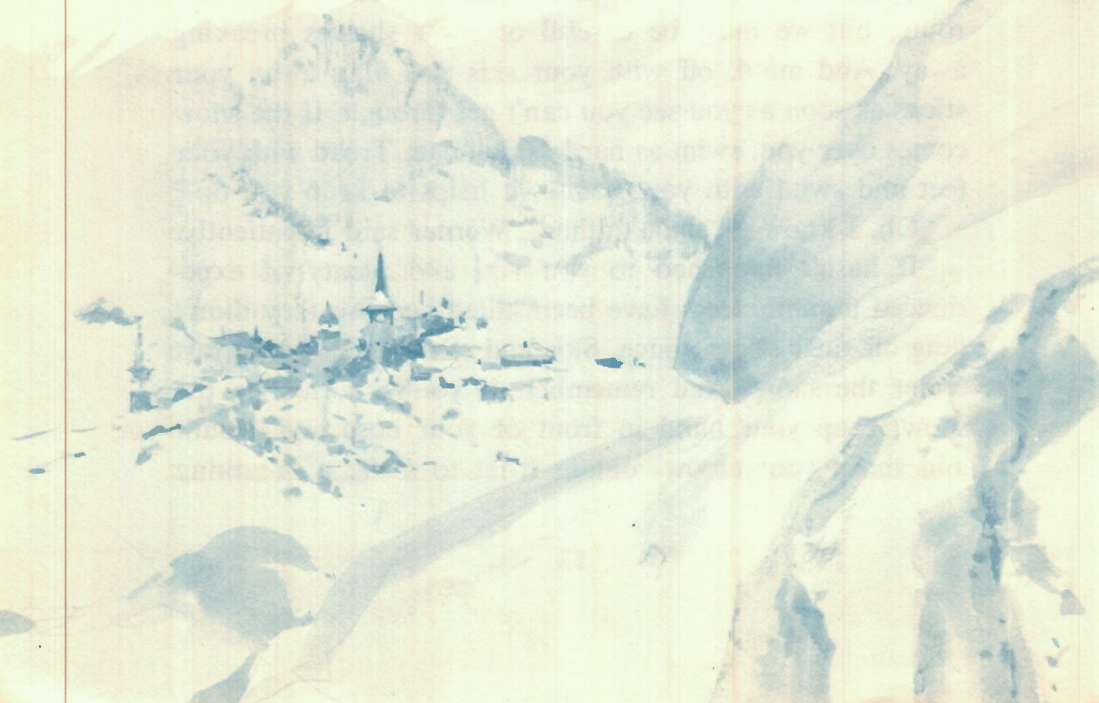
space. And don't panic. If we keep our distance we can't both be buried at once."

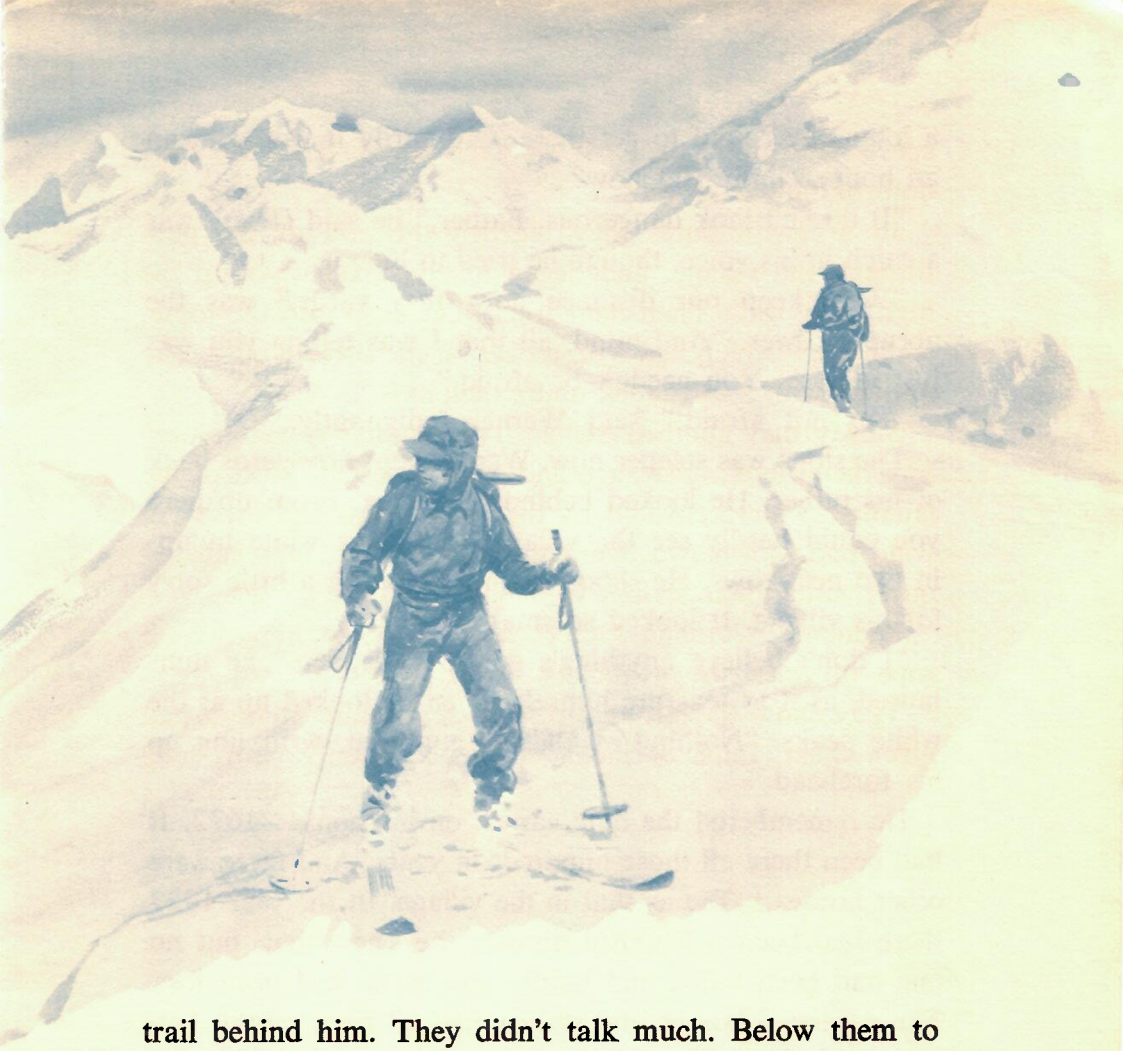
In a few minutes they reached the end of the path through the village, and began to climb sideways up the high snow wall. Then their tracks cut deep into the loose, white snow which had frozen over on the surface but broke through with a soft crack under their skis.

Slowly they climbed higher. The familiar slopes lay before them, looking strange and quite deserted. Most of the landmarks were covered by the snow. Here and there the wind had blown two overhanging layers together, making queer, unfamiliar shapes with blue shadows.

Suddenly Werner's father called back to him, "We'll rope up with the avalanche cords now."

They chose the strong red braid that Aunt Augusta had given them. Each of them let an end twenty yards long





trail behind him. They didn't talk much. Below them to one side lay the village, sunk deep in the snow, unrecognizable. On the roofs lay the thick, shining white cushions with dark shadows between, and from the chimneys rose thin columns of gray smoke.

Werner looked up. He could see the hut, looking like a black speck in all that whiteness. It seemed silly to go such

a long way round to get there. Ordinarily it would mean an hour's climb. But now?

"It doesn't look dangerous, Father," he said. There was a catch in his voice, though he tried to hide it.

"We'll keep our distance now, fifty yards," was the abrupt answer. "And mind, all that I was telling you was just in case. You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid!" said Werner indignantly.

The slope was steeper now. Werner kept fifty yards back of his father. He looked behind him once. From up here you could hardly see the village. Just some white humps in two neat rows. He shook his head, feeling a little sorry for his village. It looked so small.

"I don't believe anything's going to happen," he murmured, as if to reassure himself. Then he looked up at the white peaks. "Nothing at all," he muttered, wrinkling up his forehead.

He remembered the date carved on his home—1672. It had been there all those hundreds of years. And there were other houses as old as that in the village. In the year 1927 there had been a frightful disaster, he knew that, but no one had been killed and hardly any cattle had been lost. The damaged houses and stables had all been rebuilt better than before. Then why were people so frightened?

Suddenly there was a soft rumbling noise. Werner saw his father stop. The sound came from the other side of the valley. Hans Altschwank pointed with his stick. Down the steep side of the Hörnigen slid an avalanche. Before you

could count three, the shining white wall was marked with a widening streak of dirty gray. The soft rumble grew to a swelling roar. Werner turned cold. Luckily, there were no houses there.

He glanced at his father, who swung his stick again as a sign that they should go on. At that moment Werner hated the fifty yards that separated them. He was not really afraid, but that short and terrible roar in the deathly stillness of the valley had made him shudder.

The journey seemed to go on for hours. Again and again his father stopped, choosing his way with the greatest care. Repeatedly their skis started to slip backward. They had to climb whole stretches by setting their skis in a herringbone pattern in the snow. Hans Altschwank set a good pace, and after a while Werner felt the sweat pouring down his face. His shirt stuck to his back. The physical effort was so great that he forgot his fear and hardly remembered to keep his distance.

He was surprised when they suddenly stood on the ridge. He drew a deep breath. The hut now lay at about the same height and on their left. They would have to walk some distance up the gentle slope of the ridge and then glide smoothly down to the hut.

Altschwank signed to his son to come on. Werner moved forward with some difficulty. It was only now that he felt how tired he was from the forced climb, and how his arms ached from using his sticks so much. But they were nearly there. In front of the hut he could see tiny black figures shoveling away the snow.

His father started off on the run down. He shot slantwise across the slope and stopped abruptly with a short turn in front of the door of the hut. Werner grinned. It was a pity he couldn't hear what the boys said in their astonishment.

A few minutes later he came whizzing down, stopped with a model Christiania, and looked round at the brown faces of a group of boys about his own age. Then before he could say anything, they all started shouting in half a dozen different languages.

A dark-haired boy slapped him on the back. "My name's Nikolai Kastopoulos," he said in good German. "I'm Greek. We all come from the Pestalozzi Village at Trogen."

The Pestalozzi Village! So that was where they came from! The people of Urteli knew all about this village in a nearby valley. It had been organized to take care of children who had been separated from their families during the war or whose parents had been killed. It was usually called the Children's Village, and the Swiss people had done all they could to help it with money and food.

Werner stood his skis against the wall of the hut among the others and let himself be drawn by the crowd of excited boys, shouting in different languages, into the hut, where his father was talking to the leader of the expedition, a tall, middle-aged man with a friendly face.

The Boys from the Children's Village

They drank hot tea made of lime blossoms but without lemon, for the lemons had been finished long ago. The bread was received with shouts of joy, cut into thick chunks, and polished off at once.

"All we've got left is a bag of oatmeal and a yard of mountain sausage," a tall, dark boy confided to Werner. He was the quietest of them all. He was a Finn and his name was Antti Rananjärvi. Werner liked the boy. Really, he liked them all.

They overwhelmed him with questions and he told them what he knew. The news that this particular valley was especially dangerous, because the abnormally heavy snowfall had concentrated on this part of the Alps, seemed to delight the boys instead of alarming them. Only Antti, the tall Finn, looked serious.

"Don't take any notice of him," cried a little Italian. "He's always serious."

Antti grinned briefly and shook his head.

"What were you all planning to do?" Werner asked. "You must have been pretty hungry."

"Hungry!" said one of them. "We've all been much hungrier than this." He was a French boy from Marseilles, called Jean Pierre. He was short and rather broad, and probably looked older than he really was. His lips curled a little scornfully at the word "hungry" and he pointed to a length of sausage that still hung from a nail.

"Mr. Hutamäki put us on half rations," said another boy. "And as we couldn't go on any skiing trips we didn't get so very hungry."

"Hmm," said Werner.

He looked at the man talking to his father. So that was Mr. Hutamäki. Perhaps he was a Finn too.

"Mr. Hutamäki is in charge of our house in the Village," said Antti. "That's the Finnish house. We each have our own house. The Italians and Greeks have two each. And we all have a foster father and mother in charge of the house who are our teachers as well. We're war orphans, you know." He said this shyly, as if being an orphan were something to be ashamed of.

Werner nodded. "I know," he said.

"Boys!" said Mr. Hutamäki, running a hand over his shock of gray hair. "We're leaving here as soon as all knapsacks are properly packed and the hut tidied up. Let's say in a quarter of an hour. Keep calm and do as I've taught

you!" he added in a sudden bellow, as the boys began to shout.

Hans Peter, the oldest of the boys, told each one what to do. "Antti, put out the fire. Jean Pierre and Francois, sweep out the hut. Martin and Holdert, wash those bowls. And mind you don't hide any dirt and rubbish in corners, or sweep it under the benches!" ordered Hans Peter.

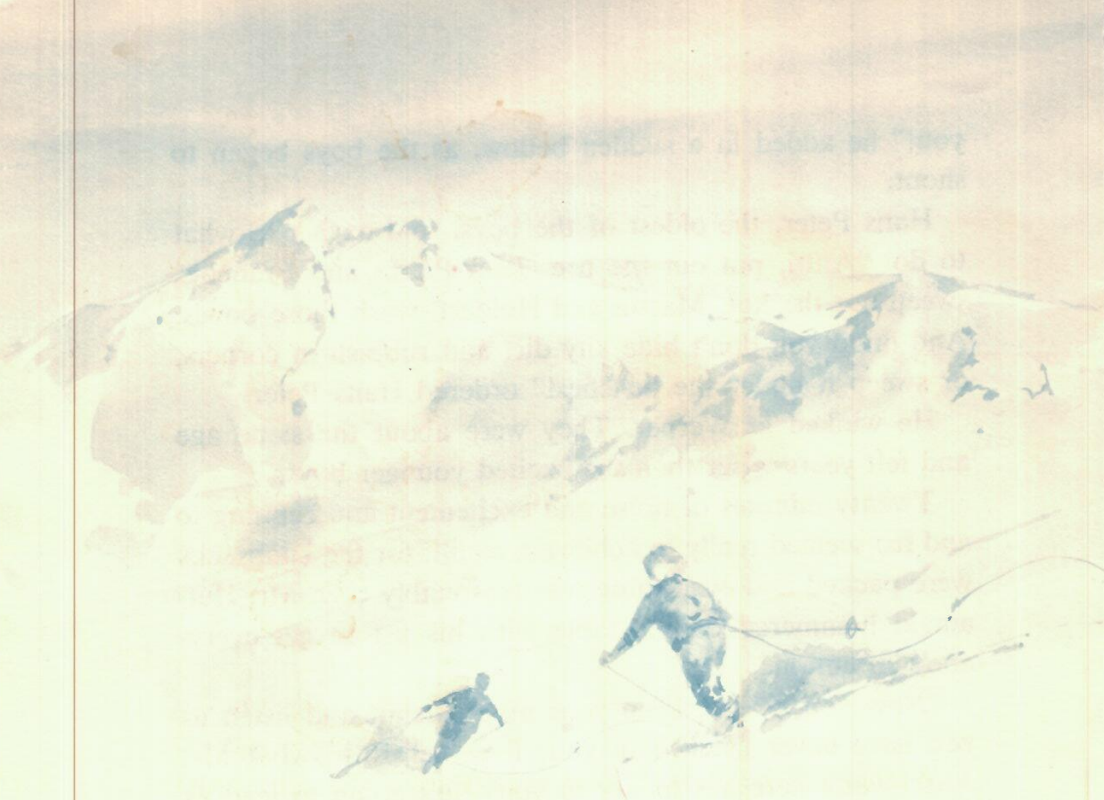
He winked at Werner. They were about the same age and felt years wiser than the excited younger boys.

Twenty minutes of noise and excitement and running to and fro seemed really to achieve a result, for the knapsacks were packed and everything was reasonably tidy. Mr. Hutamäki hammered on the table with his fist to get everyone's attention.

"Now you all just keep your mouths shut and listen as you have never listened in your lives before to what Mr. Altschwank here has to say to you. He's going to lead us down by a route we don't know. If you follow his instructions exactly—and mind, I mean *exactly*—nothing can happen to us. But remember, our lives may depend on it. Go ahead," he said to Hans Altschwank.

Altschwank repeated everything that he had said to his son a couple of hours earlier. He impressed upon the boys all the precautions they must take whenever they ran the least risk of coming onto ground where an avalanche might be started. He dealt out a length of colored braid to each of them, to tie on and pay out as soon as they were spaced out at fifty yards.

Werner noticed that the little Italian boy's chin was



quivering as he fastened his braid to his knapsack. He decided to stay near the child. That meant that he would follow Paolo at a distance of fifty yards.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," said Werner kindly, noticing the look of strain on the little brown face.

"I've been buried once already," said Paolo suddenly, in a high, quivering voice. "Under the rubble. When our cellar was blown in during the war. I don't want to be buried again." His lips, too, were quivering now.

Werner felt helpless. "Look here, Paolo," he said. "My father and I have just climbed up here to get you down safely. Don't panic. Roping up with avalanche cord doesn't mean a thing. Just do it to please my father."

One by one they started. The fifty yards were roughly judged. Mr. Hutamäki was to come last.

Werner took care to come immediately after Paolo. The little Italian boy took off quickly. He could ski quite well, that was clear. Mr. Hutamäki must have brought only the best skiers. In easy curves they followed the trail of Hans Altschwank's skis. The powdery snow spurted up in clouds. Anyone who did not know would have thought it an ideal skiing trip.

The Way Down

Everything went well at first. But suddenly, from higher up on the slope, there came a soft and menacing *woooom!* For a breadth of seventy yards the snow broke away, and a whole layer pitched downward in a white cloud.

Werner and Paolo were in the path of the avalanche but fairly well to the side. Werner turned like lightning and shot away out of the danger zone. He had no time to shout to Paolo, and it would have been no use. At the critical moment the child looked round helplessly, saw the foaming white mass bearing down on him, heard the swish and roar. He could have shot away to the other side out of danger more easily even than Werner, but in his terror he made a wrong movement and fell.

This was the worst thing that could have happened. He could not get rid of his skis and sticks now. His shriek sounded faintly, dulled by the billowing snow.

The whole thing happened in a twinkling. It was only a small avalanche on a slope that was not very steep. Everyone who was not paralyzed with terror hurried to the spot near which Paolo must lie buried. Mr. Hutamäki was there first and Antti second. Werner struggled frantically up the slope, eager to lend a hand at once with the shovel that he carried in his knapsack.

By the time Hans Altschwank got back to them, his anxious face dripping with sweat, they had found the end of the red braid that Paolo was using as an avalanche cord. It was not marked, so they did not know in which direction to search. To be on the safe side they hunted feverishly in both directions.

"Careful!" shouted Altschwank. "Mind that thing doesn't break! It's not real avalanche cord and the snow is heavy."

After about five minutes they found the place where Paolo must be lying. Five of them worked together, Werner and his father, Mr. Hutamäki, Antti and an Italian boy called Giuseppe. Altschwank and Mr. Hutamäki ordered the others to keep their distance.

Side by side in a row they took soundings, using their sticks reversed and driving them deep in the snow, taking care to keep them vertical.

Suddenly Werner saw something. A small, dark point. "There! There!" he shouted. "I can see the point of his ski!"

A little later they found him. Antti was the first to feel him with his stick. He wasn't deep. They began to dig him out.

Then, in a matter of seconds, *woooom!* sounded for the second time.

"Clear out, all of you!" shouted Altschwank.

More snow had broken away and came sliding down in a crumbling mass of whiteness, sending up clouds of snow dust. Werner could have got away like the others, but at that moment he caught sight of a small brown hand that moved in the snow. He gripped the fingers with his left hand, ducked his face into his elbow, and held up his right arm with the shovel. I'm crazy, he thought. This is the stupidest thing I could possibly do.

Then the avalanche hit him!

It was a small one, but it knocked him flat and buried him in an instant. His first sensation was the heavy weight of the snow, pressing in on him from all sides. He lay in a wretched position, but breathing was easy. He felt that his left leg was twisted, but strangely enough he had no pain. Without realizing it, he still clung fast to Paolo's fingers.

It was easy to breathe and yet he felt himself growing hazy. It was dreadful not to be able to move. He didn't think about Paolo at all. Silly, he thought, it isn't white or black in front of my eyes but red. Red! He kept on thinking about that red color. It was all very queer.

He began to get drowsy. But I'm not dying, he thought.

We can't possibly be very deep under the snow. They must get us soon. Though he hardly remembered Paolo, he thought "us" and not "me." We *can't* be very deep, he thought again. Silly not to be able to shout. Silly that the snow is so heavy.

Suddenly he felt a push. A minute later he saw light and heard sounds. His head was dug out first.

"We've got him!" someone yelled. It was Giuseppe. Werner saw a shining wet face close to his own. He tried to smile but couldn't. His face hurt. Some of the skin had come off. He caught sight of his father. "It's all right, Father," he whispered.

"You're as pigheaded as a . . . as pigheaded. . . ." But his father could not finish. His voice was harsh and it trembled.

It turned out afterward that Werner had been buried for only about seven minutes. Quite soon they had come upon his shovel pushed up through the snow.

"You can thank heaven you're alive," Werner's father told him, "because you did everything wrong. Except with the shovel."

When Werner turned, Paolo was lying beside him in the snow. He did not move. Someone took off their skis for them. By the time Werner had dragged himself up with difficulty, sinking deep into the snow and gritting his teeth so as not to cry out with the pain in his thigh, the others were busy dealing with Paolo. Mr. Hutamäki and Altschwank worked on him with artificial respiration. Then Hans Peter came up with a little mirror and held it in front of Paolo's mouth. The surface clouded over.

"That doesn't tell us much," grumbled Altschwank. "Let's hope he hasn't got snow in his lungs."

But the position in which they found Paolo was not too bad. He seemed to have remembered at the last minute what he ought to do. He had managed to fling away his sticks and had held his arms in front of his face.

In less than ten minutes he began to breathe normally again and looked at his rescuers with glassy eyes. Unlike Werner, whose forehead and chin were badly skinned, he seemed to have suffered little damage. But instead of being brown, his face was gray. Giuseppe and Hans Peter, Mr. Hutamäki and Altschwank, worked away at him, panting with their exertions. They rubbed his legs and arms, massaged his muscles, and carefully tried all his joints.

At last he began to smile. But the smile changed to a quivering of his whole face and the quivering gave place to weeping. First he cried gently, but gradually his sobs grew fiercer and more miserable.

"Can you stand up, d'you think?" asked Mr. Hutamäki.

Paolo nodded, still sobbing. He scrambled up. Hans Peter helped him in silence. But Paolo could not stand. He sank to his knees in the snow and fell over again. He looked round helplessly at the others and began to laugh. His face was an odd mixture of happiness and misery.

Even Werner could not help smiling in spite of the pain in his face. But he stood there, silent and stiff, though he felt himself trembling inside. Suddenly he saw his father looking at him. He pulled himself together.

"Feel all right? Got pain anywhere?" His father's voice sounded worried.

"No," said Werner. "Only my leg. I've strained a muscle or something."

"Can you do the last bit alone? We're nearly there."

The village was in fact only a few hundred yards away. Just a gentle slope to go down and they would be there.

"Can you stand on your skis?" Altschwank asked Paolo, who was on his feet again.

"Yes," Paolo assured him eagerly. The others planted him on his skis and fastened them.

.They pushed off quietly. Altschwank stayed beside Paolo and held him by the arm. The rest of the party were waiting for them at the entrance to the village.

The boys were shocked and silent at the sight of the village which had looked so different a week before. The houses were buried in snow for more than half their height; the roofs were piled incredibly high with snow which projected beyond them on all sides, casting strange, deep shadows in the late light. The lower cowsheds and barns behind the houses seemed lost altogether under the lumpy white blanket. It was deathly still. The villagers stayed within doors, living in fear.

Suddenly a window was flung open and the smell of porridge streamed out. It was like coming out of a bad dream. A woman stood at the window and called something. The boys began to talk softly among themselves.

Paolo's shrill voice rang out suddenly. He said something in Italian and Giuseppe burst out laughing. Some of the

others who had understood began to grin. Werner made a face. A plucky kid, Paolo, but in everyday life he must be a handful. All the same, he couldn't help liking him.

"Werner!" came his father's deep voice. "We're going to ask if they can spend the night in Taureggi's cowshed. There's plenty of room there, more than in ours. If you want to go straight home, do," his father added.

But Werner shook his head. He wanted to know if Taureggi could put the boys up for the night.

Altschwank went into a large dark house, the largest in the village. Heavy green shutters were closed across the windows. The roof beams were enormously heavy. It was a fine, solid farmhouse and seemed to carry with ease the tremendous weight of the overhanging burden of snow.

Paolo came up to Werner. "They say you saved my life," he said gravely. The horror of his terrible experience still sounded in his voice.

"Oh, nonsense," mumbled Werner, staring over Paolo's head at the reflected light of the sunset, which turned the sky and clouds to rose color above the blue-white peaks.

At this moment Altschwank came out of the door, followed by an elderly man with a heavy mustache and a short gray jacket. Altschwank beckoned to Mr. Hutamäki. "It's all right. You can all sleep in the hayloft."

"And the soup is on the table," called Mr. Taureggi, "bean soup with pork."

The boys came forward shyly. They muttered something and held out their hands. Taureggi shook them one after the other.

"The boys from the Pestalozzi Village!" he said. "I'm glad to see you. Come in. And you're the foster father of these youngsters, so to speak?" He shook Mr. Hutamäki's hand. "Good night, Altschwank, and tell your wife to pack Werner to bed. He's shivering."

It was true. The sun had gone. Everything was colorless and gray, and a little breeze blew like an icy draft down the village street. Werner felt suddenly cold to the very marrow. He glanced at the door which had closed on the others and turned away. He thought he could still hear Paolo's shrill voice.

"Come along," said his father, and Werner felt a firm arm round his shoulders. At any other time he would have thought it silly, but now he was thankful. His father's arm felt strong and reliable; it even warmed him a little. Side by side, with their skis over their shoulders, they walked slowly together in the twilight along the narrow path between the snowbound houses. Neither spoke.

Suddenly Werner was aware, as he had never been before, of the deep, warm affection which bound him to his father. He could not show it—he was as quiet and reserved as his parents. But he would never forget this walk with his father.

A. Rutgers van der Loeff's book *Avalanche!* (William Morrow, 1958) is not just a story about a village threatened by an avalanche. It is also a story about people, and about what happens to them when they share a common danger.

You may also want to read:

All Alone
by Claire Huchet Bishop (Viking Press, 1953)

Snow Treasure
by Marie McSwigan (E. P. Dutton, 1942)

Secret of the Andes
by Ann Nolan Clark (Viking Press, 1952)

My Village in Switzerland
by Sonia and Tim Gidal (Pantheon, 1961)

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The New Girl
by Ursula Nordstrom

THE NEW GIRL

by Ursula Nordstrom

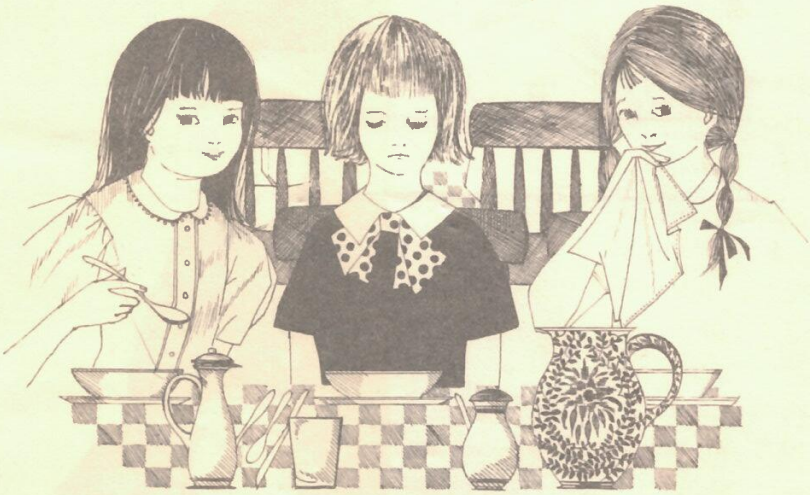
Have you ever been homesick? If you have, you will understand what Victoria felt when she first arrived at Coburn Home School. She was miserable. And everyone seemed to be picking on her. She was very lonely, and yet she wouldn't talk to anyone.

Then one day she made friends with Martha, and suddenly everything was changed. Martha knew more ways to have fun than anyone Victoria had ever met. When Martha taught her the secret language—well, she just forgot about being homesick.

The New Girl

By URSULA NORDSTROM

Illustrated by BETTY FRASER



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New Girl

Sooner or later everyone has to go away from home for the first time. Sometimes it happens when a person is young. Sometimes it happens when a person is old. But sooner or later it does happen to everyone. It happened to Victoria North when she was eight.

The other children in the Coburn Home School bus shouted at each other, and pushed each other, and ran up and down the aisle. But Victoria sat alone looking out the window.

The bus turned down a country road, and suddenly one of the boys cried, "There's the old dump!"

"Coburn School! Coburn Home School!" the bus driver called. "All out!"

A pale, bony girl stood waiting for the bus. "Victoria North!" she yelled. "Victoria North Victoria North Victoria Victoria North North! I'm looking for a new girl named Victoria North! Any new kids on this bus?" She looked at Victoria. "That you? Well, I'm your roommate. My name is Ann Spear. Come on and I'll show you our room."

She walked toward a large brick building, and Victoria followed her. Yellow leaves lay across the graveled path, and in the distance the hills were blue with mist.

"This is the girls' dormitory," Ann said as she opened the front door. "It's called Wingate Hall. The boys live in Shippen Hall. Do you like boys?"

Victoria looked at Ann. She was too homesick to speak.

"Well, I don't," Ann said flatly, and started up a flight of stairs. "But we just see them in classes. We have separate dining rooms. I've been here for two years, and I'm supposed to tell you about everything. Anyhow, the boys at this school are all awful, if you ask me."

At the head of the stairs Ann turned and led Victoria down a long hall. "This is our corridor," Ann said. "Our housemother is Miss Mossman, and she is very very very strict." She opened a door. "Here's our room."

Victoria's trunk, which someone had unlocked for her, stood next to one of the beds.

"You'd better unpack now," Ann said. "I'm going back down to see what other old girls came back. See you later."

Victoria hung her hat and coat in the closet and slowly unpacked her trunk. On every article of clothing her mother had sewn a name tape, in accordance with the instructions in the Coburn Home School catalogue. At home Victoria had liked the way her name looked woven in red on the white tape. But now, in this new place, the name tapes made even her most familiar possessions seem strange to her.

When she hung up her flannel bathrobe she found a note from her mother pinned to it. In the note her mother asked her to remember to wear clean underwear every day and to say her prayers every night. And then her mother said Christmas vacation would come soon.

The note made Victoria more homesick than she had been before. After she put on her new dark-blue dress she stood looking out the window, trying not to cry.

Ann came back in a little while. She looked at Victoria critically. "What's the matter with your *collar?*" she said impatiently. "My goodness, it's all twisted. Here, I'll fix it. My goodness, you can't even dress yourself yet!" Ann frowned as she pulled Victoria's collar straight.

There was a heavy knock at the door and a tall woman came in. "How do you do, Victoria?" she said. "I am your housemother, Miss Mossman."

Miss Mossman was an ugly woman with straight black hair and little black eyes. "I'm glad to have you on my corridor," she said. "Ann will explain our rules and regulations to you, and I am sure you will find them easy to obey. I will see you at my table at supper."

Miss Mossman left, and Victoria sat down on her bed.

"We are not allowed to sit on the beds," Ann said sharply. "Sit on your chair. My goodness!"

Victoria went over to the window and carefully wrapped the cord of the shade around her thumb. She was trying not to cry in front of Ann.

In a few minutes a gong sounded, and Ann jumped up. "Come on," she said. "Supper! Hurry up!"

In the dining room Victoria followed Ann to one of the long tables and sat down next to her.

"Oh, you don't sit here, dopey," Ann said. "You're supposed to sit at Miss Mossman's table. She told you!"

Victoria stumbled to her feet. She didn't know which table was Miss Mossman's, and in the blur of strange faces she couldn't find the housemother. All the other children were at their places. At the sound of a bell all heads were lowered and grace was said aloud. "For what we are about to receive may the good Lord make us truly thankful." The words echoed around Victoria as she stood alone in the middle of the dining room. When grace was over, Victoria saw Miss Mossman beckoning to her.

"Girls," Miss Mossman said, "this is Victoria North, a new student this year. Victoria, there's your place, between Sue Burton and Eleanor Mindendorfer." She briefly introduced the other girls. Several of them looked up and said "Hi" as Victoria slid into her seat and stared at the plate of food in front of her.

Sue Burton, who was fat and had red hair, said, "What's your name again?"

But Victoria didn't hear her.

"Please pass the bread," said Eleanor Mindendorfer loudly.

"How come you came back, Martha?" Sue said to a dark

girl with bangs who sat opposite Victoria. "I thought you weren't coming back this year."

The dark girl scowled. "I'm probably only going to stay until Thanksgiving," she said.

"But I thought you weren't coming back at all this year," Sue insisted. "You did say you were going to live home. I remember. But I was sure you'd have to come back anyhow, though."

"M.Y.O.D.O.B. And that means Mind Your Own Dumb Old Business," Martha said clearly.

"Martha!" Miss Mossman said. "There is no need to be rude to Sue. Why, Victoria, you're not eating your supper. Here at Coburn School we eat what is placed in front of us, Victoria. Come, dear."

Victoria picked up her fork and tried to swallow some food.

"My little brother is coming to this school next year, Miss Mossman," Eleanor Mindendorfer announced.

"That's splendid, Eleanor. What is your brother's name?"

"His name is Sidney, and he's my little brother, and—"

"Oh, ick-en-spick," Martha said.

"What?" Eleanor looked at her. "What did you say?"

"I said ick-en-spick," Martha repeated.

"Oh, Martha, you're so funny!" Eleanor began to giggle.

But Sue was indignant. "What kind of talk is that?" she asked. "It's crazy."

"Well, it isn't crazy."

"It certainly sounds crazy, if you ask me," Sue said.

"I didn't ask you, and it isn't crazy. Neither is ankendosh. Neither is leebossa."

"Martha Sherman, what are you talking about?" Sue was puzzled.

"I'm talking about a secret language I just happen to know."

"What do you mean? What secret language?"

"It's just my secret language, that's all," Martha said.

"What was that funny word you said?"

"Ick-en-spick."

"What does it mean? And what did that other funny word you said mean?"

"Wouldn't you like to know?" said Martha, and she made a hideous face at Sue.

"Now, Martha," said Miss Mossman from the head of the table. "You must stop being rude. Stop it at once."

"She's a big fat dope," Martha said.

"Martha! You must behave yourself, or I will have to ask you to leave the table. Eleanor, I know you must be looking forward to having your little brother here next year."

"Yes, I am, Miss Mossman. He is a year and two months younger than I am, and his name is Sidney, and—"

"Poor old Sidney," said Martha heavily.

Everyone turned to look at the housemother. Two bright red spots appeared on Miss Mossman's cheeks, and her right eye began to twitch. She said sternly, "Martha, you may go

to your room at once. Although you have been back at Coburn less than one day, I will have to give you a demerit. Now go to your room immediately. I'll talk to you later."

Martha folded her napkin, pushed back her chair, and left the dining room slowly. She was still scowling.

"She's an awful girl," Sue said to the rest of the table. "She's the worst girl in this whole school."

"That will be enough, Susan," Miss Mossman said.

"I think she is the worst girl here," Sue whispered to Victoria. "Some people in this school think she is so wonderful, and she thinks she is too, but I think she is awful."

Victoria didn't answer.

"Victoria, you haven't touched your food," Miss Mossman said. "Now finish your supper at once."

Victoria stared at her plate.

"Victoria, did you hear me? Eat your supper at once. The rest of us are waiting for you."

Tears suddenly spilled over Victoria's cheeks. They ran down her face and fell on her clasped hands. She lowered her head. Everyone at the table looked at her.

"Victoria," Miss Mossman said sharply. "Look at me!"

Slowly Victoria turned toward the head of the table. With her eyes shut and her mouth twisted, she wept soundlessly. Several of the girls began to giggle.

Miss Mossman saw that Victoria was indeed unable to eat. "You may clear," she said to the maid.

After supper the children sat on folding chairs in the drawing room for an hour of singing.

"Turn, please, to page eighty-seven. 'A Capital Ship,' " Miss Mossman said as Miss Douglass sat down at the piano.

"A Capital Ship" was a gay song, and everyone loved it.

Next Miss Mossman announced, "Page forty-one. 'Now the Day Is Over.' "

To Victoria, sitting in the front row next to Ann, the slow music and the words—"Now the day is over. Night is drawing nigh. Shadows of the evening steal across the sky"—seemed the saddest she had ever heard. In the middle of the song she started again to cry.

"Oh, stop it!" Ann whispered. "Stop crying!" And she shook the songbook in exasperation.

The next song was a sad song too, and Victoria continued to cry. Finally Miss Mossman motioned to Ann to take Victoria out. Behind her disgusted and resentful roommate, Victoria stumbled slowly from the room.

Upstairs Ann stood with her hands on her hips and glared at Victoria. "You're an awful crybaby," Ann said. She picked up her towel and washcloth and flounced out of the room.

Victoria pulled off her dress and her shoes and got into bed in her underwear and her socks. She was shivering, though it was not a cold night. She did not even think of saying her prayers.

Ann came back. "Aren't you going to get washed?" she asked.

Victoria was crying and she couldn't answer.

"Are you just going to leave your dress on the floor?"

There was no answer.

"You'll get a demerit," Ann said spitefully. "Don't say I didn't tell you. Miss Mossman may even give you two demerits. I don't care, though."

The singing was over. Girls came upstairs noisily to get ready for bed. They shouted to each other in the corridor, banged doors, ran back and forth to the bathrooms. Suddenly there was a loud blast on a whistle, and then there was silence. Ann snapped out the light and got into bed.

Victoria tried to be quiet. But she was crying so hard that she had to gasp when she tried to catch her breath. Every time Victoria did that, Ann turned over noisily in bed and heaved an irritated sigh. Finally Ann sat up and whispered crossly, "Oh, stop *bawling!*" Then she flopped back down in her bed and sighed loudly again. After a while Ann went to sleep.

This was the first night Victoria had ever spent away from her mother, and it was worse than the worst nightmare she had ever had. Her mother couldn't have known it would be like this!

Gasping and choking, Victoria rolled over on her back, stared up into the dark, and wept. The tears rolled down her cheeks into her ears, and she turned over on her side and wiped her face and her ears on the stiff sheet. Today had been as awful as anything could be, and she had lived through it. She had lived through today, but what about tomorrow? What would she do tomorrow?

Finally, sobbing and gasping, she grew tired. After a long time, she turned over once more and put her head under the pillow. And then at last she fell asleep too.

The Secret Language

"Wake up!" Ann cried. She shook Victoria's shoulder. "The whistle just blew. Hurry up for inspection!"

Victoria pulled on her bathrobe and hurried into the hall behind her roommate. At the end of the corridor the housemother stood waiting to see that everyone was out of bed. When all the girls were lined up two by two in front of their doors, Miss Mossman called, "Dismissed!" and blew the whistle again.

"Breakfast in half an hour!" Ann yelled, and ran down the hall to the bathroom. Victoria followed her slowly.

"My, your eyes are all red," Sue Burton remarked, looking at Victoria in the mirror over the washbasins. "I guess you cry an awful lot. Don't you like it here?"

Victoria shook her head and bent over a basin. Sue began to talk across her to Ann. "Miss Mossman is just as mean as ever, with all those whistles and morning inspection and everything," Sue said.

"Yes." Ann sighed. "That standing in the hall gives me a pain. She must have been a jail-mother before, not a housemother."

Victoria finished brushing her teeth, and as she straightened up, Sue and Ann both looked at her and giggled. Several other girls did, too. Suddenly Martha, the girl who had been dismissed from the table the night before, came in, dragging a towel. "What's so funny?" she asked.

"I guess that new girl's homesick," Sue said. "She was crying during singing last night, and Ann had to take her out, and her face looks funny."

"Oh, ankendosh," Martha said. "How old are you, anyhow?" she said to Victoria.

Martha sounded friendly, but Victoria hurried past her without speaking and went back to her room to get dressed.

The day wore on. Victoria went to the school hall with Ann and the others, and met the teachers. No class work was done, but books were distributed and desks were assigned.

After the last class was dismissed, Victoria walked out of the school hall behind Ann, who was whispering and giggling

with Eleanor Mindendorfer. As they went out the door Ann turned to Victoria and said crossly, "Oh, hang off me, will you? You've been hanging on me all day! Just please hang off me!" Then Ann walked away with Eleanor and some of the other old girls.

Victoria stood by the school hall and looked around her. She didn't know where to go or what to do. In a few minutes Miss Blanchard, the arithmetic teacher, came out the door. "Hello," she said. "You're Victoria North, aren't you? I think Victoria is a pretty name."

Victoria looked at her, but could think of nothing to say.

"Why don't you go down to the swings for a while? That will be fun. In a few days you will know more of the other children and you'll be happier, Victoria. Really you will be. I know it is hard at first."

Victoria was silent, and finally Miss Blanchard turned and walked away. Victoria picked up some gravel and looked at it carefully, then let it fall slowly out of her hand. She examined the bark on a tree for a few minutes. Then she walked back to her room.

The first ten days at Coburn Home School were all lonely ones for Victoria. She didn't know anyone, and no one seemed to want to know her. Her mother wrote to her every day, but the letters only made Victoria more homesick.

Then one afternoon, late in September, Victoria was alone down by the swings. Martha wandered by and saw her. "Hello," she said. She sat on the end of a slide. "That's some

dumb table we're at," she added. "I wish I could be at Miss Blanchard's table."

Victoria was afraid to say something Martha might think was silly. So she said nothing. But she smiled.

"I hate this old school," Martha said.

"Oh, so do I!" Victoria said.

"I hate it," Martha repeated. "And it's worse than it was last year. But I only came back for a little while, anyhow. Pretty soon I'm going to live home and go to day school. Are you going home for Thanksgiving?"

Victoria shook her head. "I guess not."

"Well, I am, and I just bet I won't have to come back here. I'm going to tell my mother and father about this school. I'll tell them about the food. I'll tell them they give us horrible, disgusting, dirty, gluey purple stuff to eat and they call it oatmeal."

Victoria was startled but fascinated.

"Does your family live in New York?" Martha asked.

"My mother does, most of the time."

"What do you mean, most of the time?"

"Well, she has to go away once in a while. She works. That's why I can't go home for Thanksgiving."

"Where's she going?"

"Chicago."

"My father's an importer. What's yours?"

Victoria could hardly remember him. "I haven't any," she said.

"You just have a mother?"

"Yes."

"Oh. Lots of the kids here just have a mother, too. Or just a father. What's your favorite subject?"

"Reading. What's yours?"

"Arithmetic."

"Arithmetic!" Victoria was amazed. "I hate arithmetic!"

"Well, I hate reading," Martha said reasonably. "What are you going to be when you grow up?"

"I don't know yet. What are you?"

"Oh, I guess I'll be an inventor, or maybe a singer. Oh, I certainly hate this school," Martha repeated. "I hate all the buildings and all the rooms, and the food, and I even hate the swings, and I hate this dumb slide." She kicked the slide as she spoke.

"It's an awful old school," Victoria agreed. And she gave the slide a little kick, too.

Suddenly Martha stood up and marched around one of the swings with her stomach stuck out in what seemed to Victoria an extremely amusing way. Then Martha sang in a piercing voice:

"Two more months to vacation.
Then I go to the station.
Back to civilization.
Back to Mother and Home."

"Did you make that up?" Victoria asked, impressed.

"Me? No! You never heard that before? I guess that's just because you never went to boarding school before. I can make up stuff, though, if I want to."

Victoria thought Martha was wonderful. They climbed up on a seesaw, and seesawed up and down in the darkening light. Then they went to the dormitory to get ready for dinner.

At the table that night Martha looked across at Victoria and said, "Hey, Vick, maybe we'll have ice cream tonight. That would be leebossa, wouldn't it?"

The other girls looked at Martha in surprise, and then at Victoria.

"Wouldn't it? Wouldn't it be leebossa?" Martha repeated, staring at Victoria.

"Yes, I guess so," Victoria said finally.

"After singing I'll tell you all about my secret language," Martha said. "But you'll have to promise you'll never tell anyone else!"

"I promise," said Victoria faintly.

The other girls looked at Victoria with new interest. Martha had never been so friendly to anyone else.

That night when singing was over, Martha waited in the hall for Victoria and they walked upstairs together.

"Ick-en-spick is for when something is silly," Martha explained. "Or like when someone is trying to get in good with a teacher, and is trying to be very sweet. You know. Goody-goody stuff is ick-en-spick."

Victoria nodded.

"Ankendosh," Martha went on, "is for something mean or disgusting. Ann Spear is usually very ankendosh."

"She certainly is," Victoria said.

"Now, leebossa is for when you like something. When something is just lovely or when something works out just right, it is leebossa. For anything especially nice you can say leeleeleeleebossa. But that's only for something really wonderful. Understand?"

"Yes, thank you for telling me. Are there any other words?"

"No. But maybe we can make up some more," Martha said.

"That would be leebossa," Victoria said, and Martha grinned at her.

From then on Martha and Victoria were friends. Whenever possible they did their homework with each other. They walked to and from the school hall together every day. And they sat next to each other at singing every night.

Being friends with Martha was wonderful, and Victoria was happier than she had been. But she was still afraid of Miss Mossman, and she still missed her mother, and she still counted the days to Christmas vacation.

3. A Welcome Loss

Slowly Victoria began to like some things about boarding school. But Martha didn't. Martha said every day that she was not coming back to Coburn School the next year. Victoria knew she would have to, and she wanted Martha to come back, too.

"Not me," said Martha firmly. "I'm going to stay home and go to day school. And I won't have any old whistles blowing at me all the time. And I won't have to stand in the corridor for inspection and freeze every morning. I'm just going to live home, and go to day school. I'll even go home for lunch."

"Wouldn't that be leebossa!" Victoria sighed. "My mother can't have me live with her just because she has to go to work. Otherwise I'd live at home. My mother really wants me to."

"Well, so does my mother, and my father, too," Martha said. "But they said they think I'll learn more at boarding school than I would at day school. They said so."

"Sue Burton told me her mother told her that boarding school would probably help her learn to get along with other people," Victoria said slowly. "Isn't that funny?"

"It sure is," Martha said. "Nobody could ever get along with that dopey Sue Burton at boarding school or day school or any school. Well, anyhow, next year I am going to day school, and I will go home every single day for lunch."

That was what many of the children longed to do. Even those who liked Coburn School often talked of the time when they could live at home and go to day school.

And when it finally happened to one of them, it happened to Ann Spear. It was unbelievable, Victoria thought, that such a wonderful thing could happen to a mean girl like Ann Spear. But it did.

"Every day I'll go home right after school," Ann boasted. "And I'm going to have ice cream and cake any time I want. And my mother will let me keep my light on at night as long as I want to."

"You'll have to start school in the middle of the term," Martha interrupted. "You'll be a new girl."

As soon as Martha said it, she was sorry. So she added,

"But, oh boy, you're lucky. Just think, you won't have to eat any of that old oatmeal!"

Ann nodded happily. "Maybe you can live home next year," she said, suddenly trying to be pleasant.

"Oh, I'm not coming back here next year," Martha said. "No maybe about it. I wouldn't come back here for eight million dollars, and I know my mother and father won't make me. But, anyhow, as long as Ann is leaving—" she turned to Victoria—"let's us get permission to room together."

"Oh, Martha, do you think they'd let us!"

"I'll ask Miss Mossman today," Martha said. "I don't see why not. Ruth Harkins doesn't want to room with me any more than I want to room with her. I'll ask Miss Mossman."

The housemother didn't say yes immediately. But she did say she would think about it and would discuss it with Mrs. Coburn. Two days before Ann was to leave, Miss Mossman called Martha and Victoria into her office after breakfast.

"We have decided to let you girls room together," Miss Mossman said. "Martha, you will move into Victoria's room Saturday morning, after Ann leaves."

"Thank you very much, Miss Mossman," said Martha.

"Thank you very much, Miss Mossman," said Victoria.

"Now, girls, I must tell you that I was against this move. I think you should both try to make other friends. But Mrs. Coburn is willing to give you girls an opportunity to behave yourselves and to obey the rules. Do you promise to behave, Martha?"

"Yes, I do," Martha said.

"And you, Victoria?"

"Yes, I do," said Victoria.

"Very well. You may go."

Outside Miss Mossman's office they looked at each other and smiled. Then Victoria said, "Very leebossa."

"Very leebossa," Martha agreed.

As always, Martha was direct and intent about what she was going to do. Thursday evening she came to Victoria's room with some pajamas and underwear and asked Ann Spear to let her put them in one of her bureau drawers.

Ann was furious. "You get out of here, you old Martha Sherman," Ann said. "I'm not going until Saturday. I'm not even packed yet! My goodness!"

The next night, about ten minutes after lights-out, Victoria heard the door of the room open quietly. She sat up in bed and saw Martha standing in the doorway.

Victoria was horrified. Miss Mossman's most strictly enforced rule was that no girl was to go to another girl's room after lights-out. Victoria was too frightened to speak. Martha slowly closed the door and stood still, trying to get her bearings in the dark room. "Hey, Vicky," she said softly.

"Oh, Martha! If she ever catches you!" Victoria said in a terrified whisper.

"She won't catch me," Martha whispered back.

"Martha, she'll give you a million demerits! She won't let us room together!"

"She won't catch me," Martha repeated in a whisper. "I had a good idea I have to tell you!"

Ann Spear, suddenly wakened out of a sound sleep, sat up. "The what? Tell who? What's that?" Ann spoke in a loud, clear voice.

"Sssssssssssh!"

Martha dived into the closet and closed the door. Victoria lay down and shut her eyes.

"Victoria, that was Martha!" Ann whispered, now thoroughly awake.

"Ann, please don't talk! Miss Mossman will come in!" Victoria was frightened. "Please don't talk, Ann!"

And then they heard Miss Mossman walking rapidly down the hall. There was a knock on their door, and Miss Mossman came in. "What was the meaning of that noise?" She snapped on the overhead light.

Victoria sat up and blinked, as though she had been asleep. She simply could not let Miss Mossman discover Martha in the closet. "What, Miss Mossman?" Victoria asked sleepily.

"Victoria, I distinctly heard some noise from this room. Now, what was it?"

Victoria lay down again and looked helplessly at Miss Mossman. Then Ann turned over noisily in her bed and looked up. "Why, Miss Mossman," Ann said, and sat up. "I didn't hear anything. I was asleep!"

The housemother looked from one to the other. "Now, I don't want to hear any more noise from this room, and I mean that," she said. She snapped off the light and went out.

Several minutes passed, and then slowly the closet door opened and Martha tiptoed out. She stood in the middle of the room and whispered, "Thanks, Ann."

"You get out, Martha Sherman," Ann whispered furiously. "You get out and stay out. I should have told her to look in the closet. Now, get out!"

"All right, all right. I just wanted to talk to Vicky, but all right. I'll leave. Anyhow, Ann, I'm glad I never made a pie bed on you."

Martha tiptoed to the door, opened it silently, and went out.

Victoria lay still, her heart beating hard. Finally she said softly, "Thanks, Ann."

"Oh, be quiet," Ann muttered.

"Ann, what's a pie bed?" Victoria asked.

"My goodness, don't you even know what a pie bed is?" Ann whispered in her old sneering way.

"No, I don't. Please tell me."

"It's too hard to describe. And if we whisper any more, Miss Mossman will come back and kill us. My goodness, I thought everybody knew what a pie bed is."

"What's it like, Ann?"

"Oh, you'll find out, rooming with that Martha," Ann replied. "You'll probably find out very very very soon." Ann turned over and went to sleep.

Roommates

The next day Ann's parents drove out to the school to take their daughter home. Several children, including Martha and Victoria, stood silently on the steps and watched while Mr. Spear put Ann's suitcases in the car. Miss Mossman chatted with Mrs. Spear and Ann, who sat in the front seat. Then Mr. Spear got into the car and started the motor. Ann leaned forward and waved. "Good-by!" she cried.

"Good-by, Ann dear!" called Miss Mossman. She waved, and a few of the children did, too, and then the car rolled slowly down the driveway.

Martha turned to Victoria. "That old Miss Mossman always acts so sweet in front of parents," she said. "Come on, Vick. Now we can move my stuff in with yours."

Martha had the most interesting things Victoria had ever seen. She had a phonograph, and a transistor radio, binoculars, and a Polaroid camera. Even her pencil box was unusually beautiful. It was dark-red leather, and her initials were stamped on the cover in gold. It had two drawers, one for crayons and one for pencils. There were separate compartments for rubber bands, paper clips, a pencil sharpener, and an eraser. Martha also had an especially fine flashlight. It had three different lights, white, red, and green.

"Oh, this is the best flashlight!" Victoria sighed, flicking it from red to green to white, and back to red again.

"You want it?" Martha said. "You can have it. I don't need it."

"Oh, no, thanks, Martha," said Victoria, putting the flashlight down. "Thanks just the same. But I'll borrow it."

"Any time," Martha said, and shrugged. "My father'll get me another one anyhow."

When they were getting ready for bed that night, Martha said, "Vicky, do you like Miss Mossman at all?"

"Not much," Victoria admitted.

"She gets so cross so quick," Martha said. She sat down with her bedroom slippers in her hands and thought about the housemother. When Miss Mossman was cross her right eye always twitched in a sort of wink. It wasn't a friendly

wink, Martha thought. It was a rather terrifying wink, as she looked at you sternly and told you once more and for the last time to go to your room.

"I just wonder why she *winks* like that," Martha said.

She went over to the mirror and stared at her reflection and began to talk like Miss Mossman. She even seemed to look like her. "Now, Martha Sherman," Martha said severely, looking at herself in the mirror and winking her right eye, "you march yourself right upstairs and get your room picked up before I count ten." Martha frowned and winked angrily at herself in the mirror. "I'll give you a demerit. I'll give you two demerits. I'll give you—"

"Oh, Martha!" Victoria shook with laughter and horror. "What if she came in now! Oh, Martha, stop!"

That night, after the lights-out whistle blew, they both sat cross-legged on Martha's bed and pulled a blanket over their heads. Victoria held Martha's flashlight, and she turned on the white light.

"Tell some more about before you came to this school," Martha said.

Victoria and her mother had almost always lived in a hotel, and Martha loved to hear about it. "Go on, tell some more about the hotel," Martha said, pulling the blanket tighter.

"All right. But, first, what's a pie bed? You said you were glad you never made a pie bed on Ann. What is it?"

"Oh. Well, couldn't I just show you sometime?"

"Oh, Martha! Please tell me!"

"Well, let's see. You take the top sheet off someone's bed and hide it. Someone you don't like. And then you pull the bottom of the other sheet up so it looks as though there are two sheets on the bed. You know. You don't leave the bottom of the sheet tucked in at the bottom of the bed. You fold it back up so that the sheet just goes halfway down the bed. Then, when you put the blankets back on and fold the sheet back, it looks as though there were two sheets on the bed, and the person you don't like gets in and then can't put her feet down. She has to get up and make her bed all over again, and she gets mad, and that's a pie bed. Did you really always live in hotels?"

"Well, last year we had an apartment for a while," Victoria said, switching the flashlight to the red light. It turned their faces and hands red. "We ate at home every night."

"Did your mother cook?"

Victoria nodded, trying to remember that apartment more clearly. "Yes, she cooked," Victoria said slowly. "And she read to me after dinner, and I remember one book was about some poor little French children after a war, or during a war, or something." She stopped, trying to remember. "And sometimes my mother let me wash and dry the silver all alone," she said.

"What's so wonderful about that?" Martha asked. "I wouldn't want to wash a lot of old knives and forks."

"Oh, Martha, it was fun," Victoria said, suddenly remembering it all. "It really was. When she let me do them alone I had a good game about the battlefield." Dreamily she switched the flashlight to the green light.

"The what? What battlefield? You're crazy," Martha said.

"No, it was fun. I'd go out to the kitchen and there'd be all those dirty knives and forks and spoons." She stared at Martha's green face for a moment. "And I'd pretend I was a lovely nurse and the kitchen was a horrible battlefield. I'd pretend the battle was over, and the knives and things were wounded soldiers, and I was a kind nurse. And I had to take care of all the poor dirty soldiers. I'd pick them up and bathe them and get them clean and cured and dry, and put them in clean beds in the hospital. The hospital was where we kept the silver. And I fixed those poor wounded soldiers up and put them to bed."

"Some dopey game," Martha said, but she looked interested.

"It sounds dumb," Victoria admitted. "But it was fun."

The girls talked for a while longer before Victoria switched off the flashlight and climbed over into her own bed. Martha was soon asleep, but Victoria stayed awake for a long time. Rooming with Martha was certainly going to be exciting, she thought. Finally she went to sleep, too.

This selection was taken from THE SECRET LANGUAGE, *by Ursula Nordstrom, a Harper & Row Curriculum Enrichment Book*

Rooming with Martha certainly was exciting! The costume party, the hut in the woods, the midnight feast—these made living at school almost as much fun as living at home. You can read all of Victoria's story in Ursula Nordstrom's book *The Secret Language* (Harper & Row, 1960).

You may also want to read:

Adopted Jane
by Helen F. Daringer (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1947)

Mary Jane
by Dorothy Sterling (Doubleday, 1959)

The Hundred Dresses
by Eleanor Estes (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1944)

Ellen Tebbits
by Beverly Cleary (William Morrow, 1951)

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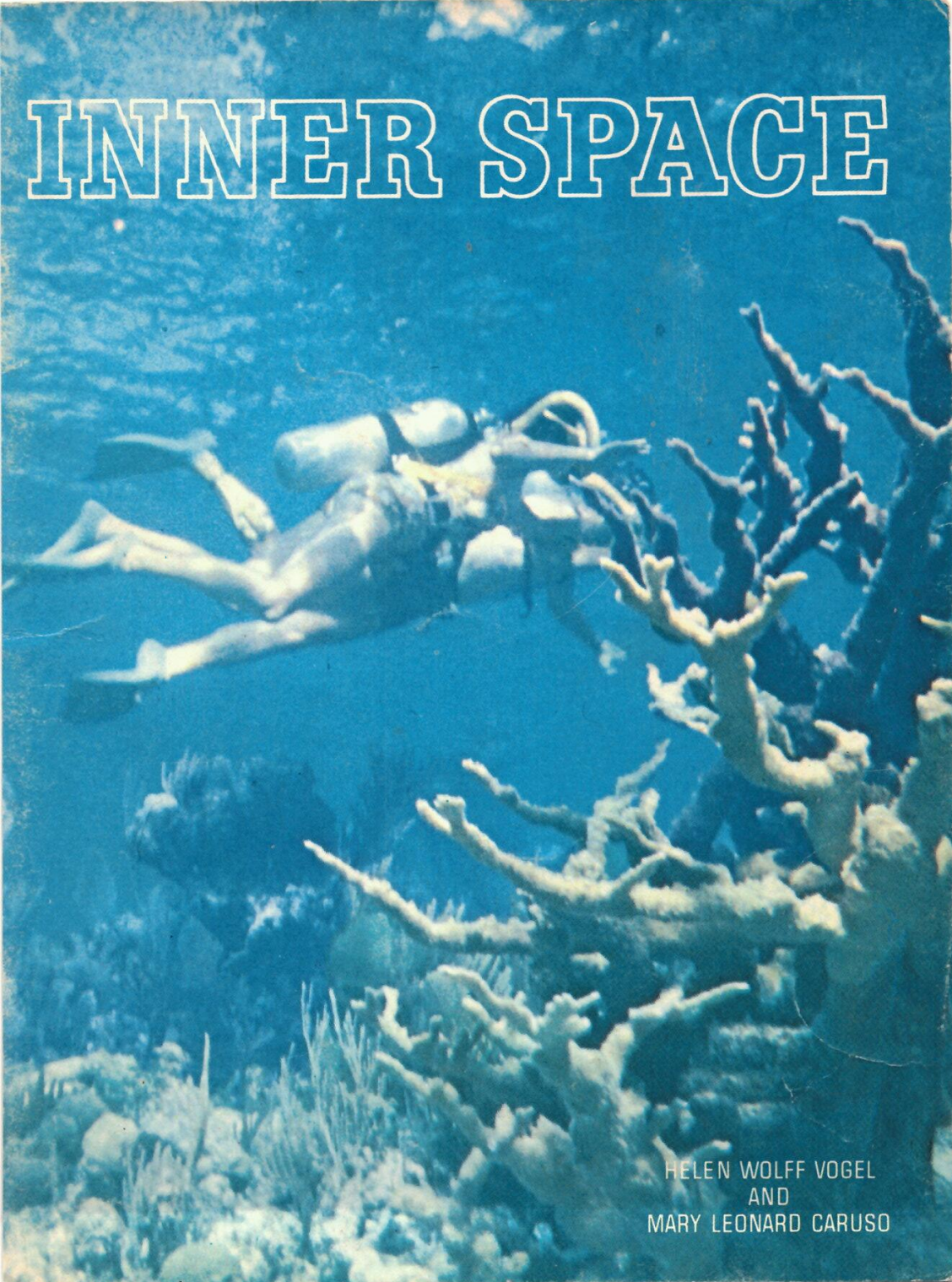
INNER SPACE



HELEN WOLFF VOGEL
AND
MARY LEONARD CARUSO

INNER SPACE

by Helen Wolff Vogel and Mary L. Caruso

Three-fourths of the earth's surface is covered with salt water. Yet only two per cent of the ocean bottom has been mapped. In fact, scientists today know more about the surface of the moon than about the vast mountain ranges and deep canyons beneath our World Ocean.

It is only now, in the twentieth century, that men have begun to explore our planet's "inner space." These daring pioneers of the sea are pushing into the earth's last frontier.

COVER PHOTO BY RUSS KINNE

ADULT BASIC EDUCATION
Highland Community College

INNER SPACE

BY HELEN WOLFF VOGEL
AND MARY LEONARD CARUSO

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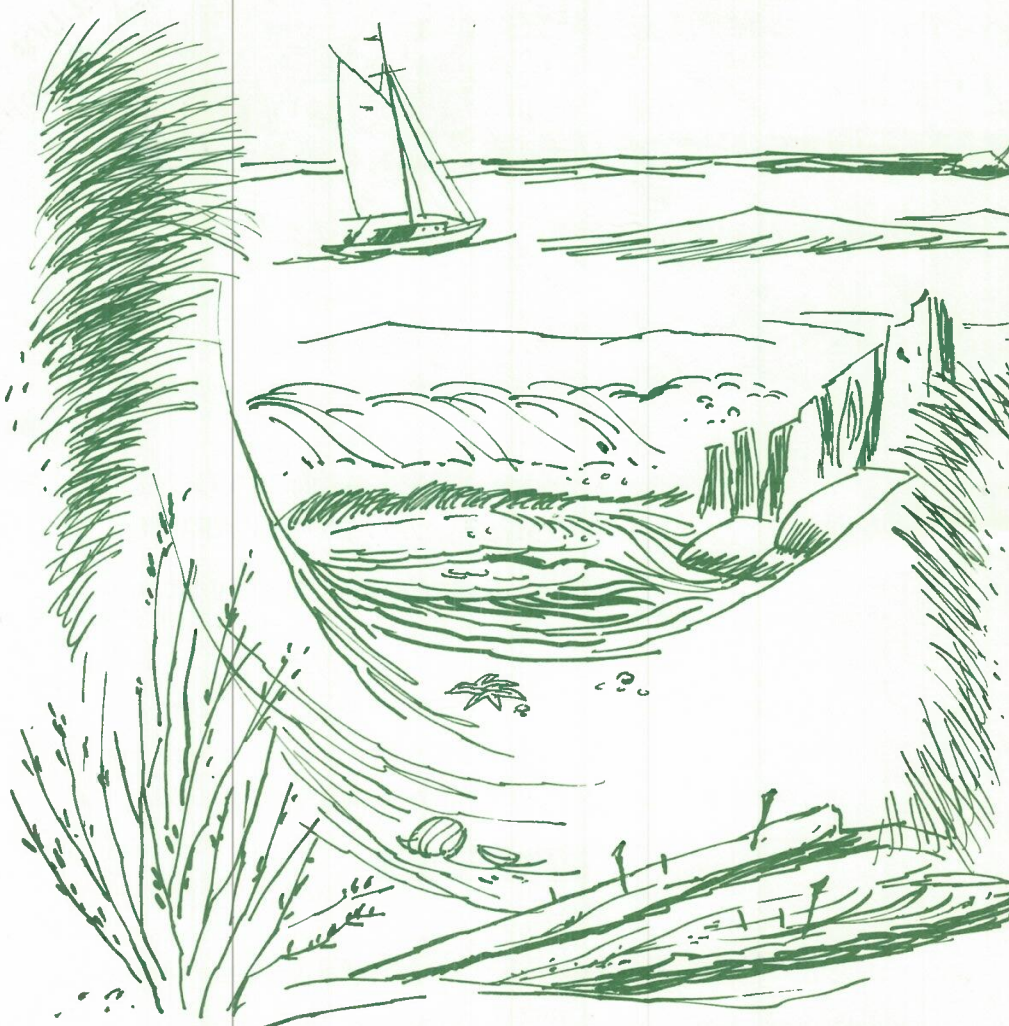

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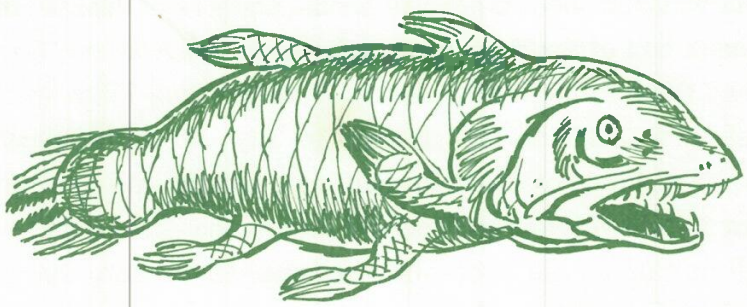
1 A Living Fossil

Suppose you and I were to dangle our legs over the edge of an ocean pier and drop a fishing line down, down into the dark waters below. As we wait for the first jerk of the line, the sudden bob of the float, we wonder what will grab our hook down there in the murky depths. It might be a juicy mackerel, or a shark! In fact it could be any one of the twenty thousand kinds of fish that men have caught and to which they have given names. There is always the chance that we will pull up an old boot—or a strange sea creature that no man has ever seen before.

One of the most surprising fish ever pulled in was a big blue one which was caught by startled fishermen in December, 1938, off the coast of the Union of South Africa. The fishermen were out in a trawler and had lowered their nets down about two hundred feet. When they hauled up the nets, along with the fish they were after, and the sharks which had shoved their way in, there was a tough and terrible-looking fish with rough, steely-blue scales. The captain leaned over the net to get a better look at the odd creature—and it snapped at his hand viciously with its big jaw full of sharp, catlike teeth.

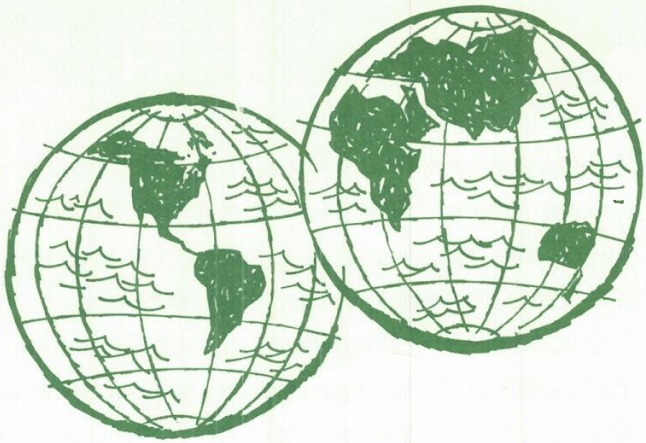
Luckily the captain of the trawler did not chuck the nasty beast overboard. Instead he brought it back and left it on the dock with a pile of sharks which he had promised to leave for the director of the local museum, Miss M. Courtenay-Latimer.



Miss Courtenay-Latimer taxied down to the waterfront to measure and identify the sharks, and then she came to the big, gray-blue—well, what was it? She could not tell, so she made a rough sketch of the creature and took its measurements: five feet long, 127 pounds. She sent these off with a query to a great expert on fish, Professor J. L. B. Smith.

When her sketch tumbled out of the envelope onto Professor Smith's desk, he was afraid to believe what his mind told him this strange creature must be. He told himself "not to be a fool," but still he was sure that he had before him the sketch of a prehistoric fish, a "fossil fish" known as the coelacanth (see-la-kanth).

Coelacanths developed in the seas hundreds of millions of years ago; then all trace of them disappeared before the first man walked the earth. Until that amazing catch in 1938, the only coelacanths man had ever seen were fossils in ancient rock, and so they had been classified as prehistoric fish. Scientists had said that the coelacanth was as extinct as the dinosaur, but they are not saying it any more.



2 "Inner Space"

Although we do not find "living fossils" very often, there are still plenty of surprises waiting for all of us in the depths of the World Ocean. So much of our world is ocean, and so little of it has been explored. Let us take a look at this region of watery mystery which surrounds us.

You can make a model of the World Ocean out of a soft clay ball. Shape your ball round, to represent our planet Earth; then punch your thumb into it good and hard, and again and again until you have dug three big depressions in this clay earth. These three deep holes are like the great

basins of the World Ocean which are filled with salt water: the Atlantic, the Pacific, and the Indian Oceans.

Make smaller dents in your ball to show the seas, like the Mediterranean, which are arms of the World Ocean extending into the land. Some of the seas are completely surrounded by land masses and are cut off from the ocean, to which they once belonged. Except for these, all the oceans and seas are connected and flow together, as Magellan's men discovered when they sailed around the world in the sixteenth century.

Your model of the world can show accurately the top layer of the World Ocean. We know where land and water meet, and that three-fourths of our globe is covered with salt water. But no one can tell you how deep you must press your thumb into the clay to show the depth of the ocean—because we still do not know. Only two per cent of the bottom of the ocean has been mapped. Great mountain ranges and deep canyons have been located in the depths of the sea, but there may be others which have not been discovered yet. Man knows more about the face of the moon today than he knows about the waters of his own planet, our "Inner Space."

It is only now, in the twentieth century, that we have seriously begun to explore that "Inner Space," to peer into the ocean depths below the reach of our fishing lines. And we are finding strange and wonderful things down there. At every depth we penetrate we find that there is animal life, from tiny

shrimplike creatures which squeal and squeak into our underwater listening devices, to sea dragons six feet long. As we probe the ocean bottom we are discovering whole areas of it that are covered with lumps of rock rich in valuable minerals. And under the water and rock of our continental shelves we find rich wells of oil and sulphur.

There are three times as many salt-water acres as there are dry ones on our planet, and we can no longer afford to leave them unexplored and under-exploited. We need the sea and all its treasures to take care of the nearly three billion people on our planet, and the 280 thousand more human beings who are born each day.

Until now we have been dropping our nets and lines into the sea like blind men groping in the top layer of a treasure chest. If we want more of the sea's riches, we shall have to learn more about it and what it contains. Explore it we must.

Will you become one of the pioneers of the sea who are so needed by mankind? Perhaps as one of the twentieth century's explorers of "Inner Space" you will help to claim for mankind the animal, vegetable, and mineral resources that fill the World Ocean.

3 Skin Divers

HELP WANTED: Daring young men and women needed to explore, study, and map Earth's last frontier, the World Ocean. Divers wanted to locate and bring up the underwater treasure hidden beneath the waves. Scientists needed to map the ocean bottoms, to discover the natural laws which rule the sea, to name the many curious fish which lie still undiscovered in its depths. Only those with curiosity and courage need apply.

Are you with us? Good. Now to explore and observe the sea. First you must put on goggles or a face mask to protect your eyes from the stinging of the salt water. Float face down in

the clear waters and you can see fish swimming below, darting silver and black streaks. If you are in the tropics you may see them disappearing into pink and purple caves of coral. This is the life the sea has been hiding from us. Put rubber fins on your feet and you can move swiftly through the water. You can dive down to explore, like a "manfish" among the other fish—for as long as you can hold your breath.

Captain Jacques Yves Cousteau of the French Navy used to do that in the warm waters of the Mediterranean Sea back in 1943. He took along a sharp spear, too, and hunted fish. This was a very exciting sport, but Captain Cousteau fretted at the need to come up for air after only a few minutes, so he began to search for a way to stay below the waves longer. He wanted time to dive deeper and see more of this new and interesting world, the "Silent World," he called it.

Cousteau could have become a helmet diver, like the men who collect sponges off the ocean floor, and the salvage workers who dive down to work on wrecked ships. These divers wear a helmet which is connected by a long air hose to an air pump in the boat on the surface. They wear weighted shoes to help them sink down to the bottom. But this cumbersome equipment prevents the diver from moving around quickly or freely; he is like a dog on a leash. Cousteau could not use a helmet for his purposes: to explore widely, to hunt swiftly.

In order to get freedom of movement under water there had to be some way for the diver to carry a supply of air down with him. Captain Cousteau and an engineer named Émile Gagnan finally solved this problem by strapping two tanks of compressed air onto the diver's back, enough for a two-hour stay under water, exploring, hunting, or taking pictures. Tubes were attached to these cylinders to lead the air into the diver's face mask. A valve fed the air to him auto-

matically as he breathed. This equipment Cousteau called an "aqualung."

Aqualungs on their backs, rubber fins on their feet, men all over the world have been inspired by Captain Cousteau's exciting experiences and have begun exploring the first two hundred feet of the ocean's depths. They are diving for lobsters, spear-hunting fish, observing and photographing the plants and animals hidden in the waves.

Skin divers are getting to know the animals of the deep from a different angle than fishermen do, eye to eye as it were, and this has led to some interesting discoveries. One of the most important findings of the undersea explorers is that there are many more fish in the ocean than we could tell from our fishing catch. The men who dive down below see types of fish which are just too smart to be caught by our clumsy fishing methods.

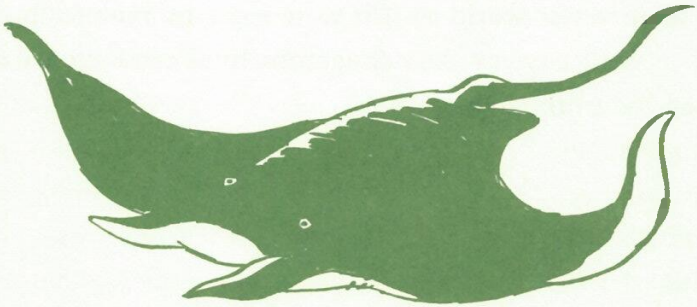
Captain Cousteau, for instance, was told by marine biologists and fishermen that the "liche" was a rare fish which only grows about three feet long. Yet Cousteau found great numbers of liche in his underwater exploration of the Mediterranean Sea, and he frequently saw six-footers. With the help of the "manfish" we should be able to develop fishing tools to catch these big ones which have been getting away.

There are the fish that retreat from men, and then there are the cautious men who retreat from fish. What would you do,

all dressed up in your skin-diving outfit, if you came across a man-eating shark on one of your dives?

An Italian underwater expedition to the Red Sea in 1953 went out looking for these terrors of the deep in order to study their behavior. Their divers swam down to meet tiger sharks weighing six hundred pounds, mackerel sharks fourteen feet long, and blue sharks with six rows of teeth, each tooth an ugly inch long. Sailors, swimmers, and fishermen claim that the shark is bold and bloodthirsty, but the divers found that sharks become very cautious killers when man meets them face to face. They circled around the undersea swimmers warily, and, when the men attacked, the sharks swiftly turned and made off.

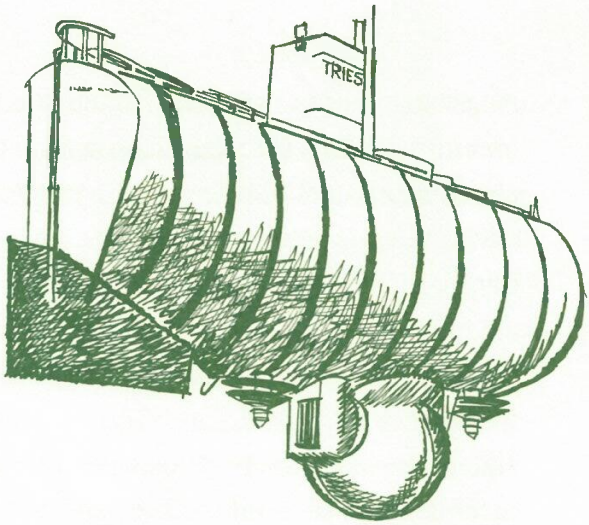
Another fearful-looking sea creature that has been studied by skin divers is the "manta ray." These huge animals have a twenty-foot wingspread and weigh a couple of tons. Some



even have horns, so that frightened fishermen call them "devilfish." Hans Habe, an Austrian skin diver, spent months photographing and observing them, not from a fishing boat, but close up to them under water. He discovered that this terrifying-looking monster would not eat a man; it much prefers the tiny plants and animals which it strains out of sea water.

There are some animals, though, which skin divers dread. The moray eel lurks in dark places, caves, and sunken ships, and it does not like to be disturbed. Divers are careful not to poke their heads where a moray may be, with its powerful jaw full of wicked, curved teeth.

It is harder to avoid the pretty but pain-causing sea urchin, because there are so many of them. The urchin looks like a harmless thistle, but it is covered with sharp, brittle spines which pierce the skin, break off inside the flesh, and are more difficult to remove than a splinter. If they are left inside the body they can cause a bad infection. But most divers describe their underwater world as if it were safer to explore than a city . . . well, anyway, less dangerous than crossing a street against the traffic light!



4 Bathyspheres and Bathyscaphs

With an aqualung we can explore the first layer of the World Ocean, a few hundred feet down. But the average depth of the ocean is nearly two and a half miles, or twelve thousand feet. With echo-sounding apparatus we have discovered bottoms that lie more than thirty thousand feet below the waves. To explore the great deeps a man's body must be protected from the pressure of the water, which increases steadily as he descends, until he could be crushed to death.

In 1930 a solution to the pressure problem was designed and built by William Beebe, a naturalist who studied the life

in the sea, and Otis Barton, an engineer. Their machine for manned descent into the deep was called the bathysphere, and it was a steel ball four and a half feet wide, with walls of steel an inch and a half thick. It had windows of fused quartz. Beebe and Barton squeezed themselves inside and were lowered into the depths of the Atlantic on the end of a steel-cored cable. By 1934 they were able to go down a half-mile below the surface of the sea. Later Barton built an improved model which he called the benthoscope, and in this he managed to reach a depth of a mile, off the coast of California.

As Beebe and Barton peered through their quartz windows into those black depths that no living man had ever penetrated, what did they see? Their greatest surprise was that there were so many living creatures to be seen thousands of feet down. Below 1500 feet the only light in the sea comes from the animals themselves, but there were so many phosphorescent fish and crustaceans (animals such as crabs and lobsters, with hard outer shells) that Beebe compared the scene to the heavens on a starry night!

Professor Beebe was amazed to find that years of letting down nets into the Bermuda Sea had given him only a small idea of the variety and quantity of animal life in those waters that he could see when he dived. The bathysphere descents also put an end to the ancient belief that life did not and could not exist in the great depths of the ocean.

Another explorer of the deep, deep sea is Professor Auguste Piccard of Switzerland, who invented the bathyscaph. This also is a steel diving ball, but it works quite differently from the Beebe and Barton machine. Piccard's bathyscaph is not lowered on a steel cable; instead it lowers and raises itself and can move around, propelled by battery-driven motors. Two of the bathyscaphs are in existence: the FNRS 3, belonging to the French Navy, and the Trieste, which has been bought by the United States.

Commander Georges Huout of France set a record in 1954 by taking the FNRS 3 down to thirteen thousand feet in the Mediterranean—nearly three miles. This record stood until January 7, 1960, when the United States Navy proudly announced that Jacques Piccard, the inventor's son, and Lieutenant Donald Walsh had descended in the Trieste twenty-four thousand feet into the Challenger Deep off the island of Guam in the Pacific. But this amazing record only stood for two weeks, because on January 23, 1960, Piccard and Walsh reached the bottom of the Marianas Trench nearby, 35,800 feet below the surface of the water—seven miles down!

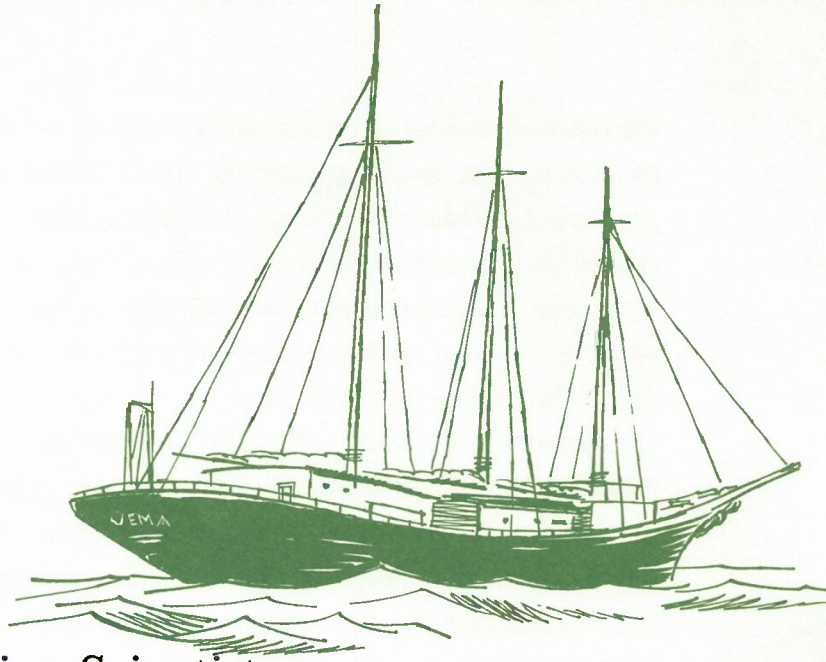
What is down there? Commander Huout had brought back from his descents into the depths pictures of a rare, blind fish, the beautiful benthosaurus, which rests on the bottom of the sea on three long tentacles, like a camera on a tripod. In all

the thousands of years that men have fished in the Mediterranean no one had suspected that these unusual fish were present. Yet Huout saw many of them on every descent he made into that sea.

Commander Huout was amazed too, as Dr. Beebe had been, at the great numbers of brightly illuminated fish which lit up the darkness of the deep. There were yellow lantern fish, shrimp, and fiery sea dragons six feet long, whose sides flashed with blue and green lights as they swam silently past the windows of his bathyscaph.

Otis Barton and Auguste Piccard have made it possible for the biologists to observe at first hand the life in the depths. Men like Dr. Beebe, trained in the science of the sea, can use this new tool to go down and find out for us, at long last, what actually exists in the deepest part of the ocean.

These manned descents are not our only source of knowledge about the depths of the sea. Oceanographers have developed many instruments to probe the depths and bring back new information about them. One of these is a "geomagnetickinetograph," an instrument for measuring the speed and direction of ocean currents. Roger Revelle, one of the outstanding men in the ocean sciences, has described his fellow oceanographers as just sailors who use big words, and you can see why!



5 Sailing Scientists

Let us go along with some oceanographers and their instruments on an expedition to study the sea—like the one sent out recently by Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory. We set sail from New York in the *Vema,* a two hundred-foot schooner which started life nearly forty years ago as a yacht. Squeezed in with us are a dozen scientists, led by Dr. Maurice Ewing, eighteen crew members, and lots of large and small apparatus.

The *Vema* is scheduled to circle the globe and cruise all the oceans in a year, before returning to New York. We shall

watch our sailing scientists carry on delicate experiments with the deck pitching beneath them. Their experiments may be carefully controlled, but the weather is not. High winds and waves can wreck the best laid plans, and the equipment too. Oceanographers need courage to keep on working in heavy seas, with danger always present. (A strong stomach is also helpful in this profession.)

We are in the South Atlantic, heading out to sea off the coast of Argentina, when our depth recorder begins to reveal an exciting pattern on the ocean bottom below us. For forty-eight hours the *Vema* is maneuvered back and forth to measure our discovery—a slash in the ocean floor, a canyon half a mile to a mile deep, five to twelve miles wide at the bottom, and several hundred miles long!

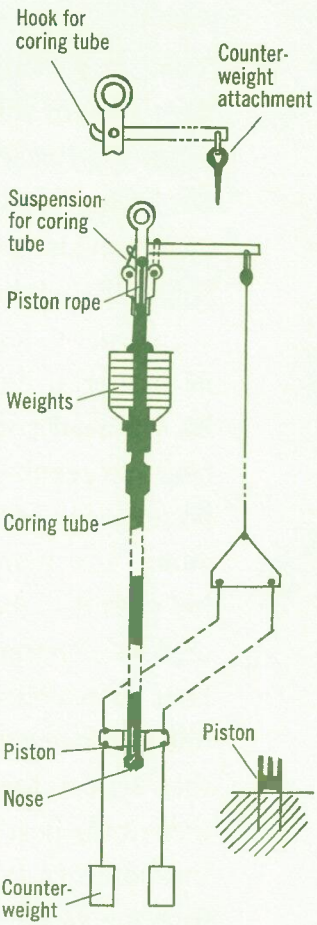
What caused this canyon which is bigger than the Grand Canyon in Arizona? To find out we put to work another of our oceanographic instruments, a 2500-pound corer.

The corer is made up of a long, hollow tube on the end of a steel cable. When the device reaches the bottom of the ocean, a trigger is sprung and the heavily weighted coring tube is driven into the sediment of the ocean floor. When the coring tube is drawn back up to the surface it is filled with the mud and ooze that have drifted down from above, throughout the history of our planet. In it are the remains of animal and plant life, volcanic ash from ancient eruptions—the clues a

good sea detective needs to reconstruct the story of a part of the ocean. A fifty-foot core sample, for instance, represents two million years of the earth's history. One Russian scientist reports that he has brought up cores one hundred and eleven feet long, which takes us back, way, way back.

Fishing with a corer takes patience. Our ship must be steady, so we head into the wind and keep the engine running, holding us as stationary as possible. Then the long corer is lowered by a deep sea winch, down to the bottom, and carefully raised up again. This trip may take two or three hours. Then, just like any other fishermen, our oceanographers often pull in that long, long line and find they have fished in vain: the tube is empty or broken.

One of the purposes of the *Vema's* voyage is to find out how far a signal can travel through the water. Dr. Ewing during World War II had found a "sound layer" in the ocean, a level along which



The coring tube extracts from the ocean floor the mud and ooze of thousands of centuries.

sound seems to travel amazing distances. This sound layer is found at varying depths, depending on the temperature of the water. In warm water it is usually several thousand feet below the surface and goes deeper as the water gets colder. Dr. Ewing worked out a system for sending signals through the ocean along this sound layer, and it is called SOFAR, for Sound Fixing and Ranging.

In order to test this underwater communication system for its greatest distance, a listening post was set up in Bermuda. As we head south we drop fifty-pound TNT bombs overboard at regular intervals to see if the signals will reach the post. Late in March, the *Vema* is half a world away from Bermuda, at a point below Australia. Dr. John Nafe, the senior scientist aboard at that time, drops three fifty-pound explosive charges into the water five minutes apart. An hour later he explodes three more shots. Through twelve thousand miles of water the signals race, with no land masses to block their way to the listening post. The shots are "heard" by the men at the post in Bermuda three hours and forty-three minutes later. In fact, the signals reached the listening post before the radiogram that Dr. Nafe sent there to announce that the charges had been set off!

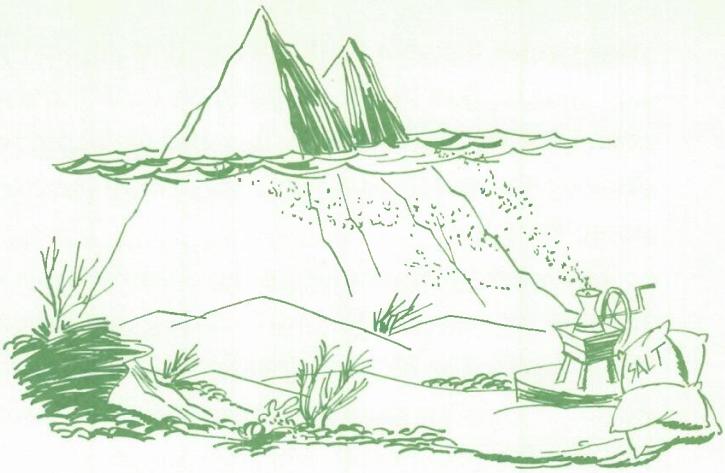
As the *Vema* sails along, a precision depth recorder on board is making continuous measurements of the depth of the ocean below us. The recorder does this by sending sound

waves from the ship to the ocean bottom, and then timing how long it takes for the sound to hit the bottom and send an echo back to the surface. In this way the depth recorder can discover for us accurately and constantly the contour of the ocean floor.

The old way of measuring the ocean's depth was to stop the ship for several hours while a long line with a weight on it was lowered as far as it would go and then slowly reeled in again. We can measure now while the ship is moving, charting the changes in depth wherever we go.

By the time the *Vema* has circled the globe, sailed all those oceans, and is headed back to New York, the men on our oceanographic expedition do not match the pictures of scientists that you may have seen in advertisements, all dressed in clean, white jackets. These sailing scientists have a different uniform: torn pants, a rope for a belt, and shoes bursting at the seams from too much salt water.

We bring back with us new information about the contour of parts of the ocean bottom, core samples to be studied in our land laboratories, which will help us understand the ancient history of our planet. It will take many such oceanographic expeditions, coring, exploring, measuring, mapping, and tracing the tides and currents before we know enough about the sea to use it fully.



6 Treasures of the Sea

Why is the sea salty? As you lick your lips after a swim in the ocean have you ever asked yourself this question? In almost every language spoken by people who lived near the sea, you will find fairy tales or folk songs that try to answer the riddle. Perhaps you have read the story about the salt mill that was thrown into the sea by a witch and lies on the bottom of the ocean, forever grinding out salt and pouring it into the waters.

Today we turn to our scientists to find out where the salt comes from, and they tell us that the waters of the sea are full

of minerals that are dissolved in them, and the one that gives your lips a salty taste is sodium chloride.

When a chemist takes a sample of sea water and analyzes it he can find fifty of the ninety-two natural elements of which all matter is made. If he does a thorough job, he can locate traces of all the elements. Copper, for instance, is there in such tiny quantities that for a long time no one could find it in sea water. But we knew it must be there because some shellfish contain copper. They knew how to extract it from sea water long before the chemists could.

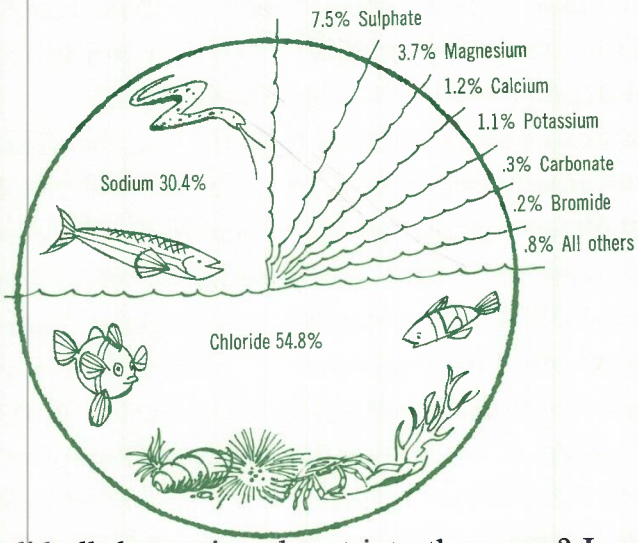
You can extract minerals from the sea, too. Take a pail and fill it with two gallons of sea water, which will weigh about fifteen pounds, then let it stand in the sun until all the water evaporates. When it is gone about one half pound of grayish-looking solid matter will be left behind. These are the minerals which have been held in solution by the waters of the sea. Three and a half per cent of a bucket of water does not amount to much, but that same percentage of all the waters of the World Ocean adds up to tens of billions of tons of solid matter.

Who wants them? Well, many of these minerals in the sea are the very same ones that we mine on land. It is easier and cheaper in most cases to dig these minerals out of land mines —as long as the land mines hold out. Eventually, however, our land mines will be drained and we shall have to figure out

efficient and economical ways of mining the ocean for many important minerals.

Although all the elements are in the sea they are not there in equal amounts; in fact, just eight of the elements make up ninety-nine per cent of the solid matter in the sea.

Here is a diagram of the chemical composition of sea water:



How did all these minerals get into the ocean? In many ways. Some of them come from the rock that lies under the sediment and sand on the bottom of the ocean. Over the years, millions of years, the water has dissolved parts of this. Also, throughout the ages there have been volcanic eruptions under the sea; bedrock on the sea floor has been shattered,

with huge amounts of molten rock pouring into the water, adding more minerals to the ocean's store.

The land also contributes to the ocean's store of minerals, in a never-ending flow. Winds blow our loose topsoil into the ocean; rains wash it into the rivers which flow to the sea. This is erosion, the robbing of the earth's topsoil by wind, rain, and rivers. Floods are great thieves of the minerals of the earth, speeding up erosion where rivers overflow their banks.

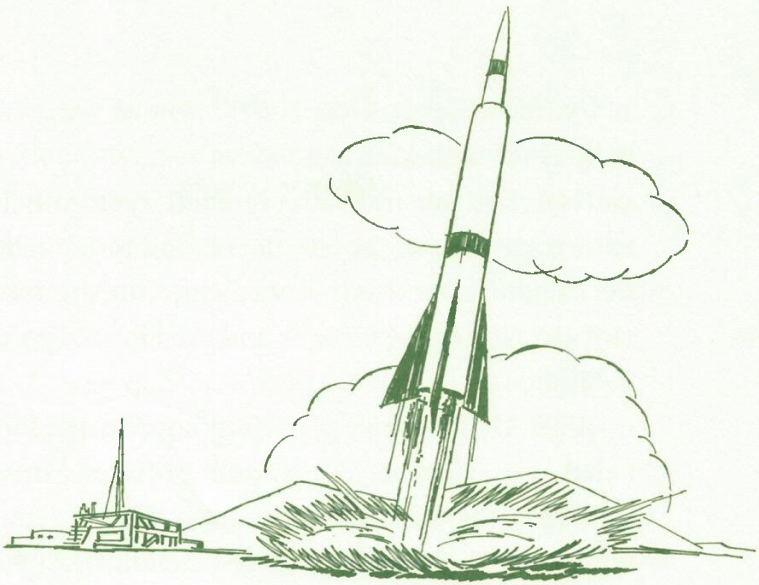
Volcanoes erupt on dry land too, heaving forth superheated rock called lava. If this happens near the sea, as it does in Hawaii and Japan, it pours more minerals into the water. And finally there are the underground rivers, deep in the earth, slowly wearing away the hidden rock and carrying it off to the World Ocean. Can we get these dissolved minerals back?

When we placed our tub of sea water in the sun to evaporate and found grayish-white flakes remaining behind, we were using a primitive and ancient method for recovering minerals from the sea. Many Chinese, Japanese, and Indian people still evaporate sea water in order to get salt for their food. The Western world, however, finds it more efficient to mine salt from salt beds. These are places where the salt has been concentrated by nature.

In the long history of the earth, parts of the ocean have been cut off from the rest by land and left to evaporate in the

sun, without being diluted by the flow of water from the main body of the sea. After millions of years the water disappeared and only the mineral salts were left. Naturally it is easier to mine these dry seas, where the evaporation job has been done for us. The largest salt mine in the world is the Carpathian mine in Austria.

You can see such salt beds developing today. Great Salt Lake in Utah is one. The Dead Sea between Jordan and Israel is even farther along the road from sea to salt mine. It is already the saltiest sea in the world, six times as salty as the ocean. A quarter of it is solid matter, which makes it easier to extract the minerals. But you will not catch any fish in the Dead Sea—it is too salty for them. You will, however, find many useful minerals in it, and these are being extracted and made into potash, table salt, and bromine.



7 Minerals for Tomorrow

Salt was the first mineral man learned to extract from the sea; the second was bromine. When bromine was first discovered in 1826 the chemists named it "bad odor." In the twentieth century bromine is in such great demand that the supply of it in dry land mines just is not enough.

Nine-tenths of the world's bromine is in the ocean, so diluted that you must search two thousand pounds of sea water to extract a pound of bromine. We have developed such an efficient process for this that eighty per cent of the bromine used in the United States is recovered from salt water.

By far the largest use of the bromine compounds is in the making of anti-knock gasoline for automobile and truck motors. You are also using bromine when you take a picture with your camera; the coating of your film is a bromine product. There is bromine in medicines, in the manufacture of rayon, in fire extinguishers, and even in cold permanent-wave solution.

While the demands of the automobile age forced us to develop an efficient way of extracting bromine from the sea, the invention of the airplane created a similar demand for magnesium, the lightest of all metals and the most plentiful metal on our planet. Eighty per cent of it is in the sea, and now we mine the sea, in the United States, for all the magnesium that is used commercially.

Back in 1918 when magnesium was mined from land deposits it sold for $1.81 a pound. You can buy it today, mined from the sea, for about thirty-five cents a pound, which makes magnesium cheaper than any other metal except pig iron.

When Sir Humphry Davy, the famous English chemist, first identified magnesium in the nineteenth century, little attention was paid to his discovery. The nineteenth century was an age of railroads, the era of the "iron horse." Iron was plentiful and well suited to building tracks and trains. But the development of the airplane in the twentieth century created

a great demand for metals that were both light and strong—magnesium and its alloys.

One of these, "magnalium," a combination of magnesium and aluminum, is largely used in the production of aircraft. To build one bomber requires thirty thousand pounds of magnesium—and a helicopter is made almost entirely of a magnesium alloy!

Auto and truck designers have found that engines and bodies made of a lighter metal are more efficient and wear longer than heavy ones, so they are beginning to use magnesium in their products, too. Henry Ford, one of the great automobile manufacturers, foresaw this, and he predicted that magnesium would some day take the place of iron and steel in the building of cars.

Magnesium is a very exciting material. Some people call it "the metal of the future." It can be used to build houses, furniture, and tools, as well as planes and cars. Magnesium is in the rockets that go around the world, and a part of the satellites going straight out of it.

Will there be enough magnesium to meet our growing need for it? How long will we be able to extract magnesium from sea water before we exhaust the supply? Well, the prediction has been made that if we took magnesium out of the ocean at the rate we now use steel, and kept taking it out at this rate for a hundred years, we would only reduce the

amount of magnesium in the sea by 0.01 per cent. That should free us from worry for a long, long time.

The salt, the bromine, and the magnesium that we mine from the sea successfully now should point the way for future use of this practically inexhaustible source of minerals. There are two billion tons of uranium in the World Ocean, hundreds of millions of tons of silver—even six million tons of gold! As we exhaust our land mines we shall be under greater and greater pressure to develop efficient methods for recovering these other mineral treasures which are locked in the waters of the sea.

In their book *Ocean Harvest* (Alfred A. Knopf, 1961) Helen Vogel and Mary Caruso explain how man will some day "farm" and "mine" the seas, as well as fish them.

You may also want to read:

Underwater and Sea Adventure
by Patrick Ellam (Grosset & Dunlap, 1961)

Exploring under the Sea
by Marie Neurath (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard, 1959)

Pagoo
by Holling C. Holling (Houghton Mifflin, 1956)

Meadows in the Sea
by Alida Malkus (World, 1960)

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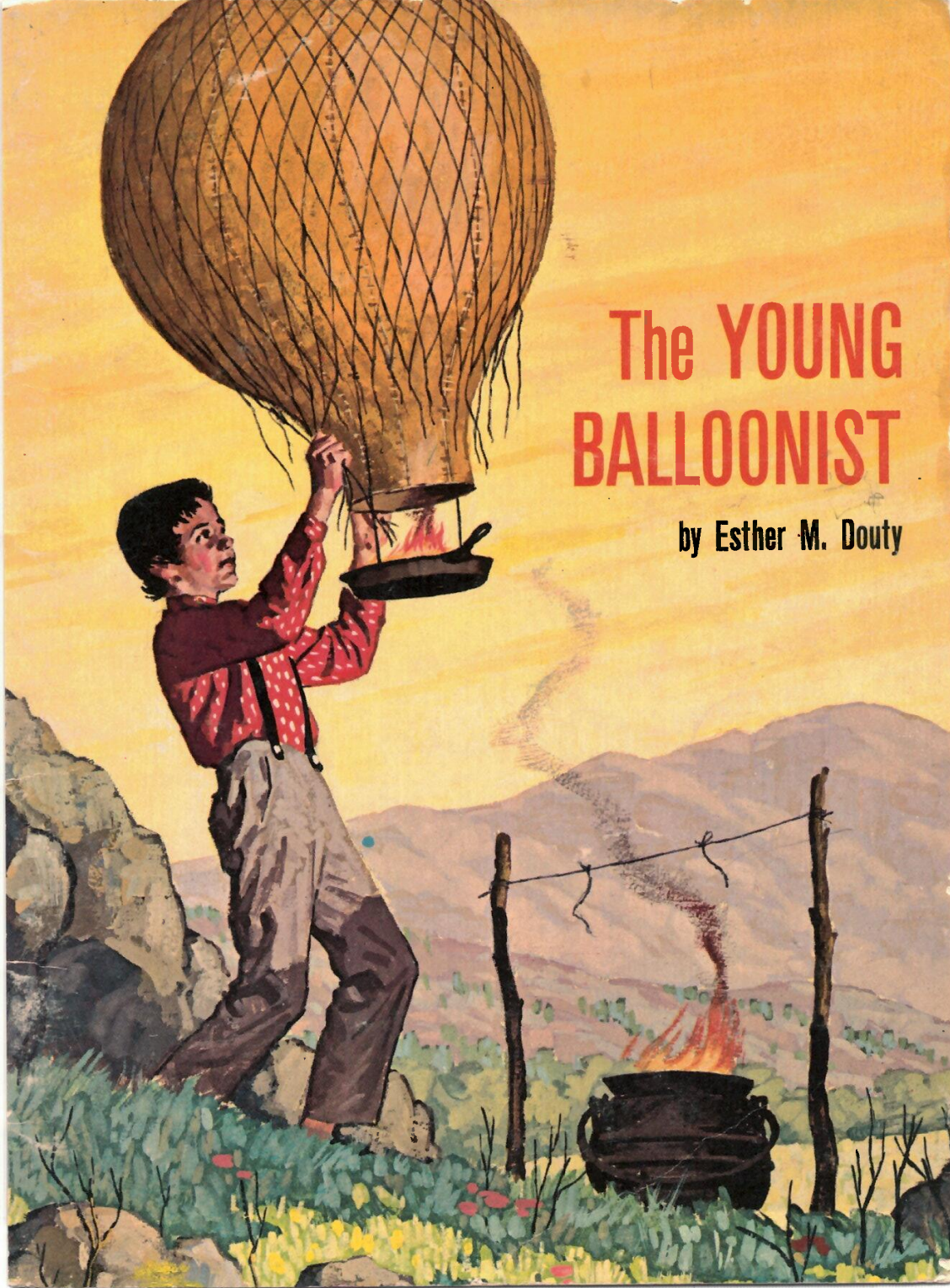
The YOUNG BALLOONIST
by Esther M. Douty

THE YOUNG BALLOONIST

by Esther M. Douty

Before there were rocket ships there were airplanes. Before that, there were balloons. But even before balloons, someone had to believe that men could fly. Many people thought that if God had wanted men to fly, he would have given them wings!

John Wise was one of America's first balloonists. More important, he was one of the first men in this country to believe that men could fly.

Eventually, John did fly. But when we first meet him in this story, he is still making balloons out of paper and his mother's frying pan, and using Tiger Tee, his cat, to test his homemade parachutes.

THE YOUNG BALLOONIST

BY ESTHER M. DOUTY

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

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The Fire Balloon

"John! Oh, John!"

For a moment the tall, dark-haired boy hovering over the strange little fire behind a large rock on the hill raised his head and listened. Then with a "don't bother me" look on his face, he went back to his fire.

Carefully, bit by bit, he added a little wool to the chopped straw which was already burning in a huge iron kettle. The wool he had clipped from the two sheep his father kept on his small combination brickyard and farm just on the edge of Lancaster, Pennsylvania; and the straw had come from the whitewashed cow shed on the family's south acre.

"John Wise!" His father's voice rolled out loud again, with a note of irritation in it. "You come here, at once!"

Fourteen-year-old John stood up uncertainly and glanced behind him at the large balloon, made of paper, which he had patiently cut and stitched together. The paper globe lay flat on the ground with its folds in limp layers. Neatly fitted around it was the netting and the small mooring cables which John himself had knitted out of twine. No, he simply couldn't leave now—not when everything was all set for his experiment.

A gentle breeze blew on his hot cheeks. "Perfect," John thought with excitement. "The wind is straight from the west. Just what I need." The breeze decided him. He would definitely go ahead with his plans. They were worth a strapping any day, if his father thought his disobedience warranted such punishment.

He eyed the two poles he had already set up on either side of the iron kettle. The two poles were joined by a piece of rope. Now for the hard part. Once again the boy studied the two-month-old newspaper he had brought with him. The newspaper, printed in German, was one his father, William Wise, subscribed to, although William himself had been born right here in Lancaster in 1768. It was John's grandfather who had come with a group of other immigrants from Württemberg in 1750, but the old German ways hung on in this heart of the Pennsylvania Dutch country. And now in 1822 John's family as well as many other fine American citizens

in Lancaster County read, wrote, and spoke German as readily as they did English.

John had read the newspaper over so often that it was worn thin with handling, and he could barely make out the words and drawings which so fascinated him. These showed how a boy could build a small fire balloon which would sail through the clouds on the same principle as the large Montgolfier fire balloons.

The principle of these fire balloons was simple. Heated air rises. Therefore any container which can hold enough heated air, and is light enough itself, will rise. All one had to do, John read eagerly, was to fill a paper globe with hot air, and it would float just as long as the air within the globe remained warmer than the air outside.

He went over the article again slowly, turning his head to check his own equipment. So far, so good. The fire was burning brightly in the pot. The rope between the poles stretched high enough for him to swing the paper balloon on it over the kettle. In this way, John figured, the heated air rising from the burning wool and straw would pour directly into the open neck of the balloon.

At this point from the farm yard below his father's voice once more bellowed out his name. Then came the angry slam of the kitchen door. "Good," John thought with relief, "he's given up and he doesn't know where I am. Lucky he

didn't see the smoke. I was pretty smart all right to set my things up here on the hill behind this big rock where nobody can see me. Besides, with this easterly wind, my balloon will sail straight over our house to the very center of Lancaster itself. What a sight that will be."

Whistling happily he went ahead with the next step—attaching the balloon to the rope over the kettle. After this he checked on the frying pan he had borrowed from the kitchen. Yes, a small fire of the chopped wool and straw glowed inside.

At last only two more steps remained. John felt a chill of nervousness as he spread open the neck of the balloon over the fire in the kettle—not too close lest it catch fire.

He could feel the heated air rising, going straight into his paper balloon. Slowly the folds of the balloon filled out and it became beautifully pear-shaped. The boy felt a prickle of pleasure as the globe strained upward, tugging at the little mooring cables he held in his hand.

When finally the balloon could hold no more air, John cut it away from the rope, but he held the cables tight. He wasn't ready yet to let it sail skyward. First he had to make sure that its supply of warm air would not quickly disappear into the atmosphere. This is where the frying pan came in.

Many of the large Montgolfier fire balloons carried a burning brazier aloft with them to keep heating the air

beneath the bag. These burning braziers were, strangely enough, tied right into the necks of the balloons, where somehow they managed to heat the air without setting fire to the balloon itself.

John Wise had no brazier, so his mother's frying pan would have to do. He realized he would not be able to get the pan inside the neck of his small balloon, so yesterday he had spent a long time piercing holes in the pan's sides and running strings through them. By means of these holes, John thought, the burning pan could be hung just below the open neck of the balloon where it would give off some warm air, if not as much as it should. Swinging the blazing pan beneath the neck was undoubtedly the most difficult part of his experiment but at last it was done.

Now all was ready. Wouldn't the townspeople be amazed and pleased, the boy thought with satisfaction, to see with their own eyes a real Montgolfier fire balloon floating high over their housetops?

He came out from behind the rock with the paper balloon already swaying way above his head. As a little breeze swirled in from the west, he lifted his hands from the mooring cables and turned the balloon loose. For a moment it leaped with the current. Then for several hundred feet it rose straight and true and whirled off toward the center of Lancaster. For a long moment John Wise watched his creation.

He could scarcely breathe for joy. His fire balloon was working perfectly. Montgolfier himself couldn't have built a better one, he told himself with a thrill.

The balloon floated on, past the courthouse, safely past the tall sharp spire of Trinity Church, right over the small houses on Duke Street. From the top of his hill John could see people running out from stores and homes pointing excitedly to the floating ball. He could still make out the fire burning in the frying pan, continually sending up heated air so the globe would stay full and round.

John buttoned his jacket neatly. In a few minutes he planned to saunter down to the courthouse and proudly tell everybody that he, John Wise, had built the Montgolfier all by himself.

Then all at once a horrible, cold feeling raced through his body. The balloon, which an instant before sailed so easily over the streets of Lancaster, was now plummeting to the thatched roof of one of the houses below. John gasped in dismay as the burning wool rolled out of the frying pan and set fire to the straw. In a flash the whole roof was in flames.

With frightened cries the townspeople scattered, running for their leather buckets. A din arose as the church bells, the courthouse bell, and the school bells all rang their alarm of "fire, fire."

John gulped in panic. Sweating, he dashed down the hill

and hid in the cow stable where through a chink in its walls he watched his father snatch up his bucket from the back porch and race off to town. John was ashamed of himself for showing so little courage, but he couldn't manage to stop trembling. Suppose the whole house should burn down. How could he ever make it up to the owner?

A short time later when John saw his father return from town cheerfully swinging his leather bucket, he shakily crept out of the cow stable.

"Was much damage done, Papa?" he asked in a thin voice, with his eyes on his shoes.

William Wise searched his son's face with a shrewd look.

"No, not so much, John. I believe whatever fool caused that fire with his crazy balloon can make it up to Mr. Winkelmeyer by chopping his winter's supply of wood for him."

So his father knew about his balloon building, John realized with surprise. Well, that was all right, so long as he didn't try to stop him. Only the next time, the boy promised himself, the next time he wouldn't build a "crazy" balloon. He would build the most perfect one in all America.

The Cat Aeronaut

On a summer evening about a year after his fire balloon had fallen on the Winkelmeyer roof, John stretched out in the straw heap behind the cow shed and gazed up at the dusk-soft sky.

He was tired tonight, and his shoulders ached. So many new brick houses were being built in Lancaster that his father's brickyard was way behind in its orders. Every day after school now John had to help load the bricks into the wagon to take to the builders.

He leaned back in the sweet-smelling straw and watched the stars brighten in the deepening night. Then as the pale lemon moon appeared, he sighed with longing.

How wonderful it would be, he thought for the ten thousandth time, to float in the sweet, pure air above the

clouds. How wonderful to be closer to, as he secretly called the stars, "the jewels of heaven." How thrilling to sail in a balloon like Guarnerin, like Blanchard, like all the other brave aeronauts he had read about in his father's newspapers.

A soft whistle sounded from the pasture behind him. John sat up and whistled back. That would be Cornelius Musser, his best friend, whom everybody called Neeley. Neeley leaped over the fence and plopped down in the straw. In the dim light his long face, big brown eyes, and reddish hair reminded John of his father's cow.

"I knew I'd find you here gawping at the sky," Neeley said pleasantly. "Honestly, John, if you weren't one of the best scholars in the graduating class, I'd think you were moonstruck in your cradle or something."

"Oh, go ring the bell in your papa's steeple." John grinned at his friend, whose father was custodian of Trinity Lutheran Church. "Say, come on up to the garret. I've got something to show you."

Without waiting for his friend's answer, John jumped up and hurried toward the house. Neeley quickly caught up with him. Although John was tall and long-legged, Neeley's stride was even greater.

The boys lifted the latch on the back door and let themselves into the cozy, lamp-lit kitchen. Some fragrant spicy

"snitz" cookies from supper were still on the table. John and Neeley both grabbed up a handful as they hurried through the kitchen toward the narrow back stairway which led to the garret. From the parlor came the tinkling sounds of an old piano. "Papa and his piano," John said fondly. "He'd much rather make music than bricks."

At that moment his mother leaned her head out of the pantry. "You going to do your studying, John?" she called after him.

"Sure, Ma," John answered from the stairs. "Study the science of aerostatics, I mean," he muttered in a low tone to his friend.

Neeley laughed. "What your ma don't know won't hurt her, will it?"

In the garret, John lit the whale-oil lamp which stood on the rickety table. Then he pulled some candles out of an old tin box and lit them too. "I want to have plenty of light, Neeley. I want you to get a good look at this."

Neeley glanced at the tissue-paper affair which John lifted from beneath the table. It was the size of, and in fact looked something like, a large umbrella. "Oh," he said with some disappointment, "just another parachute."

"Not *just* another parachute," John said with enthusiasm. "This one's really safe. See, it's got four ox bladders attached to it. I'll blow them up and tie them to the parachute itself.

Then old Tiger Tee will float down to earth easy as thistledown."

As though answering to the sound of his name, old Tiger Tee pushed open the garret door, walked slowly over to John, and rubbed against his legs. Tiger Tee was a gray-green cat with dark stripes running down the length of his body. John bent over and stroked his fur.

"Tee, boy, I'll bet you're the only cat aeronaut in America," he said proudly. "Now you're going to get a chance to test out my new parachute." He lifted Tiger Tee to the table

and began to strap the parachute with its attached ox bladders around the cat's middle.

Neeley watched him in a rather annoyed way. "I thought you said this parachute is the best one you ever built," he said. "Perfectly safe and all that."

"It is," John retorted quickly. "Believe me, Neeley, if this parachute was bigger, I wouldn't be afraid to jump from the clouds with it myself."

"You would too." Neeley's voice had an unpleasant emphasis.

"I would not." John sounded just as positive. He stopped strapping up Tiger Tee and stared at his friend in a puzzled way. Neeley was a lot of fun, but for some reason he got half-angry every time John started talking about sailing through the air. Man wasn't meant to fly, Neeley believed, or God would have given him wings.

Now as he watched John his eyes looked very bright in the lamp glow. "Well," he said with a strange smile, "if you are so sure about this parachute, why don't you give it a real test? Dropping Tiger Tee out this garret window isn't anything. You've done that dozens of times before. Besides, cats can fall a long ways and land on their own feet anyway without some old parachute to hold them up."

"What are you getting at, Neeley? Don't you want to watch Tee float down to earth in a parachute?"

"Sure I do," Neeley's brown eyes looked taunting, "but from some place that really counts; like the church steeple, for instance."

The church steeple! John went very still and held the big cat tight. He knew that Neeley meant the Trinity Lutheran Church steeple—the highest place in Lancaster County.

Neeley watched him with satisfaction. "I knew you wouldn't do it."

"I will, too," John said firmly. Of course his parachute would work, he told himself. He had built it carefully from the instructions in one of his father's newspapers. It was exactly like Guarnerin's famous parachute, only smaller. And then he had thought to add the air-filled ox bladders himself.

"When?" Neeley prodded.

"Right now, if we had any way of getting up to the steeple."

"Oh, we've got a way all right," Neeley said smugly. "See, here are the keys to the church. Papa gave them to me this afternoon so I could dust the pews. I dare you."

John took a quick look at Tiger Tee purring on the table. Then he said "All right," in a high voice. "I'll carry Tee. You take the parachute. And be careful with it."

The two boys crept quietly down the attic stairs and out through the dark kitchen. "It's all right," John whispered as

sounds of music came from the parlor, "they'll never know we've gone. When Papa plays the piano and Ma sings, neither of them can hear a thing."

Outside, the July evening was silver bright with moonlight. The boys hurried by the rows of small red brick houses on Orange Street and on past the courthouse on Center Square. As they neared the tall brick church with its towering steeple, Tiger Tee meowed and tried to escape.

"Steady, Tee, old boy," John comforted his pet. "You're doing this all for the cause of science. Your name might even go down in history."

Neeley snorted. Then they were at the church and Neeley unlocked the big white doors and swung them open. The rows of pews cast long, frightening shadows as the moonlight streamed in through the stained glass windows. At least, they looked frightening to John, who secretly was beginning to have a few doubts about Tiger Tee's safety. He wished now that he had made the parachute larger.

But Neeley was already opening the narrow door which led to the belfry. "Come on," he teased his lagging friend, "you getting chicken-livered or something?"

"Of course not." John took a deep breath to steady himself. "You just be careful with that parachute, that's all."

They climbed up and up the dark stairs until at last they reached the little bell tower high above the city of Lancaster.

A gentle breeze ruffled John's dark hair as he looked far down to the narrow streets and the stone-paved paths around the church. Unhappily he felt Tiger Tee clinging stiffly against his chest.

Then Neeley poked him. "Well, what are you waiting for? Here's your wonderful parachute," he said sarcastically.

"All right." John was surprised how calm he managed to sound. "You hold Tee while I rig it to him."

They held the squirming cat down on the stone ledge of the bell tower while John tied the umbrella-like affair around its body. Then he stood Tiger Tee on his hind legs and carefully adjusted the ox bladders.

"Well," said Neeley, "looks like we're all ready."

"Yes," said John in a hollow voice. "We're ready." But he made no move to drop the cat over the ledge. "This steeple —is kind of high up, isn't it?"

Neeley laughed. "That's right. It's high. *Now* let's see how your parachute works." With a quick movement he snatched Tee from John's hands and tossed him over the ledge.

There was a frightened *meow* as Tiger Tee plunged toward the ground. For the fraction of a second John made himself watch the cat twist and turn as it spun downward in the moonlight. Then it seemed to him that the parachute belled out, the ox bladders slanted upward, and Tiger Tee wasn't falling so fast. Well, he'd soon know. He rushed down

the bell-tower stairs. Neeley pounded along behind him.

All John could see when he got to the ground was the parachute with its gleaming ox bladders bouncing up and down in the moonlight. But underneath, old Tee was unhurt and trying to bite and scratch that strange harness off his body.

"Tee, you're safe!" He snatched up his pet, parachute and all, and hugged him joyfully. "You see, it worked, Neeley," he shouted in triumph, "my parachute worked. Now I don't have anything to worry about when I go up in my hydrogen balloon."

"Your hydrogen balloon," Neeley echoed in a startled tone. "I didn't know you had one."

"Oh, I don't yet," John said with a shrug. "But I will. It's not building the balloon that worries me so much. It's making the hydrogen gas to fill it."

Neeley shook his head in bewilderment. How could John Wise speak with such confidence about making and going up in a balloon when, except for the small balloons John himself had made, he had never even seen one?

Kites and Balloons

One spring day in 1831 Neeley Musser, a grown man now, walked slowly along South Queen Street in Lancaster, looking for the sign of Mr. Reifsnyder's shop. He came upon it suddenly—a little wooden shield with a picture of a table and a chest of drawers painted on it. Underneath were the words, "J. Reifsnyder, Cabinetmaker." He went in, his nostrils pinching at the odors of the new wood, the turpentine, and the lacquer.

From somewhere in the back of the store came the grind of sawing wood. Neeley headed that way. As he entered the back room a tall, thin young man with tousled dark hair stopped sawing and carefully measured the strip of wood he had cut. He did not notice his visitor.

"Hello, John," said Neeley.

John Wise whirled around. "Neeley, you rascal," he said affectionately. "What are you doing in Lancaster? I heard you'd been assigned to a new church in Philadelphia."

Neeley smiled. "Just home for a visit. It's several days until Sunday, you know." Much to no one's surprise, Neeley had become a preacher as his father expected him to.

"Say, John," Neeley looked for some place to sit that wasn't covered with wood dust, "how's about you coming to the Phantasmagoria with me at the Museum tonight? I hear they've got some wonderful pictures of Palestine."

John slowly put his ruler into the pocket of his leather apron. "I'd like to, Neeley," he said thoughtfully. "I like those magic lantern shows, and you know I'm interested in the Holy Land, but I can't. I'm saving every penny I can get hold of."

"Why?" asked Neeley with a teasing grin. "Thinking of getting married? I'll be happy to perform the ceremony free."

John's face took on a guarded look. So far he hadn't told anyone why he was saving his money, and for the present, he didn't feel like confiding in Neeley.

So he said only, "Nope, I'm not getting married, but I do need money. Lots of it. And one thing sure, old friend, I'll never make it as a cabinetmaker." He could say this in a loud voice because Mr. Reifsnyder had gone down to the Sign of

the Red Lion to see if his new shipment of walnut had come in on the Harrisburg stage.

Neeley stared at his friend curiously. It was John Wise, not Neeley Musser, he was thinking, who should have been the preacher. There was something about the intense, dark eyes which indicated a man who had a real purpose in life. Suddenly Neeley had the very strong feeling that this purpose of John Wise's, whatever it was, was worthwhile. Right then he decided that he would help his friend in any way he could. He would help him even if John's purpose turned out to be some nonsense about the balloons and kites he so often talked about.

"Well, John," Neeley said in an amused voice to cover up his serious thoughts, "if it's money you're after, why don't you come to Philadelphia and become a pianoforte maker? One of the men at the J. Loud Company told me yesterday that Mr. Loud is looking for two good men to help build the instruments. It pays well, and you'd be good at that sort of work. You always were skillful at building things, and besides, you've had four years training as a cabinetmaker."

"Me make pianofortes?" John repeated in a low voice. He suddenly remembered the night he and Neeley had dropped old Tiger Tee from the church steeple. Once again he could hear Papa in the parlor playing the old rosewood pianoforte with his work-blunted fingers. "Yes," he thought to himself,

"Papa would have liked me to make pianofortes. Papa loved them so." Aloud he said, "It's a good idea, Neeley. I'll take the stage to Philadelphia this week and see if Mr. Loud will take me on."

A few days later in Philadelphia Mr. Loud was glad to hire the tall, capable-looking young cabinetmaker from Lancaster. What appealed to him most, he said in later years, was the high character which shone on John Wise's face and the sincerity which was evident in his every look. Here, Mr. Loud felt, was a man who not only was intelligent and hard-working but who would never go back on his word.

Besides, he needed a good craftsman. In 1831 the pianoforte business was booming. Throughout the eastern part of our country the hardest struggle was over for many people. The forests had been cleared, and the farmers were prospering. Fine houses, schools, and churches stood everywhere. Great industries—shipping, iron, cotton, and wool manufacture—brought riches to their owners and steady jobs to thousands of Americans. Now for the first time many people had the leisure and the money to think of music and painting and literature. Girls from well-to-do families were given piano, singing, and art lessons. It became a mark of social distinction to have a piano in the parlor.

Naturally Mr. Loud wanted his new assistant to start work at once, but John felt he should wait until Mr. Reifsnyder

had found someone to take his place. When this was done he moved his few belongings to Philadelphia and began his job in the Loud piano factory. John did not disappoint his new employer. His particular job was building the rosewood and mahogany cases for the fine instruments. Before long he was known as one of the most skilled workmen in the place.

John Wise was something of a mystery to his fellow workers. When he was on the job, he talked and joked the same as anyone else, but after work he went off to some hill on the outskirts of Philadelphia and flew kites.

His kites appeared to have longer strings than anybody else's, and John seemed content to watch their duckings and whirlings for hours. Often he turned his kites loose and watched them carefully until they sailed out of sight. Some people thought this a strange way for a grown man to act, but no one ever accused John Wise of being "odd." His manner was too intelligent and sensible for that.

In the evening, bending close to his lamp, John read books on science, particularly books on pneumatics and hydrostatics, electricity and meteorology. He virtually memorized any material he found dealing with air currents and weather conditions. Every day he hunted through the English and German newspapers for any mention of balloons and balloonists. When he found something he copied the item into a large notebook he kept for the purpose.

John Wise didn't spend all his time alone, however, for he had at this time in Philadelphia three good friends: Neeley Musser, a pretty, gray-eyed girl named Margaret, and Professor J. K. Mitchell, who taught chemistry at the Franklin Institute.

It was to Professor Mitchell that John went with his questions about balloons. "How much lifting power, Professor," he asked one day, "how much lifting power would a balloon of any particular size possess? How much weight, for instance, would a balloon thirty feet in diameter be able to carry when it was filled with hydrogen? How much weight could a fifty-foot balloon carry, and so on?"

Professor Mitchell couldn't answer these questions because he didn't know himself, but he was able to check John Wise's mathematical calculations to see that they were right. John got his calculations mostly by building small balloons out of cotton cloth and then filling them with hydrogen gas which he had also had to make himself. When both the balloons and the gas were ready, he filled the balloons and then tested their lifting power with weights.

John knew from his reading that hydrogen gas was fourteen times lighter than ordinary air, and he soon figured out that every thousand cubic feet of hydrogen gas in a balloon would lift approximately seventy pounds of weight. He came to the conclusion that a balloon should be at least twenty feet

in diameter if it was safely to carry a man and all the balloon's equipment.

Building a balloon this size didn't sound so hard, but the chief difficulty was that in 1835 practically no one understood much about the upper atmosphere in general or about wind currents in particular. So even if a man built a perfect balloon, he really could not know just what would happen to it when it got up in the air.

John knew, of course, that the balloon would be blown about and somewhat supported by the wind. He understood that the air was like layers of wool piled upon each other. The bottom layer near the earth was the most tightly packed, or pressed together. But as one went higher and higher, each new layer would be more loosely packed, or thinner and lighter in its pressure.

Therefore, John Wise reasoned correctly, with less pressure from the air against the balloon, the hydrogen gas inside the bag would expand. As a result, the balloon would go higher and higher and get larger and larger until it burst from the pressure of the expanding hydrogen gas within the bag. That is, it would burst unless there was some way to let off the gas. When the gas was let off, through the valve, the balloon would sink. The valve was a little door made of cloth in the top of the balloon, and could be opened by pulling on a long rope which hung down in the car.

When the weight in the balloon's basket was lightened, naturally the balloon would rise. Since sand could be tossed overboard in small amounts, it offered a quick and easy way to regulate the load on the balloon. For this reason, aeronauts always carried sand for ballast.

This was about all that John Wise or any other man knew at the time about aeronautics, as the science of flight was first called. For the rest he had to grope his way in the dark. There was no book, and no person he knew, to tell him how to build a balloon, what to build it of, or how to fill it with hydrogen gas. Or most important of all, there was no one to tell him how to manage a balloon once it was in the air.

John Wise didn't even know anyone who had ever been up in a balloon. Although it had been fifty-two years since 1783 when Professors Charles and Roberts of France had made the first voyage in a hydrogen balloon, now in 1835 there were probably not more than two or three aeronauts in all America, and John Wise had never met any of them.

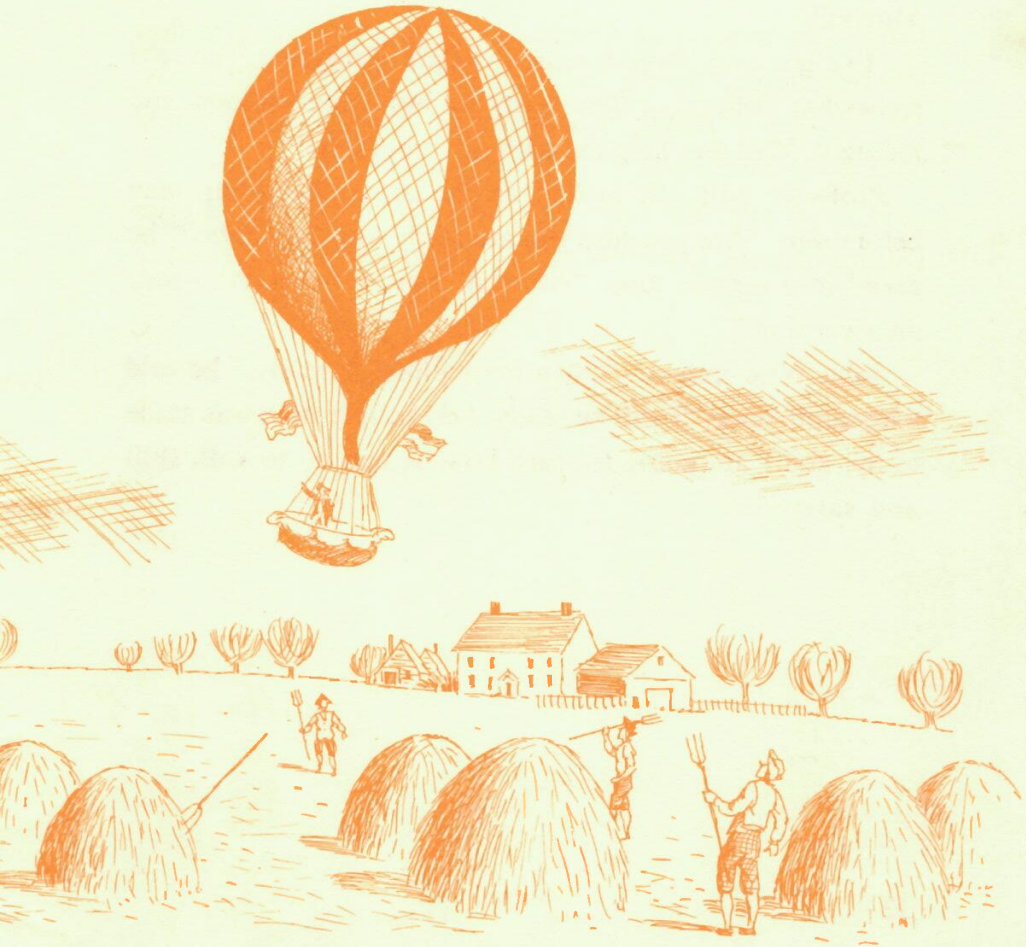
He had read of the French aeronaut Pierre Blanchard who ascended in his balloon from Independence Square in Philadelphia in 1793. Blanchard, waving French and American flags, had soared to the skies in the presence of George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, and John Adams. But later, when Blanchard's balloon came to earth some fifteen miles away in New Jersey, frightened farmers rushed at him with

pitchforks. The Frenchman was saved only by showing the farmers his passport of safety from President George Washington himself.

The farmers threatened Blanchard because in 1793 many people were afraid of anything which seemed so unnatural as a man sailing through the clouds. And thirty-seven years later in 1830 when the first American aeronaut, Charles Durant, went up from Castle Garden, New York, and flew for two hours, people still shook their heads dubiously. "Man," they declared, "was not meant to fly, or God would have given him wings."

It was a pity that John Wise could not have met Charles Durant because Durant was—like John Wise—interested in

the scientific side of ballooning. But Charles Durant grew discouraged at the great cost of building and inflating his own air machines. He grew tired of always having to argue about whether or not men could fly. In 1834, four years after his first flight, he gave up ballooning altogether.



When John Wise heard that Charles Durant had given up ballooning, he shook his head sadly. "I shall not be discouraged," he resolved, although, of course, getting money for his experiments was a problem. But one day he counted up the savings from his wages as a pianoforte maker. Then he walked over to the Franklin Institute to see Professor Mitchell.

"I've got over three hundred dollars, Professor," he said somewhat defiantly. "I'm ready to build my balloon and inflate it. Will you help me with my first flight?"

Professor Mitchell looked at the tall, calm young man before him. "Are you sure you are ready to go up, John?" he asked in a serious tone. "After all, you've never even seen an ascension."

John Wise smiled. "When my balloon is ready," he said with confidence, "I will be ready. I *do* believe man was made to fly, and I am going to learn how he can do so with skill and safety."

On one of John Wise's early flights, his balloon exploded three miles above the earth! On another, the hydrogen gas within the balloon caught fire! There was no one to teach John about ballooning. He had to learn it all the hard way.

You may finish this exciting story in Esther M. Douty's book *Ball in the Sky* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1956).

You may also want to read:

Flights That Made History
by David C. Cooke (G. P. Putnam's, 1961)

The Golden Book of Aviation
by John Lewellen and Irwin Shapiro (Golden Press, 1959)

The Wright Brothers
by Quentin Reynolds (Random House, 1950)

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Remarkable
Pippi
Four Stories from
Pippi Longstocking
Astrid
Lindgren

REMARKABLE PIPPI

Four Stories from Pippi Longstocking

by Astrid Lindgren

Pippi was a remarkable child. She lived all alone in a house on the edge of town. Well, not quite alone. A horse and a monkey lived there too. The important thing was that she had no mother or father to tell her to go to school or to bed and things like that.

Another remarkable thing about Pippi was that she was so strong. In all the world there was not a policeman as strong as she. This was very handy when she wanted to lift the horse off the porch so she could drink her afternoon coffee there.

Pippi's motto was: "Don't worry about me. I'll always come out on top." And she always did!

Remarkable Pippi

Four Stories from Pippi Longstocking

by ASTRID LINDGREN

Illustrated by Betty Fraser

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1

PIPPI MOVES INTO VILLA VILLEKULLA

Way out at the end of a tiny little town was an old over grown garden, and in the garden was an old house, and in the house lived Pippi Longstocking. She was nine years old, and she lived there all alone. She had no mother and no father, and that was of course very nice because there was no one to tell her to go to bed just when she was having the most fun, and no one could make her take cod liver oil when she much preferred caramel candy.

Once upon a time Pippi had had a father of whom she was extremely fond. Naturally she had had a mother too, but that was so long ago that Pippi didn't remember her at all. Her mother had died when Pippi was just

a tiny baby and lay in a cradle and howled so that nobody could go anywhere near her. Pippi was sure that her mother was now up in Heaven, watching her little girl through a peephole in the sky, and Pippi often waved up at her and called, "Don't you worry about me. I'll always come out on top."

Her father Pippi had not forgotten. He was a sea captain who sailed on the great ocean, and Pippi had sailed with him in his ship until one day her father blew overboard in a storm and disappeared. But Pippi was absolutely certain that he would come back. She would never believe that he had drowned; she was sure he had floated until he landed on an island inhabited by cannibals. And she thought he had become the king of all the cannibals and went around with a golden crown on his head all day long.

"My papa is a cannibal king; it certainly isn't every child who has such a stylish papa," Pippi used to say with satisfaction. "And as soon as my papa has built himself a boat he will come and get me, and I'll be a cannibal princess. Heigh-ho, won't that be exciting?"

Her father had bought the old house in the garden many years ago. He thought he would live there with Pippi when he grew old and couldn't sail the seas any

longer. And then this annoying thing had to happen, that he blew into the ocean, and while Pippi was waiting for him to come back she went straight home to Villa Villekulla. That was the name of the house. It stood there ready and waiting for her. One lovely summer evening she had said good-by to all the sailors on her father's boat. They were all so fond of Pippi, and she of them.

"So long, boys," she said and kissed each one on the forehead. "Don't you worry about me. I'll always come out on top."

Two things she took with her from the ship: a little monkey whose name was Mr. Nilsson—he was a present from her father—and a big suitcase full of gold pieces. The sailors stood up on the deck and watched as long as they could see her. She walked straight ahead without looking back at all, with Mr. Nilsson on her shoulder and her suitcase in her hand.

"A remarkable child," said one of the sailors as Pippi disappeared in the distance.

He was right. Pippi was indeed a remarkable child. The most remarkable thing about her was that she was so strong. She was so very strong that in the whole wide world there was not a single police officer who was as

strong as she. Why, she could lift a whole horse if she wanted to! And she wanted to.

She had a horse of her own that she had bought with one of her many gold pieces the day she came home to Villa Villekulla. She had always longed for a horse, and now here he was living on the porch. When Pippi wanted to drink her afternoon coffee there, she simply lifted him down into the garden.

Beside Villa Villekulla was another garden and another house. In that house lived a father and mother and two charming children, a boy and a girl. The boy's name was Tommy and the girl's Annika. They were good, well brought up, and obedient children. Tommy would never think of biting his nails, and he always did exactly what his mother told him to do. Annika never fussed when she didn't get her own way, and she always looked so pretty in her little well-ironed cotton dresses; she took the greatest care not to get them dirty.

Tommy and Annika played nicely with each other in their garden, but they had often wished for a playmate. While Pippi was still sailing on the ocean with her father, they often used to hang over the fence and say to each other, "Isn't it silly that nobody ever moves into that house. Somebody ought to live there—somebody with children."

2

PIPPI MEETS HER NEIGHBORS

On that lovely summer evening when Pippi for the first time stepped over the threshold of Villa Villekulla, Tommy and Annika were not at home. They had gone to visit their grandmother for a week; and so they had no idea that anybody had moved into the house next door. On the first day after they came home again they stood by the gate, looking out onto the street, and even then they didn't know that there actually was a playmate so near.

Just as they were standing there considering what they should do and wondering whether anything exciting was likely to happen or whether it was going to be one of those dull days when they couldn't think of

anything to play—just then the gate of Villa Villekulla opened and a little girl stepped out. She was the most remarkable girl Tommy and Annika had ever seen. She was Miss Pippi Longstocking out for her morning promenade. This is the way she looked:

Her hair, the color of a carrot, was braided in two tight braids that stuck straight out. Her nose was the shape of a very small potato and was dotted all over with freckles. It must be admitted that the mouth under this nose was a very wide one, with strong white teeth. Her dress was rather unusual. Pippi herself had made it. She had meant it to be blue, but there wasn't quite enough blue cloth, so Pippi had sewed little red pieces on it here and there. On her long thin legs she wore a pair of long stockings, one brown and the other black; and she had on a pair of black shoes that were exactly twice as long as her feet. These shoes her father had bought for her in South America so that Pippi should have something to grow into, and she never wanted to wear any others.

But the thing that made Tommy and Annika open their eyes widest of all was the monkey sitting on the strange girl's shoulder. It was a little monkey, dressed in blue pants, yellow jacket, and a white straw hat.

Pippi walked along the street with one foot on the sidewalk and the other in the gutter. Tommy and Annika watched as long as they could see her. In a little while she came back, and now she was walking backward. That was because she didn't want to turn around to get home. When she reached Tommy's and Annika's gate she stopped.

The children looked at each other in silence. At last Tommy spoke. "Why did you walk backward?"

"Why did I walk backward?" said Pippi. "Isn't this a free country? Can't a person walk any way he wants to?

For that matter, let me tell you that in Egypt everybody walks that way, and nobody thinks it's the least bit strange."

"How do you know?" asked Tommy. "You've never been in Egypt, have you?"

"I've never been in Egypt? Indeed I have. That's one thing you can be sure of. I have been all over the world and seen many things stranger than people walking backward. I wonder what you would have said if I had come along walking on my hands the way they do in Farthest India."

"Now you must be lying," said Tommy.

Pippi thought a moment. "You're right," she said sadly, "I am lying."

"It's wicked to lie," said Annika, who had at last gathered up enough courage to speak.

"Yes, it's very wicked to lie," said Pippi even more sadly. "But I forget it now and then. And how can you expect a little child whose mother is an angel and whose father is king of a cannibal island and who herself has sailed on the ocean all her life—how can you expect her to tell the truth always?

"And for that matter," she continued, her whole freckled face lighting up, "let me tell you that in the Congo there is not a single person who tells the truth. They lie all day long. Begin at seven in the morning and keep on until sundown. So if I should happen to lie now and then, you must try to excuse me and to remember that it is only because I stayed in the Congo a little too long. We can be friends anyway, can't we?"

"Oh, sure," said Tommy and realized suddenly that this was not going to be one of those dull days.

"By the way, why couldn't you come and have breakfast with me?" asked Pippi.

"Why not?" said Tommy. "Come on, let's go."

"Oh, yes, let's," said Annika.

"But first I must introduce you to Mr. Nilsson," said Pippi, and the little monkey took off his cap and bowed politely.

Then they all went in through Villa Villekulla's tumbledown garden gate, along the gravel path, bordered with old moss-covered trees—really good climbing trees they seemed to be—up to the house, and on to the porch. There stood the horse, munching oats out of a soup bowl.

"Why do you have a horse on the porch?" asked Tommy. All horses he knew lived in stables.

"Well," said Pippi thoughtfully, "he'd be in the way in the kitchen, and he doesn't like the parlor."

Tommy and Annika patted the horse and then went on into the house. It had a kitchen, a parlor, and a bedroom. But it certainly looked as if Pippi had forgotten to do her Friday cleaning that week. Tommy and Annika looked around cautiously just in case the King of the Cannibal Isles might be sitting in a corner somewhere. They had never seen a cannibal king in all their lives. But there was no father to be seen, nor any mother either.

Annika said anxiously, "Do you live here all alone?"

"Of course not!" said Pippi. "Mr. Nilsson and the horse live here too."

"Yes, but I mean, don't you have any mother or father here?"

"No, not the least little tiny bit of a one," said Pippi happily.

"But who tells you when to go to bed at night and things like that?" asked Annika.

"I tell myself," said Pippi. "First I tell myself in a nice friendly way; and then, if I don't mind, I tell myself again more sharply; and if I still don't mind, then I'm in for a spanking—see?"

Tommy and Annika didn't see at all, but they thought maybe it was a good way. Meanwhile they had come out into the kitchen and Pippi cried:

"Now we're going to make a pancake,
Now there's going to be a pankee,
Now we're going to fry a pankye."

Then she took three eggs and threw them up in the air. One fell down on her head and broke so that the yolk ran into her eyes, but the others she caught skillfully in a bowl, where they smashed to pieces.

"I always did hear that egg yolk was good for the

hair," said Pippi, wiping her eyes. "You wait and see—mine will soon begin to grow so fast it crackles. As a matter of fact, in Brazil all the people go about with eggs in their hair. And there are no bald-headed people. Only once was there a man who was so foolish that he ate his eggs instead of rubbing them on his hair. He became completely bald-headed, and when he showed himself on the street there was such a riot that the radio police were called out."

While she was speaking Pippi had neatly picked the eggshells out of the bowl with her fingers. Now she took a bath brush that hung on the wall and began to beat the pancake batter so hard that it splashed all over the walls. At last she poured what was left onto a griddle that stood on the stove.

When the pancake was brown on one side she tossed it halfway up to the ceiling, so that it turned right around in the air, and then she caught it on the griddle again. And when it was ready she threw it straight across the kitchen right onto a plate that stood on the table.

"Eat!" she cried. "Eat before it gets cold!"

And Tommy and Annika ate and thought it a very good pancake.

Afterward Pippi invited them to step into the parlor. There was only one piece of furniture in there. It was a huge chest with many tiny drawers.

Pippi opened the drawers and showed Tommy and Annika all the treasures she kept there. There were wonderful birds' eggs, strange shells and stones, pretty little boxes, lovely silver mirrors, pearl necklaces, and many other things that Pippi and her father had bought on their journeys around the world. Pippi gave each of her new playmates a little gift to remember her by. Tommy got a dagger with a shimmering mother-of-pearl handle, and Annika a little box with a cover decorated with pink shells. In the box there was a ring with a green stone.

"Suppose you go home now," said Pippi, "so that you can come back tomorrow. Because if you don't go home you can't come back, and that would be a shame."

Tommy and Annika agreed that it would indeed. So they went home—past the horse, who had now eaten up all the oats, and out through the gate of Villa Villekulla. Mr. Nilsson waved his hat at them as they left.

3

PIPPI IS A THING-FINDER

Annika woke up early the next morning. She jumped out of bed and ran over to Tommy.

"Wake up, Tommy," she cried, pulling him by the arm, "wake up and let's go and see that funny girl with the big shoes."

Tommy was wide awake in an instant.

"I knew, even while I was sleeping, that something exciting was going to happen today, but I didn't remember what it was," he said as he yanked off his pajama jacket. Off they went to the bathroom; washed themselves and brushed their teeth much faster than usual; had their clothes on in a twinkling; and a whole hour be-

fore their mother expected them came sliding down the bannister and landed at the breakfast table. Down they sat and announced that they wanted their hot chocolate right off that very moment.

"What's going to happen today that you're in such a hurry?" asked their mother.

"We're going to see the new girl next door," said Tommy.

"We may stay all day," said Annika.

That morning Pippi was busy making *pepparkakor* —that's a kind of Swedish cooky. She had made an enormous amount of dough and rolled it out on the kitchen floor.

"Because," said Pippi to her little monkey, "what earthly use is a baking board when one plans to make at least five hundred cookies?"

And there she lay on the floor, cutting out cooky hearts for dear life.

"Stop climbing around in the dough, Mr. Nilsson," she said crossly just as the doorbell rang.

Pippi ran and opened the door. She was white as a miller from top to toe, and when she shook hands heartily with Tommy and Annika a whole cloud of flour blew over them.

"So nice you called," she said, and shook her apron—so there came another cloud of flour. Tommy and Annika got so much in their throats that they could not help coughing.

"What are you doing?" asked Tommy.

"Well, if I say that I'm sweeping the chimney you won't believe me, you're so clever," said Pippi. "Fact is, I'm baking. But I'll soon be done. You can sit on the woodbox for a while."

Pippi could work fast, she could. Tommy and Annika sat and watched how she went through the dough, how she threw the cookies onto the cooky pans, and swung the pans into the oven. They thought it was as good as a circus.

"Done!" said Pippi at last and shut the oven door on the last pans with a bang.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Tommy.

"I don't know what you are going to do," said Pippi, "but I know I can't lie around and be lazy. I am a Thing-finder, and when you're a Thing-finder you don't have a minute to spare."

"What did you say you are?" asked Annika.

"A Thing-finder."

"What's that?" asked Tommy.

"Somebody who hunts for things, naturally. What else could it be?" said Pippi as she swept all the flour left on the floor into a little pile.

"The whole world is full of things, and somebody has to look for them. And that's just what a Thing-finder does," she finished.

"What kind of things?" asked Annika.

"Oh, all kinds," said Pippi. "Lumps of gold, ostrich feathers, dead rats, candy snapcrackers, and little tiny screws, and things like that."

Tommy and Annika thought it sounded as if it would be fun and wanted very much to be Thing-finders too, although Tommy did say he hoped he'd find a lump of gold and not a little tiny screw.

"We shall see what we shall see," said Pippi. "One always finds something. But we've got to hurry up and get going so that other Thing-finders don't pick up all the lumps of gold around here before we get them."

All three Thing-finders now set out. They decided that it would be best to begin hunting around the houses in the neighborhood, because Pippi said that although it could perfectly well happen that one might find a little screw deep in the woods, still the very best things were usually found where people were living.

"Though, for that matter," she said, "I've seen it the other way around too. I remember once when I was out hunting for things in the jungles of Borneo. Right in the heart of the forest, where no human being had ever before set foot, what do you suppose I found? Why, a very fine wooden leg! I gave it away later to a one-legged old man, and he said that a wooden leg like that wasn't to be had for love nor money."

Tommy and Annika looked at Pippi to see just how a Thing-finder acted. Pippi ran from one side of the road to the other, shaded her eyes with her hands, and hunted and hunted. Sometimes she crawled about on her hands and knees, stuck her hands in between the pickets of a fence, and then said in a disappointed tone, "Oh, dear! I was sure I saw a lump of gold."

"May we really take everything we find?" asked Annika.

"Yes, everything that is lying on the ground," said Pippi.

Presently they came to an old man lying asleep on the lawn outside his cottage.

"There," said Pippi, "that man is lying on the ground and we have found him. We'll take him!"

Tommy and Annika were utterly terrified.

"No, no, Pippi, we can't take an old gentleman. We couldn't possibly," said Tommy. "Anyway, whatever would we do with him?"

"What would we do with him? Oh, there are plenty of things we could do with him. We could keep him in a little rabbit hutch instead of a rabbit and feed him on dandelions. But if you don't want to, I don't care. Though it does bother me to think that some other Thing-finder may come along and grab him."

They went on. Suddenly Pippi gave a terrific yell. "Well, I never saw the like," she cried, and picked up from the grass a rusty old tin can. "What a find! What a find! Cans—that's something you can never have too many of."

Tommy looked at the can doubtfully. "What can you use it for?"

"Oh, you can use it in all sorts of ways," said Pippi. "One way is to put cookies in it. Then it becomes a delightful Jar with Cookies. Another way is not to put cookies in it. Then it becomes a Jar without Cookies. That certainly isn't quite so delightful, but still that's good too."

She examined the can, which was indeed rusty and had a hole in the bottom.

"It looks almost as if this were a Jar without Cookies," she said thoughtfully. "But you can put it over your head and pretend that it is midnight."

And that is just what she did. With the can on her head she wandered around the block like a little metal tower and never stopped until she stumbled over a low wire fence and fell flat on her stomach. There was a big crash when the tin can hit the ground.

"Now, see that!" said Pippi and took off the can. "If I hadn't had this thing on me, I'd have fallen flat on my face and hurt myself terribly."

"Yes," said Annika, "but if you had not had the can on your head, then you wouldn't have tripped on the wire fence in the first place."

Before she had finished speaking there was another triumphant cry from Pippi, who was holding up an empty spool of thread.

"This seems to be my lucky day," she said. "Such a sweet, sweet little spool to blow soap bubbles with or to hang around my neck for a necklace. I'll go home and make one this very minute."

4

PIPPI COMES OUT ON TOP

Just at that moment the gate of one of the cottages nearby opened and a boy came rushing out. He looked scared, and that was no wonder, because head over heels after him came five other boys. They soon caught him and pushed him against the fence, and all five began to punch and hit him. He cried and held his arms in front of his face to protect himself.

"Give it to him!" Give it to him!" cried the oldest and strongest of the boys, "so that he will never dare to show himself on this street again."

"Oh," said Annika, "it's Willie they're hurting. Oh, how can they be so mean?"

"It's that awful Bengt. He's always in a fight," said Tommy. "And five against one—what cowards!"

Pippi went up to the boys and tapped Bengt on the back with her forefinger. "Hello, there," she said. "What's the idea? Are you trying to make hash out of little Willie with all five of you jumping on him?"

Bengt turned around and saw a little girl he had never seen before: a wild-looking little stranger who dared to touch him. For a while he stood and gaped at her in astonishment; then a broad grin spread over his face. "Boys," he said, "boys, let Willie alone and take a look at this girl. What a babe!"

He slapped his knees and laughed, and in an instant they had all flocked around Pippi, all except Willie, who wiped away his tears and walked cautiously over to stand beside Tommy.

"Have you ever seen hair like hers? Red as fire! And such shoes," Bengt continued. "Can't I borrow one? I'd like to go out rowing and I haven't any boat." He took hold of one of Pippi's braids but dropped it instantly and cried, "Ouch, I burned myself."

Then all five boys joined hands around Pippi jumping up and down and screaming, "Redhead! Redhead!"

Pippi stood in the middle of the ring and smiled in the

friendliest way. Bengt had hoped she would get mad and begin to cry. At least she ought to have looked scared. When nothing happened he gave her a push.

"I don't think you have a very nice way with ladies," said Pippi. And she lifted him in her strong arms—high in the air—and carried him to a birch tree and hung him over a branch. Then she took the next boy and hung him over another branch. The next one she set on a gatepost outside a cottage, and the next she threw right over a fence so that he landed in a flower bed. The last of the fighters she put in a tiny toy cart that stood by the road. Then Pippi, Tommy, Annika, and Willie stood and looked at the boys for a while. The boys were absolutely speechless with fright.

And Pippi said, "You are cowards. Five of you attack one boy. That's cowardly. Then you begin to push a helpless little girl around. Oh, how mean!

"Come now, we'll go home," she said to Tommy and Annika. And to Willie, "If they try to hurt you again, you come and tell me." And to Bengt, who sat up in the tree and didn't dare to stir, she said, "Is there anything else you have to say about my hair or my shoes? If so, you'd better say it now before I go home."

But Bengt had nothing more to say about Pippi's

shoes, or about her hair either. So Pippi took her can in one hand and her spool in the other and went away, followed by Tommy and Annika.

When they were back home in Pippi's garden Pippi said, "Dear me, how awful! Here I found two beautiful things and you didn't get anything. You must hunt a little more. Tommy, why don't you look in that old hollow tree? Old trees are usually about the best places of all for Thing-finders."

Tommy said that he didn't believe he and Annika would ever find anything, but to please Pippi he put his hand slowly down into the hollow tree trunk.

"Goodness!" he cried, utterly amazed, and pulled out his hand. In it he held a little notebook with a leather cover. In a special loop there was a little silver pencil.

"Well, that's queer," said Tommy.

"Now, see that!" said Pippi. "There's nothing so nice as being a Thing-finder. It's a wonder there aren't more people that take it up. They'll be tailors and shoemakers and chimney sweeps, and such like—but Thing-finders, no indeed, that isn't good enough for them!"

And then she said to Annika, "Why don't you feel in that old tree stump? One practically always finds things in old tree stumps."

Annika stuck her hand down in the stump and almost immediately got hold of a red coral necklace. She and Tommy stood open-mouthed for a long time, they were so astonished. They thought that hereafter they would be Thing-finders every single day.

Pippi had been up half the night before, playing ball, and now she suddenly felt sleepy. "I think I'll have to go and take a nap," she said. "Can't you come with me and tuck me in?"

When Pippi was sitting on the edge of the bed, taking off her shoes, she looked at them thoughtfully and said, "He was going out rowing, he said, that old Bengt." She snorted disdainfully. "I'll teach him to row, indeed I will. Another time."

"Say, Pippi," said Tommy respectfully, "why do you wear such big shoes?"

"So I can wiggle my toes, of course," she answered.

Then she crept into bed. She always slept with her feet on the pillow and her head way down under the quilt.

"That's the way they sleep in Guatemala," she announced. "And it's the only real way to sleep. See, like this, I can wiggle my toes when I'm sleeping too.

"Can you go to sleep without a lullaby?" she went on.

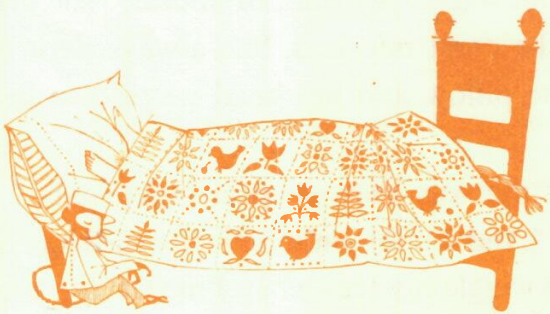
"I always have to sing to myself for a while; otherwise I can't sleep a wink."

Tommy and Annika heard a humming sound under the quilt; it was Pippi singing herself to sleep. Quietly and cautiously they tiptoed out so that they would not disturb her. In the doorway they turned to take a last look toward the bed. They could see nothing of Pippi except her feet resting on the pillow. There she lay, wiggling her toes emphatically.

Tommy and Annika ran home. Annika held her coral necklace tightly in her hand.

"That certainly was queer," she said. "Tommy, you don't suppose—*do* you suppose that Pippi had put these things in place beforehand?"

"You never can tell," said Tommy. "You just never can tell about anything when it comes to Pippi."



It wasn't long before people in the town where Pippi lived decided that she should go to school. Pippi didn't agree. Two policemen were sent to the house of this strange girl who lived with a horse and a monkey. But the policemen didn't know how strong Pippi was. If you like books full of laughter, read *Pippi Longstocking* by Astrid Lindgren (Viking Press, 1950).

You may also want to read:

The Mountain Door
by Rosalie Fry (E. P. Dutton, 1961)

The Children of Green Knowe
by L. M. Boston (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1955)

The Hundred and One Dalmatians
by Dodie Smith (Viking Press, 1957)

Castaways in Lilliput
by Henry Winterfeld (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1960)

The Well-Wishers
by Edward Eager (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1960)

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NORTHWEST ADVENTURE

Jerry Seibert

NORTHWEST ADVENTURE

by Jerry Seibert

The Lewis and Clark Expedition was one of the most exciting journeys of exploration ever made in America. It was the first time that Americans had crossed overland to the Pacific Coast.

This is the story of the first stage of that journey—the three-thousand-mile trip up the Missouri River to the land of the "Shining Mountains." And it is the story of Sacajawea, the young Indian girl who guided the little band through the wilderness of the Northwest.

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NORTHWEST ADVENTURE

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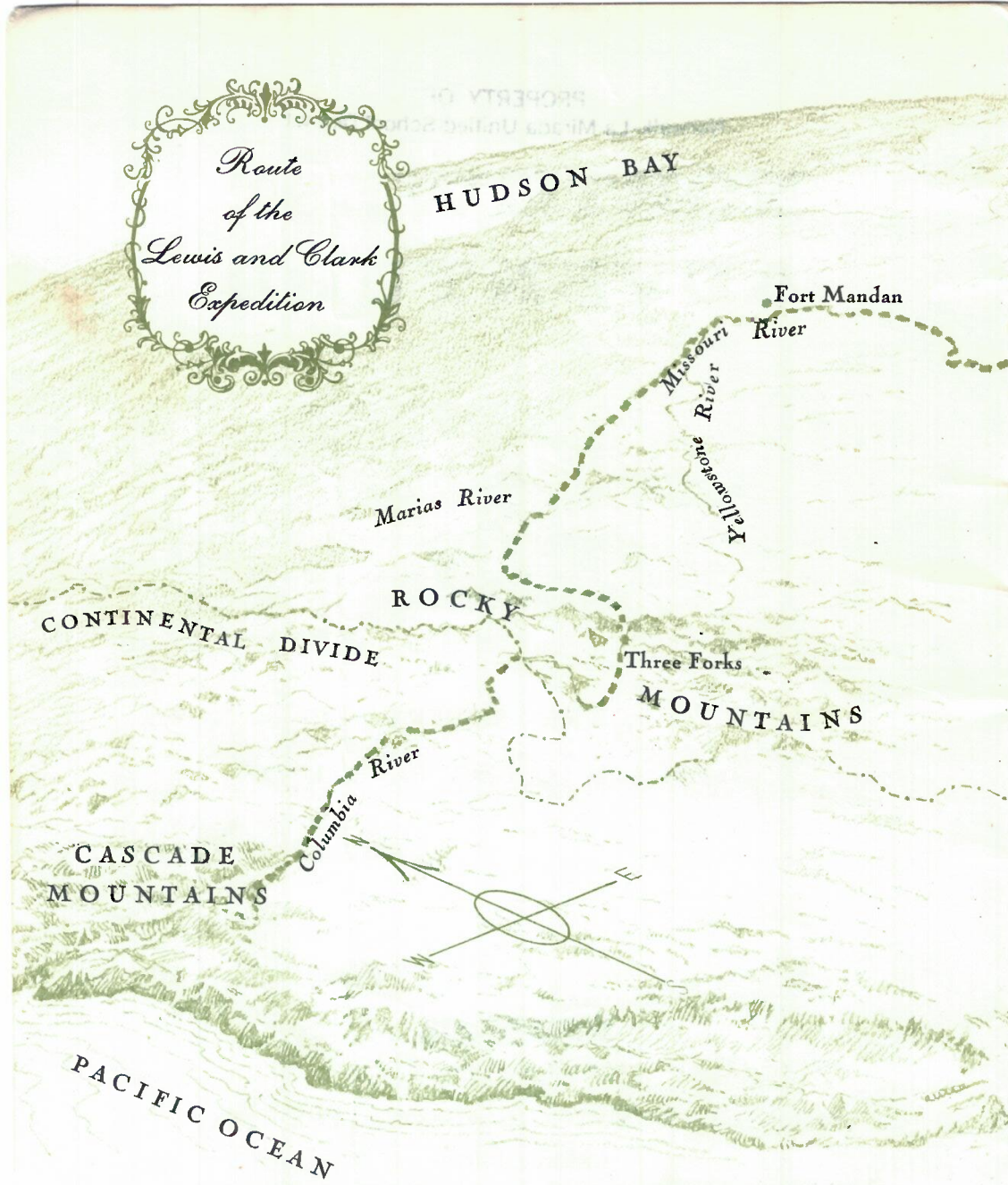

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The Quest of Lewis and Clark

It was March 4, 1801. Thomas Jefferson was being inaugurated as the third President of the United States.

He was a man who looked far into the future. He believed the new little United States must have plenty of room to grow. But England, France, and Spain owned most of the land in North America. The United States must act quickly, or it would be squeezed forever into a small strip along the eastern seaboard.

France owned a great tract of land west of the Mississippi River called Louisiana. Two years after Jefferson's

inauguration, the United States bought this territory for $15,000,000. Most of it was still unexplored. Jefferson asked Congress to send an expedition to explore the unknown wilderness beyond the Mississippi.

There were secret reasons for the expedition which only a trusted few could know.

Many people still believed in the old dream of a short trade route to the Orient. They were sure there must be a way to cross North America by water. If this route could be found, American ships would not have to make the long voyage around Cape Horn.

But there was another reason—the most important of all. In 1792, Captain Robert Gray had sailed up the Pacific Coast and into a great river which he named the Columbia, after his staunch ship.

According to the laws of nations, this voyage gave the United States claim to the whole Columbia River basin. But the British did not want the United States to have any land on the Pacific Coast. They, too, claimed the Columbia. They said no American ship had entered the river.

If Americans could find the source of the Columbia, and travel down the river to the Pacific Ocean before the British did, the Columbia River basin would belong to the United States.

The British were already searching for the source of the Columbia. There was no time to be lost.

Many geographers thought the eastward-flowing Missouri River and the westward-flowing Columbia started

at almost the same spot. So the expedition would travel up the Missouri to find the source of the Columbia. This might even be the short way to the Orient they were searching for.

The leader of such an expedition could not be an ordinary man. He must be trustworthy and loyal; brave, but not reckless; quick-thinking, but cool-headed. He must be firm and determined, but still patient and kind. He must be well educated, to take care of scientific matters. But he must also know how to live in the wilderness.

President Jefferson knew just the right man. When Meriwether Lewis was a boy, he had lived near the President's home in Virginia. Even then he had dreamed of exploring the wilderness beyond the Mississippi. When he grew up, he joined the army and rose to the rank of captain. When Mr. Jefferson became President, he appointed him his secretary. They spent many hours together planning the expedition.

They agreed that such a dangerous venture must have two leaders. If something happened to one, the other could carry on.

Lewis chose red-headed William Clark. They had been boyhood friends. Later they had served in the same army company. They were a tall, handsome pair, gallant officers and gentlemen. Both were brilliant men and fine leaders, expert marksmen and horsemen. Both had spent much time in the wilderness. They were different in many ways, but they worked together perfectly. Never, in all their lives, did they have the slightest misunderstanding.

Lewis was quiet, a dreamer and planner, but with the iron will to carry his plans through. Once he dreamed of a goal he never stopped until he reached it.

He loved fine clothes. His ruffled and gold-braided dress uniforms, and his plumed, cocked hats were his greatest pride. His black hair was cut in the latest style.

He was the scientific specialist. He also planned and bought the supplies.

Lively, broad-shouldered Clark wore his hair in an old-fashioned style. He had merry blue eyes and a kind heart. He was full of energy and bounce. He laughed and joked and said what he thought—firmly. He liked Indians and knew how to deal with them.

Clark was such a fine geographer it sometimes seemed that he must have a compass built inside his head.

Many members of Congress believed the expedition a foolish waste of money. "What do we want with a wilderness beyond the Mississippi?" they grumbled. But at last they grudgingly gave them $2,500 for all expenses.

Captain Lewis had to be a careful shopper to stretch the money to cover everything they needed. He bought sugar, tea, flour, cornmeal, bacon, salt pork, salt and pepper, and portable (dried) soup.

He bought tools, weapons, and scientific instruments.

The Indians did not use money. They traded goods. For trading, and gifts to the Indians, Lewis bought beads, paint, mirrors, tinkling bells, and ribbons. He bought needles, red cloth, brass kettles, and flags. As special gifts for chiefs he bought bronze "peace" medals. These had

President Jefferson's head on one side. On the other side were two hands clasped above a peace pipe.

The expedition could not afford to take a doctor, so Lewis bought simple medicines.

Finally he bought a bateau *(bah toh́)*, a river barge, which took twenty-two men to row. With its big, square sail it looked like the Vikings' "dragon boats."

The party arrived at the mouth of the Missouri in December. They could not travel up the river until spring. They built a winter camp across the river from St. Louis. There the men drilled, hunted, and built two pirogues *(pih́ rohgs)*, big, flat-bottomed rowboats with sails. One was painted white and the other red.

Trappers and traders often stopped at the camp. None of them had been very far up the Missouri, but they all told tall tales of what was in the wilderness.

"There's a whole range of rock salt mountains," said one. "The Shining Mountains, the Indians call them."

"Salt, nothin'," said another. "Those mountains are pure crystal. When the sun hits them they glitter and glare enough to blind a man."

"Indians ten feet tall live in them," said another. "Cannibals, most likely. The other Indians keep their distance from those Shining Mountains. Yes, siree!"

They all agreed that there was a volcano somewhere in the wilderness, and monsters so tall that they bent down to eat the treetops.

No one knew what the truth really was. The expedition was going to find out.

The Captains had picked their men carefully. They were all members of the United States Army while they were with the expedition. Some, like Sergeants Ordway and Pryor, were army regulars who had volunteered for this duty.

Some, like John Colter and the Fields brothers, Joseph and Reuben, were frontiersmen.

Drewyer was a hunter, scout, and interpreter. He knew the speech of many Indian tribes, and the Indian sign language which all the Plains tribes understood.

Cruzatte was a French voyageur (*vwah´ yah´ zhur),* or riverman. His one good eye read the meaning of every ripple in the water. Around the campfires he coaxed rollicking, toe-teasing tunes from his homemade fiddle.

York, Clark's Negro servant, was as cheerful and lively as Clark. He was a huge man with mighty muscles. But he was light as thistledown when he danced to Cruzatte's fiddle, as he loved to do.

Scannon, Lewis' large Newfoundland dog, was the mascot.

On May 14, 1804, the expedition started up the Missouri. The pirogues went first. Then came the bateau. Her white sail puffed out in the prairie wind. The American flag, proudly flaunting its seventeen stars, flew from the mast.

Cruzatte started a lively song. The men sang loud and strong. Their flashing oars kept time. Adventure was just ahead. . . .

Throughout the spring, and the choking-hot prairie summer, the men rowed, pushed, and pulled their boats up the twisting river. They grew lean and tough-muscled and as brown as the muddy Missouri. They learned to think and act as a team.

President Jefferson had asked the Captains to keep a careful record of their journey. They wrote in their journals every day. They told what had happened. They described the country and everything that was new and strange to them. Neither was good at spelling, but Clark used the most imagination. He often spelled a word six different ways without once finding the right one.

They stopped several times to hold councils with the Indians. It was part of their job to make friends with the tribes they met and tell them the United States now owned the land.

The warlike Sioux tried to scare them, but they soon found these men could not be bluffed. The Captains warned them sternly that the Great Father in Washington wished his children to live in peace together.

As they went on, the days grew shorter. Vee-shaped flocks of birds flew south. At night, ice formed on still water. Short snowstorms whirled from gray clouds. It was time to think of a winter camp.

Into the Unknown

Late in October the expedition reached the country of the Mandans, a peaceful tribe who made war only on those who attacked them.

The Mandans had heard of the white men coming up the river in their great white-winged canoes. When the boats stopped, Black Cat, the grand chief, came to greet them. He invited the Captains to dinner in his lodge.

The others strolled through the village. They had never seen anything like the huge Mandan lodges. Several families, along with their best horses, lived in each one.

They had never seen boats like the Mandans' pot-shaped bullboats either. They were made of buffalo hide stretched over a round willow frame. They were so light a squaw could carry one on her head.

The Mandans were just as curious about the strangers.

They stared at York in open-mouthed wonder. Here was a mighty man whose skin was not red, not white, but still a different color. This could not be! He must be painted!

Fun-loving York grinned and let them rub his skin to see if the color would come off.

"Tell them I'm a wild monster Captain Clark tamed," he said to Drewyer. With an earth-shaking roar he grabbed Cruzatte and pretended he was going to eat him.

Such chills and thrills! Such shouts and yells! Such an uproar! The Captains rushed out to see what was going on.

York dropped Cruzatte. They tried to look as innocent as the babies in their cradleboards.

"Don't be *quite* so ferocious," said Clark, trying not to laugh. "You might really frighten our friends, the Mandans. Why not dance for them, instead?"

Cruzatte struck up a lively tune, and the men danced. The Mandans had never heard such merry music nor seen such dancing. The men had never had such a delighted audience. They did Irish jigs and Scottish reels. They leaped into the air and cracked their heels. York did a cakewalk, and a buck and wing. He danced as if he had no bones. The Mandans yelled and shouted with joy. When Scannon took a few lumbering steps after York, the crowd went wild.

Never had there been such a party! The moon was high in the sky when it was finally over.

The Captains decided to build the winter camp about three miles down the river from the Mandan village.

Early and late the woods rang with the sound of axes biting into big cottonwood trees. Ice-edged winds were bringing snow and sleet. The men were eager to be inside.

On November 20, Fort Mandan was finished. It was built in the shape of a hollow triangle. There were eight cabins inside a stockade of tall, sharply pointed logs. At one corner was a tower where sentries stood guard day and night. The Captains were taking no chances on surprise raids by the surly Sioux.

Blizzards howled out of the north. The temperature dropped to 45 degrees below zero.

Inside the fort it was snug and warm. Everyone was busy. Hunting parties went after meat. What they did not eat was smoked. The hides were tanned and made into moccasins, shirts, and leggings. They repaired tools and weapons. Everything must be ready for spring, when they would start up the river again.

Indians came to the fort every day. They told the Captains many things about that part of the country and the tribes who lived there. The Captains wrote it all down in their journals.

All the Indians said the Missouri began in the Shining Mountains far to the west.

Here was a problem. Boats could not climb mountains. The expedition must have horses to carry the supplies over the mountains, and guides for the unknown mountain passes.

"The Shoshoni, who live deep in the Shining Mountains, have great herds of fine horses," said a brave.

"You cannot find them to buy horses," a chief warned. "They are part spirit. They leap from crag to crag. They vanish into solid rock."

"They are fierce warriors," said another. "Braves rash enough to enter their mountains do not return. Only when hunger drives the Shoshoni to the Plains do other tribes see them."

The Captains did not believe in evil spirits. But how could they get horses and guides from a tribe they could not find?

One day Touissant Charbonneau *(shar' bon' oh),* a French-Canadian trapper and trader, came to the fort. He asked for a job as guide and interpreter.

"I have been farther up the Missouri than any other white man," he said proudly.

"Have you been to the country of the Shoshoni?" asked Lewis.

"No," said Charbonneau. "But my wife is a Shoshoni. She was captured by the Hidatsa tribe as a child. I bought her from them."

The Captains looked at each other. Could a woman stand such a trip?

Charbonneau saw the look. "Sacajawea is young and strong," he said. "She is only sixteen. She is not an ordinary squaw. The Shoshoni are a proud, noble people, and she is the daughter of a great chief."

Sacajawea and Charbonneau came to Fort Mandan to live. Her face showed nothing when the Captains ques-

tioned her. But she wondered why these white men with many guns *really* wanted to find the Shoshoni. She would watch and listen carefully. Long before they reached the Shining Mountains she would know whether they spoke the truth.

"I am still a Shoshoni—Eagle Chief's daughter," she thought. "If they are lying, they will all die in the mountains. I will die with them before I will betray my people."

One morning Sacajawea heard the men laughing and shouting, "Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!"

She watched with wide black eyes as they celebrated their Great Good Medicine Day.

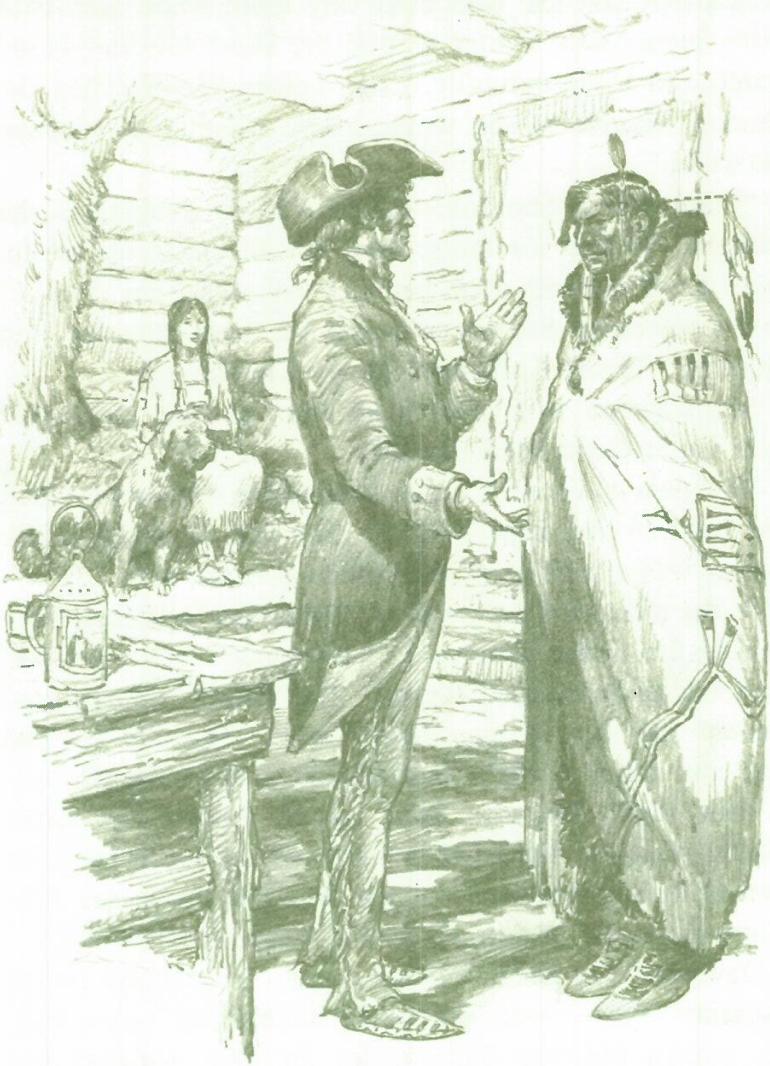
The men gave each other homemade Christmas gifts, and tobacco and handkerchiefs they had carefully saved. Dinner was a feast of all the best food in the fort.

In the afternoon they held a "Christmas Ball" around a roaring fire in the courtyard. "Gentlemen" in worn buckskins bowed to bearded "ladies." The "ladies" curtsied and pointed the toes of their heavy boots. They all stepped high and fancy as they promenaded and sashayed.

That night the men sang carols around the cabin hearths. Outside, the wind howled and the northern lights danced their ghost dance in the sky. But inside the little cabins the spirit of Christmas was warm and bright.

Day after day Sacajawea sat quietly in a corner of the Captains' office. Soon she could understand many English words, but she did not let on. She watched and listened carefully.

The Captains spoke the same words to all the Indians



who came to the fort. "You are all children of the Great White Father now," they said. "You must live in peace together."

But the words meant little. Sacajawea watched their actions, too.

When they settled quarrels among the tribes, they were stern but just. They treated the sick with their own medicines. When the hunters brought back meat, they shared it with the Indians. They paid the Indians for anything they wanted. *Always,* they kept their word.

"Still," thought Sacajawea, "other white men gave these tribes guns. The Shoshoni have none. Perhaps these men would not treat the Shoshoni as they treat the tribes along the river."

They were all so kind and friendly that Sacajawea found it hard *not* to like them. Scannon, who was as big as a colt, put his head in her lap and wagged his tail blissfully when she rubbed his ears.

Sacajawea sighed. It was very hard to know what was right. She must watch carefully for signs from the spirits.

"Sacajawea is too hard to spell," said Clark as he wrote in his journal one day. "I'm going to call you Janey."

When Sacajawea's son, Baptiste, was born February 11, 1805, Clark said, "That's too hard to spell, too. I'll call him Pompey, after the Indian word for first-born."

At last the snow melted on the prairies. The ice on the river cracked and roared as it broke up and swirled downstream.

The men hollowed out six logs for dugout canoes. The

river would soon be too shallow for the bateau. They loaded it with things they were sending back to President Jefferson. There were Indian clothes, pots, painted robes, animal skins and skeletons, stuffed birds and snakes, and mice and insects. There was a burrowing squirrel, a prairie hen, and four magpies—all alive, and very lively.

On April 7, the bateau started down the river to St. Louis, sixteen hundred miles away. The rest of the party waved good-by and started up the Missouri on their way to the Pacific Ocean.

The white pirogue was the flagship now. She carried the Captains, all their scientific instruments, important papers, and medicines. Sacajawea and Pompey were aboard her, too, and Scannon, who barked happily at everything they passed.

A week later Charbonneau said, "Beyond this spot no white man has ever been."

The men cheered. Oars and paddles dipped and flashed. The Stars and Stripes flew proudly from the masthead of the white pirogue.

Now the expedition was truly exploring the unknown.

Danger on the Missouri

Now the rivers, lakes, canyons, mountains, and even some of the animals they passed had no names. The Captains had to call them something in their journals and on maps. They named hundreds of things as they went along. They named something for every member of the party. They named things for pretty girls back home.

Clark meant to name a river for pert Judy Hancock, back in Virginia, but he absent-mindedly wrote "Judith" instead. The Judith it is to this day.

"Eagles are thick as robins along these river bluffs," said Lewis one day.

"They are fierce, noble-looking birds," said Clark. "There could not be a better symbol for the United States." He took a ten-dollar gold piece from his pocket. Everyone crowded around to compare the eagle on the coin with the real birds.

As she looked at it Sacajawea's eyes sparkled with joy. "Eagles are Shoshoni," she thought. "If eagles are the guardian spirits of the Americans, the Captains speak the truth. We are of the same tribe. It is right for me to lead the Americans to the Shoshoni. It is the sign from the spirits for which I have waited."

Great herds of buffalo, elk, deer, and antelope grazed on the green prairie. But there was one animal the men had not yet seen—a grizzly bear. They often talked about grizzlies as they sat around the campfire.

"The Indians say they stand eight or ten feet tall when they rear up on their hind legs," said Joe Fields.

"And weigh five or six hundred pounds," added Colter.

They all laughed. Everyone had a tall tale of what *he* would do if he met a grizzly.

Sacajawea tried to tell them how savage the bears were.

"To kill one is the bravest deed a warrior can do," she said. "Some tribes count it the same as killing two armed warriors."

The men still laughed, but a few days later they stopped.

Six of the best hunters saw a grizzly near the river. They spread out and crept up on him silently. When they were about forty feet away, Drewyer, Colter, and two others fired. All four shots hit the bear.

Instead of tumbling over in a heap, he reared up. With a bellowing roar, he spread pitchfork-like claws and charged Drewyer and Colter.

All the boasts of twisting a grizzly's tail were forgotten.

They raced for the river. The bear galloped after them, gaining with every leap.

The Fields brothers fired. Both balls hit the bear. One broke his shoulder. It only slowed him for a second, but that was long enough for Drewyer and Colter to jump into a canoe and shove off.

Whirling around, the bear charged after the Fields brothers. There was no time to reload. Dropping their guns, they leaped from a twenty-foot bluff into the river. The furious bear hurled himself after them.

The brothers swam for their lives. The bear was a better swimmer. They could hear his snarling, snuffling breath coming closer—fast. Every second they expected to feel his snapping teeth.

Drewyer took careful aim and shot again. The bullet pierced an angry red eye and went straight to the grizzly's brain. Slowly he sank to the river bottom.

The men waited a long time to be sure he was really dead. When they dragged the huge carcass ashore, there were eight rifle balls in him. He measured almost nine feet from head to foot.

"We'd better take him back to camp," said Joe Fields, who was still shaky, "or they will never believe us."

The rest of the party were having troubles of their own.

The Captains were walking along the shore. They were in high spirits. It was May 14. Just a year ago they had left St. Louis. Now they were twenty-two hundred miles up the winding Missouri.

They did not see the storm clouds sweeping across the sky until suddenly the sun was blotted out. A raging wind whipped the river into towering waves. It caught the sail of the white pirogue and flipped it on its side like a toy.

The Captains raced for the river. They shouted orders and fired their guns to attract attention. No one heard.

Several of the men aboard could not swim. They were too frightened to move. To the frantic Captains it seemed hours before Cruzatte managed to cut the sail free. The white pirogue slowly righted, but it was almost filled with

water. Much of the cargo was floating about the boat. Some was tossing in the river.

Lewis threw down his gun and tore off his coat. Clark grabbed him.

"You'll drown in that wild, icy water!" he said. "Those waves are like cliffs."

"I would rather die than lose our instruments, papers, and medicines," cried Lewis.

"Look!" said Clark, pointing. Sacajawea, with Pompey on her back, was calmly swimming about, rescuing the things that had been washed overboard. As they watched, she swam back to the boat and gathered up the articles floating near there.

Cruzatte set two men to bailing, and the others rowed. By the time the white pirogue reached shore the storm was over. Hastily they spread the cargo in the sun to dry.

To the Captains' great joy only a few small items had been lost.

"Without Sacajawea's courage and quick thinking, we would have lost our most valuable possessions," said Lewis. "We could not have gone on. The expedition would have failed."

Late in May they saw a mighty range of mountains far ahead. Their snowy peaks glittered and sparkled in the sun.

"At last," said Clark, "I understand why the Indians call them the Shining Mountains."

They came to a place where the river divided into two streams of almost equal size.

The Captains were so sure the south fork was the Missouri that Lewis named the north fork the Marias. But they must *know*. They could not waste time traveling up the wrong river if they were to cross the Rockies before winter.

The Indians had told them of a great falls on the Missouri. Lewis decided to take four men and go overland along the south fork. If they found the falls, he would send back word for the others to follow.

Three days later they heard a far-off steady roar. A column of mist rose in the air like smoke. Then they saw a wide, shining sheet of water plunging over a ledge eighty feet high. Now they were sure—the south fork *was* the Missouri.

Soon the river would be too shallow for the pirogues. So, while they waited for word from Lewis, Clark and the others hid the red pirogue on an island. Then they made a cache, a hiding place in the earth, for all the supplies they could spare.

For once the men did not laugh and joke as they worked. Sacajawea was sick. Always she had marched staunchly along beside them with little Pompey on her back. Now she lay pale and still on the white pirogue.

Clark tried all their medicines. Finally he bled her. This was a remedy doctors of that time used when they did not know what else to do. But Sacajawea grew worse.

The men talked in low tones of all the things she had done to make their life easier.

"Remember, when the rattlesnake bit me, how she

tramped off to the hills and found a root that took out all the poison," said Joe Fields.

"And how often she gathered wild plants and berries for our meals," said Reuben.

Everyone had something to add to the story of Sacajawea's thoughtfulness and help.

"I guess we just took it all for granted," said Colter sadly.

Now they brought their softest antelope skins for her bed. They picked clumsy bouquets of wildflowers for her, and took turns caring for Pompey.

Clark was the best "baby sitter." Often he strode along, shouting orders and giving the men a hand, with the tiny black-haired baby tucked under one arm.

As they traveled up the river to where Lewis waited, they passed a mineral spring.

"The water smells so bad it *must* be good for the health," said Clark. He gave Sacajawea large doses.

No one knew what finally helped, but she began to get better. Soon she was able to eat a little of the rich buffalo soup they made for her. The first day she took a few wobbly steps, Cruzatte brought out his fiddle. The men sang and danced around the campfire. Sacajawea was going to get well!

The Land of the Shoshoni

The men had to carry their boats around the falls. They hid the white pirogue and made another cache. Now that everything must be carried it was astonishing how much they could do without.

They cut down trees and built two crude carts to haul the heavy canoes. The wheels were round slices sawed from a tree trunk. The Indians did not use wheels, so Sacajawea had never seen one before. She thought they were a wonderful invention of the Captains.

The men harnessed themselves to the heavy carts and dragged them along under the blazing sun. Clouds of gnats and mosquitoes settled on their bare, sweating skin. When they stopped to rest, the exhausted men dropped to the ground and instantly fell asleep.

Cactus covered the ground. Sacajawea had taught the men to make double-soled moccasins of rawhide. But the

lancelike thorns pierced rawhide like paper. Every step left a bloody mark. Scannon licked his sore paws and limped along with the men.

"No one complains. They all go on cheerfully," the Captains proudly agreed.

Sometimes there were cloudbursts with hailstones so big they knocked men down. One day Clark, Charbonneau, Sacajawea, and Pompey were caught in a cloudburst.

They took shelter underneath a rock ledge in a deep gully. Hailstones banged against the ledge. It seemed as if all the water in the sky were falling at once. But they were dry and snug. Sacajawea took Pompey from his cradleboard. He stretched and kicked happily.

Suddenly there was a strange, grinding roar. A great wall of water was rushing down the gully, sweeping rocks and trees before it. Charbonneau was so frightened he fairly flew up the steep sides of the gully. Clark stopped to grab his gun and shot pouch.

Sacajawea snatched up Pompey and tried to climb. But she could not keep a firm grasp on the slippery rocks with the baby in one arm. She kept sliding back. The fast-rising water lapped at her moccasins.

Charbonneau tried to haul her up by her arm. That only threw her off balance. Clark got behind her. With one hand he pushed her up ahead of him. The water rose to his waist as they struggled up. By the time they scrambled over the top of the gully the water behind them was fifteen feet deep.

"Captain Clark saved my life—and Pompey's," Sacajawea told the men later.

At last the trip around the falls was over. They paddled up the Missouri again. It became a swift, narrow channel as the towering mountains closed in.

The Captains were worried. Soon they must have horses. They had seen signs of Indians, but no Indians. Could they find the Shoshoni?

"Perhaps they have seen us and think we are enemies," said Lewis. He ordered that each canoe fly an American flag to show they were friends.

When they came to the place where the three rivers meet to form the Missouri, they called it the Three Forks. They did not know which river was the true Missouri. They named one for President Jefferson, one for James Madison, Secretary of State, and one for Albert Gallatin, Secretary of the Treasury.

"This is where my people were camped when the Hidatsa warriors came," said Sacajawea. Then she pointed to the northern fork, which they had named the Jefferson. "This river flows from the land of the Shoshoni."

They started up the Jefferson. Soon it became a rushing, tumbling mountain stream. Often it cut between rock walls that rose straight from the water. Paddles were useless against the swift current. The men tied towropes around their waists and dragged the heavy canoes through icy water up to their armpits. Sharp rocks tore their moccasins and cut their feet. Rattlesnakes coiled on every rocky ledge.

Early one morning Colter leaped from his blanket with a wild yell. The startled men grabbed for their guns.

"A rattler! It was curled up in my blanket with me!" yelled Colter from the middle of the river.

"Ah, he just wanted to be friendly," said Drewyer.

The men whooped and laughed.

"They are in good spirits in spite of their suffering," the Captains agreed.

One day Sacajawea pointed eagerly to a great red-colored rock. Her eyes sparkled.

"Beaver's Head," she said. "It is near the place where this river begins.

"From that place we must go across a mountain," she went on. "There, by a river that flows toward the sunset, live the Shoshoni."

The Captains talked it over. They could not cross the mountains without horses to carry their baggage. They must get them soon. It was only August, but that morning the ink had been frozen in a quill pen.

"If winter storms trap us in these endless peaks, our bones will be here in the spring," said Lewis grimly.

He decided to take three men and go ahead to find the Shoshoni. The others would take the canoes as far up the Jefferson as they could, then wait for his return.

Sacajawea taught him the Shoshoni signal of friendship. "Spread your blanket wide, wave it high over your head, then bring it to earth. Do this three times," she said.

"Paint the faces of any Shoshoni you meet with red paint," she went on. "That is the sign of peace."

She had them say "ta-ba-bone," the Shoshoni word for "white man" over and over.

The two Captains shook hands gravely.

"I will find the Shoshoni and bring back horses," said Lewis, "or I will not come back at all."

Two days later Lewis and his men came to a place where the river divided. Neither stream was big enough to float the canoes. Lewis wrote a note telling Clark to wait there, and left it on a pole.

They followed the stream that Sacajawea had told them led toward the Shoshoni. Early the next morning they saw an Indian riding bareback on a magnificent horse. A Shoshoni at last!

Lewis unrolled his blanket and waved it in the signal of friendship. But the Indian galloped off.

Lewis was sure Indians were watching them. He tied a flag to a stick. They carried it high as they went on. When they camped, he left a mirror and beads tied to a tree for the Indians to find. Surely they would know that only friends would leave such fine gifts.

The stream they were following became a narrow brook. The brook ended in a clear, bubbling spring. The men stepped back and forth over the little brook and yelled like boys. To think they could step across the mighty Missouri!

"At last, I have done one of the things I have been determined to do as long as I can remember," said Lewis. "I have traced the Missouri three thousand miles to its source."

They went on through a mountain pass. Ahead of them, towering, snow-capped mountains stretched as far as they could see. On the steep mountainside they found a brook flowing west. In time its water would reach the Pacific Ocean. Behind them, all water flowed east to the Atlantic Ocean.

They had crossed the Continental Divide.

"Now we are beyond the Louisiana Territory," said Lewis. "All the land between here and the Pacific Ocean is unowned. We will claim it for the United States if we can find the Columbia River and travel down it before the British."

The next morning they saw an Indian man, two women, and some dogs. Lewis went toward them waving the flag and calling "ta-ba-bone." But the Indians ran away.

"No wonder other tribes say the Shoshoni vanish like spirits," said Lewis.

Then, as they climbed over the top of a gully, they were suddenly face to face with three Indian women. The frightened women dropped to their knees. They bent their heads for the death blow they expected.

One woman was very old. Lewis raised her gently to her feet. He pointed to the white skin of his upper arm. "Ta-ba-bone," he said. He painted their faces with red paint and gave them presents of beads and mirrors.

Suddenly there was a thunder of hoofs. Sixty warriors on fiery horses galloped up in a rolling cloud of dust. The chief raced ahead of the others. He pulled up sharply and spoke to the women. Happily, they showed him their presents.

The chief leaped from his horse and ran toward Lewis, shouting, "Ah-hi-e, ah-hi-e!"

He put his left arm around Lewis' right shoulder, and rubbed his cheeks against Lewis'. He greeted the others the same way. All the warriors did the same. Soon the faces of the white men were as paint-smeared as those of the Shoshoni.

"I was heartily tired of the national hug," Lewis wrote later. But he was happy. They had found the Shoshoni last.

Beyond the Shining Mountains lay months of hardship for the brave band of explorers. Hunger, raging rivers, and hostile Indians were their enemies. Jerry Seibert's book *Sacajawea* (Houghton Mifflin, 1960) tells the story of this heroic expedition almost as Lewis and Clark themselves might have told it.

You may also want to read:

Sitting Bull: Dakota Boy
by Augusta Stevenson (Bobbs-Merrill, 1956)

Daniel Boone
by James Daugherty (Viking Press, 1939)

Squanto, Friend of the White Men
by Clyde Robert Bulla (T. Y. Crowell, 1954)

DeSoto: Finder of the Mississippi
by Ronald Syme (William Morrow, 1957)

Winning of the West
by Harold McCracken (Doubleday, 1955)

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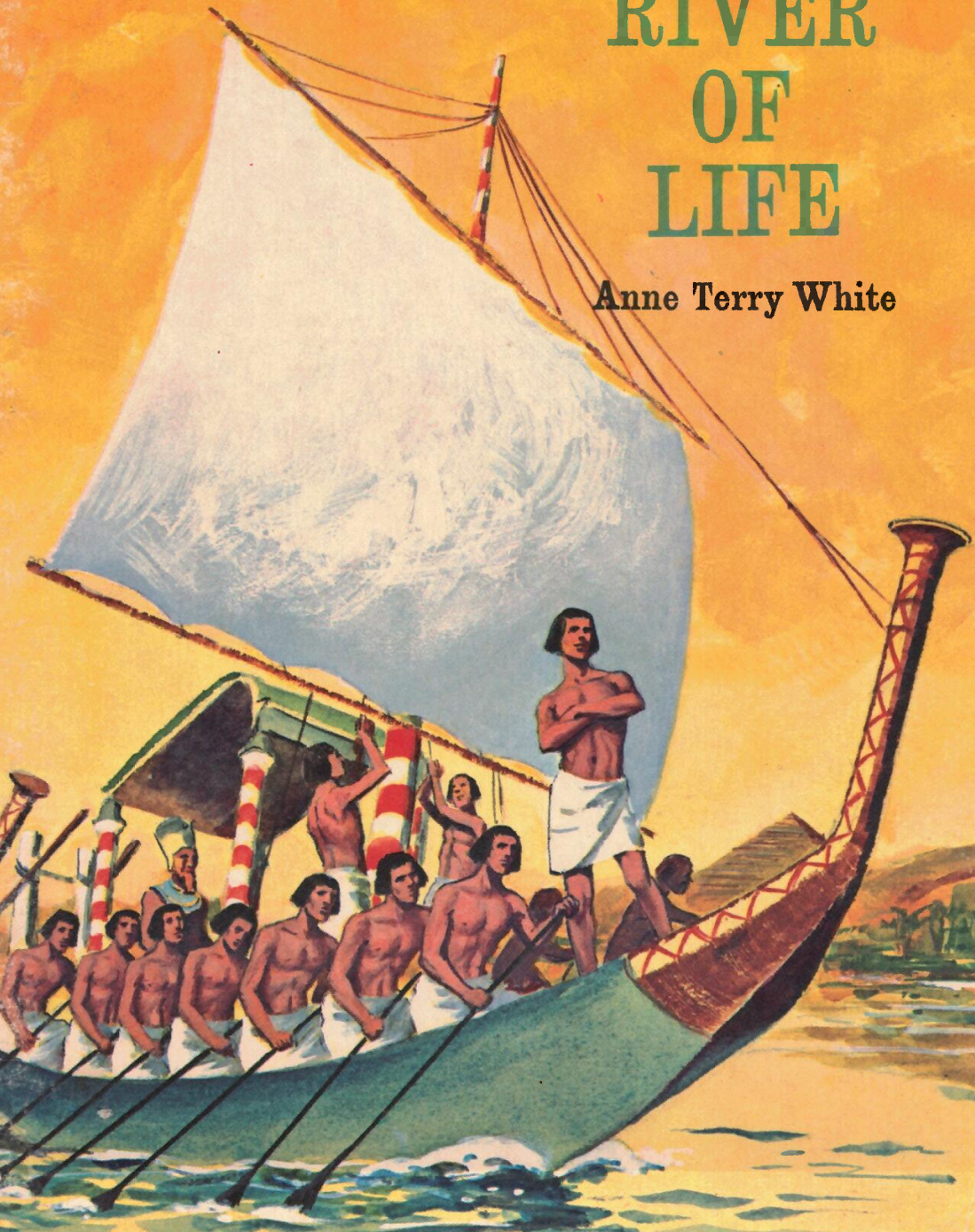
RIVER OF LIFE

Anne Terry White



RIVER OF LIFE

by Anne Terry White

This is the story of the most famous river in the world—the Nile. And it is the story of one of the oldest civilizations in the world—the Egyptian.

Without the Nile, the pyramids might never have been built. Without the Nile, mathematics and astronomy might have taken ages longer to develop. Without the Nile, there might never have been an Egypt!

RIVER OF LIFE

By ANNE TERRY WHITE

Illustrated by EDDIE CHAN

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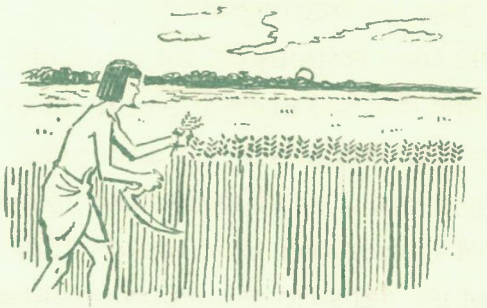


DISASTER IN NORTH AFRICA

The Nile is the most famous river of the world. It is an African river serving many different peoples. But most particularly it is Egypt's river. For in almost rainless Egypt, only the river makes life possible.

Take the Nile away and Egypt wouldn't exist. It would be just another piece of the Sahara Desert. Take the river away and the wheat, the barley, the millet, the cotton, the date palms and the gardens that delight the eye would disappear. The cities with their trade and industries and arts would vanish, the buildings would

crumble slowly into dust. Only a few wandering Bedouins, driving their flocks to some spring-fed oasis, would pass over the burning sand.

How is the river responsible for so much?

It is the Nile that has given Egypt its farm land. And it is the Nile that fertilizes it year after year.

This happens in a most mysterious fashion. About the middle of the summer the river overflows and takes possession of the flat strip of country on either side. For about a hundred days the water stays there. And when at last it goes away, it leaves behind it a very thin, evenly spread layer of rich, black, life-giving mud in which the Egyptian farmer sows his seed.

This narrow strip along the river—it is only ten miles wide on the average—together with the fan of land which the river has built about its mouth, is all the farm land Egypt has. Yet this soil is so fertile that it has fed the Egyptians far longer than man has recorded time. Six thousand years ago, when Europe was still a savage hunters' land, fields of grain waved high above the Nile.

The Nile is particularly Egypt's. But it is also everybody's river; for on the banks of the Nile much of mankind's history began. It was here that some of the first cities sprang up. Here writing and mathematics and

astronomy developed. Here some of the earliest governments were set up. Here was cut the pattern on which we live.

Let us turn back the clock and see the makers of all this when first they came to the river. For they were immigrants. Let us see how and why they and the Nile did such great things together.

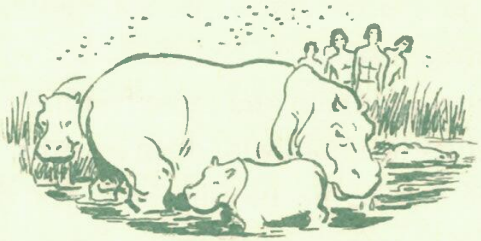
It is the end of the last Ice Age, and northern Europe is covered by ice hundreds of feet thick. North Africa is a very different land from the one we know by that name. There is no Sahara Desert. Everything is green, green. It is all parkland and grassland. There is bountiful rain. While mammoth and woolly rhinoceros and reindeer are browsing in southern England and France, North Africa is like a Garden of Eden. Vast herds of antelope and elephant feed here. It is a big-game country. It is a hunters' paradise.

But now the Ice Age passes, and a frightening change begins to come over North Africa. For the rains have shifted northward. The parkland and the grassland begin to dry up. Month after month the pitiless sun beats down and no rain falls. The hungry herds move south. Paradise is fast turning to a desert.

A terrible challenge faces the hunting peoples of North Africa—they must meet that challenge or die. Some do die. They are paralyzed by the disaster and cannot act—they can neither change their way of life nor go away. Others are made of tougher fiber. They bestir themselves. Some go north, some go south. Some stay where they are, but give up hunting and become wandering shepherds in the land of their fathers.

And there are some who stumble on yet another answer to the drought. Their answer is the boldest of all. It is to take up a new way of life in a new land.

We will keep our eye on these courageous people. For it is they who will create the first cities by the waters of the Nile.



A CIVILIZATION IS BORN

How hopefully they look to the east, these North Africans, pushed out of their home by hunger! In the east, they know, lies a region where all is green. Their far-wandering hunters have brought word of it and also of the hippopotamus that can be hunted there.

Yet when they have traveled to the new land, the people's spirits sink. There is a vast carpet of growing things here, indeed, but this is not wholesome parkland and grassland. It is a desolate marsh over which clouds of mosquitoes hang. Was this what their hunters called a river?

Many a man and woman is dismayed by the sight. For there is no clean-channeled river here. The Nile is a formless jungle-swamp, a wide-spreading marsh in which the stream seems to be lost. It is a wilderness of reeds and grasses fifteen and more feet high where horrible crocodiles lie about with open mouths.

But there can be no turning back for these immigrants. There is nothing to return to. Every year in their own land there is less and less food. They must stay here where there is at least the hippopotamus. They will plant seeds. They will nourish the seeds with water from the marsh.

In their homeland these people were wanderers. They didn't plant. They merely gathered fruits and seeds that

grew wild. But now, awkwardly and uncertainly, they plant grain. At first they plant only here and there along the edges of the marsh, scooping up the marsh water as best they can to water their little fields. To their joy the grain grows. It grows wonderfully well; for every seed they plant they reap two hundred seeds.

Soon the farmers become more ambitious. They get the idea of winning land away from the marshes. They want to sow bigger and bigger areas with grain. They clear pieces of the jungle-swamp. They dig ditches to drain the water away.

Foot by foot over hundreds, perhaps over thousands, of years the marshes are converted to dry land. The river retreats. It gathers itself together out of the

lagoons. It flows faster; it digs a deeper, narrower channel. It learns to run as a river should.

Now there is no question of hunger. In their old hunting life it was always either a feast or a famine for the North Africans. But now there is food that can be stored away for future use. From year to year there is more. In time there is so much that it is no longer necessary for all the people to be farmers. Some can be spared for other tasks, especially now that the Egyptians have invented the plow and put oxen to work. One man makes pots, another weaves cloth, some tan leather, some make bricks. The artisans find it easier to live close together. And so settled communities spring up.

The river is the big problem. Every time it overflows, canals get silted up and have to be dug out again. And more marsh must be continually drained to make new land. These are tasks that call for many hands working together. There must be a plan. There must be leaders to organize the diggers.

And so government is born.

Down at the mouth of the Nile where the river breaks up into many small streams, down where it drops its load of silt, the task is less hard. Here the middle part of the land is a great island between two river branches.

The island is shaped like a triangle. It looks like a delta, the fourth letter of the Greek alphabet. That alphabet has not been invented yet—it will not be born for thousands of years. But some day this formation at the Nile's mouth will be called the Delta. And after it, all similar formations at the mouths of rivers the world over will be called by the same name, whatever their shape.

The Egyptians who live in the Delta call their country Lower Egypt because it is lower down on the river. The people who settle higher up on the river call their country Upper Egypt. Because the river is easier to control in the Delta, Lower Egypt develops more quickly and conquers Upper Egypt.

When one king rules over both lands, he has millions of people to gather taxes from. The taxes are in the form of grain. The more grain, the more taxes. Naturally the king is much interested in increasing the amount of grain. He causes all the little local systems of canals to be united in a great national system so that more land can be sown and watered. The Department of Irrigation becomes the very heart of the government.

The river is always in every man's sight. It affects every step of the people's upward climb. To know when they may expect the Nile to overflow, the Egyptians

watch for signs in the sky. They observe the stars and group them into constellations. They learn just how the heavens must look before the flood comes. They work out a calendar.

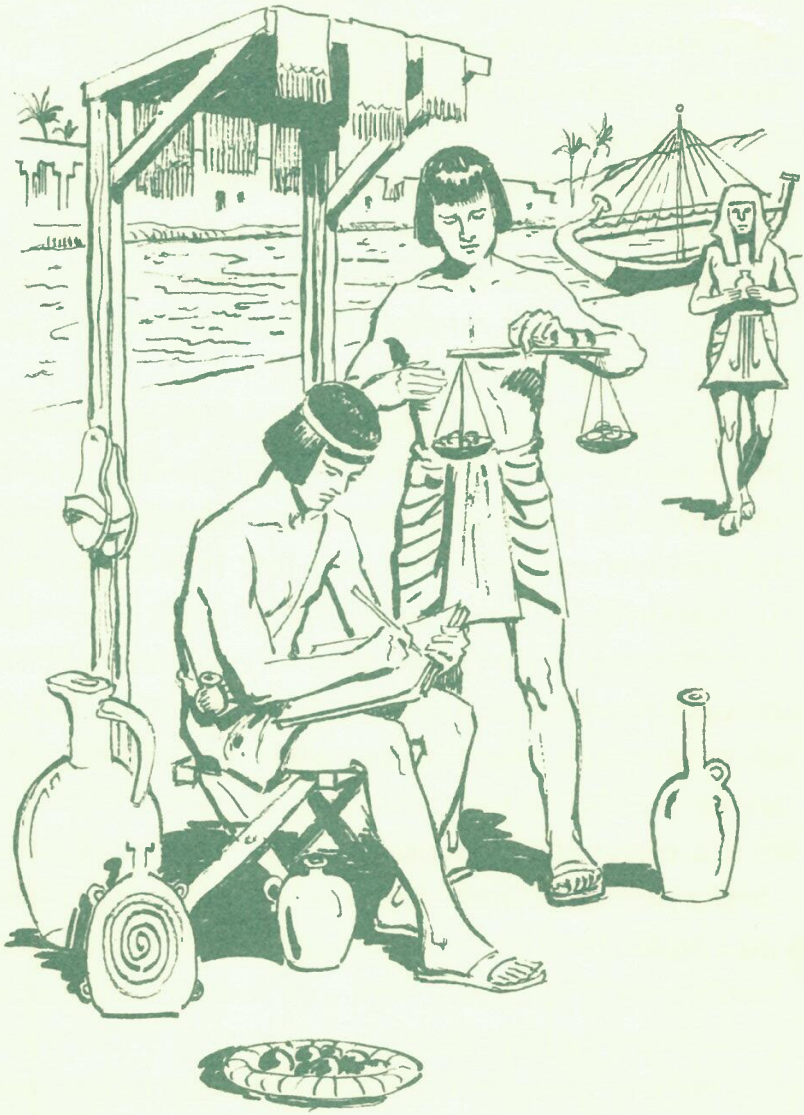
Now that they know how to measure time, they can keep records of events. They do it by means of pictures. Each picture represents an idea. But in time the pictures come to stand for sounds—and then real writing has been invented.

On what shall the writing be done? Stone, pottery, bone, wood—all are clumsy. The Egyptians look to their river for help, and it does not fail them. There is a tall grass growing in the Nile swamps. It is the papyrus. It grows in thick clumps and rises to a height of eighteen feet. Already the Egyptians use it for many things. Now they cut the papyrus stalks into fine strips. They lay the strips crosswise, then beat and press them together into a thin sheet—and they have made paper.

But what will they write with?

The river gives them sharp reeds to use as pens. They take water from the stream and thicken it with vegetable gum. They mix it with soot from fire-blackened pots. And they have ink.

The river spurs the Egyptians on in many directions.



It forces them to learn how to measure. For after the flood, dikes may be washed away, ditches may be clogged up, and how can a farmer know where his land ends and his neighbor's begins?

At first they measure roughly to settle humble disputes over land. But when they start building, their measurement becomes a science. They learn to measure so exactly that they astonish the world. They put to shame the architects of our own day.

The Egyptians are not building with stone yet. They have no metal tools with which to cut it. They build with sun-dried brick. But time is marching on. Soon they will have copper. With nine-foot jeweled copper saws they will cut the largest blocks of stone ever used for building. They will cut stone so exactly that their architecture will look like jewelers' work except that it will be on a scale of acres, not inches. Their tombs and temples will be the wonder of the ages. Long after the ancient Egyptians have passed away, the ruins of their temples and their tombs will stand upon the riverbank and awe the world.

MYSTERIOUS BEGINNINGS

Less than a hundred years ago the source of the Nile was the biggest puzzle in geography.

"How is it possible for a river to flow through burning desert and not dry up?" people wondered. "In all the land of Egypt no tributaries come to the river's aid, almost no rain falls into it. Yet it arrives at the sea a mighty stream. And once a year it even overflows. What feeds the Nile?"

For two thousand years people had been asking the same question. But nobody had ever been able to get far enough up the river to find out. There were two arms

to the Nile—everybody knew that. One arm was the White Nile. That was the main stream, shrouded in mystery. The other arm was the Blue Nile. That came from Abyssinia—or Ethiopia as it is called now.

The explorer James Bruce had traced the Blue Nile to its source in the mountains. He said it was the Blue Nile that brought the rich silt which meant life to the Egyptians. He explained that the silt was so fertile because it was dust washed out of volcanic rocks through which the river cut its way.

But what of the White Nile? Where did it come from? Did it, too, start with little streams up in high mountains?

Back in the days when the Romans ruled Egypt, the Emperor Nero had tried to find out. He had sent out an expedition under two army officers with orders to push up the Nile to its source.

The Roman officers hadn't got to the end of the river, but they had gone farther than anyone else. They came back saying that they had run into marshes. The marshes were so immense and so full of interlaced plants that it was all they could do to get through. Beyond the marshes they had come to two great rocks over which a river was falling.

But what lay behind the falls? Nobody knew. Did the falls really exist? Nobody knew.

There was one other clue that explorers had to work on. About the same time that the Romans pushed through the marshes, a Greek merchant, Diogenes by name, told about a trading trip he had made. He said he had traveled into Africa overland from the east coast. He had gone inland for twenty-five days. Then he had come to two great lakes and a range of snow mountains. It was his opinion that the snow from those mountains fed the Nile.

The merchant's story had gone down the centuries. Everybody who wrote about the Nile repeated it. The two lakes and the snowy mountains—which came to be called the Mountains of the Moon—took hold of people's imagination like a legend about gold.

But were the lakes and the Mountains of the Moon actually there? The middle of the nineteenth century had already passed, and still nobody had the answer.

Then in the year 1856 John Hanning Speke, an English army officer, started for Africa. He wanted to make a collection of animals, but at the same time he was curious about the source of the Nile.

"The Mountains of the Moon are probably a vast

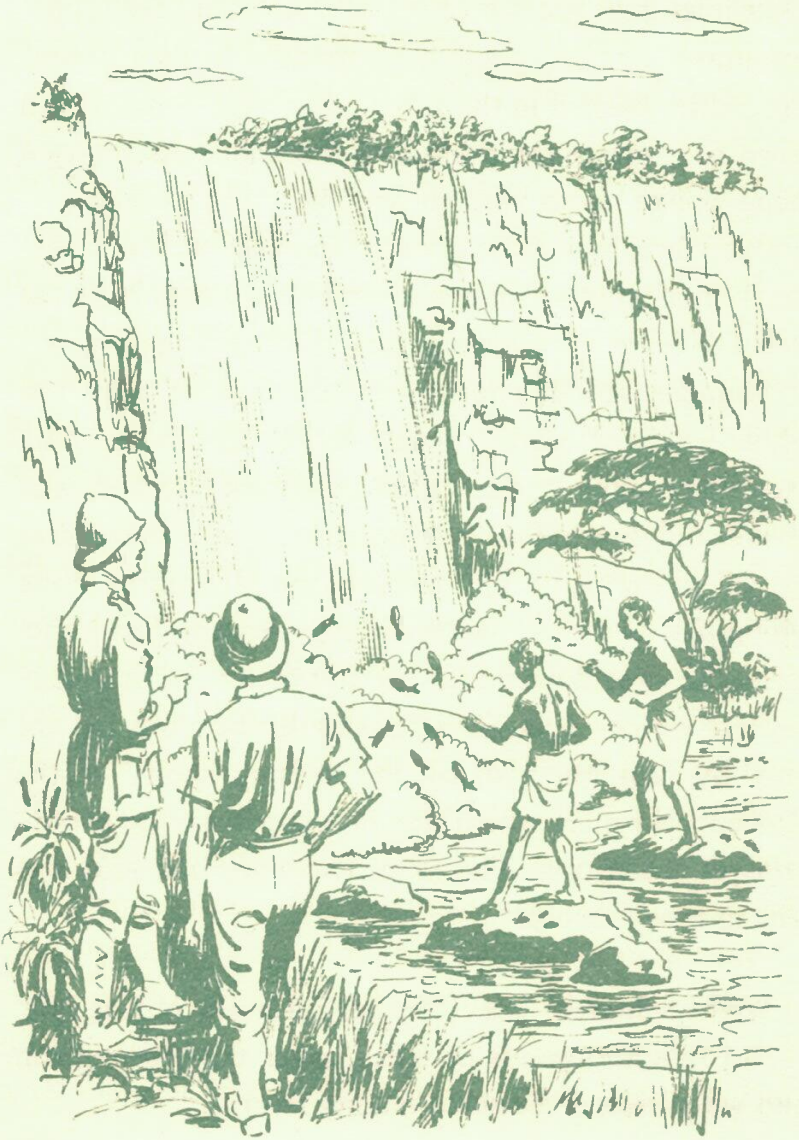
range stretching right across Africa from east to west," he said to himself. "There I will find the Nile rising in snow as the Ganges rises in the Himalayas."

Speke found something vastly different. On the 28th of January, 1862, he stood looking up at two great cliffs between which a river was falling over a rocky ledge.

Blue, shining, three hundred yards wide, the stream fell sixteen and one-half feet, turned into mad white foam, and sped on. Speke knew he was looking at the Nile. He was watching it as it broke through the lip of Lake Victoria and left it to go on its distant journey to the Mediterranean.

He had not tried to go up the Nile through the marshes. He had struggled inland from the east coast in the same way the Greek Diogenes said he had done. On a previous journey Speke had discovered Lake Victoria and given it its name. He had had a hunch then that somewhere from this huge lake—which is as big as Ireland—he would find the Nile coming out. And here he was on the spot—thirty miles above the equator.

Lost in thought, he stood for hours looking up at the roaring water. He watched the thousands of passenger fish leaping at the falls. He watched the native fishermen standing with rod and hook on all the rocks. In a



quiet inlet near the top of the falls he could see hippopotamuses opening their huge mouths in lazy yawns. Crocodiles basked in the sun. Cattle were being driven down to drink at the margin of the lake. "As pretty a scene as one could wish to see," he said to himself.

But it was less of beauty that John Speke was thinking than of what an immense surprise it would be to the world to learn that this was how the Nile began.

Thundering falls pouring out of a monster lake! The whole civilized world thrilled to the discovery. And then more news came. Other explorers had followed Speke, and they had an exciting story to tell. There *were* two lakes, they said. The snows of the Mountains of the Moon *did* feed the Nile. Soon after leaving Lake Victoria, the river flowed into and out of yet another huge body of water—Lake Albert. And this lake was fed not only by rain but also by the melting snows of the Ruwenzori range, which was no other than the Mountains of the Moon. The story Diogenes had told was true in every respect!

With such great reservoirs behind it, the Nile is safe. It can flow thousands of miles under the burning sun and yet arrive at the sea a mighty river.

But here is the curious thing. It is not the White Nile, fed by the two lakes, that causes the yearly flood. The business of the lakes is merely to keep the river full—they have nothing to do with the overflow. That is the work of the Blue Nile—of the Blue Nile and the Atbara, a smaller tributary also coming from Abyssinia. Without these two the Nile would never overflow in spite of all its vast reserves.

If you were to see the Blue Nile and the Atbara in the dry months of the year, you wouldn't believe they have anything to do with the flood. In the ten dry months of each year, the Blue Nile becomes so shallow that it is quite unnavigable. The Atbara dries up altogether. Then the rains begin up in Abyssinia, and for two months the rivers become raging torrents. The change comes so suddenly that it seems like a miracle every time it happens.

Captain Samuel Baker, who discovered Lake Albert and explored the Atbara River, tells how his men were once almost trapped by the suddenness with which the water came.

For days his party had been moving along the river bed. It was perfectly dry and sunbaked except for a pool here and there. Water had remained only in the very

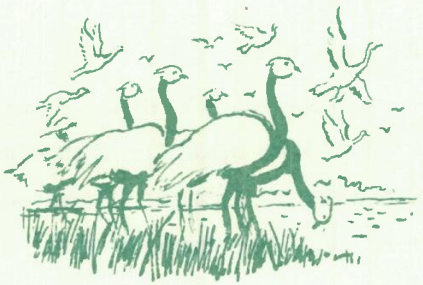
deep holes that had been dug out in the channel by the river itself when it rushed through in its force.

One night—it was the 24th of June—when many of his men were sleeping on the clean sand of the river bed, the explorer and his wife suddenly heard a rumbling sound like distant thunder. The roar increased until it woke the men. Some of them rushed into camp shouting, "The river, the river!"

Everybody was up in a moment. And in the intense confusion the interpreter explained that the noise they heard was not thunder—it was the river coming down! The last of the men were still scrambling up the steep bank. They were only just in time to reach the top before a wall of water was upon them in the darkness.

When morning broke, Captain Baker stood upon the banks of a noble river, the wonder of the desert. Yesterday there had been a sheet of glaring sand with a fringe of withered bushes and trees on its borders. In one night a mysterious change had taken place. The wasted river had become a magnificent stream some five hundred yards wide and fifteen to twenty feet deep.

Down in Egypt the engineers would soon be measuring the height of the river Nile and sending the word along. Farmers would watch the river change color as the dust from the volcanic rocks poured in. Soon now the overflow would be taking place—the rains were falling and the snows were melting in Abyssinia.



HIGHLIGHTS

You may think of the Nile as beginning at Ripon Falls if you like. But geographers start farther back. They say the Kagera River, which flows into Lake Victoria from the west, is a piece of the Nile. If you object that the Kagera flows into the lake two hundred miles from the falls, they will answer:

"It makes no difference. That's the way we regard other rivers with a lake between them. We think of the rivers as flowing *through* a lake. In this case the distance is longer, that's all."

Either way, the Nile is still the most exciting river in the world. It has so much to show that it is impossible to take in everything. But the highlights stand out.

Watch the river making its greatest leap in the Murchison Falls just before reaching Lake Albert. The Nile comes raging furiously through a rockbound pass. Suddenly it drops. The cleft it squeezes through is only nineteen feet wide. The plunge in three cascades is four hundred feet. The Murchison Falls take our breath—there is something about great falls that makes the heart beat fast.

Immediately beyond is a different kind of wonder. Crocodiles by the thousand lie sunning on the bank. Hippopotamuses amuse themselves in the water. The rhinoceros, the buffalo, lions and leopards, elephants in dozens, antelope in herds of all sizes, wart hogs, monkeys—all come to the Nile to drink. This region is their preserve.

Lake Albert is salty. But the Nile makes so short a journey through it that the river comes out of the lake almost sweet. Five miles through the lake, and again the river is on its way. For a while it flows calmly along, but soon mountains close in upon it. Again it becomes a torrent that rages and roars and rushes madly down-

hill over the rapids. Then another change—the Nile has entered the plain. Just a little more and we are at the strangest part of the river.

We have reached the Sudd, the region of the terrible marshes through which the Roman soldiers struggled. We look around and cannot believe our eyes—the river has melted away, it has disappeared. As far as we can see in every direction there is swamp covered with a thick growth of water weeds.

The Nile has lost itself in a maze of channels. The river, which farther back was often walled in by cliffs rising 180 feet, now has no banks at all. It has spread to a width of fifteen miles. Hither and thither shift the floating islands of vegetation as the winds uproot them. The lagoons open and close. The river is navigable, yes, but only for the rare master pilot who knows where to find it. We wonder that anyone can.

Here 25,000 square miles are under water most of the year, and it seems beyond the power of man to change this state of things. Attempts are made. Engineers come in steamers and ram stakes into the floating islands. Then they tie ropes to the stakes, put their engines in reverse, and pull the lumps of growth away. Once the English cleared five miles of the Sudd. They

worked with five steamers and eight hundred men. It took them three months to clear the five miles.

And yet think of it! The ancient Egyptians conquered a great jungle-swamp just like this. For the Sudd, scholars tell us, is a good picture of what the lower Nile must have been like when the North African hunters came to it long ago. They didn't clear five miles in three months—of that we can be certain. They had no steamers. They had no metal spades even. With their bare hands and the rudest of tools, they cleared the floating vegetation away.

But let us go on and see what lies beyond the Sudd.

A bird paradise is ahead of us. It is the second on the way. There was one on a bushy island at the very top of Ripon Falls, and there will be yet another in the Delta. But it is to this middle ground, halfway along the river's course, that many of the migrant birds from Europe come to spend the winter.

Countless millions of them are here. They soar and swoop, flutter and call. They don't mate or build nests though they see the native African birds raising families. The migrants have come only for food and rest. They keep to themselves. The native birds do, too. They neither fly nor play nor fight with the visitors.

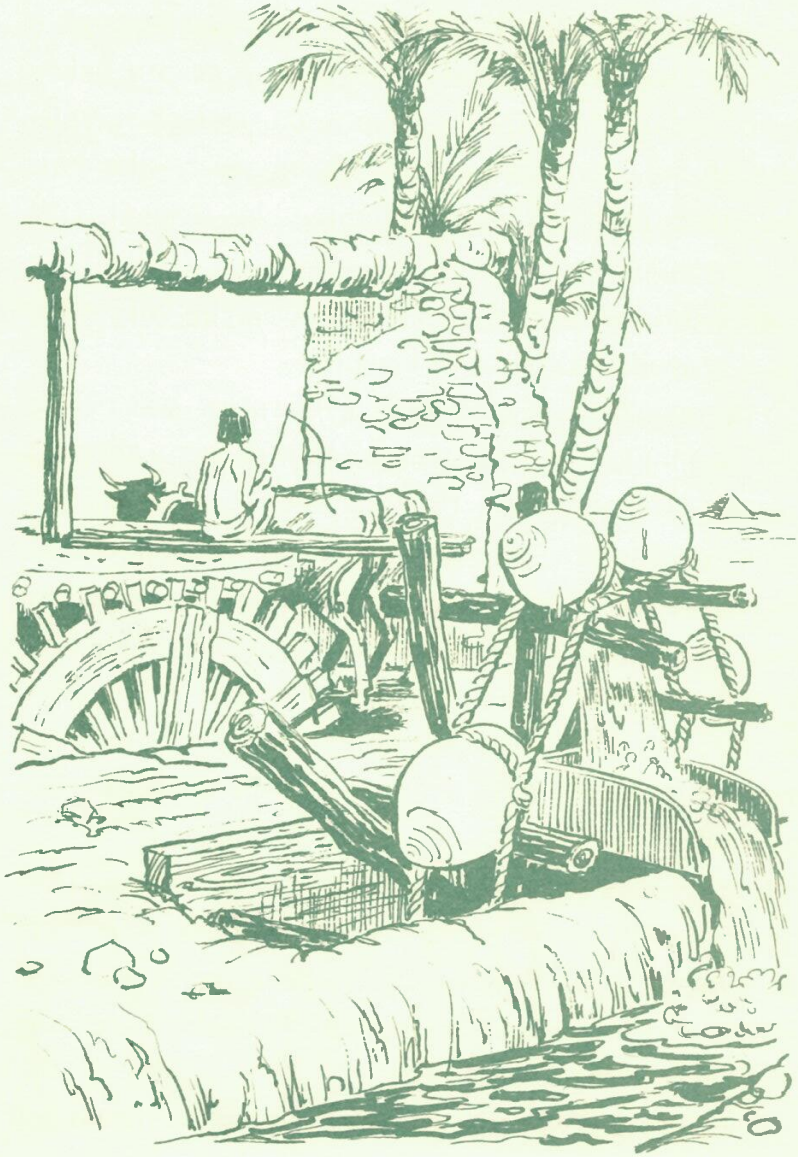
The Nile is almost in the desert now, and through it the river cuts an enormous S. For there is granite below that bars its way. At the First Cataract—which is really the fifth we have met coming down river—the Nile straightens out. But here something else stops it. It is the great Aswan Dam.

Why did men throw this wall across the Nile when water is needed so badly in Egypt?

You may be sure it is to make farming still better. The dam makes possible an *even* flow of water through the year. The wall holds back the river for two hundred miles and forms a lake that can be drawn on at will. Whenever the farmers need more water for irrigation, sluice gates are opened up and the water comes through. With this even flow, not only can more land be irrigated, but three or four harvests can be reaped on the same ground. In winter the farmers harvest cereals, in summer cotton and rice.

Everywhere along the riverbank we see people drawing up the life-giving water. Indeed, we can *hear* them doing it, for the primitive water wheels the farmers use to raise the Nile water up the ten- or twelve-foot bank creak and whine ceaselessly.

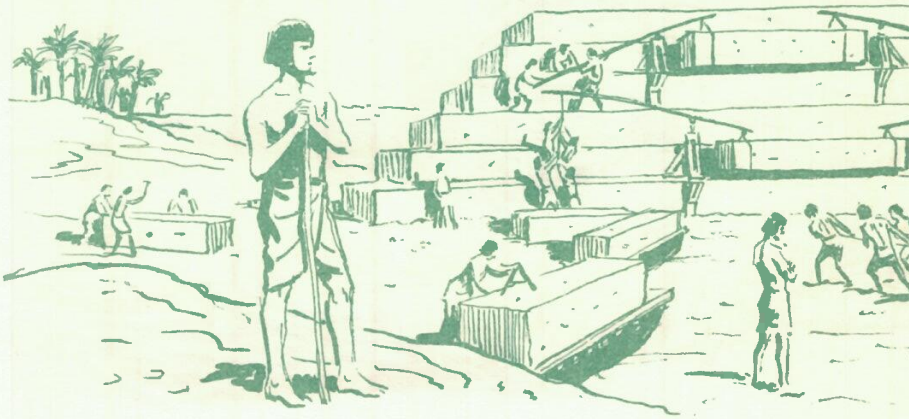
Each upright wheel has a chain of twenty or more red



earthenware pitchers attached to its rope rim. As the wheel turns, the pitchers sink into the Nile, are filled, and, reaching the highest point, empty into a trough that leads to a ditch and so to the farmer's field. Up on the bank a man drives a pair of oxen round and round to make the wheel go. Ten hours a day, eight months of the year, the weary toil goes on. And there are thousands of such wheels in Egypt.

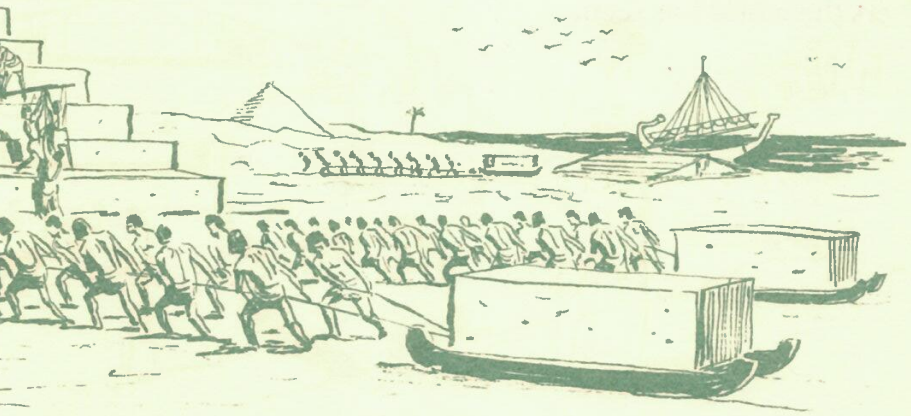
At Aswan we are already in the land of the ancient Egyptians, and now there are countless of their mighty works on both sides of the Nile.

Once the city of Thebes, capital of ancient Egypt, stood not far below Aswan. The sacred Nile ran right through the royal city. On one bank lived the kings in



their luxurious palaces, with the hum of busy life around them. On the other bank stood the temples of the gods. The luxurious palaces have all crumbled to dust, but the stone temples remain. Thousands of people travel over oceans and continents to see them.

Even more travelers, however, come to pay their respects to the Pyramids, those three gigantic royal tombs which, together with the Sphinx, stand farther down the river. The Greeks called the Pyramids the "First of the Seven Wonders of the World." And they still are that. There is no building on earth to match them for exactness. Imagine huge blocks of stone cut so perfectly that the mortar needed to hold them together is thin as a sheet of paper!



Nor is there any building to match them in bulk. The Great Pyramid measures more than half a mile around the base. It covers thirteen and one-half acres. Six million tons of stone were quarried to build it. If those slabs were cut into blocks a foot square and set end to end in a straight line, they would stretch two-thirds of the way around the globe at the equator!

There is a question which every visitor asks:

"How did the ancient Egyptians ever do it without machines?"

We who watched the North African hunters struggle with the Nile don't need to ask. For all it took to build the Pyramids was patience, skill, and organization; and we know where the Egyptians got those. They met the river's challenge. It made them into the mightiest builders the world has seen.

The Nile is only one of the mighty rivers of the world. In Anne Terry White's book, *All About Great Rivers of the World* (Random House, 1957), you can read about the Volga in Russia, the Yangtze in China, the Amazon in South America, and the Mississippi in the United States.

You may also want to read:

The First 3,000 Years
by C. B. Falls (Viking Press, 1961)

The Gift of the River
by Enid L. Meadowcroft (T. Y. Crowell, 1937)

Life in the Ancient World
by Bart Winer (Random House, 1961)

The Story of People
by May Edel (Little, Brown, 1953)

Lost Worlds
by Anne Terry White (Random House, 1941)

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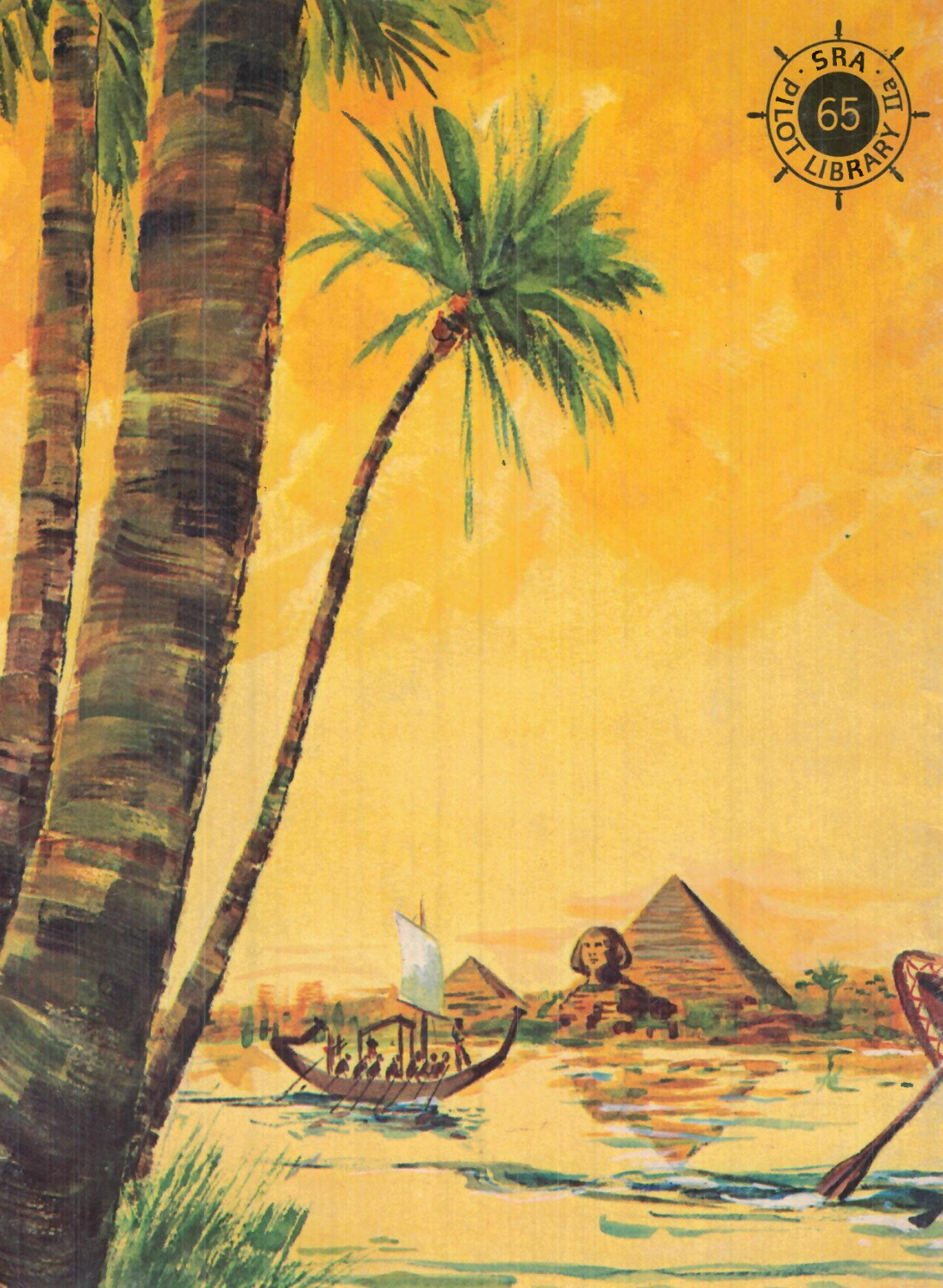
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THE SPIRIT OF '76

By Anne Colver

THE SPIRIT OF '76

by Anne Colver

Have you ever seen the painting shown on the cover? It has become one of the best-known paintings in America, and reproductions of it hang in many schools and public buildings across the country. The three ragged Revolutionary War soldiers seem to express the pride and determination of our young nation.

Yet this picture was not painted by a famous artist. It was the work of a small-town carriage painter. And it was not at first thought good enough to take its place beside the world's great art at the centennial celebration in Philadelphia in 1876. This is the story of how "Yankee Doodle," as the picture was called, came to town.

THE SPIRIT OF '76

By ANNE COLVER

Illustrated by DAVID STONE

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SCIENCE RESEARCH ASSOCIATES, INC.
Chicago, Illinois

"Ten feet by eight it's going to be—big enough for all the world to see." That is how Uncle Archibald Willard described the picture he was painting for the exhibition at the Centennial celebration at Philadelphia in 1876.

Uncle Arch had been a small-town carriage painter until James Ryder, a Cleveland art dealer, persuaded him to move to Cleveland and devote himself to painting pictures. Eleven-year-old Will was staying with his aunt and uncle while Uncle Archibald worked on the painting of a fifer and two drummers. As the painting neared completion, Uncle Arch worked alone in his studio and would not allow anyone to see it.

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1 The Painting

Early one morning Will came slowly out of the fog of sleep, hearing his name spoken softly. He opened his eyes to see Aunt Nellie, in her woolen bathrobe, leaning over his bed. "Willie, I hate to wake you so early, but I'm worried about your Uncle Arch."

"What's happened to him?" Will sat up quickly.

"I don't know. He went down to the studio last night. His painting was almost done, he said, and he had to keep working until he finished. I begged him not to go, but he insisted. And he hasn't come home. Would you go down to the studio, Will? Tell your uncle"—Aunt Nellie's voice broke—"tell him I said he *must* come home and rest."

Will was dressed and on his way to the avenue before the next horsecar was due at the corner. He'd stopped

only long enough to swallow the glass of milk and buttered muffin Aunt Nellie handed him in the front hall. Her face had looked worried as she let him out the door.

The long ride down the avenue seemed endless to Will. At the stop on Euclid Avenue, he was the first one off the car. He took the long flight of stairs to the second-floor studio at a run, and knocked on the door.

There was no answer. Will could feel his heart thudding as he opened the door a crack. "Uncle Arch—"

Still there was no reply, but Will gave a sigh of relief as he saw his uncle at the far end of the room, standing before a canvas huge enough to tower over even the artist's tall figure. Will spoke again, and this time his uncle looked around.

"Hello, Willie," he said, as though he were talking in a dream, and immediately turned back to the canvas.

Will waited. Uncle Arch's eyes were dark with concentration, and he held his brush poised in one hand. From long experience, dating back to the days in the carriage paint shop, all the children had learned not to interrupt when he looked like that. Will stood perfectly still, trying not to breathe any oftener than he had to. Now and again, after what seemed like hours in between, his uncle would reach forward very deliberately and make one tiny stroke.

After the last one, Uncle Arch put down his brush and stood back to look. Then he turned to Will. "The picture's finished," he said. "Come see it."

Will walked the length of the room and came round to look up at the towering canvas. He caught his breath. More than half a year ago he had seen the first pencil sketch of *Yankee Doodle*. His uncle had made it on the back of an envelope—a comical trio of Fourth of July celebrators, treading on each other's toes, the drummer capering and tossing his stick in the air.

The painting Will looked at now, larger than life-size, had no possible relation to the little pencil drawing, except that there were still two drummers and a fifer. The fifer was his uncle's friend Hugh Mosher, tall and sturdy. The boy drummer was young Harry Devereux, who had listened to stories of the Green Mountain Boys while he posed. But it was the central figure, the old drummer, that dominated the canvas. It was Uncle Archibald's father! Will looked up into the strong, proud face and felt that he was seeing Father Willard again.

And these three, the boy and the two older men, were no holiday paraders. They were the soldiers of the Revolution, marching onto a battlefield which might have been in Vermont, or New York, or Pennsylvania. They were a fife and drum corps, leading in a company of reinforcements. The smoke of gunpowder hung over the field, and the flag showed bright against it. There were other marks of battle—the broken wheel and the smashed cannon. Most vivid of all, there was the wounded soldier raising his cap in a last gesture to cheer on the new troops.

Uncle Arch didn't seem to expect any comment from Will. They simply stood together, looking at the picture in silence.

"I—I just want to keep on looking," Will said at last. It was the only thing he could say.

Uncle Arch seemed satisfied. "Look all you want to, Willie," he said. "It's finished now."

Uncle Arch's own glance was fastened on the portrait of his father's face. Will saw him nod once, with the faint ghost of a smile, as though he might be saying good-by. Then he turned away and began methodically scraping his palette and putting his brushes to soak, just as Will had seen him do dozens of times.

"I always thought a great deal of my father," he said presently. "He thought a good deal of *his* father, too. Sometimes I think it runs in our family to be closer than most. I always wanted to do something that would show him to other people the way he seemed to me."

Uncle Arch wiped the last brush and smoothed the tip carefully. Then he walked to the back of the studio to stand, hands deep in his pockets, studying his work. "At any rate, I've done the best that's in me. Now it's time for Jim Ryder to see the picture."

Will heard a new excitement in his uncle's voice. The weariness of his long night's work seemed to drop away as he turned to Will. "Now I'm ready. I want you to bring him here, Will. Right away. This morning."

"But Aunt Nellie said you ought to come home and rest," Will protested. "She's worrying—"

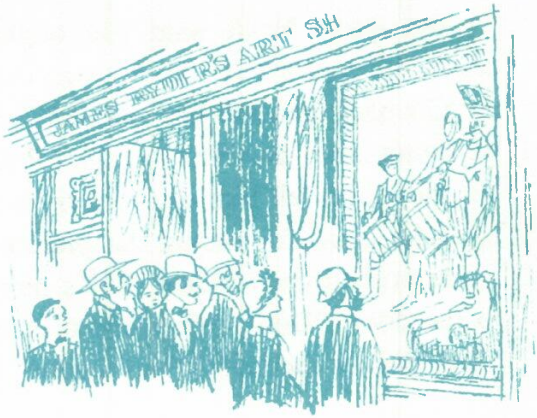
"Go back and tell her not to," Uncle Arch cut in. "I'll be home later. But first get Mr. Ryder here. Find him at his shop, and tell him to come right over. He'll be wanting to make plans for taking the picture to Philadelphia."

He pushed carfare into Will's hand as he followed him to the door. "Don't worry about being late for school this once, Willie," he said. "Only hurry."

"It's magnificent," Mr. Ryder said, after he had studied the painting. "You've got a remarkable likeness of your father, Mr. Willard. And the whole thing has feeling"—he made a sweeping gesture with one hand—"I can see now why you spoke of the picture having a *spirit* of its own. You've caught a spirit in those three marching figures I'll wager will appeal to everyone who sees them."

"What about the Centennial?" Uncle Arch asked eagerly. "You'll have everything arranged before the fair opens?"

"Indeed. Indeed, yes." Mr. Ryder paused and looked thoughtful. "Of course these things take a bit of time—getting in touch with the proper authorities and so on. But don't worry, Mr. Willard." He gave Uncle Arch a brisk pat on the shoulder. "I'll have the picture brought over to my store and see about having prints and copies made to sell at the Centennial. Don't worry about a thing!"



2 Yankee Doodle Goes to Town

For some weeks it never occurred to Uncle Arch nor anyone else in the Willard household that there *was* anything to worry about. The painting was finished and safely handed over to Mr. Ryder. From there on, it was simply a matter of arranging the details for it to be exhibited at the Centennial fair.

Or so they innocently supposed.

But on April first, when the opening of the Centennial was only a month away, there was still no word on how the painting of *Yankee Doodle* would be exhibited.

Uncle Arch had been very busy, working at top speed to finish some circus posters. He seemed not to notice how much time had passed without news from Mr. Ryder. But

one evening, in the midst of a cribbage game, he suddenly laid down his cards.

"I can't understand it," he said. "Before I had the picture finished Jim Ryder did nothing but hurry me. He said all the arrangements for showing it at the fair had to be made way in advance—there wasn't a moment to lose. Now he's had the painting for weeks, and he does nothing about it. Every time I bring up the subject he tells me these things are always slow, and I must be patient."

Uncle Arch swept the half-finished game off the table. "I mean to see Ryder tomorrow," he said, "and find out exactly what's going on. If he hasn't had word from the committee in Philadelphia, I'll get it myself."

When supper was ready the next evening, Uncle Arch had not come home.

"Probably Mr. Ryder kept him," Aunt Nellie said, "talking over plans for the fair. We'll keep a plate hot for him."

They had nearly finished eating before he came in, but although he took his chair at the head of the table, he pushed aside the food.

"Arch, what is it?" Aunt Nellie asked. "Didn't you see Mr. Ryder?"

"I saw him, Nellie. I also heard what he had to say."

There was a pause. Will watched Uncle Arch put a hand across his eyes. He never remembered seeing his uncle look so discouraged. Nor heard his voice so bitter.

"It seems," Uncle Arch said, speaking slowly, "the Centennial Exhibition is to have a whole building—two buildings—devoted to art. There'll be paintings, sculpture, engravings—all the best artists will be represented. The committee is borrowing from galleries all over the world. Paris—Rome—London. It will be the first time people in this country will be able to see paintings by real masters."

He stopped.

"Well, dear," Aunt Nellie began rather uncertainly, "if there are to be so many paintings shown I suppose Mr. Ryder had no trouble—"

"It seems," Uncle Arch cut in as though he had not heard her, "that the committee is choosing carefully. Very carefully. Only the work of the best artists will be considered. The world's best." He looked down at his hands, spread on the table. "Wagon painters will not be acceptable. The picture *Yankee Doodle* has been refused."

Will sat frozen in the silence that held the table. He saw Aunt Nellie's hands go out, as though she wanted to comfort her husband—then he saw them drop back helplessly as Uncle Arch pulled his plate toward him and began to eat mechanically, without looking up.

"Well," he said, "these things happen. I dare say the committee know what they're about." He ate for a minute, then he said suddenly, in quite a different tone, "It's for my father I mind most. I did hope people would see his portrait. I wanted them to *see* what he was like."

Of course, Mr. Ryder said soothingly, when he came to call a few evenings later, the decision of the Centennial committee didn't mean that *Yankee Doodle* wouldn't be at the Exhibition. "I'm arranging for copies to be sold, and I expect a tidy profit for us both, Mr. Willard. Mind—I don't say I think the committee was right. A painting needn't be a Gainsborough or a Reynolds to mean something to the people who see it. But"—he let the word trail off with a vague gesture—"there's no use flying in the face of tradition, is there?"

After that, no more was said in the Willard household. May came, and the *Evening Globe,* along with every other newspaper in the country, ran columns describing the wonders to be seen in the 236-acre fairgrounds built on the edge of the river in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park.

Wherever he went, Will heard people discussing plans to go to Philadelphia; there were stories of royalty and other notables visiting from foreign countries. President Grant announced from the White House that he and the First Lady would attend later in the season.

It seemed to Will that the Willard house must be the only one in Cleveland where the fair was not the topic of discussion. Because they all knew how disappointed Uncle Arch was, no one spoke of it, and plans for the summer were made as though there were no such thing as a Centennial Exhibition that was attracting millions of American travelers.

Aunt Nellie arranged to take the children on a seaside holiday while Uncle Arch went to Wellington, Ohio, to paint a series of murals in a house that was being redecorated. Will was to go with his uncle.

Aunt Nellie and the children left as soon as school closed in June. The night before their departure, Mr. Ryder came to call with a check for the first royalties on copies of *Yankee Doodle* sold at the Centennial. "There's no question about it," he said, "people are taking to the picture. I've had an extra printing made already, and I've got three more printings on order. They tell me that visitors to the fair ask each other, 'Have you got a copy of *Yankee Doodle* yet?' "

Will watched Uncle Arch fold the check and slip it in his vest pocket after barely glancing at it. His expression in no way reflected the enthusiasm on Mr. Ryder's face.

"Another thing," Mr. Ryder added quickly, as though trying to cover the pause, "I'm putting your painting in my shop window this week, Mr. Willard. If people in Cleveland like it as much as they do in Philadelphia, we'll have a crowd in front of the store."

It was nice of Mr. Ryder, Will thought. But he could see that even though Uncle Arch thanked him politely, there was a difference between having a picture in a shop window and having it at the Exhibition, where it would be seen by people from all over the world.

. . .

The first night Will and Uncle Arch were left alone in the house they made their supper, bachelor-style, in the kitchen. Uncle Arch tied one of Aunt Nellie's old aprons around his waist and carved man-size slices of cold lamb to go with bread and butter and milk. He opened a jar of Aunt Nellie's best pickles and turned to Will.

"It's hot as Tophet in here," he said. "Suppose we take our plates out on the front porch to eat. At least there may be a breath of air there."

They went out, balancing plates and glasses carefully, knowing every minute that Aunt Nellie would never have approved of a supper eaten in shirt sleeves and in full view of the neighbors, but enjoying themselves none the less.

A few minutes later Will was puzzled to see a hansom cab pull up in front of the house. It seemed an odd time for callers to be arriving on a stifling June evening. The next moment it seemed even more strange to see a gentleman in a bowler hat leap out of the cab and come bounding up the front walk, frantically waving a piece of yellow paper.

"Uncle Arch, look"—in his astonishment, Will broke two of Aunt Nellie's strictest rules by pointing with a crust of bread and exclaiming with his mouth full—"look—here comes Mr. Ryder!"

Before Uncle Arch, looking as amazed as Will, could get to his feet, Mr. Ryder was shouting his news.

"Mr. Willard," he called, waving the paper harder, "Mr.

Willard—I have a telegram! It's from the committee in Philadelphia!" He reached the top porch step and thrust the yellow page under Uncle Arch's nose. "They want your painting *Yankee Doodle* at the Centennial just as quickly as we can get it there!"

As long as he lived, Will realized afterward, he would

never forget the expression that came over his uncle's face as, without saying a word, he took the message from Mr. Ryder's hand and read it. He read slowly, seeming to study each word, and when he looked up, it was with a smile of purest happiness.

"So—*Yankee Doodle* will go after all," Uncle Arch said.

With both men talking at once, it was hard for Will to follow all they said. "It's a great honor," he heard Mr. Ryder say. "A very great honor—to have the committee change its decision, Mr. Willard."

Mr. Ryder went on, explaining how so many prints of *Yankee Doodle* had been sold that visitors to the fair had begun asking where they might see the original painting. "I told you people would like the picture," he said, "but I'll own I never dared hope they'd actually demand its appearance at the Centennial."

They began to discuss how the painting was to be sent to Philadelphia. Mr. Ryder promised to have it crated the next day. "I can ask a friend of mine who's in the picture business there to see that it's properly hung," he was saying. Then he stopped short.

Without warning, Uncle Arch had jumped to his feet, nearly upsetting the plate which was still balanced on the broad arm of his chair.

"You'll ask no friend to have my picture hung," Uncle Arch announced, with a ring in his voice that made the other two stare. "Man alive!" he pointed a finger at the

astonished Mr. Ryder. "That painting means more to me than anything I've ever done. I'd as soon send one of my children off to Philadelphia alone as I would *Yankee Doodle*. I'll take it there myself!"

Will heard the statement with amazement, but when his uncle spoke again, it seemed to Will that he must surely be dreaming.

"Will and I were going to Wellington tomorrow," he said. "It can't make any difference if we're a few days late—"

Will hung on the words, not daring to believe his ears, or the hope that leaped wildly in his heart. Yet he heard Uncle Arch go on, and realized he was saying the one thing—the one most wonderful, unimaginable thing Will could think of.

"As a matter of fact," Uncle Arch said, "Will can come with me, if he'd like to. I may need a helping hand—and a bit of company—"

Everything that happened after that was a blur to Will. He remembered Mr. Ryder, who seldom even smiled, bursting into laughter and pointing at Uncle Arch.

"Oh, Mr. Willard," he said, "if the committee could only see you now."

He was gazing at the artist, who stood with a slab of lamb in one hand, a pickle in the other, Aunt Nellie's apron still tied around his waist, and a beaming smile on his face.

Packing was easy. With no one there to direct them, Uncle Arch and Will simply lifted things out of their bureau drawers and into their suitcases.

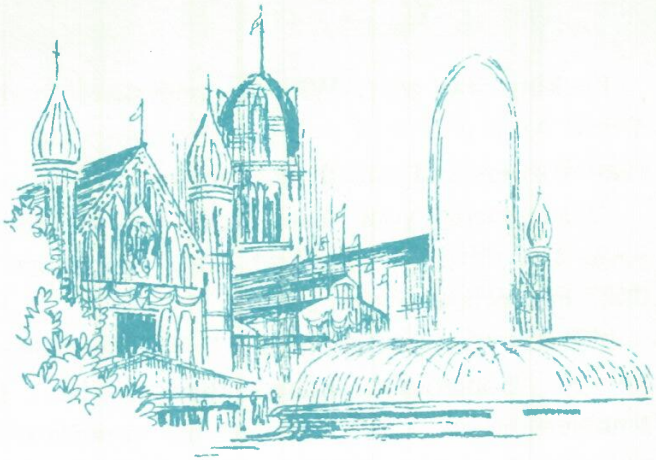
"It's a mercy your Aunt Nellie left us plenty of clean socks and shirts," Uncle Arch said. "Sometimes I think we don't appreciate women enough."

"That's what Grandpa says," Will nodded. "But then he says, 'Sometimes, though, they *can* be a *lee-tle* mite troublesome—' " Will imitated his grandfather's deliberate speech, and he and Uncle Arch exchanged companionable grins.

On the night train to Philadelphia, Will still had to pinch himself to be sure he hadn't dreamed the whole thing. Before he went to sleep he leaned out of the upper berth to whisper: "Uncle Arch—have you still got your lucky penny?"

Uncle Arch dug in his trousers pocket and produced the flattened bit of copper with a triumphant gesture.

"Of course," he said. "What else do you suppose could have brought us to the Centennial, Billy boy?"



3 The Mousetrap

The fairgrounds in Fairmount Park were all Will had expected and more. He'd imagined something splendid and fancy—like an extra-large circus. But it was like a whole beautiful city, built on a curve of the river, with winding paths and sparkling fountains. Flags fluttered gaily in the bright sunlight, and crowds on crowds of people strolled along, arm in arm, in groups or singly, all dressed in their best and turning their heads this way and that to marvel at the sights.

The first morning, Uncle Arch left Will to wait by the Crystal Fountains while he went to see about arrangements for having his painting displayed. Two hours later Will was still waiting, but except that his stomach began to feel like lunch time, it might only have been a minute.

He could never remember having so much to look at. Just the outside of the enormous buildings made him wonder how he would ever begin to see the sights inside.

And the people! Will saw any number in foreign costumes. A pair of earnest gentlemen with waxed black mustaches sat on the bench beside him and spoke to each other very rapidly in what Will supposed must be French. Three handsome *señoritas* swept past him, lace *mantillas* draped over high combs. They left an echo of rippling laughter and a perfume that smelled more delicious than any flower Will had ever heard of. Right behind them came a whole troupe of little Japanese girls, in sandals and high-waisted kimonos. They chattered in a mysterious language, but their giggles, Will thought, sounded exactly like those of his sister and her friends.

By the end of the two hours Will couldn't imagine what had detained his uncle so long. He had begun to envy every person who walked past nibbling candy, or eating ices from little paper cups, when finally, through the crowd, he saw Uncle Arch's broad shoulders and the wide-brimmed hat.

"Billy boy," Uncle Arch handed Will a bag of popcorn even before he dropped onto the bench beside him, "you must be starved. I'd never have been so long, but the committee was faced with the dilemma of how to classify my picture. They argued for an hour whether it belonged in the regular art gallery over there"—he gestured toward an

imposing domed building with the figure of Liberty on its top—"or whether to just put me in the Main Hall as a natural wonder like Niagara Falls."

"Who won?" Will asked interestedly, between mouthfuls of popcorn.

"Niagara Falls." Uncle Arch pushed his hat back on his forehead and squinted at the figure of Liberty against the bright sunlit sky. Will wondered whether his uncle felt bitter at not having his painting hung with those by the other famous artists in Memorial Hall.

After a minute's thought, Uncle Arch shrugged. "Your Aunt Nellie will be disappointed, I expect, not to have me next to the Gainsboroughs and the Benjamin Wests. I'll admit I didn't take too well to the idea myself at first. Then I happened to think about what Mr. Emerson wrote about a man preaching a better sermon or making a better mousetrap—and the world beating a path to his door. If I've built a better mousetrap, Billy, at least a few people may beat a path to see it."

"You go along out to the fairgrounds without me, Billy," Uncle Arch said two mornings later. "I want to write to your Aunt Nellie and the children. Now they know the picture is at the Centennial, of course they won't rest until they can see it—and I want to make arrangements for them to come. I'll meet you somewhere near *Yankee Doodle* at lunch time."

Will picked up his cap without delay. He and his uncle had spent most of the day before seeing the special sights of downtown Philadelphia. They had visited the room in Independence Hall where the Declaration of Independence had been signed, inspected the crack in the Liberty Bell, and taken a tour through the mint to watch money being made by machines like magic cooky cutters that stamped rows of coins out of shining gold and silver sheets.

Now Will didn't want to waste a moment getting back to the fairgrounds. There was only one fault he could find with the Centennial—the more you looked at, the more things you discovered waiting to be seen.

There were buildings of foreign countries—Switzerland, and Japan, England, Sweden, France—and one for each state.

There was a big display of carriages. Will and Uncle Arch had compared notes on designs and decorations, recognizing the famous makers' names like old friends. *Studebaker Brothers, Fisher Carriage Bodies.* . . . Standing elegantly on a velvet-covered platform was a prize-winning brougham from *Tripp's,* the carriage shop where Uncle Arch had worked as a painter.

Will took a horsecar out Girard Avenue to the fairgrounds. People all around him were discussing the sights they had seen the day before or arguing about which buildings they should visit that day. One woman, directly

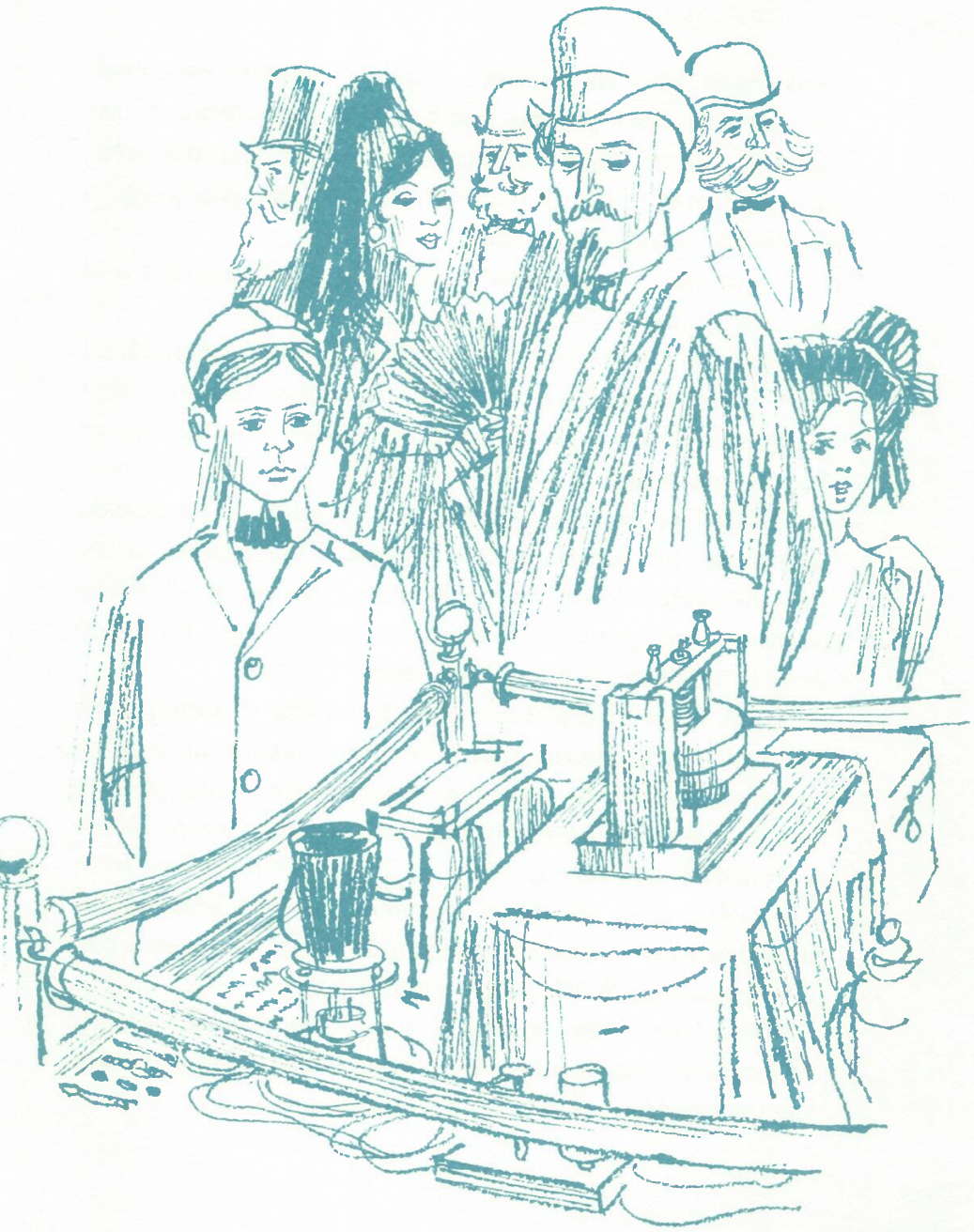
behind Will, was describing the marvelous exhibits in Machinery Hall.

"Just think," he heard her say, "they've discovered something called a Health Lift they say will make fat people thin and thin ones fat, and there's a machine a Mr. Bell thought up, like a kind of box on the wall with a speaking tube in it. I heard a man say you can talk through it and have another person hear as much as a mile away. One thing's sure," she concluded comfortably, "there's no use any boy growing up nowadays wanting to be an inventor. Lands, they've already *in*-vented gadgets and machines to do everything under the shining sun a body'd want."

Will's special visit that morning was to the Newspaper Pavilion. Afterward he stopped at Machinery Hall for a look at Mr. Bell's strange invention called the *telephone*. Will supposed it must be true that a person talking into the wall box could actually be heard as much as a mile away. But he did wonder what use Mr. Bell expected people to make of a machine that did nothing except allow them to talk to each other.

He made a roundabout trip, past exhibits of Gorham silverware and typewriters, and a colony of Swiss glass blowers, to reach the Main Hall in time to meet Uncle Arch for lunch.

Will's first impression, on entering the section where *Yankee Doodle* had been hung for display, was that there



must have been an accident. People seemed to be crowding into the wing, jostling and trying to push ahead of one another. In an effort to squeeze past and find out what had happened, Will found himself unexpectedly face to face with a uniformed guard.

"Now then, sonny," the guard said, "just get back and take your place in line."

"But I'm not *in* line for anything," Will explained. "I only want to get past to meet my uncle. Over by that painting there—" He pointed to *Yankee Doodle* in its heavy gold frame.

"Sure, I know what painting well enough." The guard's hand was still firm on Will's shoulder. "The picture of the two drummer fellows and the one blowing a whistle—same one everybody else's waitin' to see. But you'll have to keep your place in line all the same."

Will's mouth opened and closed, without a sound, as he blinked at the guard. Like a sudden clap of thunder, it dawned on him *why* people were lined up and pushing one another. *They were waiting to see Uncle Arch's painting—and there were so many of them that there had to be a guard to keep the crowd in order.* Yet even when he understood it, and found himself swept with the others past the big canvas, Will couldn't quite believe it.

Once free of the crowd, he made a beeline for the big front doors and reached them just as his uncle was coming up the steps.

"Uncle Arch!" Will's words stumbled with excitement, and he pointed wildly across one shoulder. "Uncle Arch—do you see all those people over there? Where the guard is keeping them in line? They're waiting to look at your picture—every one of them! I know"—Will paused to smooth his hair and straighten his necktie—"because I just went through the line myself!"

At first Uncle Arch looked as though he couldn't have understood Will properly. Then he looked at the crowd again, and heard the guard's voice calling: *"Get in line—keep your places in line to see the pit-cher, folks—"* and, slowly, his widest smile spread across his face.

"By jingoes, Billy boy," he said, "Mr. Emerson was right! They *did* beat a path to the mousetrap!"

By suppertime Will was famished, and his feet ached as he trudged across the long path to the French restaurant where he was to meet Uncle Arch.

"No fried hash for us tonight, Billy boy," Uncle Arch had said earlier. "This time we celebrate in style!"

Will's first glimpse through the front door at crystal chandeliers and elegantly appointed tables, each with its own rose-shaded candlestick, made him wonder uneasily if one of their regular hash suppers wasn't perhaps more to his taste.

When his uncle arrived, however, he stepped into the dining room with assurance, and was bowed to so politely

by a headwaiter who looked like a prince in disguise that Will felt more confident. They even managed to melt the waiter's lordly expression into something like amusement by their struggles to order a meal from the mysterious French names on the menu.

After the waiter had gone, Uncle Arch pulled a newspaper out of his pocket and spread it on the table under the candlelight. "If you can stand one more surprise today, Billy," he said, "look at this."

Will saw the front page of a Philadelphia paper. In a center box was a sketch of the *Yankee Doodle* painting, with an article underneath headlined: LATE EXHIBIT ATTRACTING EAGER CROWDS AMONG CENTENNIAL VISITORS. Will read on, his eyes growing wider with each sentence:

> It may be that a little-known artist, Mr. A. M. Willard of Ohio, will discover, one of these days, that he has painted the most famous picture in America. His stirringly patriotic study entitled *Yankee Doodle,* now on display at the Centennial Exhibition, promises to become just that. Almost since the hour it was hung, the picture has attracted a steady procession of viewers, many of whom appear to return, time after time, to stand rapt in contemplation before the painting until requested by the guard to make way for others waiting in line.
>
> Seldom has a picture so captured the public's imagination. Thousands of prints have already been sold at the fairgrounds, and there is a growing de-

mand for copies all over the country. Without the technical perfection of the masterpieces displayed in the fair's art galleries, Mr. Willard's work has nevertheless a *spirit* which infects everyone who sees it. It is the spirit reflected in the earnestness of the young drummer boy, in the magnificent portrait of undefeatable courage shown in the rugged features of the central figure, the old drummer.

The three figures, cheered on by the dying soldier, combine to express the whole story of our country's beginning. *The Spirit of '76* might well be the title of the picture.

Will looked up when he finished reading. Uncle Arch answered his pleased exclamation with a smile, yet Will could see a sadness in his uncle's eyes. It made him realize how every drop of success was touched with sorrow for Uncle Arch because Father Willard was not there to share his triumph.

4 A Distinguished Visitor

It seemed to Uncle Arch and Will that the fair could hold no more surprises for them, but the most unexpected event of all came on the last day before Will was to leave for Wellington.

The surprise came that afternoon, when a rumor spread through the fairgrounds that President and Mrs. Grant had arrived from Washington and would visit the Exhibition. From that minute on, Will was hoping he might somehow catch a glimpse of them. It would be wonderful, he thought, to be able to tell his mother and father, when he got home, that he had actually seen a president of the United States.

By suppertime, however, he told Uncle Arch he hadn't succeeded in seeing even the presidential carriage.

"Neither did I," his uncle admitted with a sigh, "though I can tell you I kept a sharp eye out after I heard they were coming. I heard one of the guards say they'd had word that Mrs. Grant was tired from the journey, and they'd decided not to come to the fair until tomorrow. It's a pity you'll be on the train by that time, Billy."

They were nearly through dessert when a fair official came to the table with a message for Uncle Arch.

"We've hunted everywhere for you, Mr. Willard," the man said. "After you left the building today, the guard who had been on duty by your painting reported that there had been an accident." It was not serious, the official added quickly, as Uncle Arch looked up in alarm. The crowd had somehow gotten out of control and had pushed against the picture and the canvas had been damaged.

"It's only a small rip, Mr. Willard," the man finished anxiously, "down in one corner. Still, the committee wants to have it repaired at once—and they presumed you'd want to supervise the work."

There'd be no need to supervise anyone else, Uncle Arch answered. He'd mend the rip himself. "I've patched dozens of canvases—when I couldn't afford to buy new ones." He smiled as the official's expression relaxed.

The committee would be *most* appreciative, Uncle Arch was assured. And it had already been arranged to rope off a section in front of the painting so there could be no chance of a further mishap.

He'd stay and mend it that evening after closing hours, Uncle Arch agreed, if they could keep the hall unlocked. "And provided," he added, "the committee has a pot of glue I can borrow."

"Come along, if you like, Billy," Uncle Arch said to Will when the closing gong sounded later, and he headed toward the Main Hall.

Will was glad to prolong his last day at the fair in any way he could. Besides, he was curious to see what it would seem like to be in one of the big buildings with none of the usual crowds around.

It was odd at first, and a little ghostly, to walk past the deserted exhibits and hear their footsteps echo in the shadowed emptiness. But once Uncle Arch had begun his work, Will was intent on holding a light and watching his uncle's deft fingers.

Some time later they were still too absorbed to notice when a man slipped through the big front entrance and came with quiet steps to within a few feet of the low scaffold where Uncle Arch was working. They never knew how many minutes passed while the stranger stood looking up at the painting in silence.

It was a sound from the guard on duty by the door that made Uncle Arch and Will turn. They both stared, startled to see the stranger behind them. He was not tall, and Will noticed how slight his shoulders looked under the

black frock coat he wore. Only his beard, and the deep thoughtfulness of his gaze, gave him an impressive air.

The guard at the door had admitted a second person—a man in officer's uniform, who came quickly down the hall and hesitated a few paces from the frock-coated stranger, as though wondering how to attract his attention. "Ahem—" The officer gave a little cough.

There was no sign that the bearded man had heard. He stood without moving, never taking his eyes from the painting before him.

While Will and Uncle Arch continued to watch in fascination, the officer made a second attempt. *"A—hem!"* He took a cautious step closer. "Mr. President, if you will excuse me, sir. The carriage is outside. And Mrs. Grant is waiting—"

Without looking around, the stranger made a small motion with one hand. Slight as it was, anyone could see that it was the gesture of a man who was used to having his wishes understood—and obeyed.

The next moment Will was choking back an exclamation of wild excitement. For suddenly it had dawned on him that the mysterious after-hours visitor who had come to stand before the painting of *Yankee Doodle* was General Ulysses S. Grant, President of the United States!

Will turned just in time to see the same look of recognition sweep across his uncle's face. But before either of them could give a sign that they realized the identity of the "stranger," it was too late.

The President nodded his head just once. "Good," he said. He looked at Uncle Arch, sitting astride the scaffolding. "Tell Mr. Willard I think his picture is good." And without allowing a moment for any reply, he turned to follow the officer out through the front entrance.

The huge hall was silent as Will and his uncle stared at each other. Then Uncle Arch's laugh burst out, loudly enough to set echoes ringing down the empty spaces.

"By Jingo, Billy boy," he said, "he thought I was some workman—fixing the canvas here. But *he liked it!* The President liked my picture, Billy!"

The story of Will and Uncle Arch is a true story. Anne Colver, the author, is the daughter of the grown-up Will. You can find out more about how Uncle Arch came to paint "The Spirit of '76" in Miss Colver's book *Yankee Doodle Painter* (Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1955).

You may also want to read:

Yankee Doodle's Cousins
by Anne Malcolmson (Houghton Mifflin, 1941)

Pictures to Live With
Edited by Bryan Holme (Viking Press, 1959)

Leonardo Da Vinci
by Elizabeth Ripley (Henry Z. Walck, 1952)

Michelangelo
by Elizabeth Ripley (Henry Z. Walck, 1953)

Mr. Bell Invents the Telephone
by Katherine B. Shippen (Random House, 1952)

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the Sensational Scent and the Cosmic Comic

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The SENSATIONAL SCENT and The COSMIC COMIC

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Take one boy, one skunk, and twelve bottles of after-shave lotion; add two thousand dollars and four armed bandits; throw in a stuttering sheriff and a few cups full of laughter for seasoning; mix well, and you have—THE CASE OF THE SENSATIONAL SCENT.

That's one of the stories in this book. The other one is called THE CASE OF THE COSMIC COMIC. It's a mystery, too—in a way.

the Sensational Scent and the Cosmic Comic

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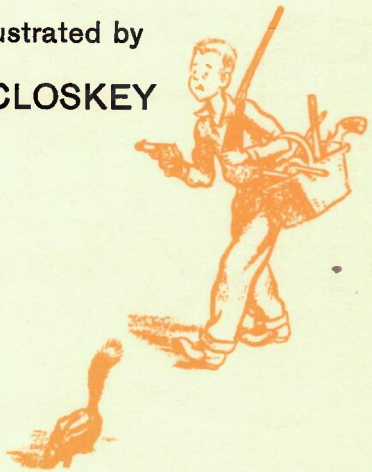

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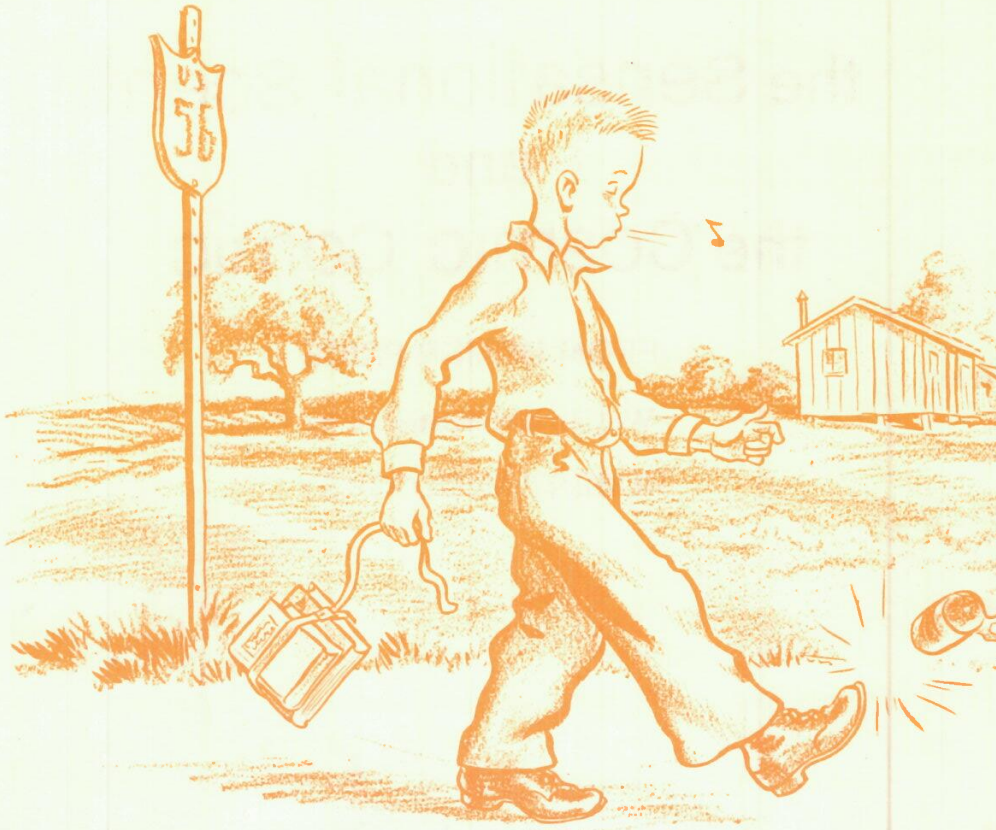

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1

THE CASE OF THE SENSATIONAL SCENT

"Aroma"

About two miles outside of Centerburg where Route 56 meets Route 56A there lives a boy named Homer. Homer's father owns a tourist camp. Homer's mother cooks fried chicken and hamburgers in the lunch room and takes care of the tourist cabins while his father takes care of the filling station. Homer does odd jobs about the place. Sometimes he washes windshields of cars to help his father, and sometimes he sweeps out cabins or takes care of the lunch room to help his mother.

When Homer isn't going to school, or doing odd jobs, or playing with other boys, he works on his hobby which is

building radios. He has a workshop in one corner of his room where he works in the evenings.

Before going to bed at night he usually goes down to the kitchen to have a glass of milk and cookies because working on radios makes him hungry. Tabby, the family cat, usually comes around for something to eat too.

One night Homer came down and opened the icebox door, and poured a saucer of milk for Tabby and a glass of milk for himself. He put the bottle back and looked to see if there was anything interesting on the other shelves. He heard footsteps and felt something soft brush his leg so he reached down to pet Tabby. When he looked down the animal drinking the milk certainly wasn't a cat! It was a skunk!

Homer was startled just a little but he didn't make any sudden motions, because he remembered what he had read about skunks. They can make a very strong smell that people and other animals don't like. But the smell is only for protection, and if you don't frighten them, or hurt them, they are very friendly.

While the skunk finished drinking the saucer of milk, Homer decided to keep it for a pet because he had read somewhere that skunks become excellent pets if you treat them kindly. He decided to name the skunk Aroma. Then he poured out some more milk for Aroma, and had some more himself. Aroma finished the second saucer of milk, licked his mouth, and calmly started to walk away. Homer

followed and found that Aroma's home was under the house right beneath his window.

During the next few days Homer did a lot of thinking about what would be the best way to tame Aroma. He didn't know what his mother would think of a pet skunk around the house but he said to himself Aroma has been living under the house all this time and nobody knew about it, so I guess it will be all right for it to keep on being a secret.

He took a saucer of milk out to Aroma every evening when nobody was looking and in a few weeks Aroma was just as tame as a puppy.

Homer thought it would be nice if he could bring Aroma up to his room because it would be good to have company while he worked building radios. So he got an old basket and tied a rope to the handle to make an elevator. He let the basket down from his window and trained Aroma to climb in when he gave a low whistle. Then he would pull the rope and up came the basket and up came Aroma to pay a social call. Aroma spent most of his visit sleeping, while Homer worked on a new radio. Aroma's favorite place to sleep was in Homer's suitcase.

One evening Homer said, "There, that's the last wire soldered and my new radio is finished. I'll put the new tubes in it, then we can try it out!" Aroma opened one eye and didn't look interested, even when the radio worked perfectly and an announcer's voice said, "N. W. Blott of Center-

burg won the grand prize of two thousand dollars for writing the best slogan about Dreggs After-Shaving Lotion."

"Why I know him, and he's from my town!" said Homer.

Aroma still looked uninterested while the announcer said that next week they would broadcast the Dreggs program from Centerburg and that Mr. Dreggs himself would give Mr. N. W. Blott the two thousand dollars cash and one dozen bottles of Dreggs Lotion for thinking up the best advertising slogan. "Just think, Aroma, a real radio broadcast from Centerburg! I'll have to see that!"

The Radio Robbers

The day of the broadcast arrived and Homer rode to Centerburg on his bicycle to watch. He was there early and he got a good place right next to the man who worked the controls so he could see everything that happened.

Mr. Dreggs made a speech about the wonderful thing Mr. N. W. Blott had contributed to the future of American shaving with his winning slogan: "The after-shave lotion with the distinctive invigorating smell that keeps you on your toes." Then he gave N. W. the two thousand dollars and one dozen bottles of lotion in a suitcase just like the one that Homer had at home. After N. W. made a short speech the program was over.

Just then four men said, "Put 'em up," and then one of them said to N. W., "If you please," and grabbed the suit-

case with all of the money and lotion inside it. Everyone was surprised, Mr. Dreggs was surprised, N. W. Blott was surprised, the announcer was surprised, the radio control man was surprised, and everybody was frightened too. The robbers were gone before anybody knew what happened. They jumped into a car and were out of sight down Route 56A before the sheriff shouted, "Wait till I send out an alarm, men, then we'll chase them. No robio raiders, I mean radio robbers can do that in this town and get away again!" The sheriff sent out an alarm to the State Police and then some of the men took their shotguns and went off down 56A in the sheriff's car.

Homer waited around until the sheriff and the men came back and the sheriff said, "They got clean away. There's not hide or hair of 'em the whole length of 56 or 56A."

While they were eating dinner that evening, Homer told the family about what had happened in town. After helping with the dishes he went up to his room, and after he had pulled Aroma up in the basket, he listened to the news report of the robbery on his new radio. "The police are baffled," the news commentator said. "Mr. N. W. Blott is offering half of the prize money and six bottles of the lotion to anyone who helps him get his prize back."

"Aroma, if we could just catch those robbers we would have enough money to build lots of radios and even a television receiver!" said Homer.

He decided that he had better go to bed instead of trying

to think of a way to catch robbers, because he was going to get up very early the next morning and go fishing.

Musteline Mammal (Genus Mephitis)

Homer woke up before it was light, slipped on his pants, and ate a bowl of cereal. Then he found his fishing pole and gave a low whistle for Aroma (which wasn't necessary because Aroma was waiting in the basket). Homer put the basket on his bike and they rode off down 56A.

They turned into the woods where the bridge crossed the brook. And Homer parked the bike and started to walk along the brook with Aroma following right along.

They fished all morning but didn't catch anything because the fish just weren't biting. They tried all of the best places in the brook and when they were ready to go home they decided to go straight through the woods instead of following the brook because the woods path was much shorter.

The path through the woods was an old wood road that was not used any more. It had not been used for years and almost everybody had forgotten that it was ever built. Before they had gone very far Homer thought he heard voices, then he smelled bacon cooking. He thought it was strange because nobody ever came up on this mountain to camp, so he decided to sneak up and investigate.

When Homer and Aroma looked around a large rock

they saw four men. *"The robbers!"* whispered Homer, and indeed they were the robbers. There was the suitcase with the two thousand dollars and the one dozen bottles of after-shaving lotion lying open on the ground. The robbers had evidently just gotten up because they were cooking breakfast over an open fire. Their faces were covered with soapy lather, for they were shaving.

Homer was so interested in what the robbers were doing that he forgot to keep an eye on Aroma. The next thing he knew, Aroma had left the hiding place and was walking straight toward the suitcase! He climbed inside and curled up on the packages of money and went right to sleep. The robbers were busy shaving and having a difficult time of it too, because they had only one little mirror and they were all stooped over trying to look in it.

"I can hardly wait to finish shaving and try some of that fragrant after-shaving lotion," said the first robber.

Then the second robber (who had a cramp in his back from stooping over and from sleeping in the woods) straightened up and turned around. He noticed Aroma and said, "Look at that thing in our money!" The other robbers turned around and looked surprised.

"That, my dear friend, is *not* a thing. It is a Musteline Mammal *(Genus Mephitis)* commonly known as a *skunk!"* said the third robber, who had evidently gone to college and studied zoology.

"Well, I don't care if it's a thing or a mammal or a skunk,

he can't sleep on our money. I'll cook that mammal's goose!" Then he picked up a big gun and pointed it at Aroma.

"I wouldn't do that if I were you," said the third robber with the college education. "It might attract the sheriff, and besides it isn't the accepted thing to do to Musteline Mammals."

So the robbers put a piece of bacon on the end of a stick and tried to coax Aroma out of the suitcase, but Aroma just sniffed at the bacon, yawned, and went back to sleep.

Now the fourth robber picked up a rock and said, "This will scare it away!" The rock went sailing through the air

and landed with an alarming crash! It missed Aroma, but it broke a half-dozen bottles of Mr. Dreggs' lotion. The air was filled with "that distinctive invigorating smell that keeps you on your toes," but mostly, the air was filled with Aroma!

Everybody ran, because the smell was so strong it made you want to close your eyes.

Homer waited by the old oak tree for Aroma to catch up, but not for Aroma to catch up all the way.

They came to the bike and rode off at full speed. Except to stop once to put Aroma and the basket on the rear mud-guard, they made the trip home in record time.

Homer was very thoughtful while he did the odd jobs that afternoon. He thought he had better tell his mother what had happened up on the mountain. (His father had gone into the city to buy some things that were needed around the place, and he would not be back until late that night.)

At dinnertime he was just about to tell her when she said, "I think I smell a skunk around here. I'll tell your father when he gets home. We will have to get rid of that animal right away because people will not want to spend the night at our tourist camp if we have that smell around." Then Homer decided not to say anything about it, because he didn't want his father to get rid of Aroma, and because the robbers would no doubt get caught by the State Police anyway.

One Swell Job of Smelling

That evening Homer was taking care of the gas station and helping his mother while his father was in the city. In between cooking hamburgers, and putting gas in cars, he read the radio builders' magazine and looked at the pictures in the mail-order catalogue. About eight o'clock four men got out of a car and said, "We would like to rent a tourist cabin for the night."

Homer said, "All right, follow me," and he led the way to one of the largest cabins.

"I think you will be comfortable here," he said, "and that will be four dollars in advance, please."

"Here's a five-dollar bill, Buddy, you can keep the change," said one of the men.

"Thanks," said Homer as he stuffed the bill in his pocket and hurried out the door because there was a car outside honking for gas.

He was just about to put the five-dollar bill in the cash register when he smelled that strange mixture, partly "the distinctive invigorating smell that keeps you on your toes," and partly Aroma. He sniffed the bill and sure enough, that was what he had smelled!

"The robbers! Those four men are the robbers!" said Homer to himself.

He decided that he had better call up the sheriff and tell

him everything. He knew that the sheriff would be down at the barber shop in Centerburg playing checkers and talking politics with his friends, this being Saturday night. He waited until his mother was busy getting an extra blanket for someone because he did not think it was necessary to frighten her. Then he called the barber shop and asked to talk to the sheriff.

"Hello," said Homer to the sheriff, "those four robbers are spending the night out here at our tourist camp. Why don't you come out and arrest them?"

"Well, I'll be switched," said the sheriff. "Have they got the money and the lotion with them?"

"Yes, they brought it," said Homer.

"Well, have they got their guns along too?" asked the sheriff.

"I don't know, but if you hold the line a minute I'll slip out and look," said Homer.

He slipped out and peeped through the window of the robbers' cabin. They were getting undressed and their guns were lying on the table and on the chairs and under the bed and on the dresser—there were lots of guns. Homer slipped back and told the sheriff, "They must have a dozen or two."

The sheriff said, "They have, huh? Well, I tell you, sonny, I'm just about to get my hair cut, so you jest sorta keep your eye on 'em and I'll be out there in about an hour or so. That'll give them time to get to sleep; then some of the

boys and me can walk right in and snap the bracelets on 'em."

"Okay. See you later, sheriff," said Homer.

Later, when his mother came in, Homer said, "Mother, I have some very important business. Do you think that you could take care of things for a while?"

"Well, I think so, Homer," said his mother, "but don't stay away too long."

Homer slipped up to a window in the robbers' cabin and started keeping an eye on them.

They were just getting into bed, and they were not in a very good humor because they had been arguing about how to divide the money and the six bottles of lotion that were left.

They were afraid, too, that one of the four might get up in the night and run away with the suitcase with the money and the lotion in it. They finally decided to sleep all four in one bed, because if one of them got out of bed it would surely wake the others up. It was a tight fit, but they all managed to get into bed and get themselves covered up. They put the suitcase with the money and the lotion inside right in the middle of the bed.

After they had turned out the light it was very quiet for a long while. Then the first robber said, "You know, this ain't so comfortable, sleeping four in a bed."

"I know," the second robber said, "but it's better than sleeping in the woods where there are mosquitoes."

"And funny little animals that don't smell so nice," added the third robber.

"You must admit, though, that our present condition could be described as being a trifle overcrowded," said the one with the college education.

"Them's my feelings exactly," said the first robber. "We might as well start driving to Mexico, because we can't sleep like this. We might as well ride toward the border."

"No, driving at night makes me nervous," said the second robber.

"Me too," said the third. Then there followed a long argument, with the first and third robbers trying to convince the second and fourth robbers that they should go to Mexico right away.

While they were arguing Homer thought very hard. He guessed that something had better be done pretty quick or the robbers might decide to go before the sheriff got his hair cut.

He thought of a plan, and without making a sound he slipped away from the window and hurried to Aroma's hole under the house. He whistled softly and Aroma came out and climbed into the basket. Aroma had calmed down considerably but he still smelled pretty strong.

Homer quietly carried the basket to the spot under the robbers' window and listened. They were still arguing about the trip to Mexico. They didn't notice Homer as he put the basket through the window onto the chair beside the bed.

Of course, Aroma immediately crawled out on the bed and took his place on the suitcase.

"Stop tickling," said the tall robber, because his feet stuck out and Aroma's tail was resting on his toes.

"I'm not tickling you," said the second robber, "but say, I think I still smell that animal!"

"Now that you mention it, I seem to smell it too," said the third robber.

The fourth robber reached for the light button, saying, "That settles it! Let's get dressed and go to Mexico, because *I think I smell that animal too!*"

Then as the robber turned on the light Homer shouted, "You *do* smell that animal, and please don't make any sudden movements because he excites easily." The robbers took one look and pulled the covers over their heads.

"The sheriff will be here in a few minutes," said Homer, bravely.

But five minutes later the sheriff had not shown up. The robbers were getting restless, and Aroma was tapping his foot and getting excited.

Homer began to be disturbed about what his mother would say if Aroma smelled up one of her largest and best tourist cabins, so he quickly thought of a plan. He climbed through the window. He gathered up all of the guns and put them in the basket. Then he gathered up the robbers' clothes and tossed them out the window. After picking out one of the larger guns Homer waved it in the direction of

the robbers and said, "You may come out from under the covers now, and hold up your hands."

The robbers gingerly lifted the covers and peeked out, then they carefully climbed out of bed so as not to disturb Aroma, and put up their hands.

"We didn't *mean* to do it," mumbled the first robber.

"And we'll give the money back," said the second robber.

"Our early environment is responsible for our actions," said the educated robber.

"I'm sorry," Homer said, "but I'll have to take you to the sheriff." He motioned with the gun and demanded that the fourth robber pick up the suitcase with the prize money and lotion inside. Then he said, "Forward march!"

"Must we go in our pajamas?" cried one.

"And without our shoes?" wailed another.

"Aroma is getting excited," Homer reminded them, and the robbers started marching without any more arguing, but they did grumble and groan about walking on gravel with bare feet (robbers aren't accustomed to going without shoes, and they couldn't have run away, even if Homer and Aroma hadn't been there to guard them).

First came the first robber with his hands up, then the second robber with his hands up, then the third robber with his hands up, and then the fourth robber with his right hand up and his left hand down, carrying the suitcase (of course, Aroma followed the suitcase), and last of all came Homer, carrying the basket with a dozen or two

guns in it. He marched them straight down Route 56A and up the main street of Centerburg. They turned into the barber shop where the sheriff was getting his hair cut and the boys were sitting around playing checkers.

When the sheriff saw them come in the door he stopped talking about the World Series and said, "Well, I'll be switched if it ain't the robio raiders, I mean radio robbers!" The sheriff got out of the barber chair with his hair cut up one side and not cut up the other and put handcuffs on the men and led them off to the jail.

Well, there isn't much more to tell. The newspapers told the story and had headlines saying BOY AND PET SKUNK TRAP SHAVING LOTION ROBBERS BY SMELL. The news commentators on the radio told about it too. Homer's father and mother said that Homer could keep Aroma for a pet because instead of hurting business Aroma has doubled business. People for miles around are coming to the crossroads where 56 meets 56A just to buy gasoline and to eat a hamburger or a home-cooked dinner, and to see Aroma.

The next time Homer went into Centerburg to get a haircut, he talked the whole thing over again with the sheriff.

"Yep!" said the sheriff, "that was sure one smell job of swelling, I mean one swell job of smelling!"

2
THE COSMIC COMIC

Super-Duper

One Saturday afternoon Homer and Freddy and Freddy's little brother Louis were listening to the State College football game on the radio.

After the game Homer said, "I'm feeling sort of hungry. Come on, Freddy, come on, Louis. Let's go down to the kitchen and get something to eat."

They went downstairs and Homer poured out three glasses of milk, and Homer's mother brought out the cookie jar.

"Don't eat too many cookies," she cautioned, "because it's almost dinnertime."

"No, Ma'am, we won't," said Freddy. Then he said to Homer, "Has tonight's newspaper come yet?"

"I think so," said Homer. "Yes, there it is, on top of the refrigerator."

"Oh boy!" said Freddy as he opened it to the comic page. "Let's see what happened to the Super-Duper."

So Freddy and little brother Louis and Homer gathered around the paper to see how the Super-Duper was going to get out of the big steel box filled with dynamite, where the villain had put him and dropped him into the middle of the ocean from an airship.

There in the first picture the Super-Duper was saying, "Haw, Haw! That villain thinks he can get rid of me, but

he's mistaken!" Then in the next picture the dynamite exploded and blew the steel box to bits. But that didn't hurt the Super-Duper because the Super-Duper is *so* tough (tougher than steel) that *nothing* can hurt *him!*

"Just look at those muscles and that chest the Super-Duper's got!" said Freddy before going on to the next picture. In the next picture the Super-Duper bounded up from the bottom of the ocean and went whizzing through the air. He caught the airship by the tail and broke it off with a loud *crack!* In the last picture the villain was trying to escape in an airplane, and was machine-gunning the Super-Duper, but the bullets just bounced off his chest because he was so tough. Then it said, "Continued Monday."

"Boy!" said Freddy, "the Super-Duper can do anything!"

"Yeh, but it's only a story," said Homer. "And the story's always the same. The Super-Duper always hits things and breaks them up, and a villain always tries to bomb him, or shoot him with a cannon or a gun or an electric ray. Then he always rescues the pretty girl and gets the villain in the end."

"Well, it isn't just a story," said Freddy, "because Super-Duper's in the movies too. They really take *movies* of him lifting battleships with one hand and even flying through space."

"Aw," said Homer, "I read a book once that said they do that sort of thing with wires and mirrors. It's just trick photography, that's all it is."

Then little brother Louis, who had been eating cookies all this time, said, "Read it to me!"

So Freddy had to read it all over again, out loud, and explain the story to little Louis.

"Freddy," called Homer's mother, "your mother just phoned and wants you to bring little Louis right home."

"Okay. C'mon, Louis, finish your milk. Good-by, Homer, and thank you for the cookies."

The next time Freddy came over to visit Homer he brought along some of his Super-Duper comic magazines.

"Say, Homer, I thought you might like to look at these," said Freddy.

"Gosh, Freddy, you certainly have a lot of those comic magazines," said Homer.

"They don't cost much," said Freddy. "Only ten cents apiece. Here, read this one, Homer, it's the most exciting."

Homer took the comic magazine and started to read, while Freddy looked over his shoulder.

At the beginning of the story the Super-Duper was dressed in ordinary clothes, just like any other man. Then after the villain appeared on the second page, the Super-Duper slipped behind a tree and changed into red tights and a long blue cape.

"Why does he always change his clothes like that?" asked Homer.

"That's because he is so modest," said Freddy in a knowing way. Homer started reading again. After the Super-

Duper had changed his clothes he started flying through space and smashing things. He picked up automobiles and tossed them over cliffs, and he even carried a train across a river, after the villain had blown up the bridge.

Then finally he saved the pretty girl from a horrible death and caught the villain, who turned out to be a very notorious criminal.

"Gosh, Freddy, these Super-Duper stories are all the same," said Homer.

"No, they're not!" said Freddy. "Sometimes the Super-Duper smashes airships and sometimes he smashes ocean liners. Then other times he just breaks up mountains."

"But he always rescues the pretty girl and catches the villain on the last page," said Homer.

"Of course," said Freddy. "That's to show that crime does not pay!"

"Shucks!" said Homer. "Let's go pitch horseshoes."

"Okay," said Freddy.

Freddy won two games out of three and then he said, "Guess it's almost suppertime, see you tomorrow, Homer."

"Yep! G'by, Freddy," said Homer, and Freddy gathered up his comic magazines and went up the road home.

The Real Thing

After supper when Homer was doing his homework the phone rang. "Hello!" said Homer.

"Hello, that you, Homer? This is Freddy. Say! Did you see in the paper tonight that there is going to be a Super-Duper movie over at the Centerburg theater next Saturday afternoon?"

Before Homer could say, "No, I didn't," Freddy shouted, "And guess what! The Super-Duper in person is going to be there! And, Homer," Freddy went on, "Mother has a box from the mail-order house over at the Centerburg railroad station. So Dad says that little Louis and I can take the horse and wagon and drive to Centerburg on Saturday. We can get the box, and then go to see the Super-Duper! I thought you might like to come along."

"Sure thing!" said Homer.

"Okay. We'll stop by for you," said Freddy. "G'by."

On Saturday Freddy and little Louis drove up to Homer's house with old Lucy hitched to the wagon, just as Homer was finishing his lunch.

"I thought we had better get an early start," said Freddy, "because it takes old Lucy about an hour to go as far as Centerburg."

"I'll be ready in just a second," said Homer. Then after Homer had climbed in, Freddy said "Giddap!" to old Lucy, and they started off to see the Super-Duper in person.

When they arrived in Centerburg the first thing they did was go to the station and load the box from the mail-order house onto the back of the wagon.

"Gosh, that's heavy!" said Homer as they lifted it on.

"Yeah," said Freddy, "but I betcha the Super-Duper could lift it with his little finger."

"Mebbe so," said Homer. "Let's stop over at Uncle Ulysses' lunchroom and get some doughnuts to eat in the movie."

Freddy and little Louis both thought that was a good idea so they drove old Lucy around to the lunchroom to get some doughnuts.

Then Freddy and little Louis and Homer walked across the town square to the movie.

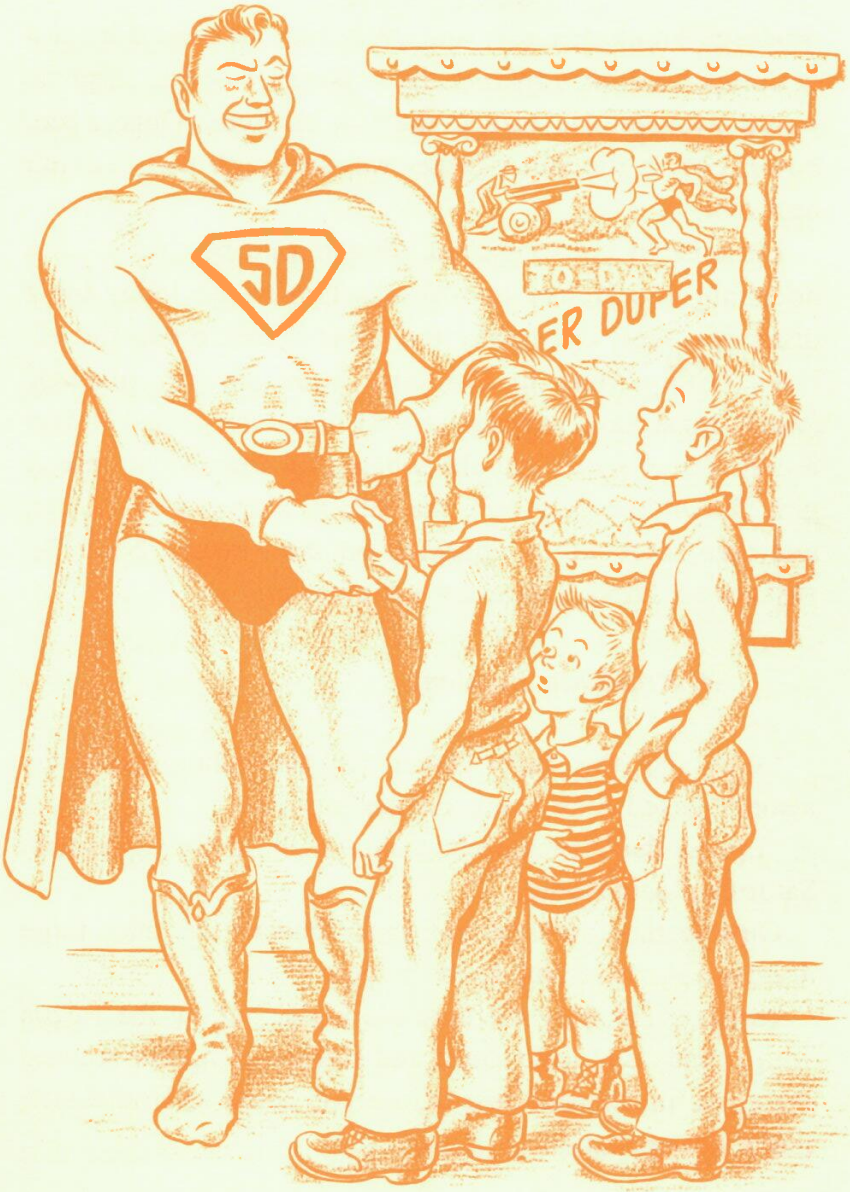
The Super-Duper's super-streamlined car was standing in front of the theater. It was long and red, with chromium trimmings, and it had the Super-Duper's monogram on the side. After they had admired the car, they bought three tickets and went inside. There in the lobby was the *real honest-to-goodness* Super-Duper. He shook hands with Freddy and Homer and little brother Louis, and he autographed a card for Freddy, too.

"Mr. Super-Duper, would you please do a little flying through space for us, or mebbe just bend a few horseshoes?" asked Freddy.

"I'm sorry, boys, but I haven't time today," said the Super-Duper with a smile.

So Homer and Freddy and little Louis found three good seats, and ate doughnuts until the picture began.

The picture was called *The Super-Duper and the Electric Ray*. That was because the villain had a machine that


SD
ER DUPER

produced an electric ray, and every time he shined it on a skyscraper, or an airplane, the skyscraper or the airplane would explode! He turned the ray on Super-Duper, too, but of course the Super-Duper was so tough that it didn't hurt *him*.

Little Louis got so excited, though, that he choked on a doughnut and Homer had to take him to the lobby for a drink of water. But finally the Super-Duper broke the villain's headquarters to bits, and lifted the ray machine (which must have weighed several tons) and tossed it over a cliff. *Then,* he caught the villain and rescued the pretty girl. But at the very end, the villain slipped away again, and then these words appeared on the screen: "NEXT INSTALLMENT NEXT SATURDAY AFTERNOON!"

A Roadside Incident

"Why did the Super-Duper let the villain get away again?" asked little Louis on the way out.

"I guess that's because he wants to chase him again next Saturday," said Homer.

Outside they admired the Super-Duper's car once more and then started home in the wagon.

It was evening by the time old Lucy, pulling the wagon with Freddy and little Louis and Homer on it, had reached the curve in the road just before you come to Homer's father's filling station.

A car honked from behind and Freddy pulled old Lucy over to the edge of the road. Then, *"swooosh!"* around from the rear sped a long red car with chromium trimmings.

"Gosh! It's the Super-Duper!" said Freddy.

"Well, he shouldn't drive so fast around this curve," said Homer, sort of doubtful like.

Almost before Homer had finished speaking there was a loud screech of brakes, and then a loud crash!

"Giddup! Lucy," said Freddy, "we better hurry up and see what happened!"

"Gee, there weren't any cars coming the other way," said Homer. "I wonder what happened?"

"Golly," said Freddy in a quavery voice, "do you suppose . . . the electric ray? . . . Whoow, Lucy, *whoo, Lucy!* . . . we better park here!"

"Oh, shucks!" said Homer in his bravest voice. "I'm going to see what happened."

Little Louis began to cry, and Homer tried to comfort him. "Louis, that electric ray business was just part of a movie, and it couldn't have anything to do with this." Homer tried hard to make it sound convincing.

Then Homer and Freddy and little Louis got out of the wagon and crept along the side of the road.

There. around the curve, was the Super-Duper's car, down in a ditch. All three boys stopped crawling along and lay down on their stomachs to watch.

"Oh boy!" whispered Freddy. "Now we'll get to see the Super-Duper lift it back on the road with one hand!"

There was a flash of light and little Louis cried, "Is that the electric ray?"

"It's only the headlights of a car," said Homer. "Come on, let's go a little closer."

They crept a little closer . . . They could see the Super-Duper now, sitting there in the twilight with his head in his hands.

"I wonder if he got hurt?" asked Homer.

"Naw!" whispered Freddy. "Nothing can hurt the Super-Duper because he's too tough."

"Well, if he isn't hurt, why doesn't he lift the car back on the road?" asked Homer.

"Sh-h-h!" said Freddy, "he's an awful modest fellow." So they waited and watched from the bushes.

The Super-Duper sighed a couple of times, and then he got up and started walking around his car.

"Now watch!" said Freddy in a loud whisper. "Oh, boy! Oh, boy!" The Super-Duper didn't lift the car, no, not yet. He looked at the dent that a fence post had made in his shiny red fender, and *then,* the incredible happened. That colossal-osal, gigantic-antic, Super-Duper, that same Super-Duper who defied the elements, who was so strong that he broke up battleships like toothpicks, who was so tough that cannon balls bounced off his chest, yes, who was *tougher* than steel, he stooped down and said . . . "Ouch!" Yes,

there could be no mistake, he said it again, louder . . . *"Ouch!!"*

The great Super-Duper had gotten himself caught on a barbed-wire fence!

"Well . . . well, for crying out loud!" said Freddy.

"What happened?" asked little Louis. "Did he get himself rayed by the villain?"

"Come on, Freddy, let's go and untangle him," said Homer. Then Freddy and little Louis and Homer unsnagged the Super-Duper and he sighed again and said, "Thank you boys. Do you know if there's a garage near here? It looks as though it will take a wrecking car to get my car out of this ditch."

"Sure, my father has a garage down at the crossing," said Homer. "And we have a horse right up there on the road. We can pull your car out of the ditch!" said Freddy.

"Well, now, isn't that lucky!" said the Super-Duper with a smile.

So they hitched old Lucy to the car and she pulled and everybody pushed until the car was back on the road.

Little Louis sat with the Super-Duper in his car, and Homer and Freddy rode on old Lucy's back while she towed the car toward Homer's father's filling station.

"What happened, Mr. Super-Duper, did the villain ray you?" asked little Louis.

"No," said the Super-Duper, and he laughed. "When I drove around that curve, there was a skunk right in the

middle of the road. I didn't want to hit him and get this new car all smelled up, so I went into the ditch. Ha! Ha!"

When they had reached the filling station they put some iodine on the scratches that the barbed wire had made on the Super-Duper. (He made faces, just like anybody else, when it was daubed on.) Then he ate a hamburger, and by that time Homer's father had the car fixed, except for the dent in the fender. Before the Super-Duper drove away, he thanked the boys and made them a present of a large stack of Super-Duper comic books. After he'd gone, Homer and Freddy went back with old Lucy to get the wagon.

"Well, anyway, Freddy, we've got a complete set of Super-Duper Comic Books," said Homer.

"Yeah," said Freddy. Then he said, "Say, Homer, do me a favor, will you, and don't tell anybody about the Super-Duper and the barbed wire and the ditch and the iodine, especially Artie Bush. If he doesn't hear about this I might be able to trade my comic books for that baseball bat of his, the Louisville Slugger that's only slightly cracked."

"Okay," said Homer. "Come to think of it, his cousin, Skinny, has a pretty good ball, too. This is a good time to get even for the time Skinny traded me a bicycle bell that wouldn't ring, for my nearly new bugle."

In Robert McCloskey's book *Homer Price* (Viking Press, 1949) there are many more stories about Homer and his friends in Centerburg.

You may also want to read:

Centerburg Tales
by Robert McCloskey (Viking Press, 1949)

Trigger John's Son
by Tom Robinson (Viking Press, 1949)

A Lemon and a Star
by E. C. Spykman (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1955)

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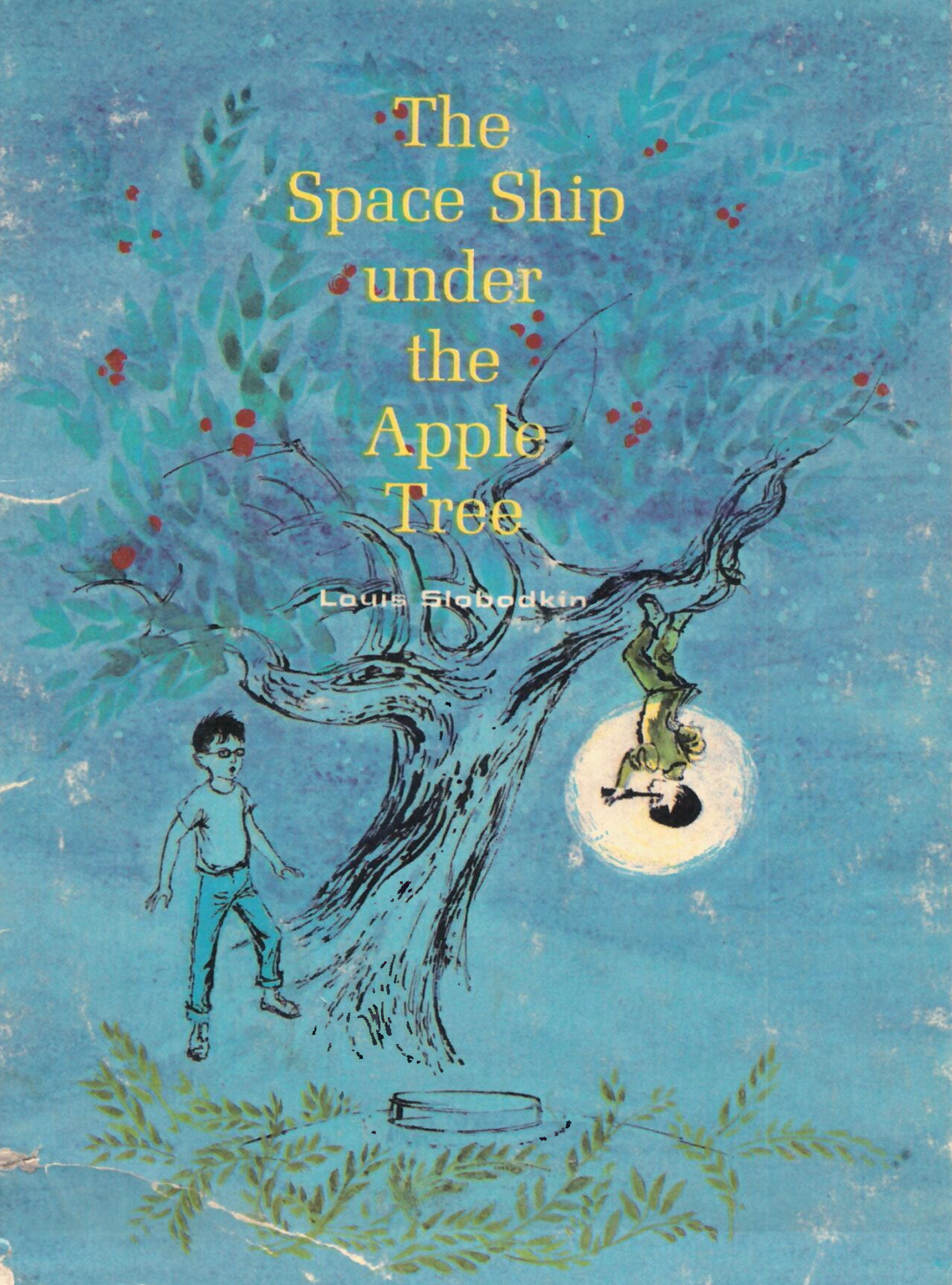
The Space Ship under the Apple Tree

Louis Slobodkin



THE SPACE SHIP UNDER THE APPLE TREE

by Louis Slobodkin

Eddie told his grandmother that shooting stars were really meteors. But whatever fell into the orchard that night was certainly not a meteor. When Eddie went down to investigate, he did not see anything unusual at first. Then he saw something that made his hair rise.

A little man was standing on a limb of Grandfather's apple tree. But he was not on the top of the limb. He stood on the bottom side of it! Head down!

The Space Ship under the Apple Tree

BY LOUIS SLOBODKIN

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM O'SULLIVAN

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FALLING STARS

ONE night in mid-August just before he went to bed, Eddie Blow stood on his grandmother's porch looking up at the star-filled sky.

"There's a lot of shooting stars out tonight, Grandma," he said. "Come on out and look. There's lots of them."

"Make a wish, Eddie," called his grandmother from the kitchen.

"What's that, Grandma?"

"Make a wish, Eddie," she repeated. "That's what you should do when you see a falling star."

"Aw, Grandma," said Eddie. "That's superstit . . . superstition. I mean . . . wishing on falling stars. Falling stars

are meteors. Chunks of matter that are flung off—off into space and things . . ."

"Wait a minute, Eddie. I can't hear a thing," called his grandmother. She had turned on a water tap in the kitchen. "Wait just a minute, son, I'll be with you in a minute and then you can tell me."

In a little while she came out the door, wiping her hands on her apron. "Now what were you saying, Eddie?"

"I was just saying, Grandma. Wishing on falling stars is—well, falling stars are great meteors or something. They shoot off like that, burning all the time. Sometimes they don't burn out altogether and they fall to earth . . . and make big holes. . . . Look, there's one! There's a beauty! It just went over the ridge back of the apple orchard!"

"My! My!" said his grandmother. "That was a beauty. But I surely wish that it did go over the ridge and did not come down to earth. It would have come down just about on top of Grandfather's apple tree. If I were to make a wish on *that* star, I'd just wish it didn't come down on Grandfather's apple tree and break it up."

Grandfather's apple tree was the oldest tree in the orchard. It was called Grandfather's apple tree because it was said to be the first tree planted by Eddie's grandmother's grandfather. And all the trees in the orchard were said to be the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of Grandfather's apple tree.

"I guess it didn't. But I wish one of them would come down

around here somewhere," said Eddie. He hastily added, "Just a little one, Grandma, one that wouldn't hurt anything. It wouldn't hurt anything if it came down, maybe, in the road."

"Well, none of them will be coming down just by wishing them down," said his Grandmother. "And it's getting late anyway, Eddie boy. You'd better get off to bed. I just wish if that big star or meteor or whatever it was did come down, it hasn't come down on Grandfather's tree and broken it all up. Eddie, you'd better get off to bed. I'd like to have you go up to the orchard the first thing tomorrow morning. I'm just a little bit worried about Grandfather's apple tree."

"Okay, Grandma. 'Course I'll go up to the orchard," said Eddie. "Don't worry about that old meteor. Bet it's just whirling off into space right this minute. G'night, Grandma."

Eddie went up the stairs two at a time, swung the door of his room as if he'd tear the door off its hinges, took a running jump, and plunked onto his bed. Then he ripped off one of his shoes without undoing the laces and stopped . . . and thought . . .

What if the meteor really did come down in the apple orchard?

What if it did come down on Grandfather's apple tree?

What if it were up there right now burning and burning?

What did it look like, burning away like that?

Eddie Blow was an eleven-and-a-half-year-old boy, who wore glasses and was interested in science and nature. He often stopped and asked himself questions about things, and

then tried to find out. In New York, where he lived all fall, winter, and spring, Eddie read a lot of books in the library about science and nature. And his Boy Scout troop often went to the Natural History Museum. There, Eddie found out about lots of things.

The small apartment, where he lived with his mother in New York, was rather crowded with his own collection of animals. He had a rabbit, a turtle, two white mice, a horned toad, a salamander, a family of guppies, a few goldfish, and an assortment of spiders, moths, and some other insects in a cardboard box. He also owned a ninth part of an absent-minded carrier pigeon named Bixxy.

The other eight parts of Bixxy were owned by eight other boys, who with Eddie had found and taken care of Bixxy some time ago when all nine boys were members of a Cub Scout den. Bixxy had been an Army pigeon and was somewhat of a hero.

Besides his collection of living animals, Eddie had a collection of arrowheads, coins, pieces of stones, shells, cocoons, bird's eggs, pressed flowers, leaves and ferns, and a lot of other things. Every summer, when his mother sent him up the Hudson River to visit his grandmother at her farm a few miles above Albany, she warned him.

"Eddie," she'd say, "I'll try to take care of your collection while you're gone, but if I can't, I can't. So don't be surprised . . ."

But Eddie was never surprised. He always came home to

find the animals in his collection as healthy as ever and often a lot cleaner, because of his mother's care, than they usually were.

At his grandmother's farm Eddie had no collection of animals. He did not need any, for he was able to see the birds, animals, and insects living in their natural habitat.

The farm sprawled up over the side of a steep hill. It was a big farm, but the soil was too stony to raise any crops of corn or wheat or things like that, though it did have a large apple orchard. And in the early spring Eddie's grandmother hired men to spray the apple trees. In the fall she again hired the men to pick, pack, and cart away the big red apples. But during the long summer months Eddie was the only man who worked on her farm (so she said).

Eddie helped around the farm as much as possible, went to the village on errands, and almost always did anything he was asked to do. His first job tomorrow morning was to go up to the apple orchard for Grandma, he told himself, as he slowly took off his other shoe.

"But why wait till morning?" he asked himself suddenly. "If that old meteor landed, it's burning right now, I bet. Maybe I ought to go up tonight . . ."

He heard his grandmother's bedroom door close.

Eddie thought another moment or two. Then he quietly got his flashlight and slipped out of his bedroom window. As lithe as a cat, he slid down the water drainpipe and landed on the ground below with a gentle thud.

The moon had risen, and the road up the hill to the orchard was well lit. Little animals scurried across Eddie's path as he walked quickly along the road. He scrambled over the stone wall that separated the orchard from the road, and then went on up through the orchard. The moon threw shadows of the leaves and branches on the orchard floor. The whole ground looked as if it were covered with a beautiful patterned rug.

When Eddie rounded the fat trunk of one of the sturdy children of Grandfather's apple tree, he got his first clear view of the old tree. At first glance there seemed nothing unusual. Grandfather's apple tree stood out clearly against the rising moon. There was no sign of any fallen meteors or anything else strange about the old apple tree.

Then Eddie saw something that made the hairs on the back of his neck stand up straight!

On a stout branch of the old tree, about ten feet up from the ground, something moved! It had looked like part of the tree, a leafless, strangely shaped, small branch attached to the stout branch. Then it moved! It was the figure of a little man!

THE LITTLE MAN

THE little man was standing on the branch. But he was not standing on the top side of it. He stood on the bottom side of it! Head down! And he stood there as naturally as if his feet were firmly planted on the broad flat ground!

The little man was about three feet tall. He seemed to be looking out over the moonlit countryside with a tiny spy-glass. Suddenly the little man fell like a shot, head first from the branch! He landed with a bang on his head. But his fall had no effect on him at all, for he was up on his feet in an instant.

As he stood up he saw Eddie for the first time. "Speak . . . English?" he asked in a high-pitched voice.

"Y-e-s . . . sir," stammered Eddie.

"Good," said the little man. "One moment. . . . Must adjust non-gravity shoes."

The little man crouched on the ground and twirled some knobs on the heavy soles of the shoes he wore. Then he stood up and walked over to the trunk of Grandfather's apple tree —and he kept right on walking, straight up the side of the tree and back along the big branch he had been clinging to (head down) when Eddie first saw him!

"One minute," said the little man again. "Must record observations."

After a minute or two of peeking through his little spyglass, he took what seemed to be a tiny typewriter out of one of his pockets. He quickly tapped its keys a number of times. Then he slipped it back into his pocket and marched back along the tree branch. He walked down the tree trunk to the ground and right up to the astounded Eddie!

"You . . . are native?" he said.

"What?" exclaimed Eddie.

"One minute," said the little man. He pulled a little box out of another of the many pockets in his short jacket. He snapped it open. The box seemed filled with luminous little cards. He squinted at one of the cards and then he spoke again.

"You . . . are . . . born in United States . . . of America?"

"Yes, sir," said Eddie.

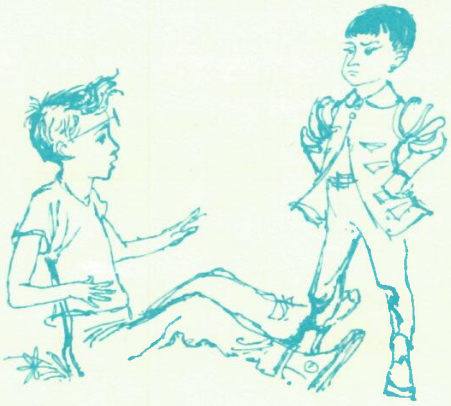
"Good," said the little man. "One minute."

The little man consulted his little luminous box again. As he squinted through some of the little cards Eddie began to get over the first shock of seeing the little man. "What's going on here?" he said to himself. "Who is he to ask me a lot of questions in my grandmother's apple orchard?"

"Look here!" said Eddie in a loud, angry voice. "What's going on here? Who are you? Who do you think you are, asking me a lot of questions in my own grandmother's apple orchard. You'd better . . ."

As Eddie talked the little man stopped looking through his luminous box. He adjusted a small knob on a bracelet he wore on his wrist. And as Eddie's voice rose angrily the little man suddenly touched Eddie's chest lightly with one of his fingers.

Eddie sat down hard on the ground!



"Speak slow . . . no anger," said the little man.

Eddie scrambled to his feet, his fists clenched.

The little man held out his finger menacingly.

Eddie stood breathing hard.

"I answer question," said the little man. "I Scientist Explorer from Planet Martinea."

Eddie gasped. Then as he remembered his reading in astronomy books, he said doubtfully, "Martinea? The planet Martinea? G'wan, there's no such planet!"

The little man hastily consulted his little box again and ruffled through its luminous pages.

"What means g'wan?" he asked.

"G'wan means . . . what difference does it make?" asked Eddie. "What's that box?"

"This box explains language. English language, Martinean language," said the man. "Dictionary Box. Our Language Scientists study American English through high-powered telescopes from Martinea."

"How could they?" asked Eddie suspiciously.

"Your language on highways— 'Go slow! Speed limit forty miles! Turn left! Hot Dogs! Welcome to Hoosic Falls!' Our Language Scientists construct language from these examples."

Eddie just blinked.

"Where's this Martinea?" he asked.

The little man pointed in the general direction beyond the moon.

"Martinea outside your solar system," said the little man.

"Yeah? Well, I never heard of it," said Eddie.

"What is yeah?" asked the little man, quickly consulting his dictionary box again.

"Never mind that," said Eddie. "If you did come from this Martinea, how'd you get here?"

The little man looked at Eddie as if he were making up his mind, then he spoke again.

"Come, I show you."

And he turned and walked over the ridge in back of Grandfather's apple tree. Eddie followed. About ten feet from the tree trunk, the little man stopped. Then quickly, and with surprising strength, he began to pull away a lot of old branches that filled a rather large gully. Eddie didn't remember ever seeing that gully before.

In a few minutes the gully was cleared. The moonlight revealed a metal something which looked very much like an immense overturned metal dish. It was about fifteen feet in diameter. There were strange gadgets on its metal surface, and along the outer rim, regularly placed, were a number of small metal tubes.

"A Flying Saucer!" exclaimed Eddie. "Say, that looks like. . . . No, it can't be, it's impossible! There are no such things as Flying Saucers!"

The little man turned to Eddie, then he quickly snapped open his little dictionary box again. "F . . . F . . . Frying Pan? Flying . . ." he muttered as he flipped through the cards

in the box. "There are no Flying Saucers. What is Flying Saucers?"

"Sure," said Eddie. "There are no Flying Saucers. I read it in a scientific magazine in the library, *The World Scientist.* A big professor, what's his name, Professor Something said there are no such things as Flying Saucers."

"What is name of scientific magazine?" asked the little man, *"World Scientist?* . . . Professor Something?"

The little man had taken out his little typewriter again and tapped away at it for a second.

"This, Astral Rocket Disk, perhaps you say Space Ship," he said. And as he spoke he began to cover his space ship again. "Professor Something correct . . . no Flying Saucers!"

When he had finished covering the space ship the little man turned to Eddie.

"Information please," he said. "Where hotel? Must rest. Must wait for . . . how you say, this side earth rotate to sun?"

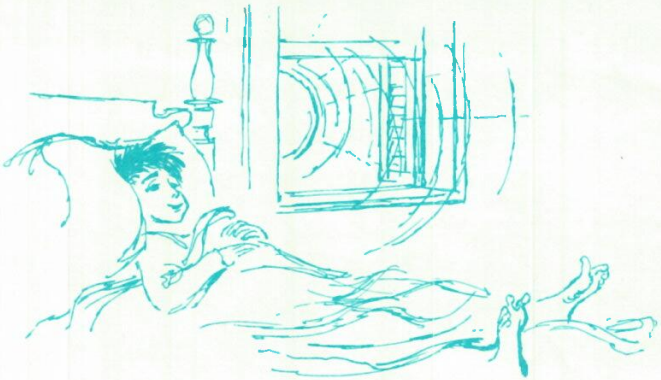
"You mean until daylight," said Eddie.

"Yes, daylight," said the little man.

"There's no hotel around here," said Eddie, "only farms. If you want to rest tonight. . . . Tell you what, come down to my grandmother's house. It's down there." Eddie pointed in the direction of his grandmother's house. "You can rest tonight. She won't mind . . . I think. I got a chest in my room long enough for you."

"Good," said the little man. "Speed limit forty miles."

He adjusted some knobs on his large shoes, set a little dial in the direction Eddie had pointed, and took off. Eddie found himself racing down through the orchard after the little man, who moved with amazing speed toward Eddie's grandmother's house.



THE ASTRAL ROCKET DISK

EDDIE wasn't sure whether it was the sun streaming into his window or his grandmother's voice that woke him the next morning. As he lay there half awake he said to himself, "Dreams are good things. A fellow can have more adventure with his eyes closed than he can when they're wide open. Dream about flying . . . dream about falling . . . dream . . ."

Eddie yawned, stretched, and closed his eyes again.

"Be down in a minute, Grandma," he mumbled sleepily, as he dug his head back into the pillow.

After a minute or two his grandmother called up from the kitchen again.

"Eddie . . . remember what you promised . . . remember you said you would go up to the orchard for me."

Eddie's eyes flashed open. That's what he had dreamed about, going up to the orchard! Or did he dream it? Eddie sat bolt upright in his bed as he remembered the little man. He jerked his head around and looked over at the chest where the little man had stretched out after they climbed up the drainpipe to Eddie's room.

There was no one on the chest!

Quickly Eddie looked around his room. There was no sign of the little man.

"Whew!" said Eddie, sinking back on his pillow with a sigh of relief. "What a dream that was!"

"Ed-die . . . are you getting up?" called his grandmother from the foot of the stairs.

"Coming, Grandma," shouted Eddie, and he popped out of bed, dressed himself, and was down the stairs in a jiffy.

"My, Eddie!" cried his grandmother as he rushed into the kitchen. "That's the quickest I ever saw you wake up. Like a regular five-alarm fire."

Eddie grinned over the edge of a large glass of orange juice and said nothing. His grandmother had to tell him again and again during the rest of his breakfast to slow up and chew before he swallowed.

The moment Eddie could, he raced out of the house.

"S'long, Grandma," he said as he swung out the door. "I'm going up to the orchard to look at Grandfather's apple tree."

"Please let me know soon," cried his grandmother after him. "Don't go off anywhere until you've told me."

"I won't," shouted Eddie over his shoulder as he ran up the road. He ran hard over the flat stretches and dogtrotted up the hilly sections until he climbed up the orchard to Grandfather's apple tree.

He arrived out of breath at the top of the ridge. There was nothing unusual about the big spreading apple tree. Some birds twittered here and there, a chipmunk took off into space, some fruit flies whirled around some invisible something in mid-air. Aside from the buzzing of the flies, the twittering of the birds, and the rat-tat-tat of a hidden woodpecker nearby, there was no other sign or sound of life around the big tree.

Eddie held his breath as he circled the gnarled trunk of the tree. He looked down toward the mysterious gully he had seen, or dreamed about, during the night. There was no sign of the gully; the ground looked solid and was covered with twigs, leaves, and moss. The rat-tat-tat sound of the hidden woodpecker grew louder.

Just as Eddie was about to say to himself, "Slush, there's no such gully," up from what seemed to be solid earth popped a little figure. It was the little man again! In his hand he held a small bright instrument. It was about the shape and size of a dentist's drill.

"Come here," said the little man.

Eddie approached cautiously. As he came closer, the little man suddenly called out sharply like a train conductor, "Watch step!"

Eddie stopped short and not a moment too soon, for he saw now that the mysterious gully really did exist. At that moment he stood at the edge of it. The seemingly solid ground was just a mass of great branches, twigs, leaves, and moss, so cleverly arranged that from a few feet away the gully was completely disguised.

The little man stood waist-deep in the center of the gully. Suddenly he ducked down into the hole and was up in an instant. Now he held something that looked like a metal pinwheel.

"One minute," said the little man.

He touched a button on the handle of the pinwheel. The wheel began to whir. The little man watched it carefully, and when his pinwheel was whirring so fast the little blades had run together into a transparent silver disk, he held it at arm's length above his head.

In an instant the little man was pulled up into space, then *zi-p!* he'd hopped to the rim of the gully and stood alongside Eddie. "Radiomatic Helicopter Miniature," he explained, pointing to his little pinwheel.

"Oh!" said Eddie after he had swallowed the lump of surprise that rose in his throat.

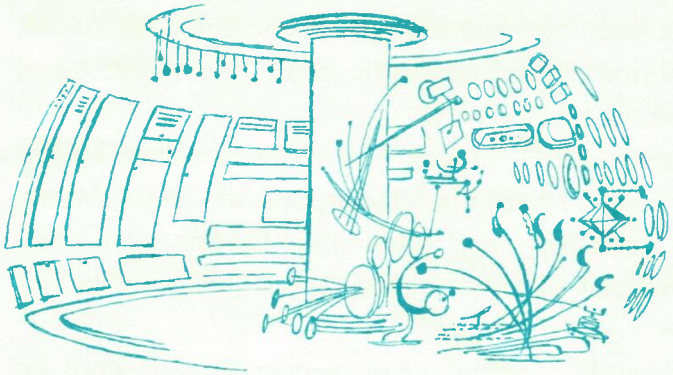
The little man seemed a lot friendlier than he had been last night, Eddie thought.

"You inspect Astral Rocket Disk?" he asked.

Eddie started to nod his head. But before his chin had reached his neck, the little man had a firm grip on Eddie's arm, and he found himself flying through the air. In a flash they were in mid-air over the hole at the center of the gully. The little man gently let Eddie down through the hole.

"Walk down," said the little man as he hovered over Eddie's head.

Eddie carefully stepped down. He found he had climbed down into the hidden Astral Rocket Disk!



INSPECTION TOUR

EDDIE climbed down a small ladder. He now stood in a circular room inside the space ship. The room was well lit, but Eddie could not see the source of the light. There were no bulbs or lamps. The strange, blue-tinged light seemed to come directly from the walls.

There were no shadows in the circular room It was about ten feet in diameter and about six feet high. There was a fat metal column, which extended from the floor to the ceiling, in the center of the room. Various gadgets, wheels, levers, and gauges covered one-half of the room. The other half was simply furnished with cabinets, and there was a line of small rings and knobs attached to the ceiling over the cabinets.

The little man, who had followed Eddie down the ladder, proudly pointed out and named the equipment in the Astral Rocket Disk.

"This Supersonic Denotator, Electronic Amplifier, Hyper-Sensitive Pacifier, Micro-Photometer, Spectro-Meter, Monochrometer, Inter-Angilated Eliminator, Co-Spacial Larinator, Inter-Spacial Communication System, Adrio-Dynamic Desensitizer . . ."

When he could not think of the proper English word for the gadget he was pointing to he would consult his little dictionary box. Sometimes even the box failed him, since some of the names of the instruments could not be translated. Then the little man used his own language. It sounded like Welsh, or what Eddie thought Welsh might sound like if he ever heard it.

"Here is Willewingulagulin," said the little man, pointing to a very small crystal-covered gadget. "Not good. Not used on modern Astral Rocket Disks. This old space ship."

"How old?" asked Eddie, glad to change the subject because he was getting a little dizzy from the long list of scientific words.

The little man consulted his little luminous box.

"One-half earth revolution around your sun."

Eddie figured fast.

"Why, that's a half year, six months," said Eddie. "It sure looks brand-new."

"This equipment old now. Modern Martinean Astral

Rocket Disks very different," said the little man with a touch of pride in his voice.

"Things must get old fast in Martinea," said Eddie.

"Time different in Martinea," said the little man. "We use light years. How old you your time?"

"I'm eleven going on twelve," said Eddie. Since the little man looked doubtful he explained, "Guess you'd say eleven complete earth revolutions around our sun, and a half revolution."

The little man frowned, then walked over to the cabinet side of the room. There he reached over his head and pulled a small ring. A blackboard unrolled from the ceiling like a window shade, and stiffened. The little man snapped out his little box, looked into it, then turned to Eddie.

"Eleven and one-half revolutions . . . years?" he asked.

"Yeah," said Eddie. "Eleven and a half years. That's right. Eleven and a half revolutions."

The little man turned back to the blackboard. For the next few minutes he scribbled curious little marks on the board with a luminous chalk. He worked furiously for a while. He seemed to be adding, subtracting, multiplying, dividing (long division and short), doing fractions and square roots. Soon he had the board covered with thousands of little luminous marks, checks, stars, dots, and arrows. Finally, all his arithmetic was reduced at the very bottom of the blackboard to just three little marks.

He turned to Eddie with a surprised expression on his face.

He pointed to the little marks, then to himself and then to Eddie.

"You—I, same old! I eleven and a half years," he said. "Eleven and a half earth revolutions around your sun."

"Say, you're smart!" exclaimed Eddie in admiration.

"Smart?" said the little man as he reached for his little box again. But he changed his mind because even though he did not know what "smart" meant it was obvious Eddie meant something nice.

"Lookit, since you and I are the same age," said Eddie enthusiastically, "let's you and I be friends. What d'you say? Let's be friends, huh?"

"Friends?" asked the little man, "friends?"

Eddie groaned under his breath as the little man dug into his little box again.

"F . . . F . . . Foals . . . Fools . . . Furniture . . . F . . . F . . . no Friends," said the little man. "No word 'Friends' in my language. What is 'Friends'?"

"Well, friends is . . ." began Eddie. "When two fellows . . . oh, friends is . . . you know, like . . ."

And Eddie was embarrassed. It was so hard to explain what anyone means by "friends" to someone who had no such word in his language. After a few minutes of stumbling around Eddie gave up.

"All right," he said. "Let's not be friends."

"Inspect Astral Rocket Disk more?" suggested the little man after a moment of silence.

"Yes, thanks," said Eddie. "How does it work?"

The little man motioned to the cabinet side of the room. He pulled another small ring which hung from the ceiling, and unrolled a sheet of what looked like beautifully translucent glass. The sheet of pliable glass hanging from the ceiling stiffened, and was as rigid as the blackboard.

"Interior-Exterior-Radar-Inter-Communicator," said the little man.

"What's it for?" asked Eddie.

"Watch," said the little man. He twisted the little ring, and the sheet of glass began to cloud. Then it cleared again. Eddie found himself looking into a very sharp reflection of the room where they stood. But it was not a mirror reflection. There were two figures in the room. One he recognized as the back view of the little man. The other someone (a little taller someone) was wearing blue jeans. . . . Why, it was a back view of himself, Eddie!

He had never noticed his own ears before, and since he could, he wiggled his right ear. The figure of himself in the glass wiggled his right ear, too. Yes sir, that was him, Eddie.

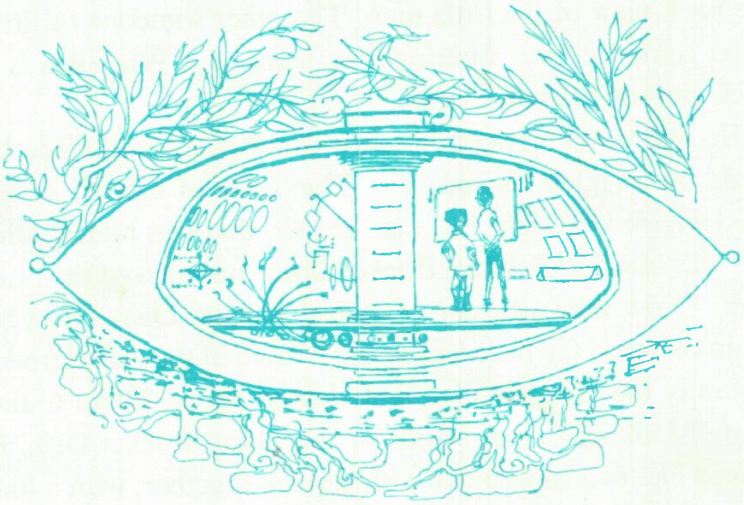
"This interior of Astral Rocket Disk," announced the little man. "Now here exterior of Astral Rocket Disk," and he again switched the little ring at the bottom of the glass screen. Instantly the glass clouded and cleared again. Eddie found himself looking at the outside of the Astral Rocket Disk. It looked like two large metal dishes stuck together, with a line of small tubes around the rim.

"Boy, that's neat," said Eddie. "How does the disk work? How does it fly, I mean?"

"Tubes on rim are rockets," said the little man. "Revolve at great speed . . see cross section," and the little man whirled the ring again.

Now Eddie saw the picture on the glass as if the Astral Rocket Disk were cut in half. He could see the little man and himself inside. And he could see that the wall of the room they stood in was entirely separated from the outside wall of the Astral Rocket Disk except at the top and bottom, where it was attached to the outer wall with an axle.

The little man explained that when the rockets started, the outer shell of the disk revolved at a tremendous speed but the



inside shell remained still. The Astral Rocket Disk went through the air like a . . . the little man consulted his luminous box for the right word. Finally he found it.

"Top!" he said. "No top," and he touched the top of his head, "no this top!"

The little man whirled himself around at a great speed and stopped suddenly.

"This top!" he said when he had recovered.

"But what do you use for power?" asked Eddie. "Where's your fuel tanks or dynamos or something? What makes the disk run?"

The little man frowned. "Disk no run . . . flies!"

"All right," said Eddie. "Flies! But I can't see how it flies. Where's the power?"

"Secret Power," said the little man sternly.

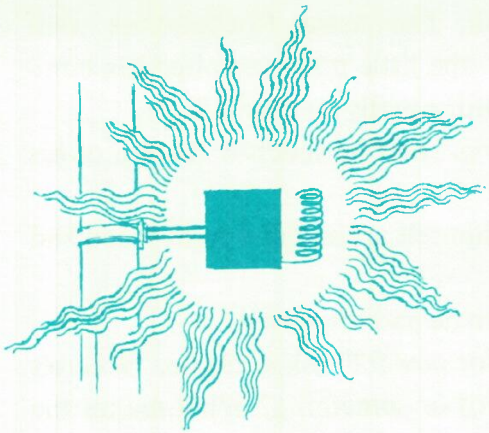
"What Secret Power?" asked Eddie, as he looked around. "Can't see any place to store your Secret Power around here."

The little man looked suspiciously at Eddie for a moment. He seemed to be thinking hard.

"You no dangerous," said the little man. "Here is Secret Power."

He walked over to the fat metal column in the center of the room and pressed an invisible button in its side. A small door sprang open in the column.

"Here . . . look!" commanded the little man as he pointed to something in the column.



"SECRET POWER Z"

EDDIE bent down and looked into the column. The little man's finger pointed to a flat spool of shiny metal wire. The spool of wire was about three inches across, and one end of the wire was inserted into a small black box about the size of a box camera. The black box was attached to a metal rod that went up through the column.

"What!" exclaimed Eddie incredulously. "Is *that* your Secret Power?"

"Yes, this Zurianomatichrome Wire. We call this Secret Power Z," said the little man. "This wire explodes in vacuum. Box is vacuum. Secret Power Z makes powerful explosions. Carry through to rockets."

"Gosh! That must be like Atomic Energy, I betcha," said Eddie.

"Atomic Energy!" the little man sneered. "Atomic Energy very old-fashioned power. We Martineans stop use atomic power long ago. Now use Secret Power Z. Atomic power use only for (the little man looked into his little box for the word)—yes, atomic power use for only . . . sewing machine!"

Eddie gulped and said, "Oh!"

Suddenly the little man looked at one of the clock-faced gadgets on the wall. Then he switched on the Interior-Exterior-Radar-Inter-Communicator. The glass clouded and cleared, and Eddie found they were looking out at the orchard. The sun was directly overhead. The little man became very active and took out his tiny typewriter and banged away at the keys.

"Must make observations on your sun," he said by way of explanation.

"Say, it must be noon already," said Eddie. "I promised Grandma I'd tell her what happened up here. Look, I gotta go. I gotta . . ."

And as Eddie made for the stairs the little man stopped him.

"What tell?" he demanded, angrily. "You see Secret Power. Now tell. You no go. Stop!"

He stood in front of Eddie menacingly.

"Lookit here, now," insisted Eddie. "I gotta go. I told my grandmother I'd be back and tell her about something. I'm

not gonna tell her about your old Secret Power. Anyway, she wouldn't believe it if I told her." And Eddie started for the ladder again. But the little man put his hand against Eddie's chest. Eddie felt as though he were pushing up against a brick wall.

"I go with," said the little man. "Must protect Secret Power."

"All right then, c'mon," said Eddie impatiently. "Hurry up! My grandma's gonna be mad."

The little man eyed Eddie coldly. Then he quickly snapped open the column and tinkered inside it for a moment. He detached the spool of Zurianomatichrome Wire and the little black box. He clipped the black box to his belt and slipped the wire into one of his pockets.

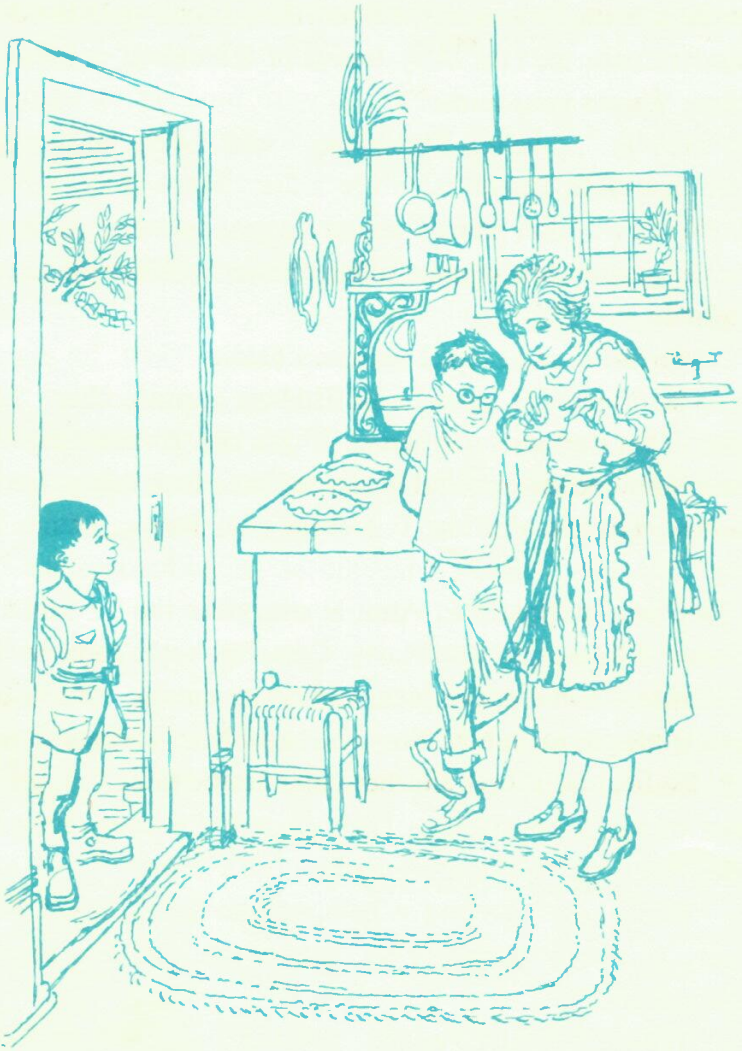
"This also weapon," he said as he pointed to the little black box. "Is possible to destroy everything to horizon using Secret Power Z."

Eddie shivered. Then he said, nervously, "Well, don't point that thing at me. Are you ready now? Let's go."

"Ready. Go," said the little man, and he let Eddie climb out of the Astral Rocket Disk. In a few minutes they sped down the hill to Eddie's grandmother's house.

"Eddie boy," she said as he burst into the kitchen. "Where have you been so long? I was getting worried. Has anything happened?"

"We-e-ll," Eddie began, "nothing happened to Grandfather's tree, if that's what you mean. But . . ."



"And who is this little boy?" asked Eddie's grandmother as she saw the little man from Martinea standing in the doorway. "Come in, boy. Any friend of Eddie's is a friend of mine. What's your name?"

"He's a . . . he's a Martinean," said Eddie hesitatingly. "He just came along."

"What was that name?" asked his grandmother, as she put on her glasses. She seemed to hear better with her glasses on. "Martin . . . ?"

"Martin . . . e . . . an," repeated Eddie.

"Oh! Martin E. Ann," said Eddie's grandmother. "How nice. That's an unusual name. What's the 'E' stand for? We have some people around here who have first names for last names. There's Matilda T. George . . . Joshua Elmer Irving. . . .

"So you're Martin E. Ann. H-mm, does the 'E' stand for Elmer? I'll just call you Marty. Come in, boys, come in. I've just baked some apple pies, and we're having corn fritters and apple pie for lunch. Now you show Marty where to wash up, Eddie, and I'll set another plate on the table."

When Marty lost his Secret Power Z, he was forced to stay on the farm for awhile. Can you imagine what happens when he and Eddie team up for a three-legged race at the Boy Scout Jamboree? Or how Marty finally gets back to Martinea? The whole wonderful story is told in Louis Slobodkin's book *The Space Ship under the Apple Tree* (Macmillan, 1952).

You may also want to read:

The City under the Back Steps
by Evelyn S. Lampman (Doubleday, 1960)

Miss Pickerell Goes to Mars
by Ellen MacGregor (Whittlesey House, 1951)

Matthew Looney's Voyage to the Earth
by Jerome Beatty (William R. Scott, 1961)

The Wonderful Flight to the Mushroom Planet
by Eleanor Cameron (Little, Brown, 1954)

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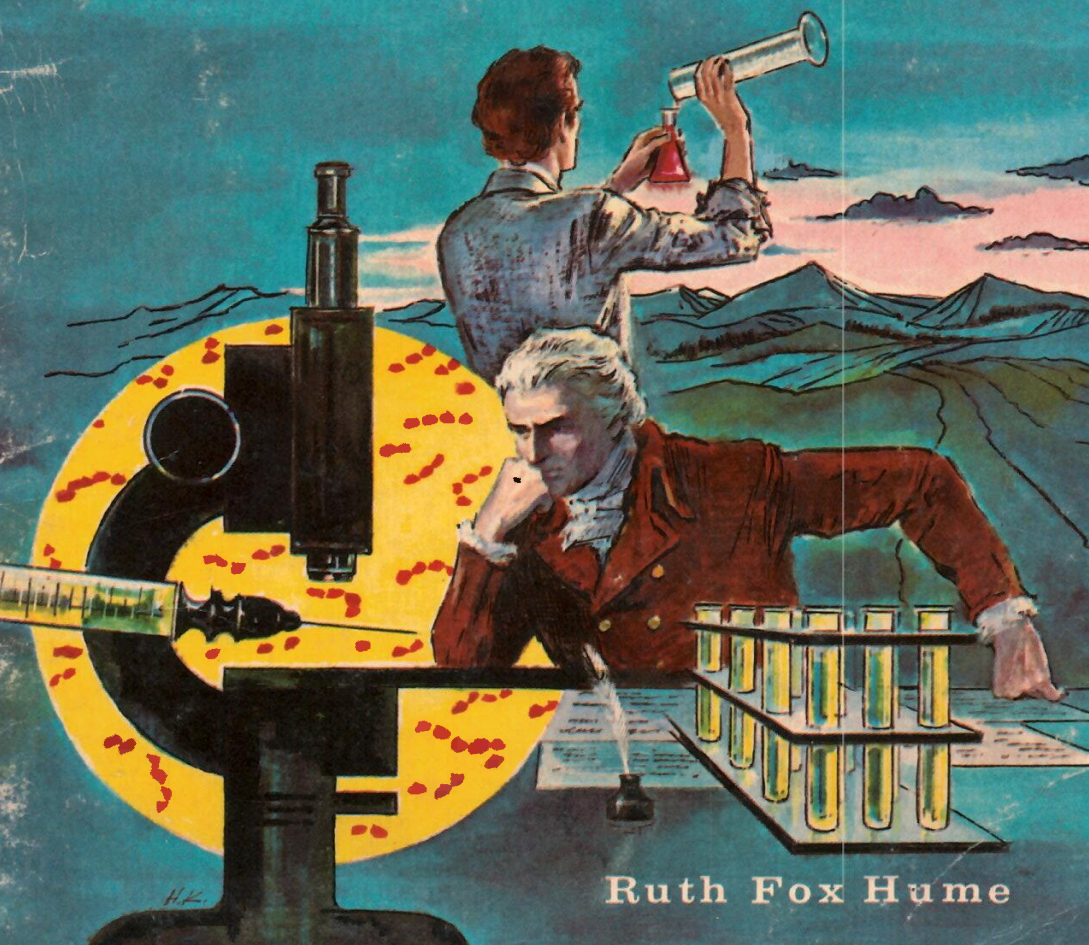
PIONEERS IN MEDICINE



Ruth Fox Hume

PIONEERS IN MEDICINE

by Ruth Fox Hume

The two men you will meet in this story lived a long time ago. Their equipment was crude by today's standards. Little was known of the causes of disease in their day, and people were suspicious of new theories.

Edward Jenner and Louis Pasteur were leaders in the fight against disease and against ignorance and superstition. Their battleground was the laboratory. Because of their victories there, many of us are alive and healthy today.

COVER BY HARVEY KIDDER

PIONEERS IN MEDICINE

By Ruth Fox Hume

Illustrated by Harvey Kidder

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1

EDWARD JENNER

1749–1823

The Conquest of Smallpox

The milkmaid who sat smiling at Dr. Ludlow's new apprentice was young and very pretty. Or so the new apprentice thought as he sat in a corner of his master's consulting room, watching the proceedings with interest. Dr. Ludlow, while bandaging the girl's finger, was lecturing to her on the failing health of the British population.

"Don't know what we're coming to," he rumbled on. "Here we are in the modern age! The year 1766! Progress everywhere you look. And we're an unhealthier lot than our great-grandparents were. Twenty more buried last week."

He paused long enough to tie the last knot in the bandage. "Pox got 'em! Never know who'll be next! Could be anybody." Cheerfully he added, "Could be you! *Then* that pretty skin of yours wouldn't look so pretty!"

At that the girl turned to him quickly. "Smallpox?" she said. "Bless you, no, sir! I cannot take that disease."

"And why not, pray, Missy?"

"I've had the cowpox!" she said proudly, as though it were a personal triumph.

Dr. Ludlow grunted. This popular superstition of the village milkmaids had always amused him. They actually believed, poor ignorant girls, that a case of cowpox—the mild animal disease which all dairy people caught at one time or another—would protect them against smallpox.

"Edward," he said to the boy, "you hear that? Don't forget it! Whenever you go visiting your patients, take a cow with you! Wonderful animal, the cow!" The good man appreciated his humor more than either member of his audience. He roared with delight. The girl pouted. Young Edward Jenner smiled.

But that moment led eventually to the control of smallpox, the deadliest disease then known to mankind. For Edward Jenner was a man who took knowledge where he found it. For years he would store it away in his memory that the village milkmaids had clear complexions, unmarked by the vicious disease, and that they believed themselves to be safe from smallpox.

When Edward Jenner had learned all that old Dr. Ludlow could teach him, he went to London to study with John Hunter, the foremost surgeon of his day and one of the greatest scientific investigators of all time.

Hunter quickly recognized the boy's talent. When Jenner had finished his formal studies, the famous doctor offered to hire him as an assistant. At the same time the renowned explorer of the South Seas, Captain James Cook, invited him to come along on a forthcoming expedition as ship's naturalist.

It was a flattering choice for a country boy to have to make. But because he *was* a country boy at heart as well as in fact, Edward Jenner declined both offers and went home to the quiet

village that he loved. Here he married, settled down, and devoted himself to the broken bones, measles, and babies of his country neighbors. And thus his life might have run to the end —except for an idea.

"I cannot take that disease. I've had the cowpox!" a milkmaid had said, years before. Jenner knew that smallpox itself would protect against smallpox, for having once had the disease you were safe from it forever after. Inoculation had been a custom in England for some years. This was the practice of injecting matter from a smallpox pustule into a healthy person. Artificially induced smallpox was milder, people thought, than genuinely "caught" smallpox.

The theory was good. The practice left much to be desired. Inoculation was a terrible ordeal in itself. It had, moreover, the effect of keeping Europe in a state of epidemic for years. There was enough smallpox around without purposely making new cases.

But would the harmless cowpox also give immunity to smallpox? In London, Jenner had put the question to John Hunter. "Do you think that cowpox really prevents smallpox?"

Most London doctors would have laughed at the question. But John Hunter had a theory about the teaching of medicine. He never said "No!" when a pupil asked him whether something could be done. He said instead, "Science is unlimited. Perhaps." And to Jenner, who had asked a question to which he did not know the answer, Hunter said, "Don't think! *Try!* Be patient. Be accurate."

Since the time had not come to try, Jenner continued to think. He talked, too. His friends began to get a little bored

with his endless conversation about cowpox. The medical men among them grew angry as well as bored. "A man in your position," they told Edward Jenner, "should not be building scientific theory on the gossip of dairymaids!"

And so, when Jenner was ready to turn the tantalizing idea into a fully formed medical opinion, he stated it first not to a fellow physician but to a poet. A poet, he felt, would understand wild, unlikely ideas much more easily than a scientist.

It was in May of 1782. Jenner was riding on the road from Gloucester to Bristol with his friend Edward Gardner. He began to talk about cowpox, hesitantly at first. Gardner smiled to himself in the darkness, amused that his friend should be thinking about cows on this starlit spring night. But he grunted encouragingly. What he had never dared to say outright to any of his medical colleagues, Jenner said to the poet.

"Gardner, I believe that there is one type of cowpox that will give protection against smallpox. I hope—and it has become more than a hope—that some day the practice of producing this cowpox in human beings will spread all over the world. When that day comes there will be no more smallpox."

Jenner now set out to prove this theory. His friends were willing and eager to point out the flaws in it. There was a milkmaid in Kingscote with smallpox, a colleague assured him. She had had the cowpox the year before. A farmer's boy in Gloucester had recently died of smallpox—after a serious case of cowpox the month before.

How could he explain these cases and the others that came to his attention? Certain patients had definitely been infected with

cowpox. Later they had died of smallpox. Didn't this prove that Jenner's theory was wrong?

It took him nearly five years to answer this question. He made a complete study of all dairy diseases and found that cows are victims of quite an assortment of ills. Many of these cow diseases produced running sores on the hands of the milkers. All of these sores were called "cowpox." But Jenner believed that only one kind was the preventive against smallpox. He divided the dairy diseases into two categories: "true" cowpox and "spurious," or false, cowpox.

So *that* was all there was to it, said a colleague with whom Jenner was talking one day. Then how did he explain the dairy in Newport that had had an epidemic of the "true" cowpox last month and was now undergoing a siege of smallpox?

Jenner went at once to Newport. Had it really been cowpox, true cowpox? "Oh, yes, Dr. Jenner," the dairyman assured him. "All the real symptoms you told us about." And was it true that some of the milkers now had smallpox? The man nodded at the freshly turned earth in the churchyard across the road.

This seemed to be perfect clinical proof that Jenner was wrong. But he did not give up.

He began all over again, with a careful examination of all the local cows. Here was a case of true cowpox, and a bad one. This was the height of the disease, Jenner decided, rubbing the animal's ears sympathetically. Here was another case. It was nearly over, from the look of the sores.

Cowpox has stages, he thought, just as smallpox does. Suppose the infectious matter in the sore was different during the different stages of the disease. Suppose that after a certain

period, the matter could still cause eruptions on the hands of the workers, but could not protect them against smallpox.

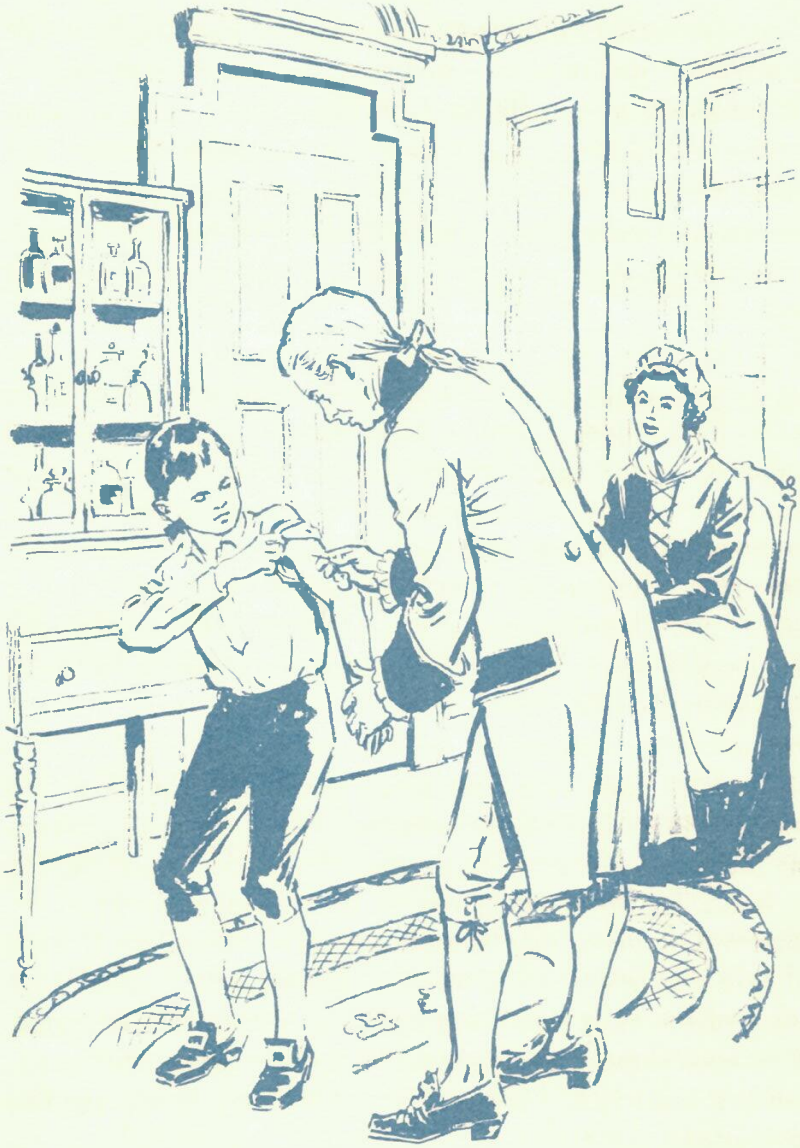
Between the long, night-and-day hours which he devoted to his patients, he began a new study of hundreds of cows and milkers in various stages of cowpox. Another five years passed, then six, and eight, and nine. The result of his research? A knowledge that true cowpox has certain well-marked stages of development.

On May 14, 1796, a milkmaid named Sarah Nelmes walked into Jenner's office. She had a bad case of cowpox, she told the doctor. Her employer had sent her around to have her hand bandaged. Jenner saw that she had an ugly, running sore, a cowpox pustule at the very peak of its development. He had seen hundreds of cases of cowpox at dairies, but he had never before been asked to treat one in his office.

As Jenner looked at the girl's hand the voice of the now dead John Hunter was in his ear, as clearly as if the man had been standing by his side. "Don't think! *Try!*" He had been thinking for fourteen years. Surely it was time to try!

His meditations were interrupted by the sound of shouts and laughter. He looked out the window. The caretaker's children were playing tag in the garden outside his office. James, the eldest, was a healthy-looking boy of eight. Jenner watched the child for a moment, then went to the door and called, "James! Will you step in here for a few minutes, please?"

One of the most significant events in history then occurred. Jenner took some of the matter from the sore on the milkmaid's hand and scratched it into the arm of the boy. It was the first vaccination.



James developed a mild case of cowpox, as scheduled. The experiment was half over. On July 1, Jenner inoculated him with infectious matter taken from a smallpox victim. Since smallpox inoculation was a widespread custom of the time, this was not an unusual action.

Two weeks later he wrote to his friend the poet:

> A boy by the name of Phipps was inoculated in the arm from a pustule on the hand of a young woman who was infected by her master's cows. . . . But now listen to the most delightful part of my story. The boy has since been inoculated for the smallpox, which, as I ventured to predict, produced no effects.

Jenner, still cautious, repeated the experiment twenty-three times more before he published his results in a historic paper which he called *An Inquiry into the Causes and Effects of the Variolae Vaccinae*. Vaccinia, the scientific name for cowpox, comes from the Latin word for cow.

A great furor followed the announcement. It was fed by wild rumors about children who had been vaccinated and had promptly begun to moo. But soon, because the need was so desperate, the attitude began to change. The self-effacing country doctor found himself the most talked-about man in the world. It took three secretaries to handle the mail that poured in. Every day brought requests for vaccine lymph, reports on cases, questions about the proper method, letters of congratulation, and crackpot letters urging him to repent his folly. "I have become vaccine clerk to the world," he said to Gardner one afternoon, as he leafed through the mailbag.

Very soon there was not part of the world that had not taken up vaccination. France, Germany, Spain, and Austria were the first. The news was carried to Greece and spread from there to Turkey, Armenia, and the Far East. In 1803 the Spanish government sent a naval expedition to carry vaccine lymph to the far-flung Spanish possessions in South America and the Caribbean. The expedition then moved on to China. India, the last stronghold of smallpox, urgently requested lymph, which was finally sent from Vienna.

News of Jenner's discovery had reached the United States with the publication of his *Inquiry*. The new nation was cool to the idea at first. But when President Thomas Jefferson had himself vaccinated, the popularity of the discovery was assured.

Honors and gifts from all over the world came to Jenner. The Empress of Russia sent him a diamond ring. An American Indian chief sent him a wampum belt. The French Emperor, Napoleon, although he was at war with England, released two British prisoners when he learned that they were friends of Edward Jenner. In Germany, May 14 — the date of James Phipps' vaccination—was declared a yearly national holiday.

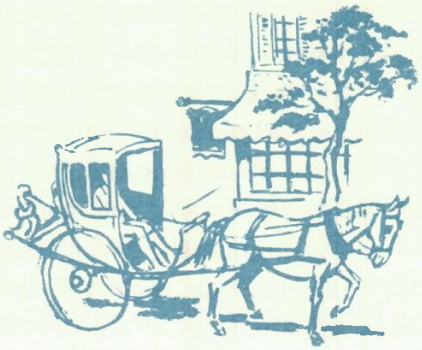
But in England, Jenner was plagued by the petty jealousy of his colleagues, the powerful physicians of London. They could never quite stomach the fuss that was being made over the country doctor. When he was nominated for membership in the Royal College of Physicians, it was voted that he could not be admitted until he had taken the usual examination in Latin. "And that," he said, "I will not do for the whole of John Hunter's museum!"

The sharp voices of his critics meant little to Jenner when he

read the statistics that were sent in after a trial period of two years. In Havana, for example, there had not been a single death from smallpox in the two-year period. And Havana had once had the highest smallpox death rate in the world. In Milan, no deaths; in Vienna, no deaths; in Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, no deaths. In the whole of South America, no deaths.

"I hope that some day the practice of producing cowpox in human beings will spread over the whole world," he had once said to Gardner. "When that day comes, there will be no more smallpox."

There was more than "no smallpox." The country doctor who was not too proud to find wisdom in the tradition of his people had brought an entirely new concept to medical practice —the doctrine of preventive medicine.



2

LOUIS PASTEUR

1822–1895

The Battle Against Bacteria

The citizens of Chamonix were accustomed to seeing odd Frenchmen among the tourists who came to explore their glaciers. But on September 21, 1860, the Swiss villagers were treated to an unusual sight. This was the first time they had seen a tourist climb the Alps while carrying thirty-three glass bottles and an alcohol lamp.

It was the mule, of course, who did the actual carrying of the flasks. The Frenchman walked along beside the animal, frowning each time one piece of glassware knocked against another. The guide walked in front, smiling and shrugging at everyone he met as though to say, "Well, I have to make a living!"

The name of the unusual mountain climber was Louis Pasteur. He had gone climbing in the Alps to disprove the doctrine of "spontaneous generation," a scientific idea that had been widely believed for well over four thousand years.

Louis Pasteur—of all the names in the history of science, this is probably the best known. It is literally a household word, one that we see whenever we read the label on a bottle of milk. The name, in fact, is *so* well known that many people today do not know exactly what it was that Louis Pasteur did to make him-

self so famous. There is a good reason for this—the very fact that he did so much.

If a man makes a great discovery his name is forever linked to it. Say "Wright brothers" and you think at once of airplanes. Say "Henry Ford" and you think of automobiles, Say "Jenner" and you think of smallpox vaccination, or "Salk" and you think of polio vaccine. Most people, if asked what Louis Pasteur did, would probably say that it had something to do with germs. This is true, but it is only part of the story. The discoveries of Pasteur, and the changes that he made in our lives, are so far-reaching that today we take them for granted. It is hard to realize that one man was responsible for so much well-being.

Pasteur, who was a chemist, influenced the past hundred years of medicine more than any other single individual. The list of his research projects is staggering. There is enough accomplishment in them to win fame for a dozen men. He himself never really believed that he was a profound or original thinker, but in this single case he was wrong. He believed that his success came from hard work, and in this he was partly right. For work he did, tirelessly and methodically, with laboratories and equipment that would make a modern scientist despair.

Pasteur was born in 1822, two days after Christmas, and grew up in Arbois, a little town in eastern France. His father was a tanner of leather. From the day of his birth to the day of his death, Louis Pasteur was blessed in his family life. Without the faith and devotion of his parents, the tanner's son could never have hoped for the kind of education he received. Yet no sacrifice his parents made seemed too hard. They had good reason for their pride in the young Louis.

The letters his father wrote to him during his student days in Paris were far different from most letters to sons away from home, as the elder Pasteur realized. "The presents you sent have just arrived. I shall leave it to your sisters to write their thanks. For my part, I should prefer a thousand times that this money should still be in your purse, and thence to a good restaurant, spent in some good meals that you might have enjoyed with your friends. There are not many parents, my dearest boy, who have to write such things to their son. My satisfaction in you is deeper indeed than I can express."

Pasteur was twenty-five years old when his name became well known in the scientific circles of Paris for a brilliant piece of research he had done on the formation of tartrate and paratartrate crystals. If he had accomplished nothing more than this and the studies in crystallography that followed, his name would be listed among the great contributors to chemistry and molecular physics. As things turned out, the work was just a promising beginning.

In 1849 Pasteur was appointed professor of chemistry at the University of Strasbourg. The serious young man, so cautious and retiring, had been in town exactly two weeks when he wrote to the Rector of the Strasbourg Academy requesting the hand of his daughter, Marie, in marriage.

Marie and her family, who had expected no such results from the courtesy calls of the new professor, naturally had to think it over. The delay before Marie accepted unnerved Pasteur, and he ruefully poked fun at his suddenly changed outlook on life. "I," he wrote, "who did so love my crystals!"

Five years after his marriage to Marie, Pasteur became dean

of the newly formed Faculty of Science in the city of Lille. One of the chief industries of the area was the production of alcohol from the fermentation of grain and sugar beet. In the summer of 1856 business was bad. Fermentation was, at best, a tricky process. Sometimes it worked. Sometimes it did not. Since no one knew exactly what caused fermentation in the first place, no one knew how to control it.

Pasteur had a pupil whose father was an important producer of alcohol. This man came to the new dean of science and asked him to investigate the problem of fermentations that went bad. Pasteur was already deeply interested in the theory of fermentation. Now for the first time he was led into a practical concern with this strange phenomenon of nature.

Fermentation is the change brought about in starch and sugar by the action of yeast. It is the process by which bread rises and grape juice becomes wine. In Pasteur's day the most popular explanation of this action was the one given by a German chemist named Liebig. Liebig taught that the ferment—the substance producing the fermentation—was an unstable body in the act of decomposing, or falling apart. This process produced vibrations in the molecules of the ferment, he said, and these vibrations were passed along to the sugar molecules. They, too, began vibrating and decomposed into alcohol and carbonic acid, the end products of fermentation.

Pasteur, after a year of painstaking experiments, showed that the ferment, far from being an unstable, dying substance, was very much alive. It did its work by the rapid multiplication of its wildly active cells.

Where did these cells come from, these tiny creatures so

powerful that they could change the chemical structure of a molecule? This question led Pasteur to his great work on "spontaneous generation." We have already seen him doggedly climbing the lofty mountain in the pursuit of truth. Few scientists have ever performed a practical task in the line of duty that was at the same time so wonderfully symbolic.

The existence of beings so small that they cannot be seen by the unaided eye had been known for over two hundred years, since the invention of the microscope. They could be seen in a simple drop of water; a piece of old meat or cheese positively swarmed with them. Most people believed that microscopic beings, like yeast cells, were simply formed "spontaneously" by some unknown force which somehow organized them out of the surrounding matter. The air acted as a catalyst—or hastener—in this process. But others, including Pasteur, believed that no living creature, not even the minutest cell of yeast, could come into being unless it was preceded by a parent organism similar to itself.

Pasteur set out to prove that the microscopic creatures found in decomposing matter got into it in the first place from the air, and once there proceeded to multiply.

The flasks that Pasteur carried up the Alps contained an organic liquid in which these creatures were known to form very quickly when in contact with air. The liquid had first been boiled vigorously to kill off any possible life in it. Then it had been sealed up in the flasks, from which all the air had been driven. In other words, it now existed in a vacuum. Pasteur opened the flasks long enough to admit the pure and dustless air of the mountaintop, and then quickly resealed them.

Days passed and weeks passed, but no signs of decomposition appeared. The material in the flask remained as clear and free of microscopic growth as it had been on the day it was sealed in. Yet the same material, when boiled and then exposed in exactly the same way to the air of the city, had quickly spoiled, and was soon crawling with microscopic creatures.

Now if these creatures had simply formed themselves spontaneously in the city flasks, they should also have formed in the mountain flasks, since the material in all the flasks was exactly the same. The kind of air admitted should have made no difference.

Pasteur devoted four years of his life to these experiments. Of course they cannot adequately be described in a few paragraphs. But when they were finished, the ancient belief was dead. Nobody believes in spontaneous generation today. Few people remember that it was Louis Pasteur who demolished the doctrine for all time.

Pasteur was essentially a practical man. He was also an ardent patriot. He asked nothing better than to put his scientific genius at the service of his beloved France. No scientist has ever done more for his country than Pasteur, for he literally saved from ruin the two principal industries by which the country lived—the making of wine and the manufacture of silk.

The wine producers were failing because the wine spoiled too soon after bottling, so that it was almost impossible to export it. Pasteur found that the simple process of heating the wine for a short time at about 132° F. would destroy all the organisms that caused spoiling. The process we now call "pasteurization"

saved the great wine industry of France and put it on the road to prosperity.

And in the meantime Pasteur had identified and suggested remedies for the two silkworm diseases that had all but wrecked the silk industry.

In 1868, while he was deep in these labors, Pasteur suffered a severe stroke and nearly died. For a lesser man, this illness and the slight paralysis that followed might have meant the end of active service. But Pasteur was standing on the threshold of more great work.

His studies on fermentation had led him to three conclusions: (1) Ferments are living beings. (2) There is a special, specific ferment for each kind of fermentation. (3) These ferments are not born spontaneously within the fermented matter. They are introduced into it from the outside.

Two hundred years before, a great English chemist named Robert Boyle had made a prophecy. He had said that the man who could probe the secret of fermentation could probably also explain the origin of certain diseases.

During his years of research on fermentation and the diseases of wine, Pasteur had often pondered the question of contagious human diseases, and the possibility that these too had their own specific causes. Gradually the facts were compelling him to a belief that certain diseases are caused because microscopic organisms invade the body.

There was more than pure scientific interest in his growing concern with this subject. Pasteur, the most tender and devoted of fathers, had buried three daughters, two having died of typhoid fever. "It would indeed be a great thing to give the

heart its share in the progress of science," he said. Once he realized that his work might be useful in the battle against human disease, he could not rest, even though he knew what obstacles he would face in proving his theory.

The principal obstacle was the medical profession itself. The doctors of Pasteur's time had their own unshakable theories on the nature of disease: disease sprang by "morbid spontaneity" from the diseased organism. When a physician named Villemin claimed that tuberculosis is a contagious disease that is passed from one patient to another and cannot be acquired in any other way, his colleagues were outraged. "Tuberculosis," said one of them, neatly summarizing what was generally believed about all diseases, "is the common result of a quantity of different external and internal causes, not the product of a specific agent that is always the same!"

In a hostile, solid rank, the medical men of Paris now closed against Pasteur, this *non*-medical man, a mere chemist, who dared to question their cherished beliefs. They let it be clearly understood that they needed no outsider to tell them how to run their affairs. Let Monsieur Pasteur kindly stay with his work on behalf of French industry, for which they and the rest of the country were eternally grateful. But let him leave the welfare of French medicine in more capable hands.

Pasteur did not even try to make converts among the established members of the profession. It was to the younger generation of doctors—the medical students and recent graduates—that he looked for support. He found it in Doctors Roux, Chamberland, Thuillier, and others whose names became forever linked with his.

Pasteur's battle with the doctors and surgeons of France was at its height when he received a letter from an English surgeon who was practicing in Scotland. The British doctor, Joseph Lister, wrote to say how Pasteur's work had revolutionized his own thinking on surgery and surgical procedure.

Pasteur's own researches in hospital wards and morgues were terribly hard on him, for he was a gentle man who suffered acutely in the presence of suffering. "No one knows," wrote Roux, "what feelings of repulsion Pasteur had to overcome before visiting patients and witnessing post-mortem examinations. . . . The cut of the lancet opening an abscess made him wince as if he himself had received it. . . . We have often seen him go home ill from the operating theaters. But his love of science, his desire for truth were the stronger. He returned the next day."

Of all the hospital diseases he studied, Pasteur fought most bitterly against childbed fever, the deadly infection after childbirth which in some hospitals was claiming as many as twenty-five out of each hundred patients. Pasteur begged the doctors to use clean linens, to pass instruments through a flame before using them, and especially *not* to go unwashed from a post-mortem dissection to the bedside of a patient.

His ideas were met with indifference. One day at the Academy of Medicine an eminent physician was lecturing on the "atmospheric causes" of epidemics in maternity hospitals. Suddenly the irritating Monsieur Pasteur was on his feet, shouting, "None of these things causes the epidemics! It is the nurses and doctors who carry the microbe from an infected woman to a healthy one!"

The speaker peered over his spectacles and said with chill dignity, "I fear that microbe will never be found, Monsieur!"

In reply Pasteur stalked over to the blackboard and drew an ugly, chain-like creature. "There!" he shouted. "This is what it looks like!"

Such outbursts did not increase his popularity in certain medical circles. But in his heart Pasteur knew that he would win. "I shall *force* them to see! They will have to see!" he said. In the end, of course, they did.

In the laboratory, Pasteur's brilliant work on the development of the anthrax bacillus had proved to all but the hopelessly blind that a specific microbe causes a specific disease. His voyage into "the world of the infinitesimally small" was about to reach its greatest triumph.

In 1880 he began experiments on the bacillus of a fatal animal disease called chicken cholera. The microbe responsible proved to be so vicious that the tiniest drop of a fresh culture on a crumb of bread was enough to kill a healthy chicken. In the course of an ordinary day's work in Pasteur's laboratory, a wonderful thing happened. It was something that happened very seldom in that laboratory.

Somebody made a mistake.

During a routine experiment, a group of chickens were to be given a shot of a fresh culture of cholera germs. By mistake they were injected with culture from an old bottle that had been put away a few weeks before. It had somehow got mixed up with the new bottles before anyone noticed the date on the label.

The hens became ill, but only slightly. In a few days they

seemed perfectly well again. It was clear that they had had a very mild case of chicken cholera and had then made a complete recovery.

"In the field of observation," Pasteur had said years before, "chance helps the mind that is prepared." Instead of dismissing the incident as an irritating accident, he now asked himself a historic question. What would happen if these same hens were now shot full of strong, fresh, deadly cholera germs?

What happened was one of the most significant things in the history of medicine: nothing. The hens were unharmed by the deadly dose of fresh cholera germs. Cholera now had no effect on them whatsoever. They had become immune to it, simply by being exposed to its microbes in a weakened and harmless form.

Edward Jenner had never known the principle behind his great discovery of vaccination. He had simply known the results. Pasteur saw clearly that the principle was the same as that of *his* discovery. In honor of Jenner, he too called his method of creating immunity "vaccination." That is why immunizations we receive today are called "vaccinations" although they have nothing to do with cows or cowpox.

Pasteur began experiments in producing vaccines for other diseases. His laboratory had never been in such a state of excitement and enthusiasm, for everybody who worked there realized that what they were doing might well mark a turning point in the battle of mankind against disease.

Pasteur began to hope for an opportunity to test his theory on a grand scale and to prove it to the scoffers and skeptics who listened with such amusement to every new paper he read before the Academy of Medicine. The opportunity came much

sooner than he really wanted it—in the spring of 1881, just a year after his first accidental immunization. It came not only on a grand scale but on a truly theatrical one.

He had returned to his studies of anthrax, the deadly disease that could sweep through a herd of healthy sheep and wipe it out within a few weeks. In the laboratory, small-scale experiments on an anthrax vaccine were already in progress.

Pasteur's papers on anthrax aroused the wrath of a veterinary named Rossignol. The *Veterinary Press,* of which he was an editor, was widely read and of great influence in a country where sheep raising was so important. One day Editor Rossignol wrote in his paper:

"Will you have some microbes? There are some everywhere! Microbiolatry is the fashion. It reigns undisputed. It is a doctrine which must not even be discussed, especially when its high priest, the learned Monsieur Pasteur, has pronounced the sacred words, *'I have spoken!'* The microbe alone is and shall be the characteristic of a disease. . . . The microbe alone is true, and Pasteur is its prophet!"

Rossignol had a more practical purpose than mere sarcasm. A few months later he demanded a test to prove, or preferably disprove, Pasteur's theory once and for all. Many people believed that Rossignol was pushing the idea of a field trial in order to win fame as the man who unmasked Louis Pasteur as a fraud. Whatever his motives, he made so much noise about his idea that at last the Melun Agricultural Society agreed to finance a full-scale experiment. It offered sixty sheep to be used however Pasteur wanted to use them.

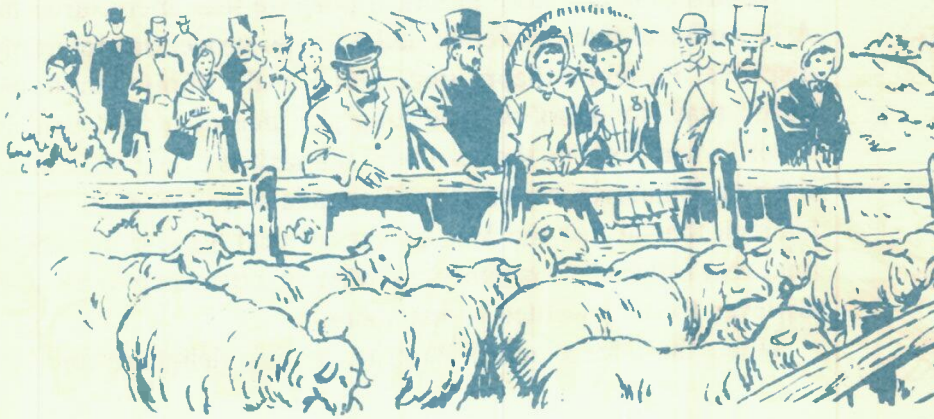
When the offer reached Pasteur, he was delighted and ac-

cepted at once. To his wife and his laboratory assistants he said, "What has succeeded in the laboratory on fourteen sheep will succeed just as well at Melun on sixty!"

He himself outlined the strict rules by which the game would be played. "We will take the sixty sheep so kindly offered to us," he told his family, "and use them like this: Twenty-five will be given two injections of our weakened culture, twelve or fifteen days apart. Several days later these twenty-five vaccinated sheep will be given a strong dose of the most virulent anthrax culture we can produce. At the same time twenty-five unvaccinated sheep will be given the same dose of the same deadly culture." Then he continued:

"The other ten sheep? We will leave them alone. Then later we can point to our twenty-five vaccinated sheep and say, 'You see? They are just as healthy as these friends of theirs who have never been near a hypodermic needle.' "

"And what percentage of results will we expect?" asked one of his assistants.



Pasteur smiled. "There is only one percentage that matters in this case," he said. "One hundred per cent. The twenty-five unvaccinated sheep must all die of anthrax. The twenty-five vaccinated sheep must all live. We ask for no quarter and we will give none!"

Reading the printed "rules" of the experiment, one of Pasteur's friends said to him, "You remind me of what a general said about Napoleon—that he liked hazardous games with a touch of grandeur and boldness. It was all or nothing with him. You're carrying on in exactly the same way."

"Yes, I am," said Pasteur.

On Sunday, May 5, a crowd of visiting scientists, physicians, veterinarians, newspapermen, and curiosity seekers poured out of the little railroad station at Melun and headed for the farm called Pouilly-le-Fort, where the sixty sheep were waiting. Pasteur and his friends, Doctors Roux, Chamberland, and Thuillier, knew that the majority of the crowd had come to watch the experiment with the firm belief that it would fail. The veterinar-

ians in particular were convinced that no mere chemist from the city had anything to tell them about a disease that they had watched helplessly for years.

But the four friends were outwardly calm. The first injection of the weakened culture into the twenty-five sheep selected for the honor went smoothly and quickly. The second inoculation of the same sheep on May 17 was done as easily.

Pasteur wrote to his son-in-law: "On Tuesday, May 31, the third and last inoculation will take place. I feel great confidence. . . . On June 5 at latest the final result will be known, and should be twenty-five survivors out of twenty-five vaccinated. . . . If the success is complete, this will be one of the finest examples of applied sciences in this century."

As the last week passed, excitement grew outside the laboratory as well as inside. On May 31, the largest crowd ever seen in the railroad station of Melun started out for Pouilly-le-Fort.

One of the veterinarians in charge of the experiment suddenly decided that he wanted a triple dose of the deadly vaccine to be given to the fifty sheep. "And shake it up well," a fellow veterinarian suggested, "so that the strong stuff won't all stay at the bottom and be given to the unvaccinated sheep."

"No danger of that," said his friend. "I shall request Monsieur Pasteur to give the injections alternately—first to a vaccinated sheep and then to an unvaccinated sheep."

To all this nonsense, Pasteur said not a word. Whatever foolish request was made he followed without question. He seemed absolutely calm and impassive, almost bored. When it was over he said to the committee, "We shall meet here on June 2 to check the results."

But once he was back in Paris, Pasteur's iron calm began to desert him. At night when he should have been sleeping, unexpected doubts assailed him. Why had he rushed into this experiment so thoughtlessly in the first place? And why had he, of all people, made such hard-and-fast rules by which to judge it?

The next day Dr. Roux reported from Pouilly-le-Fort that all the unvaccinated sheep had definite symptoms of anthrax. But so did some of the vaccinated sheep. Three of them had high fevers.

Pasteur's overwrought nerves now gave way completely and he became convinced that he would fail. On the morning of June 2, weary after a sleepless night, he prepared to leave for the station. The doorbell rang, and a telegram was handed to him. It was Madame Pasteur who finally had the courage to open it. "I had a moment's emotion which made me pass through all the colors of the rainbow," she wrote later. But even before she handed him the message, Pasteur could tell from the look on her face what the message would say.

He read half-aloud, the words swimming before his eyes: "Sick sheep among vaccinated lot all completely recovered. Unvaccinated sheep all dead or dying. Stunning success." It was signed "Rossignol."

The veterinary was no longer sarcastic.

Pasteur's walk from the Melun station to Pouilly-le-Fort was the triumphal march of a hero.

Pasteur's discovery laid the groundwork for a revolution in the history of medicine. From it sprang the new science of immunology, so important in our lives today. Even before Pasteur's death, Roux and his colleagues were at work on diph-

theria, the cruel killer of children. Diphtheria research bounced like a tennis ball from France to Germany and back to France, and finally crossed to the United States. Here the Public Health Department of the City of New York added the final touches to the wiping out of the disease.

Today whooping cough, tetanus, diphtheria, and, most recently, polio are diseases against which all children can be protected.

Pasteur himself devised the first of these new vaccines to be used on a human being. In those days the agonizing and deadly disease called rabies, or hydrophobia, was a serious menace. Today we hardly ever think of this disease, except when we take our dogs to the veterinary for their rabies shots.

Hydrophobia lent itself well to Pasteur's experiments because of its very long incubation period. Weeks could pass before the microbe traveled from the bite to the nerve centers that it attacked. This meant that a vaccine given after a bite could still produce immunity before the deadly disease could do its damage to the victim.

In March of 1885, Pasteur wrote to a friend: "I have not yet dared to treat human beings after bites from rabid dogs. But the time is not far off, and I am much inclined to begin by myself—inoculating myself with rabies, and then arresting the consequences, for I am beginning to feel very sure of my results."

The necessity for this trial on himself was soon dramatically removed. One day in July, an Alsatian boy named Joseph Meister appeared in the laboratory with his mother. The nine-year-old boy had been seriously bitten by a mad dog two days before. Fortunately his doctor had heard of the work that Pas-

teur was doing, and had urged the child's mother to take Joseph at once to Paris.

Although Pasteur was naturally hesitant about using an untried and possibly dangerous remedy on a human being, there seemed little reason not to do so. The boy was covered with wounds. He was probably doomed to die in any case.

On the advice of two physicians whom he called to examine the boy's wounds, Pasteur immediately had Joseph inoculated. The first inoculation was followed by eleven more, each a little stronger than the one preceding it. During the ten days of the

treatment, Pasteur suffered agonies of fear and hope. By day he could not work—a sure sign of mental anguish. By night he dreamed that Joseph Meister was dying, suffocating in the last agonies of the disease.

Yet Joseph Meister did not die. He never developed rabies and was able to return to Alsace.

This was the beginning of still another era in the working life of Pasteur. It was a truly exhausting one. From then on he was deluged with patients from all over the world who had been bitten by rabid animals. The organization set up to handle these cases was the beginning of the famous Pasteur Institute.

Pasteur's health had been failing for some years. In September of 1895 he died, at the age of seventy-two. He was very weak during his last days and could do nothing but sit under the beech trees of the park while his wife and daughters read to him.

The last book he asked to have read to him was a life of St. Vincent de Paul, a great and simple man who had fought so hard to help the sick and the suffering not only of France but of the whole world. Vincent de Paul was Louis Pasteur's favorite saint. The two men had much in common.

On the Italian battlefields of the 16th Century, Ambroise Paré laid the foundation of modern surgery. Just a hundred years ago, a dentist in Massachusetts first used ether to put a patient to sleep during an operation. Only twenty years ago an English doctor discovered penicillin. You will find these and many other exciting stories from medical history in Ruth Fox Hume's book *Great Men of Medicine* (Random House, 1961).

You may also want to read:

Wonders of the Human Body
by Anthony Ravielli (Viking Press, 1954)

The Courage of Dr. Lister
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I.S.A.A.C.

Elizabeth Enright

I.S.A.A.C.

by Elizabeth Enright

It was a dull, rainy Saturday afternoon. The four Melendy children —Mona, Rush, Randy, and Oliver— were tired of

playing games
reading books
listening to the radio
drawing pictures
making things out of clay
playing the piano
and even talking to each other.

There just wasn't *anything* to do.

And then—Randy had the idea! The idea that would solve all their problems. The idea was the I.S.A.A.C.

I.S.A.A.C.

BY ELIZABETH ENRIGHT

ILLUSTRATED BY POLLY BOLIAN

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I.S.A.A.C.

"It would have to rain today," said Rush, lying flat on his back in front of the fire. "On a Saturday. Certainly. Naturally. Of course. What else would you expect? Good weather is for Monday Tuesday Wednesday Thursday Friday; and rain's for Saturday and Sunday, and Christmas vacation and Easter."

"Oh, Rush, do stop grousing," said Mona, turning a page peacefully. She wasn't even listening to what he said; all she heard was the grumble in his voice.

"But it isn't enough just to have it plain rain," continued Rush in the same tone. "Oh, no. Today it has to go and be a sousing slopping pouring wet kind of rain that you can't do anything about; not even if you put on a lot of truck like rubbers."

He was quite right. It was a very wet rain. It plinked and splashed and ran in long curly streams down the skylight. The windows were speckled and running, and occasional drops even fell down the chimney and hissed into the fire.

All the city sounds that could be heard above the rain itself were wet sounds; the long whish of passing automobiles, damp clopping of horses' hoofs, and the many voices, deep, or high, or husky, that came hooting and whistling out of the murky rivers at either side of the city.

"It *is* disgusting," agreed Randy wholeheartedly from the trapeze where she was sitting. "There's nothing to *do!*"

But Oliver took no part in the discussion for he was perfectly happy. He was drawing pictures at his own little table which had been Mona's little table first, and then Rush's and then Randy's, all depending on who was small enough to fit at the time. He was drawing with his whole being—red in the face, tongue between his teeth, feet wrapped around chair legs. It was intensely hard work.

The pictures were of battleships, only they all looked exactly like teapots because they had such big spout-shaped bows and great steamy plumes of smoke coming out of the tops of them. But Oliver was very pleased with them, and whenever he made an especially good one he stuck it onto the wall beside him with a thumbtack; there were about seven pinned up already.

There were four Melendy children. Mona was the eldest. She was thirteen, and had two long thick butter-colored braids that she was always threatening to cut off. Rush came next, he was twelve; dark, with mussy hair and a look of mischievous wickedness. Miranda (always called Randy) was ten and a half, with dark untidy hair like Rush's. And Oliver was the youngest, six years old; a calm and thoughtful person.

The room in which they were sitting might have been called

a playroom, schoolroom, or nursery by most people. But to the Melendys it was known as the Office. It was at the very top of the house so that they could make almost all the noise they wanted to and it had everything such a room should have: a skylight and four windows facing east and north, and a fireplace with a basket-shaped grate. The floor was covered with scarred red linoleum that didn't matter, and the yellow walls were encrusted with hundreds of indispensable objects: bookcases bursting with books, pictures both by the Melendy children and less important grown-up artists, dusty Indian war bonnets, a string of Mexican devil masks, a shelf of dolls in varying degrees of decay, coats and hats hanging on pegs, the leftover decorations from Mona's birthday party, and other articles too numerous to mention. In one corner of the room stood an old upright piano that always looked offended, for some reason, and whose rack was littered with sheets of music all patched and held together with Scotch tape.

In addition to various chairs, tables, and toy cupboards, there was a big dingy sofa with busted springs, a blackboard, a trapeze, and a pair of rings. That was all, but I think you will agree that it was enough.

All the Melendys knew what they were going to be when they grew up. Some of them were going to follow several professions. Mona had decided to be an actress. She could (and did) recite yards of poetry and Shakespeare at the drop of a hat. Randy was going to paint pictures and be a dancer. Rush was going to be the best pianist in the world, and a great engineer as well: the kind that builds suspension bridges, and dams, and railroads. Oliver was going to be an

engineer too, but he was going to be the kind that drives trains. It was nice to have it all settled.

Meanwhile they got along very pleasantly just being children. It was sad that they had no mother, but they *did* have Father and he could not have been improved upon as a parent. And there was Cuffy; dear Cuffy, who was housekeeper, nurse, cook, and substitute mother, grandmother, and aunt. One couldn't even imagine the house without her in it. She had always been there and it seemed as though she always would be. Her real name was Mrs. Evangeline Cuthbert-Stanley, but ever since Mona at eighteen months had solved the problem with "Cuffy," she had been called nothing else. She was fat in a nice comfortable way: fat enough to creak and puff when she went up and down the stairs, but not so fat that she had no lap to sit on. She had a nice comfortable face too: wrinkles and round cheeks, and teeth as regular and gleaming as the white keys on a piano.

Late at night if you had a stomach ache or a bad dream and woke Cuffy up to tell her about it she looked different (though still nice). Her front hair was all curled up in little snails on the top of her head, while her back hair hung down in a big gray mare's-tail. Her face looked rather fallen in, and she spoke distantly as though inside a cave, because there on the floor beside her bed you could see all her beautiful white teeth grinning in a glass of water. Cuffy ruled the house.

All the Melendy children had their own jobs. They each had not one but several. For instance, they made their own beds and took weekly turns at cleaning the Office (all except Oliver, of course). And the cleaning had to be thorough. Under Cuffy's eagle eye there could be no nonsense such as

sweeping things under things, or shaking the mop out the window, or dusting only where it showed.

In addition to these there were the special jobs. Rush shined all the shoes, took care of the fuse box, repaired the radio when necessary, and was sort of plumber's assistant to the handyman, Willy Sloper. Mona helped Cuffy with the mending and ironing, and had the entire responsibility of keeping the living room tidy. Randy always set the dinner table and dried the dishes, as well as sorting the laundry and making out the lists. Even Oliver had his chores. He had to water all the plants, and feed the fish and his turtle, and see to it that the clay in the tub was kept moist.

So between jobs and school and amusing themselves, life for the Melendys rarely contained a dull moment.

This, however, was one of them.

"I'm so b-o-o-o-o-red!" groaned Randy, lifting one foot in the air and letting it drop heavily as though simply unable to sustain the weight of her boredom.

"You and me, both," agreed Rush.

"And I'm bored listening to you complain," complained Mona, slapping her book together.

Oliver paid no attention to any of them. "Why don't we play something? Parcheesi or something?" suggested Mona.

"Oh, par*cheesi!*" scoffed Randy.

"Well, you used to like it. Then how about making something out of clay, or drawing, or we might do a play."

"Clay's dreary on a wet day, and I'm tired of drawing, and it's no fun being in plays with you, Mona, because you take all the leading parts, and Rush and I are only the fathers and mothers or the maids or the policemen or something."

"Oh, all right, you're impossible!" Mona retired to her book. "Why don't you read?"

"I've read everything," said Randy, which wasn't true, but she was enjoying being difficult. It was a novelty.

"The radio's busted again, I suppose. I could fix that," said Rush, and got up. But instead he went to the piano and stood there, one hand in his pocket, and his other hand skipping over the keys, jigging out a neat precise little tune that they all knew.

"And for heaven's sake don't play Bach," ordered Randy. "It's so *jumpy* for today."

Rush slung his leg over the piano stool and sat down. With both hands be began to play slow deep chords that fitted together into a wonderful dark mysterious music.

"Yes, that's better for today," approved Randy. "What is it anyway?"

"Bach," said Rush without turning his head. "Just shows how much you know about music."

"Not an awful lot," admitted Randy humbly.

"Not any," said Rush.

He played another bar.

"Not many people your age do, though," he added kindly. "Gee! I wish I had enough money to go to Carnegie Hall and hear something good. Schnabel or somebody."

"You got your allowance today," said Mona. She could read and listen at the same time.

"Fifty cents isn't enough," said Rush. "And besides I need some shoelaces and a new writing pad and I owe a dime to a guy at school."

Randy sat up on the hearthrug and stared into the fire.

There was one little fitful pale-blue flame among all the golden ones in the grate.

"I have an idea," she said slowly.

Mona went on reading. Rush went on playing. Oliver went on drawing his fourteenth battleship.

"I think I have a good idea," repeated Randy patiently, and they looked at her.

"Well?" said Mona, her finger in her book.

"Let's start a club!" suggested Randy.

"Oh, look at all the clubs we've had already," said Rush. "The Mystery-Solving Club. The Tropical Fish Collectors Club. The Helping-Cut-Down-the-Electric-Light-Bill Club. What ever happened to any of them? They were all the same. Mona was always president and we never had more than two meetings."

"But this one will be different," persisted Randy. "Listen, Rush. Each of us (except Oliver, of course) gets fifty cents allowance every Saturday. Now. You want to go to Carnegie Hall and hear some music. Mona wants to go to a play. I want to see those French pictures Father was talking about. Every single one of those things costs more than fifty cents.

"Now what I was thinking was this. We're all old enough to be allowed to go out by ourselves—except Oliver—if we promise to be careful and not get run over or talk to people or anything. So why don't we put all our allowances together once a week and let one of us spend them? I mean, for instance, Mona would get a dollar and a half next Saturday and she could go to a play. Then the next week you'd get it, and the week after that it would be my turn. See? Only one rule would be that we couldn't save it, or just spend it on

things like candy or a movie. We'd have to do something really good with it; something we'd always wanted to do."

"Say, that's not a bad idea at all." Rush looked excited. "We could pool our resources—that's what it's called, pooling your resources. Gee whiz, that would mean a dollar and a half for each of us if we pooled our resources!"

"We'd have to ask Father," said Mona.

"He'd say yes. He believes in children being independent."

"We'd have to ask Cuffy."

"Well, if we asked Father first and he said yes, Cuffy would say yes too. You know she would."

"And what about shoelaces and pads and the dimes we owe?" Mona meant to find every flaw in the plan before she was won over. "There are always things like that."

"We'll just have to be careful," replied Rush.

"And there's always the Pig if necessary."

They all looked at the big painted Mexican pig bank on the bookcase. He was full of undigested pennies and nickels: so far nothing had ever justified emptying him.

"I couldn't bear to break him," mourned Randy.

"I think we could get enough out just by jiggling him upside down. And by kind of helping the pennies out with a nail file," supplied Rush.

Mona gave him a look. "You sound as if you'd tried it already."

"Just once," admitted Rush. "Just to see how much there was. I put it all back in again though. There was seventy-nine cents then, and I bet there's a lot more now."

"I don't know, Randy." Mona was beginning to look excited too. "Maybe it *is* a good idea."

"Good? It's swell!" boasted Randy happily. "But we have to think of a name for the club."

"We could call it The Pig if Necessary Club," suggested Rush.

"Or the Pooled Resources Club," said Mona, with a withering glance. "Why not just The Saturday Club?"

"That sounds like a lot of dressed-up grown-up ladies listening to Tchaikovsky," objected Rush. "Let's see. I know! We can call it The Independent Saturday Afternoon Adventure Club. In front of people we can speak of it by its initials. I.S.A.A.C. Get it? It sounds just like the name Isaac and nobody will ever catch on!"

"Oh, Rush, I think that's really good!" cried Randy enthusiastically, and even Mona was forced to agree.

"I want to belong," said Oliver unexpectedly, in a loud firm voice.

"Belong? But, darling, you're too young," said Mona. "You won't be allowed to go out by yourself for at least four years."

"And you only get ten cents a week," Rush reminded him a little unkindly.

"That's all right," persisted Oliver doggedly. "I can go out with Cuffy. I'll give you my ten cents each week so I won't be able to spend it. And then when it's my turn you can each give me my ten cents back. Then I'll have four dimes and I can go to the dime store and get a whole set of field artillery."

Rush looked at him in awe. "Not bad figuring for a kid your age." He turned to Randy. "I make a motion we let him join."

"Of course he'll join!" responded Randy warmly. And she

went over to give Oliver a big hug which he avoided neatly by putting his head under the table.

"Listen!" said Mona, looking a little self-conscious. "Is it all right if we do anything we want to? I mean, if I want to do something more than go to a play, can I do it?"

"I don't see why not. And you can even keep it a secret if you want to. Can't she, Rush?"

"Okay by me," said Rush. "Maybe I'll go to the Metropolitan Opera House instead of Carnegie. Maybe I'll take a ride to Staten Island, or go up on top of the Empire State Building. Maybe I'll buy a set of trained fleas. Who knows? A dollar and a half is no paltry sum."

"And my dime," Oliver pointed out.

"And your dime, Fatso, my friend," said Rush. "That makes a dollar sixty and I think it's swell of you to want to do it."

Oliver began putting his paint things away. It was dusky in the big room. The skylight glowed with a pale reflection of city lights, and the fire had burned to embers in the grate. Outside the rain whispered and murmured against the glass, as though the air were full of secrets. Rush went back to the piano, playing softly, absent-mindedly, thinking about his Saturday and the way he would use it. Mona lay face down on the sofa, and Randy sat cross-legged on the hearthrug. They were thinking too.

Saturday's Opera

"I can't say I care much for opry," said Willy Sloper after a considering silence. His voice sounded a little different than usual as he was lying flat on his back under the second-floor bathroom basin. The joint leaked. Like everything else about the house—the creaking, trembling stairs, the peeling wallpaper, and the unobliging furnace—the plumbing had lost its youthful bloom and efficiency long ago.

"No, I don't care much about opry," repeated Willy. "Hand me the wrench, Rush. No, not that one, the other one."

Rush, crouching by the tool kit, looked doubtfully at Willy's faded trousers and warped old shoes.

"Have you ever been to an opera, Willy? A first-class one, I mean?" It was Rush's Saturday, and he had decided to invest the pooled resources in an opera ticket. Before leaving, though, he had to help Willy with the chores.

"Eyetalian opry," replied Willy with dignity. "That fella Caruso I heard. Paid my money and got me a seat right up under the ceiling. From where I was settin' Caruso looked about's

big as a minna, awful little fella he was, but he sure had a big voice! Whole place vibrated with it, even up where I was. And could he hold a note! Had me breathing for him double strength, he did. I thought sure he'd burst his bronickal tubes. Hand me the pliers, please."

"Gee, you were lucky," said Rush enviously. "Caruso, gee, that must have been neat."

"Well, I never forgot it," agreed Willy, sitting up red-faced and with grease on his chin. "But the resta the show was pretty trashy stuff. I'd heard mosta the tunes on the hurdy-gurdy, and the heroine, the girl he was meant to be in love with—why, for a long time I thought she was supposed to be his mother; woulda made two of him and awful homely."

Carrying the tool kit, Rush followed Willy downstairs to the next job: putty for the cracks around the pantry baseboard.

"The opera I'm going to is German," he told Willy. *"Siegfried,* the name of it is."

"I ain't no authority on German opry," Willy said. "The language don't appeal to me. What's this *Siegfried* about?"

"Well, it's about a guy in a forest who lives in a cave with another guy who's a gnome."

"A what?" said Willy.

"A gnome. Kind of a dwarf like Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. Kind of a little magic guy. You know."

"Okay. Skip it," said Willy. "So what happens? Or wait a minute, Rush. You might just take a look around and see if there's any cookies first."

"That's what I like about pantry jobs," Rush said, obeying with alacrity, and being rewarded by finding the cooky jar half-full of brownies.

"Well," continued Rush between bites. "So this Siegfried makes a sword out of his father's old busted one and then he goes and kills this dragon, Fafner, and takes a magic helmet and the ring everyone's fighting for."

"Who's fighting for it?"

"Everybody. Gods and goddesses and this dwarf of Siegfried's and another one named Alberich, and giants and everybody."

"Oh," said Willy, still bewildered.

"Then he tastes some of the dragon's blood he has on his finger, and all of a sudden he can understand everything the animals and birds in the forest are saying."

"Sounds kind of loony to me," remarked Willy. "But go on."

"So this one bird tells him a lot of things, and it says that there's a goddess named Brünnhilde sleeping on top of a mountain. There's a big ring of fire all around her, and only a hero can get through it and wake her up. So Siegfried knows he's pretty good and he climbs the mountain and gets through the fire and wakes up Brünnhilde. And then they sing back and forth about love for a little while and then it's the end."

Willy shook his head and opened the tool kit. "What you see in stuff like that is more than I can understand."

"Well, the music's swell."

"Give me a good picture show every time," Willy said. "And there's always plenty music on the radio. Get to work, Rush. Over there in the corner."

When Cuffy came down to the kitchen to get lunch she was outraged to find Willy and Rush conversing pleasantly

over cold boiled potatoes. Willy also had a banana in one hand, and the icebox door was wide open.

"Shame on you!" cried Cuffy indignantly. "Both of you! Spoiling your lunches, and stealing the cold boiled potatoes I was saving to make hash with! Out of my kitchen!" And she brandished a ladle like a sword.

"Okay, Brünnhilde!" said Rush over his shoulder and beat it upstairs like anything. Willy was rapidly beating it downstairs at the same time.

After lunch Rush had to hurry. Randy came in as he was furiously combing his hair and trying to make it lie flat.

"What have you put on it *now?*" asked Randy, sniffing curiously.

"On what? My hair? Oh, some of Mona's face cream," grinned Rush. "I thought maybe it would make it straight. But I guess it won't."

"Mona will kill you if she finds out. You'd better go before she gets a chance to smell you."

"All right. So long, Ran."

"So long, Rush. Have a good time."

It was beginning to snow but Rush got out before Cuffy could catch him and make him wear galoshes. He had to run most of the way for fear of being late, and arrived at the opera house red in the face and out of breath. He bought a ticket in the family circle for a dollar and a half and then climbed flight after flight of stairs. They were covered with soft red carpet, but still they were stairs. Whew, I'm kind of bushed, Rush thought to himself when he had finally stepped over feet and knees to his seat. It was way over on the side, but he didn't care; he was lucky to have that.

After he had folded his coat and stuffed it under the seat with his cap he had time to look around. His seat was high up near the ceiling (like Willy's), so he had a good view of everything, and it was all just as he had hoped it would be: plenty of gold, and red plush, and chandeliers, and splendor. The vast curtain was golden too, and shining with a costly luster. Little black-clad musicians were beginning to creep into the orchestra pit far below like ants into a sugar bowl.

Rush leaned out over the sea in front of him, opened Father's field glasses to which he had helped himself, and took a good look at the musicians. The man with the kettle-drums kept tapping them anxiously and bending down to listen, like a doctor listening to a heart; the violinists were talking together and gesturing either with a violin or a bow or both; and Rush watched a solemn man behind a bull fiddle open a little box, take out a pill, and eat it. Above the voices of all the people in the place one could hear squeaks and scrapings, soft thumps, a toot of brass, a ripple of harp strings. Rush counted thirty-nine bald heads among the downstairs' audience. He counted twenty-six brown fur coats on ladies in the boxes.

Suddenly the lights were dimmed, and a small man came into the orchestra pit. There was a deluge of applause, the little man turned and bowed impatiently, turned back to the musicians, raised his baton, and the music began.

The world faded away and was replaced by a strange legendary land of gods and goddesses and heroic adventure. The curtains parted and revealed a huge cave where a small bearded dwarf was working at an anvil. He looked exactly right, all bent double with age, and full of sly wickedness.

But Siegfried wasn't exactly the way Rush had expected him to be. He sang wonderfully, of course, but he was very fat, and when he was forging the sword he looked just like a good-natured cook making a cake. Rush sat back and listened; his mouth dropped open and his foot went to sleep without his ever noticing.

After the first act was over and the singers had taken their bows the lights bloomed up all over the house, and Rush, following the crowd, found himself in an open space full of tobacco smoke and gabble. He was terribly thirsty but didn't order anything to drink at the refreshment counter as he had only a dime left. So he contented himself with five paper cups of water.

The second act was even better than the first. The scene disclosed a deep, wild forest, and the yawning black cavern mouth where Fafner, the dragon, lived. Alberich, another wicked dwarf, and the Wanderer, a god in disguise, met and sang an argument, and after a long while when they had disappeared, Siegfried bounded onto the stage with Mime, the first dwarf, behind him.

Finally the dragon came clanking out of the grotto, eyes gleaming with electric light bulbs and smoke issuing hotly from its nostrils, singing all the while in a musical bass voice. Rush, who was interested in all mechanical devices, looked at Fafner through the field glasses. Each time it sang the dragon's jaws opened and shut like a crocodile snapping at flies, and during a quiet moment a businesslike voice deep inside its stomach was heard to say, "Okay, Bill. Hold It."

The music was wonderful; swell, was how Rush thought of it. It was made up of so many different kinds of music.

There was a music that was Siegfried's own, and another for his sword, and another for the Wanderer, and the Forest Bird, the dragon, Valhalla, the golden ring, and the fire. All of them were woven together, mysterious and wide and deep; and each of them came flashing out from time to time like unexpected rays sparkling from a precious stone.

In the second scene of Act III Siegfried penetrated the fiery circle and wakened Brünnhilde, who was clad in glittering mail and proved to be the general shape and size of a caterpillar tractor. It was funny how you could forget it when she began to sing.

The two great voices mingled joyously with the great music, and at last it was over. Thousands of hands were beaten together, and the man next to Rush shouted a "Bravo!" that smelled of garlic. Siegfried and Brünnhilde took repeated beaming bows, and Rush clapped till his palms burned, thought of yelling "Bravo!" himself, thought better of it, and disentangled his coat and cap from under the seat.

Stuffing the program in his pocket he made his way down the many stairs, borne along in the slow, chattering tide of the crowd. Inside his head he kept listening to Siegfried's special music. *TA* tatatatatatatata *TA!* When I grow up I'm going to have an automobile with a horn that plays that, he decided. Wonder why nobody ever thought of it before?

A Friend in the City

When he came out of the opera house Rush was astonished. The world was completely transformed: snow had been falling furiously for more than three hours, and still was. Drifts were piled high along the sidewalk, the air was dense with flakes, and Rush felt happy: this was the best snowstorm of the winter.

He pushed his way past the people who were waiting for cars and taxis, turned up his collar, and went out into the blizzard. In no time at all his feet were soaking wet and he loved it. He took a long time going home and made a great many detours. In the side streets the air rang with a noise of scraping as men cleared the sidewalks. All other sounds were furred with quiet by the snow; the hoots of boats came muffled from the river, cars passed noiselessly, and people walked without a sound in the feathery dusk. Rush's footsteps had a sound, though; his shoes were so wet that they squelched juicily with every step.

In East 37th Street there was a commotion. A huge long-necked machine on wheels was sucking up the piled snow

along the curb. It was accompanied by a dump truck. The machine would move its long neck, turn its head, and blow the snow it had consumed into the truck, then both would move slowly along again.

It's just like an animal, thought Rush, looking at the machine. Like Fafner, he thought, and began to laugh. For a long time, maybe all his life, snow machines, and threshers, and derricks, and steam shovels were going to remind him of Fafner.

Rush watched the machine for a long while, forgetting all about the time. He had companions as fascinated as himself: a man with a burned cigar that smelled, two little kids in snowsuits, a grocery boy with a cartful of packages that people were waiting for, and an old man with earmuffs. Dreamily they all progressed along the block following the machine; stopping when it stopped, and staring as if hypnotized.

"Used to take a team of hosses pullin' a snowplow to do a job like that," said the old man. "And hundreds of fellas out shovelin' the way. Nowadays they do it all by machinery. Ain't no work for nobody. That's what's the trouble with this world. I coulda told 'em."

The man with the cigar put it back in his mouth and chewed it. Rush wondered how he could.

"I suppose you prob'ly can remember the blizzard of 'eighty-eight?" he said sarcastically, around the cigar.

"Sure can," replied the old man. "I weighed two hundred and eleven pounds them days, and the wind knocked me flat as a haddock at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third. Couldn't run the hoss cars it was so bad, and they was men dig-

gin' all over the city. None of these here machines that only employs a couple fellas!"

The cigar man laughed a short unsympathetic laugh, more like a cough than a laugh, and departed. Rush didn't like him.

Out of the dark a woman's voice shouted: "Ernie and Walter! How many times I hafta tell you to come in?"

Ernie and Walter turned out to be the two little boys in snowsuits. They left reluctantly, walking backward most of the way and staring at the machine.

"Yessir," said the old man. "You youngsters is brought up soft. Too much machinery. Too many motors, and engines, and electrical devices."

"Well, they ain't no motor on this here cart," said the grocery boy gloomily, and off he went pushing it through the snow and whistling the piercing tuneful way that only grocery boys seem to know how to do.

"Look at that, now," continued the old man grumpily, staring at the snow-removal machine. "You'd swear it was almost alive. Sometimes I think a day will come when these fellas build so much machinery that it will revolt; turn on 'em and swalla 'em up! It'll be like the days of the dinosaurs all over again: them snow machines grazin' on the snow, and Greyhound buses chargin' over the countryside with no one drivin'; and airplanes swarmin' like honeybees, and roostin' in the skyscrapers!"

"I kind of like machinery," Rush admitted. "Some day I'm going to design and build it. Engines and things."

The old man looked at him severely, and shook his earmuffed head.

"They'll swalla you up," he said. "They'll swalla you up along with the rest of civil-i-zation."

Rush's feet were becoming cold as well as wet, and he thought maybe the old man was a little crazy, so he said good night and started off in the direction of home. The old man was still talking; to himself or to the machine, you couldn't tell which.

Rush turned the corner. He began to wish he hadn't lingered so long; his teeth were chattering in his head; but just as he was about to break into a run he saw something that made him stop.

Across Lexington Avenue with its heavy traffic a dog was running. Running wildly, like a small flickering shadow, he narrowly escaped extinction beneath the wheels of two large trucks and a taxicab.

"Here, pup!" yelled Rush as the dog reached his side of the street, and the taxi driver, who had missed hitting it only by applying the brakes with a tearing squeal, leaned out his window and bawled furiously, "Don'tcha know enough to keep ya dog on a lead!"

"He isn't mine," Rush tried to explain, but the cab was departing, its taillights looking indignant, and the dog was halfway up the block. Rush began to run after it. Nobody else seemed to be paying any attention, and you couldn't let a lost dog go barging around a city in a snowstorm!

"Here, pup, come back," called Rush, and then he tried whistling, but the dog never even paused. It turned left into a side street with Rush hot on its heels, and when it ran down some steps into the snow-filled areaway of a vacant house Rush cornered it.

"Here, boy," he said wheedlingly. "Come on out. Come on, pup. I wouldn't hurt you."

He approached it with his hand outstretched for encouragement and to his delight the wet and shivering dog suddenly raised a front paw and placed it in the hand. Rush's heart was won forevermore.

"You're a smart guy!" he told the dog admiringly. "You come on home with me and I'll give you some supper. Come on, puppy, come on."

The dog, which had been trembling against the iron grating, made up its mind about Rush. Its tail wagged tentatively once, twice, and it gave a short conversational bark. It was a smallish dog with long ears and large melting eyes; not quite a thoroughbred face, but much better: one that was full of character. It was hard to tell what color he was, for he was so dirty and wet; his longish fur clung together in damp strings and he had no collar. Rush had never seen a dog he liked better.

"Come on, boy," he coaxed. Then he picked up the shivering stray, and held it close. All its ribs were sharp beneath his hands.

"Everything's going to be all right now," he kept saying. "I'll hide you in the cellar till Cuffy gets used to the idea. Willy Sloper's going to like you, and you'll be warm down there and I'll find you a bone, too."

"Mad Dog!"

The boy and the dog were equally wet and dirty by this time. The snow still fell swiftly and Rush's shoes were so wet that they squelched louder than ever. The dog shivered in short, hard spasms and gave Rush's ear a lick with his warm tongue. It was a long walk home and the dog grew heavier with every block.

At the house Rush hesitated. He didn't want to go in by the front door, partly for fear of muddying the carpet, but mainly for fear of meeting Cuffy or Father before he had prepared them for the dog. A glance through the kitchen window revealed Cuffy charging busily about with pot lids clashing like cymbals. The kitchen door was closed, he was glad to see. The areaway iron gate was also closed and locked, but Rush knew how he could open it; his hand was still small enough to push through the narrow apertures of the grille and turn the knob from the inside.

The house door beyond was unlocked, fortunately, and presently he was tiptoeing slushily along the lower hallway toward the cellar stairs. He had a bad moment when Cuffy

threw open the kitchen door and released a smell of boiled turnip and a snatch of song. "Sweet and low, sweet and *low,*" sang Cuffy at the top of her healthy lungs. "Wind of the western sea-ea."

But she didn't come out, and quick as a thief in the night, Rush had opened the furnace-room door, pulled it to behind him, and snapped on the lights. He went tiptoe down the iron cellar steps into the great warm subterranean room where the furnace crouched glaring amid its coiled tentacles of pipe like the minotaur in the labyrinth. Rush remembered the old man with earmuffs and what he had said about the world of machines. Boy, I'd hate to be left alone with this one when it came alive, he thought; it looks like it could be mean.

At the far side of the furnace room were the washtubs. Into one of these he put the dog. Then he took off his cap and coat and jacket, letting them fall in a drippy heap on the floor.

"I hate to do this to you, pal," he told the dog, "but I want you to look handsome when Cuffy sees you. Everything depends on it. She'd never let you stay if she saw you like this." Then he rolled up his sleeves, turned on the water, reached for the brown soap, and began to scrub. The dog stood without a sound, trembling wildly and gazing with horrified eyes at Rush as if to say "This is the most awful thing that has happened to me yet!" He made Rush feel so guilty that he had to keep apologizing. "Gee, I'm sorry. Honest, I am. But it's for your own good, I promise you it is."

Nevertheless, in spite of his apologies, when Rush stooped to pick up the soap which had flown from his hand, the dog

with a scramble and a leap had cleared the washtub, and, covered with lather, was streaking up the stairs. Rush, scarcely less wet, went racing after him calling in a loud whisper, "Come back! For Pete's sake, do you want to get us both in Dutch?"

The door at the top of the steps had not been tightly closed, alas, and the dog pushed it open and sped down the lower hall. Then there was a crash, a clatter, and a loud cry, all at the same instant, and Rush was just in time to see Randy

sprawled on the floor surrounded by knives, forks, spoons, the tray, and all the salt cellars.

"Where's he gone?" hissed Rush fiercely.

"What was it anyway? Gee whiz, it came at me like a thunderbolt," said Randy, getting up.

There was no need to answer, for at that moment another loud cry issued from the kitchen. "Mad dog!" yelled Cuffy's voice. *"Mad dog! Mr. Melendy, there's a mad dog!"*

Rush and Randy flew to the kitchen where they found Cuffy standing on a chair wild-eyed.

"Get out!" she shouted. "Lock yourselves in your rooms and call the police or the fire department or somebody!"

"He's not mad," said Rush dispiritedly—the game was up now, he knew. "Where'd he go?"

Father appeared in the doorway. "What's going on down here?" he demanded sternly.

"I tell you he's mad!" insisted Cuffy. "Covered with foam he was; I saw a dog covered with foam!"

"It's just soapsuds," said Rush sadly. "I was just washing him so you'd like him, maybe, and I could keep him."

"What dog are you talking about?" inquired Father.

"Just this dog I found," Rush explained. "All wet and lost, without a collar."

Cuffy climbed down off her chair looking rather foolish.

"Where is this dog?" said Father.

"I think it's under the stove, Mr. Melendy," said Cuffy in a dignified voice. She bent down with a grunt and hauled out the miserable bundle of fur and soapsuds.

"Well!" remarked Father. "You must have seen *something* in him, Rush, but I can't imagine what."

"He'll look all right when he's clean," Rush said eagerly. "I think he's a pretty high-bred dog. I wouldn't be surprised if he's a spaniel."

"One-third spaniel, I should judge by the looks of him," said Father. "And two-thirds miscellany."

"What kind of a dog is a miscellany?" asked Randy, already on her knees by the dog.

"He means it's a mutt," said Rush bitterly. Everything was awful.

Cuffy, still red in the face, opened the oven door with a clank and out came an unbearably delicious smell of chops. It was then that the dog solved the problem. Wet, unkempt, far from beautiful, he walked right over to Cuffy, turned his melting eyes upon her, and sat up on his hind paws, begging. Rush's heart swelled with as much pride as if he'd taught the dog this trick himself.

"Oh, how wonderful! Oh, Rush, how smart he is!" gasped Randy.

Cuffy frowned at the bedraggled mutt and tried not to smile.

"Begging, dirty rascal!" she said, but the way she said it kindled a great suffocating blaze of hope under Rush's ribs. He looked at his father.

"He can shake hands, too," he said.

"Finish washing him," ordered Father. "Then feed him. When he looks a little less like a half-drowned famine victim I can tell better. Maybe (remember I said *maybe)* if no one claims him in the lost and found ads, which they probably will—well, we'll see."

"Boy!" cried Rush, in a burst of gratitude.

"Boy!" echoed Randy, with a leap and two pirouettes.

"You've got to take good care of him, Rush," commanded Cuffy. "I don't want no fleas in this house. Nor no puddles on the carpets neither. Remember that! And when you're finished with that dog you go upstairs and take a good hot bath yourself!"

Rush gave Cuffy a squeeze around her ironclad waist that knocked the breath out of her.

"Gee, you're swell!" he said. "You're keen!"

"Just as long as you can get something out of me," Cuffy said, and gave him an affectionate shove. "Go on, now, get that animal out of here."

Really after he was clean and dry the dog looked very nice. He was a becoming shade of tan. The spaniel in him showed up to advantage; his ears were long and he had a feathery fringe around each paw.

"He turned out better than I hoped," admitted Father. "He even has a certain style."

Everybody was pleased with him; but Cuffy made Rush leave him in the basement while they ate supper. Rush could hardly eat, he was so excited, and of course Cuffy had to catch him stuffing bread and bones into his pockets.

"Now then," said she. "No use to smuggle things and get them pants all grease. That dog had a big supper, as you very well know. If you want bones you can come to the kitchen and ask for 'em. And remember, Rush, he's going to sleep *down cellar!*"

Nevertheless, it happened that after Cuffy was safely in bed, two feet creaked quietly all the way downstairs, and then up again with a few soft thumps and "ouches." Only the

keenest ears could have heard the accompanying patter of four paws. Then all was still.

By and by there was a little tap at Rush's door and Randy came in wearing her blue-and-white striped pajamas.

"How is he?" she said.

"Look," whispered Rush. He was on the floor gazing down at the dog who lay stretched out on an old quilt with a bone beside him and his paws crossed. The pads of his paws looked very leathery and careworn, as though they had walked a thousand weary miles. As Rush and Randy watched the dog his nose quivered nervously and he whimpered faintly from the distance of his sleep.

"See, he's dreaming," said Rush, looking as much like a doting mother as it is possible for a boy of twelve to look.

"Oh, I hope nobody claims him," breathed Randy fervently. "I'm going to get down on my knees every night until it's safe, and pray that nobody claims him. What will you name him if they don't, and you can keep him?"

"What will I name him?" said Rush. "I bet you'd never guess. First I was going to call him Siegfried, but then I changed my mind because I found him on my Saturday. I'm going to call him Isaac!"

Although they did not find a puppy every week, each Saturday was a real adventure for the Melendys. Can you guess where Mona went on her Saturday? Or Randy? Even Oliver had his turn. You'll find the rest of their story in Elizabeth Enright's delightful book *The Melendy Family* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1941).

You may also want to read:

Spider Web for Two
by Elizabeth Enright (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1951)

Family Grandstand
by Carol Ryrie Brink (Viking Press, 1952)

All-Of-A-Kind Family
by Sydney Taylor (Follett, 1951)

The Bells of Bleecker Street
by Valenti Angelo (Viking Press, 1949)

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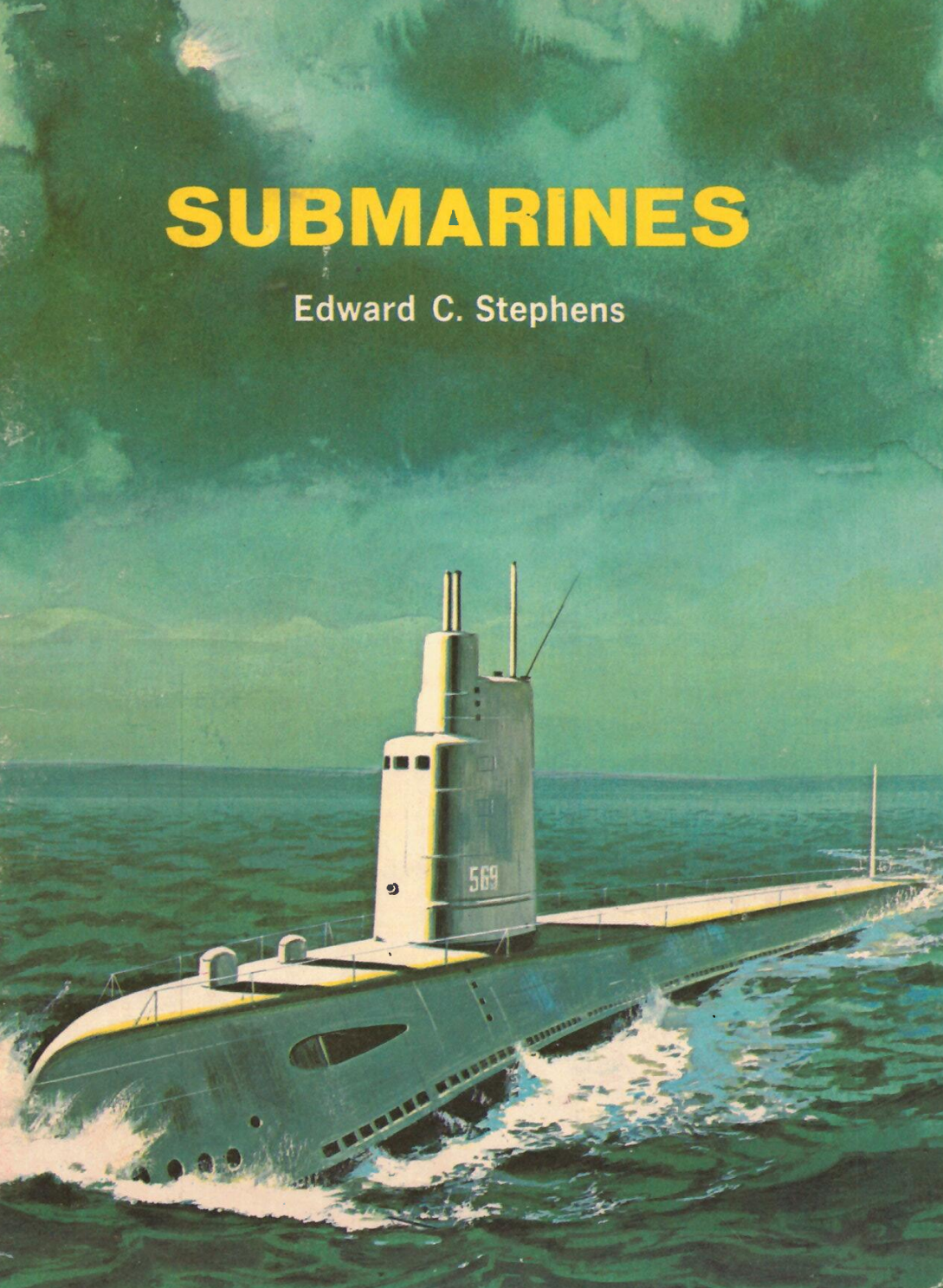
SUBMARINES

Edward C. Stephens



SUBMARINES

by Edward C. Stephens

Since World War II, the submarine has become an increasingly important part of the Navy. Atomic power, new hull designs, and the Polaris missile have added to the range and effectiveness of these ships. The new submarines can remain submerged for months at a time.

How does a submarine "see" under water? What is life like aboard one of these modern ships? What sort of men make up the crew? How are they selected and trained?

You'll enjoy taking this short cruise under the sea. But hurry! The diving bell has sounded!

SUBMARINES

SUBMARINES

BY EDWARD C. STEPHENS

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BARANOVIC

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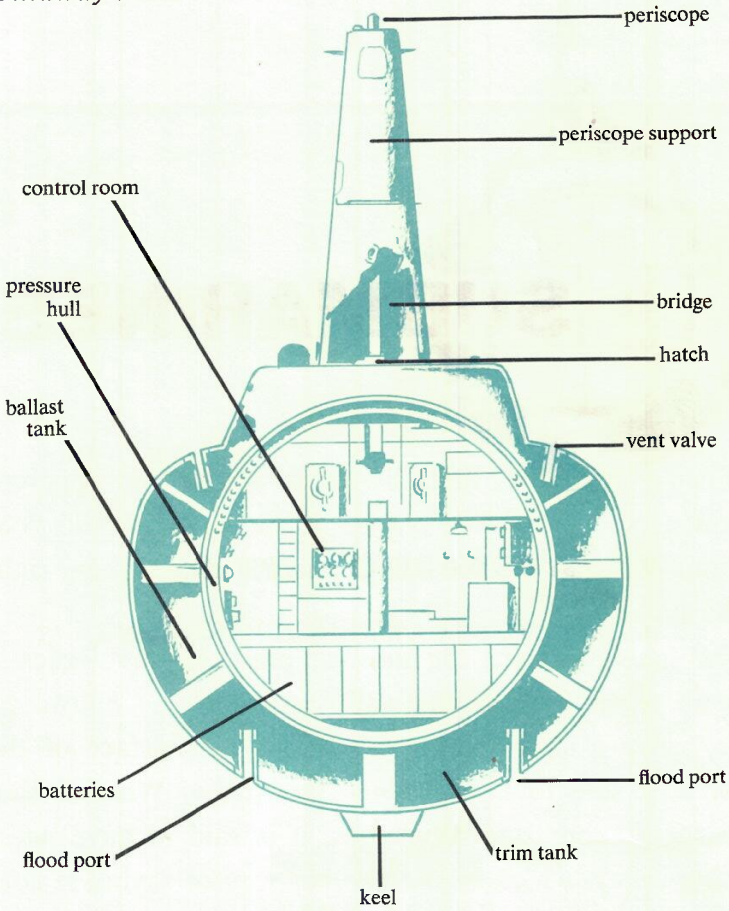
Simplified Conventional Submarine Interior, Cutaway View



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1

Submarine Operating Principles

When you stop to think about it, there is no apparent reason why a ship, when placed in the water, should float half out of the water and half in, rather than sinking right to the bottom.

The invisible force, or upward pressure, that holds a ship up when it is in the water is known as *buoyancy*. Thus, when a ship floats normally on the surface of the water it is said to have *positive buoyancy*. When a ship sinks, or a submarine submerges, it is said to have *negative buoyancy*, which is just another way of saying it does not have any buoyancy to hold it up. In the submariner's language, positive and negative buoyancy are referred to as states of buoyancy.

To understand how a submarine shifts from a state of positive buoyancy to a state of negative buoyancy, it is necessary to understand one further term: *displacement.*

For a ship to float, part of it obviously must be in the water. The part that is in the water has to push aside, or displace, some of the water in order to make room for itself. The water that the ship moves out of the way in order to float is the water it *displaces.* The ocean is so big that you cannot see any change in it when a new ship is floated in it. But if you had a pond just a little larger than, say, a rowboat, and you filled the pond just to the top and then put the rowboat in the pond, some of the water would slosh over the edge of the pond. The amount of water that overflowed would be the amount of water the rowboat *displaced.* If you were to collect the water somehow, and weigh it, the weight would be known as the vessel's *displacement.*

A long time ago it occurred to a Greek named Archimedes that if an object floats on water, something must be pushing upward against it, holding it up. If this upward force were greater than the weight of the object, the object would float; if it were less, the object would sink. But if the object were floating, this force must equal the object's weight, and push against it with equal weight or force.

Archimedes realized that this upward force could only

be the weight of the amount of water that had been crowded out of the way when the object settled into the water. This amount of water takes up the same space as *the part of the object* that is under the water line.

Surface ships are carefully designed so that even when they are fully loaded with passengers and cargo, they will always weigh less than the water they displace. Therefore they will always be in a state of positive buoyancy and they will always float—even though they may be very heavily loaded and float low in the water.

Should a surface vessel—a passenger liner or a freighter or perhaps a destroyer or a battleship—strike a rock or an iceberg and get a hole in its bottom, the water will flood in and make the ship heavier than the amount of water it displaces. At this point, of course, the ship will sink.

A submarine can change its buoyancy by changing the amount of water that it carries in its ballast tanks. The ballast tanks are huge tanks that surround most of the submarine. When you see a submarine on the surface, the rounded part that curves up from the surface of the water toward the deck is the outside shell of the ballast tanks.

"Ballast" means weight. When the submarine is on the surface, it is, like any surface vessel, in a state of positive buoyancy, and so its ballast tanks are empty of water and filled with air. To submerge, valves at the top of the ballast tanks, called vent valves, are opened. The open vent

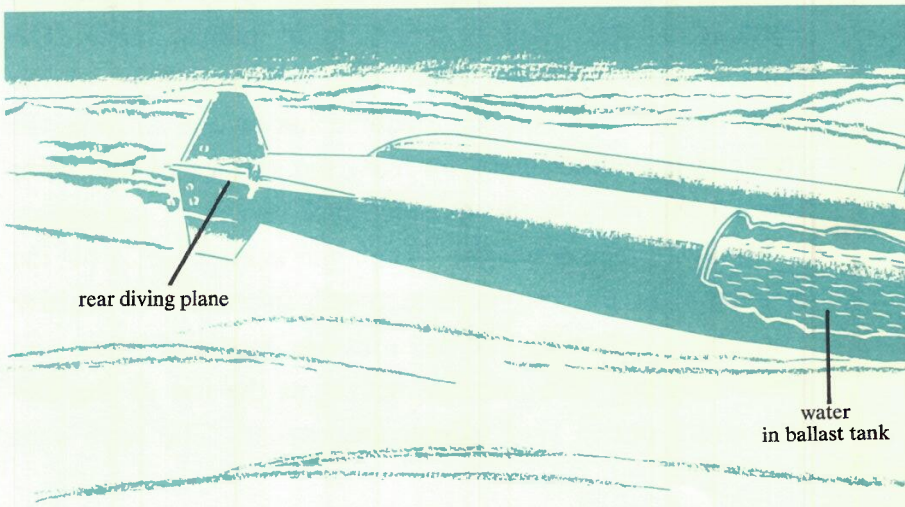
valves allow the air inside to escape, or "vent," through the top of the tanks. Ballast in the form of sea water enters through openings in the bottom of the tanks, called flood ports.

When the ballast tanks are filled with water, the submarine becomes much heavier than it was when they were filled with air, for a cubic foot of water is 840 times as heavy as a cubic foot of air. It assumes a state of negative buoyancy, and sinks, or *submerges.*

If the submarine were to be kept in the state of negative buoyancy it would, of course, just keep on sinking until it reached the bottom.

As a submarine goes down in the water, the pressure

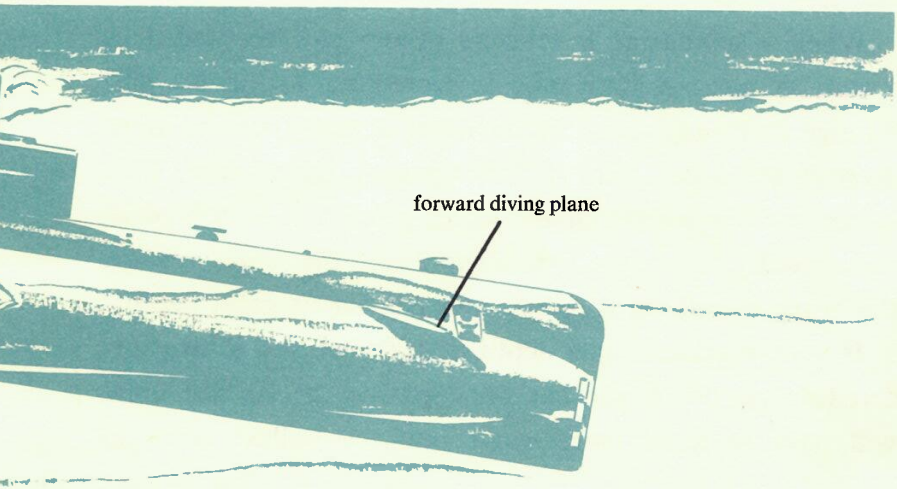
Ballast tanks control a submarine's buoyancy.



of the water against it becomes greater. This pressure is measured on gauges inside the submarine, which tell the captain and his crew how deep the submarine is beneath the surface of the water. As the submarine reaches the desired depth, the crew begins to *decrease* the amount of negative buoyancy the submarine now has, using high-pressure air to blow some of the water from the ballast tanks.

They do not blow all of the water out, or the submarine would again be in a condition of positive buoyancy and rise to the surface. They blow out just enough water so that the submarine is no longer in a state of negative buoyancy, but is not in a state of positive buoyancy, either.

Diving planes control the diving angle of submarines.



This condition, where the submarine weighs exactly as much as the water it displaces at a given depth, is called *neutral* buoyancy.

When a submarine is cruising submerged it is always in a state of neutral buoyancy. This means that it neither sinks nor rises, but can move along at whatever depth the captain orders.

You can see that an understanding of buoyancy and how it affects a submerged vessel is very important to submarine sailors. All of them study this subject in submarine school. Every minute they are at sea, whether on the surface or submerged, they must know exactly what state of buoyancy the submarine is in. They must also know exactly how much water to take in or blow out of the ballast tanks in order to change their submarine's buoyancy so that it will rise or sink.

When a submarine is cruising submerged, keeping it in a state of neutral buoyancy is sometimes a difficult job. Strange as it may seem, ocean water actually weighs more deep in the ocean than it does up near the surface. This is because the weight of the water piling up on top of itself actually "squeezes," or compresses, the water toward the bottom, making it *denser* and heavier at great depths.

If a submarine is at a depth of 100 feet and is then ordered to go down another hundred feet or so, the crew will have to flood more water into the ballast tanks to

make the boat heavy enough to get down through the heavier, or more dense, water beneath it. Here, too, pressure on the submarine's hull is greatly increased.

Every submarine crew has carefully determined exactly how many pounds of water must be flooded into their submarine's ballast tanks for each fifty or a hundred feet deeper they wish to go.

Temperature, too, is important, and every submarine has a means of measuring the outside water temperature, with an instrument that is called a bathythermograph. Temperature must be taken into account when flooding water into the ballast tanks, because cold water is denser than warm water; so to submerge a certain distance in cold water would require more weight in the ballast tanks than to submerge the same distance in warm water.

Often, however, these calculations may be offset by the many different currents beneath the surface of the ocean. So the crew must constantly "trim" the submarine, making adjustments to maintain neutral buoyancy—often only with the aid of experience and something called "the feel of the ship," which every sailor understands but no one can explain very well.

No matter how scientific it is, submarining, like sailing, will always remain an art as well as a skill.

2

The Crew

The submarine services of all countries set very high standards for selection of their crews. It is a matter of necessity as much as a matter of pride. One man's error can take all of his shipmates to the bottom with him. One valve turned the wrong way or one switch improperly thrown can mean disaster.

The requirements and training standards set for the submarine service are particularly difficult. There is never any real peacetime in the submarine navy. The sea itself is always just below and beyond, and above, over every hatch, over every man's head.

All officers and men must be volunteers. After volunteering, each applicant receives a thorough screening by

psychiatrists and navy doctors. They make sure that he does not suffer from some hidden fear that would make him a danger to his shipmates. Claustrophobia, a fear of closed-in places, for instance, or just more than average irritability would make him unsuited to submarine service. Physical standards have to be high. Submarines don't have room to carry doctors, although they do carry skilled pharmacist's mates (sailors with medical training), who can care for most minor illnesses.

Those men who pass the medical examinations are admitted to the Submarine School. Each enlisted man must learn how to operate all of the equipment for which he will be responsible and most of the equipment for which his shipmates will be responsible. Officers must be able to operate every piece of apparatus on board. They must understand the function of every valve and switch as well as know what every pipe and electrical wire is used for, and must be able to repair any equipment.

Submarine School is very difficult, but it is just the beginning, not the end, of the future submariner's training.

Upon graduation he is assigned to a submarine, but he is not considered a full-fledged member of the crew until he is "Qualified in Submarines," a designation which carries with it the right to wear the twin dolphin insignia of the submarine force.

A candidate for qualification keeps a notebook of his

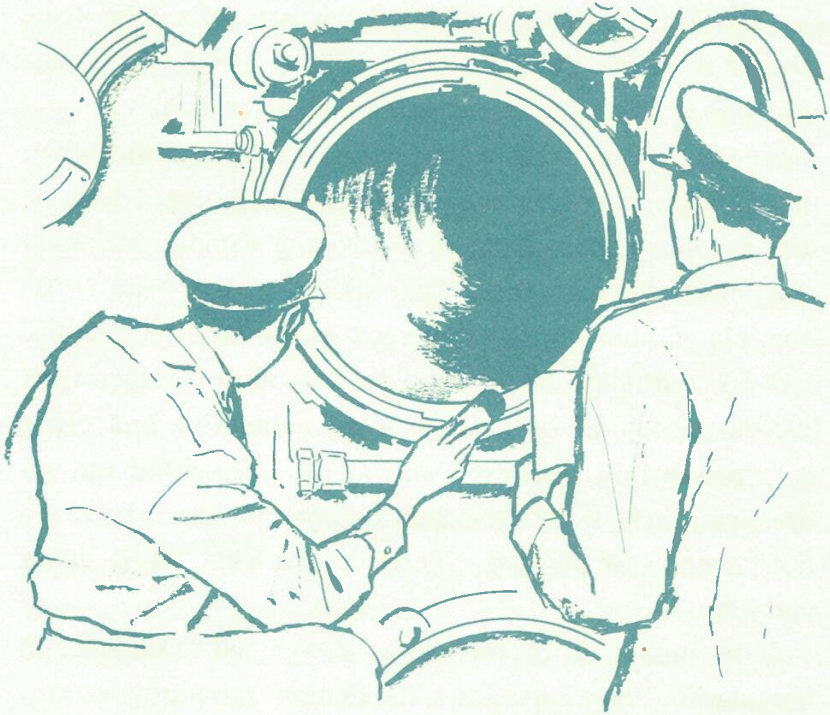
progress on his submarine and is carefully examined and trained by his officers and shipmates in the practical application of everything he has learned in school. He also learns things that can only be taught at sea.

Training on board for officers, who some day will command their own submarines, is even more rigorous. An officer must train for one year in order to be "Qualified in Submarines." Enlisted men must train for six months.

When the commanding officer is satisfied that a young junior officer has thoroughly mastered his own duties and can competently perform every *other* officer's duties, he recommends him for an examination.

This practical examination consists of three parts, each one given by a captain of a submarine other than the one to which the candidate is assigned. This, of course, is to eliminate any possibility of unconscious favoritism of the skipper toward one of his own officers.

The first part is a thorough oral examination, and the second is a tour of the submarine. He is taken through the boat from the torpedo tubes in the very forward part to those in the very stern. He has to know how to operate them—and every single thing in between. He must prove this knowledge not only by intelligent explanation, but by demonstration. He must operate the torpedo tubes, demonstrating how the inner doors are arranged with interlocking gears to the outer doors so that both cannot be acci-



Torpedo Officers on Duty

dentally opened at once. He must start a diesel engine and stop it. He must tune one of the ship's complex radio transmitters to a designated frequency, he must show how to blow all of the trim tanks, as well as the ballast tanks, adjust the ship's ventilation system, and prepare the entire submarine for diving.

The third and final part of the examination is a full day at sea on still another submarine. Here the candidate

gets the boat underway and takes it to sea. At sea he dives it and all officers aboard observe his conduct as they manufacture practice emergencies for him to correct.

He may be told that a man was left above board when the ship dived, or that all electric power has been lost, or that a compartment forward is flooding rapidly. He must react instantly with the proper orders to meet the situation. He will conduct a submerged attack on a target ship, and fire a dummy torpedo set to pass under, rather than hit, the target. He will navigate the submarine and bring it to the surface, and even anchor it. Throughout the entire time, he will be subjected to rapid-fire series of questions from captain and officers about what he is doing and why.

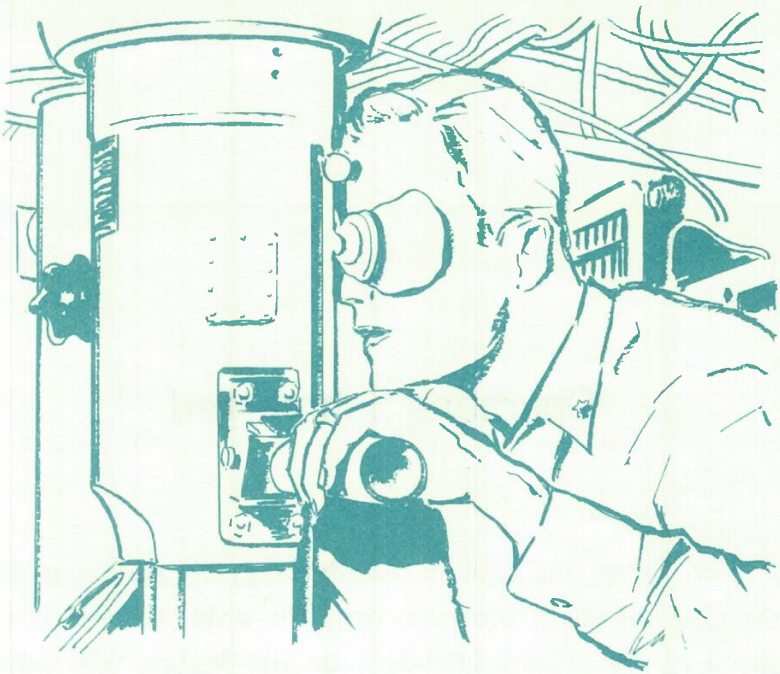
If he passes all of this, he is designated "Qualified in Submarines" and becomes a full-fledged submarine officer, qualified for any submarine job.

3

Operating Submerged

For diving, the captain usually takes his station in the conning tower, at the periscope. His order to dive is relayed to the officer-of-the-deck on the bridge, who sends the lookouts below, sounds two blasts on the ship's diving alarm, and immediately comes below himself, shutting the conning tower hatch—the one hatch that is still open—behind him.

The lookouts go on through the conning tower to the control room. There they will operate the submarine's diving planes by means of large steering wheels facing the port, or left, side of the vessel. The officer of the deck follows them down, taking his station behind them. Here, he will act as diving officer and direct them in tilting the



Periscope Officer on Duty

boat down and then leveling it off at whatever depth the captain orders.

As the submarine starts down, the diving officer takes a careful look at an electronic control panel called the "Christmas tree." Each of the openings in the submarine's hull is represented on this panel by two lights. One light is red and the other is green. When a hatch or torpedo tube, for example, is open, its light flashes red on the

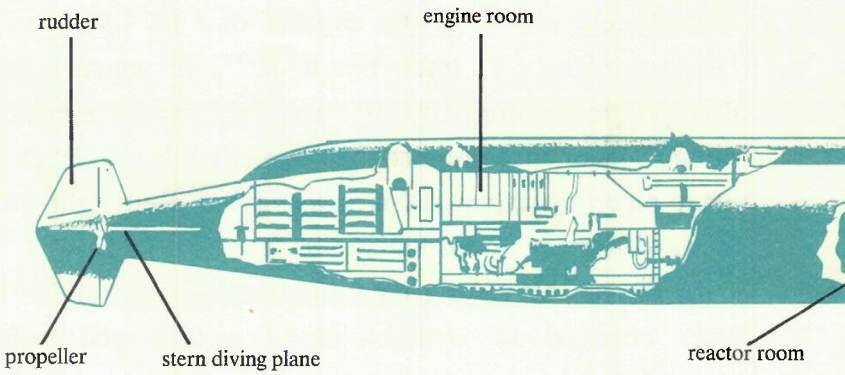
Christmas tree. If it is closed and ready for diving, a green light shows.

Part of the diving rules require that the diving officer immediately report to the captain that all lights on this board are green ("Green board, sir!") in which case the dive progresses normally. If a red light should appear, the diving officer must report that immediately, together with what piece of apparatus is causing it ("Red light on the forward torpedo room hatch, sir!").

In the newest submarines, the control panel lights have been changed to straight- and round-shaped lights—straight-shaped ones representing the old "green" signals, and the round lights signifying an open hatch.

Normally, in peacetime, when the captain receives a report of a red light on the Christmas tree, he will immediately order that the submarine be surfaced. In wartime, however, he is faced with an extremely difficult decision, especially if he is submerging to avoid an enemy ship or airplane. He might well decide to continue the dive, relying on his crew to get the hatch shut—and even repair it on the spot if necessary, before too much water has rushed into the ship. For such emergencies as this, all submarines have powerful pumps which may be used not only to pump out the water after a jammed hatch has been cleared and shut, but even to pump the water out while it is still leaking in.

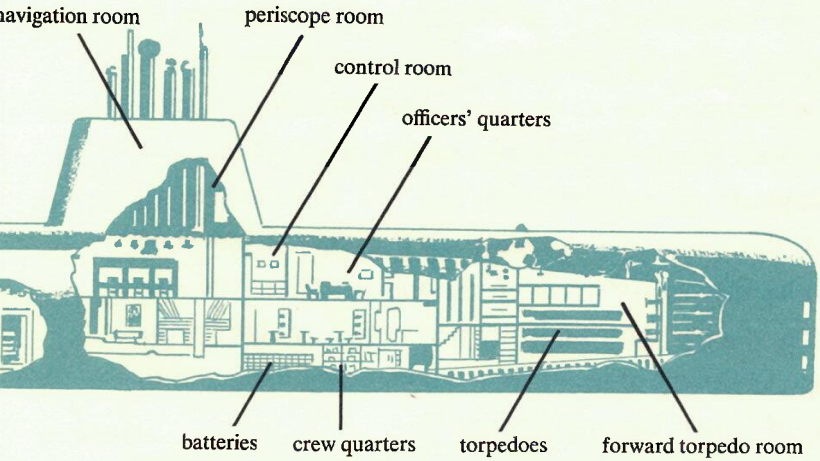
Horizontal Cutaway View of Atomic Submarine



A series of watertight doors throughout the ship can be used to stop the flooding. These doors are always shut when the submarine dives.

At the sound of the diving alarm, the ship's diesel engines are stopped, for there is no longer any way for them to get air from the surface. While there is enough air in the submarine for the crew for many hours, the engines would use it all up in a matter of minutes. Now, electricity from the storage batteries is used to turn the propellers.

The vent valves—the valves at the top of the main ballast tanks which allow the air to escape so that water can enter through ports at the bottom—are opened, and the submarine submerges. In modern submarines it takes less



than a minute from the time the captain says "dive" to the time the water closes over the top of the conning tower.

To the submarine crew, diving is a well-rehearsed and—barring emergencies—calmly conducted operation. There is only the gentle tilting of the deck beneath one's feet to indicate that the boat is diving. There is no sensation of increased pressure as there would be for a deep-sea diver who goes down in a canvas suit. Only the depth gauges in the submarine indicate the progress of the dive.

Early submarines had windows, but these boats did not go more than a few feet beneath the surface. The pressure was not very great there, and some light filtered down from the sun. As soon as submarines were built to go deep-

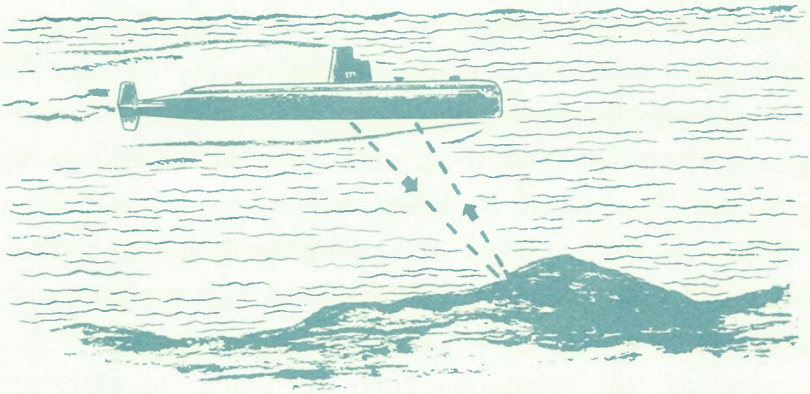
er beneath the surface of the ocean, they were no longer designed with windows. It is too dark under the sea to see anything, and the windows offer weak points to the dangerous pressure of deep water and the sharp, high-pressure shock waves of possible enemy depth charges.

The captain of a submarine can see the surface by means of the periscope, as long as the submarine stays within about fifty to sixty feet of the surface. When the submarine goes deeper than that, the periscope is housed within the superstructure in order to avoid its being damaged by the force of water moving against it.

While the submarine is blind, it is by no means deaf. It has sensitive listening gear called *sonar* (from the words SOund NAvigation and Ranging). With sonar it can hear ships on the surface, or other submarines, by listening to the throb of their engines or the "beat" of their propellers in the water.

A specialized part of the sonar equipment is an electronic fathometer which sends out a sound called a "beep" to the bottom of the ocean. This determines the depth of the water by measuring the time it takes for the sounds to "bounce" back to the fathometer.

Special charts of the ocean floor are available, showing the mountains and valleys there. By using the fathometer along with such charts, submariners can move safely across the ocean floor.



By bouncing sound waves off the ocean floor, sonar equipment can determine the depth beneath a submarine's keel.

The submarine travels under water in a state of neutral buoyancy, so minor changes in depth are accomplished by pointing the boat up or down with the diving planes. The diving planes are four small, wing-like surfaces that project from the side of the submarine at the bow and the stern. They are controlled by crew men and act very much like the "elevators," flexible parts on the tail wings of an airplane which are used to make the aircraft go up and down.

The diving planes are not easy to see when the submarine is surfaced. The bow planes fold up against the hull so that they will not slow the boat down as it plows along on the surface, and so they will not be damaged by the rough surface water around the bow. They are opened

out into diving position at the moment the boat dives. The stern planes do not fold against the hull, but are located below the water line.

A submarine usually does not come to the surface by suddenly blowing all its ballast tanks. This would make it pop to the surface like a cork, dangerously out of control. It might even come up under another ship or damage itself against a reef.

Instead, the submarine glides up slowly to periscope depth, gradually pumping water out of its ballast tanks as the sea pressure lessens, and listening for other ships with its sonar. Then, when sonar and the periscope have assured the captain that it is completely safe to surface, he gives the order to that effect, and all the main ballast tanks are blown. Since the submarine is then close to the surface, it comes up very gently.

4

Living Submerged

Once the submarine dives and water closes over the hatches, the submarine enters a world of silence. The diesel engines are shut off and the electric motors drive the vessel silently. There is no sound of the ocean or motion from the sea. The submarine is now completely self-sufficient.

One of the first necessities is air for the crew. On a routine training dive, or even an attack dive in wartime, no special steps are taken in regard to the air supply. Enough air is trapped in the submarine when the hatches are closed for the entire crew—usually eight officers and about seventy-five enlisted men—to breathe comfortably for many hours. All submarines have special air condi-

tioning and de-humidifying equipment, which continually takes the air from one part of the ship, cools and dries it, and then recirculates it so that it can be breathed by the crew again.

When a submarine submerges over a long period of time, a chemical powder designed to absorb carbon dioxide (CO_2) is used to keep the percentage of that gas in the air below a dangerous level. The general feeling known as "stuffiness" in confined quarters is almost always due to the presence of CO_2 and accumulated smoke and odors, rather than to a lack of oxygen. Carbon dioxide is exhaled by humans as they breathe. When it is removed from the air, the remaining oxygen can be breathed comfortably.

A close watch is also kept on the actual oxygen content of the air in the submerged submarine. When it falls to a certain level, new oxygen is released into the submarine from special tanks carried for this purpose. A submarine can stay down all day without any special measures to conserve air.

With the very long periods of submergence of the new atomic submarines, special measures, still secret, for keeping the air fresh have been worked out. One of these involves the ample use of activated charcoal to adsorb the various odors which normally accumulate in a submerged submarine.

Because of the extremely high standards of crew selection and training, submarines have an admirable safety record. Probably one of the greatest hazards of living aboard a submarine is the simple monotony and irritation of living for so long in such confined quarters. To the submariner, it is of little importance whether his vessel is submerged or on the surface; his quarters are still small and there is still somebody's elbow close to his own ear whenever he turns around or moves in any direction during the day or night. Because of this, great care is taken in selecting crew members with just the proper temperament to live so closely with so many shipmates for long periods of time.

Sun lamps are carried so that, if they wish, crew members may "sun bathe" submerged. A very important piece of equipment—almost as important as the ice cream machine—is the moving picture projector. A large supply of moving picture films is always carried and a movie is usually shown every evening. The moving picture "theater" is set up in the crew's mess hall (dining room) or in one of the torpedo rooms.

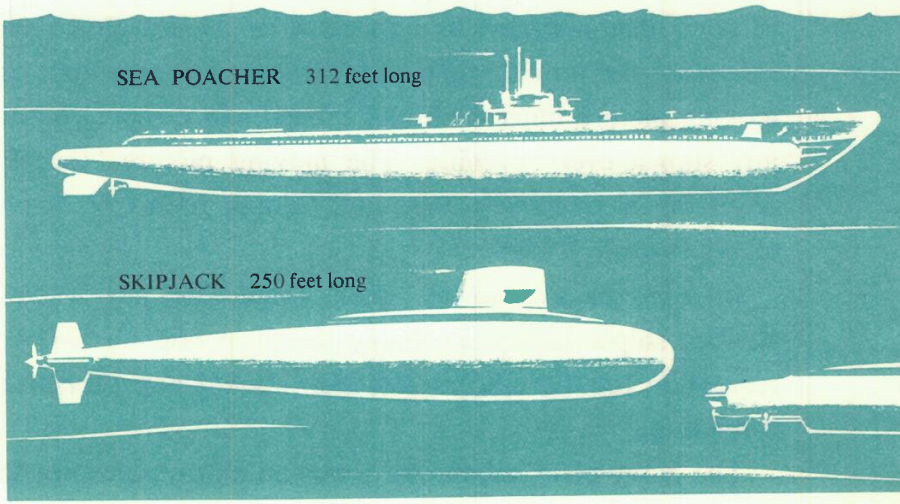
In addition to movies, each submarine has a well-stocked ship's library. Probably the most popular form of recreation for the officers and men aboard any submarine is reading.

The Navy gives submarine crews an extra allowance for

food, and submarine "chow" has long enjoyed the reputation of being the very best.

As garbage collects, it is placed in burlap bags carried for the purpose, weighted, and thrown overboard when the submarine surfaces. Some submarines have garbage disposal units in the galley (kitchen) sink, just as you might find in a modern home. The disposal unit grinds the garbage up and empties it into sewage disposal tanks. These tanks are periodically emptied, or "blown," into the sea by high-pressure air. Some submarines can eject their garbage while submerged.

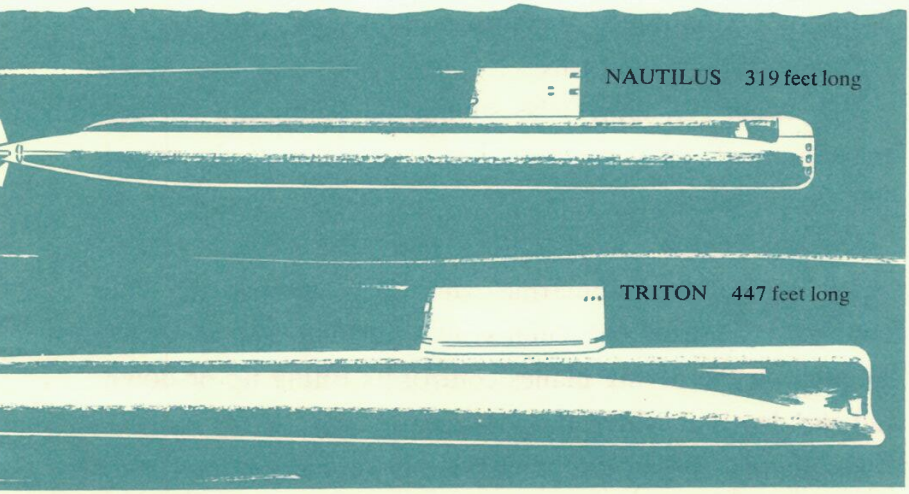
The Sea Poacher *is typical of hull design in use during World War II; the ultra-modern* Skipjack, *an atomic submarine, is blimp-shaped for extreme speed under water.*



Garbage and sanitation disposal can become a real problem when cruising in enemy waters during wartime. There are instances of submarines being followed and sunk, even though they were submerged and could not be seen, because an enemy ship was able to follow the trail of the refuse which floated to the surface. Just a tin can floating to the surface is enough to warn patrolling destroyers that there is a submarine somewhere in the area, and probably not very far away.

All submarines on extended voyages carry ample food and water. On an extremely long patrol, frozen provisions,

The Nautilus *and the* Triton *are atomic-powered also, but the former is designed primarily for combat, while the huge* Triton *is specially constructed for undersea scouting duty.*



such as steaks and ice cream, may run low so that the crew must live on canned food, but there is no danger of running out of drinking water. Each submarine carries machinery which makes fresh, or *distilled,* water from sea water.

Destroyers are often called the "dungaree navy" and the same thing may be said of submarines. The uniform during submerged patrols is about as informal as each sailor wishes to make it. Most submarine captains are very liberal about this. While they will always insist upon cleanliness and neatness, they are usually not too particular about how much of the uniform the sailors wish to wear in order to be comfortable.

Normally, submarine crew members stand one four-hour watch out of twelve hours. This is referred to as "standing one-in-three," or "four on and eight off."

Some typical watches are:

Helmsman Whether the submarine is on the surface or submerged, there must always be a sailor at the wheel that steers the ship.

Diving Planes Two sailors man the diving planes which control the submarine while it is submerged. The helmsman controls the submarine's turning left or right; the men on the diving planes control its tilting up or down and the depth at which it operates.

Periscope When the submarine is submerged and run-

ning near the surface there is always an officer stationed at the periscope.

Navigator The submarine's navigator is always an officer, but he does not stand a regular four-hour watch, since he has other duties to attend to as well as navigating. Navigating for each four-hour watch is handled by sailors with a special rating called "quartermaster."

Radar and Sonar When the submarine is on the surface it can use its radar, just as a surface ship, to "see" other ships on the surface, and the radar is manned on four-hour watches. When the ship submerges, the radar can no longer be used. Under water, however, the sonar is used. The sonar, or "listening gear," is used to listen for enemy ships, and it is manned continually, in four-hour watches, while the submarine is under the water.

Cooks Cooking for a hungry crew of over eighty people is an around-the-clock job. The ship's cooks usually stand their watches in the galley.

Electricians There are always several sailors with the rating of "electrician" standing watch in the "maneuvering room," the part of the submarine where all the electrical controls for the ship's huge storage batteries are located. They inspect the batteries periodically to be sure they are functioning properly.

Diving Officer Operation of the diving planes and the helm is always supervised by an officer, called the diving

officer, while the submarine is submerged. The diving officer's watch is changed every four hours.

A sailor's watch accounts only for his "four hours on." His "eight hours off" are spent doing many things, some of them as important to the submarine as his four-hour watch. During his "eight off," he will, of course, eat and sleep, write letters and read, watch the movies, shave, and, if there is plenty of water, take a shower. But he must also take care of the part of the ship that is his to keep clean and operational.

Torpedomen, on their time off, see to it that the torpedoes are kept perfectly adjusted so that they will work properly when they are fired.

Electronics technicians, on their time off, continually adjust electronics equipment, and radiomen work on their radio receivers and transmitters. In addition, like all sailors in the Navy, submarine sailors spend a lot of time studying for promotion.

More than 2,000 years ago Alexander the Great descended into the ocean in a glass barrel. This was probably the first submarine. In the middle ages Leonardo da Vinci designed a vessel for underwater exploration. An American submarine attacked an enemy ship in 1776. The fascinating story of submarine development is told in Edward C. Stephens' book *Submarines* (Golden Press, 1962).

You may also want to read:

First under the North Pole
by William R. Anderson (World, 1959)

How Atomic Submarines Are Made
by David C. Cooke (Dodd, Mead, 1957)

The First Book of Submarines
by Captain J. B. Icenhower (Franklin Watts, 1956)

Leatherneck
by C. B. Colby (Coward-McCann, 1957)

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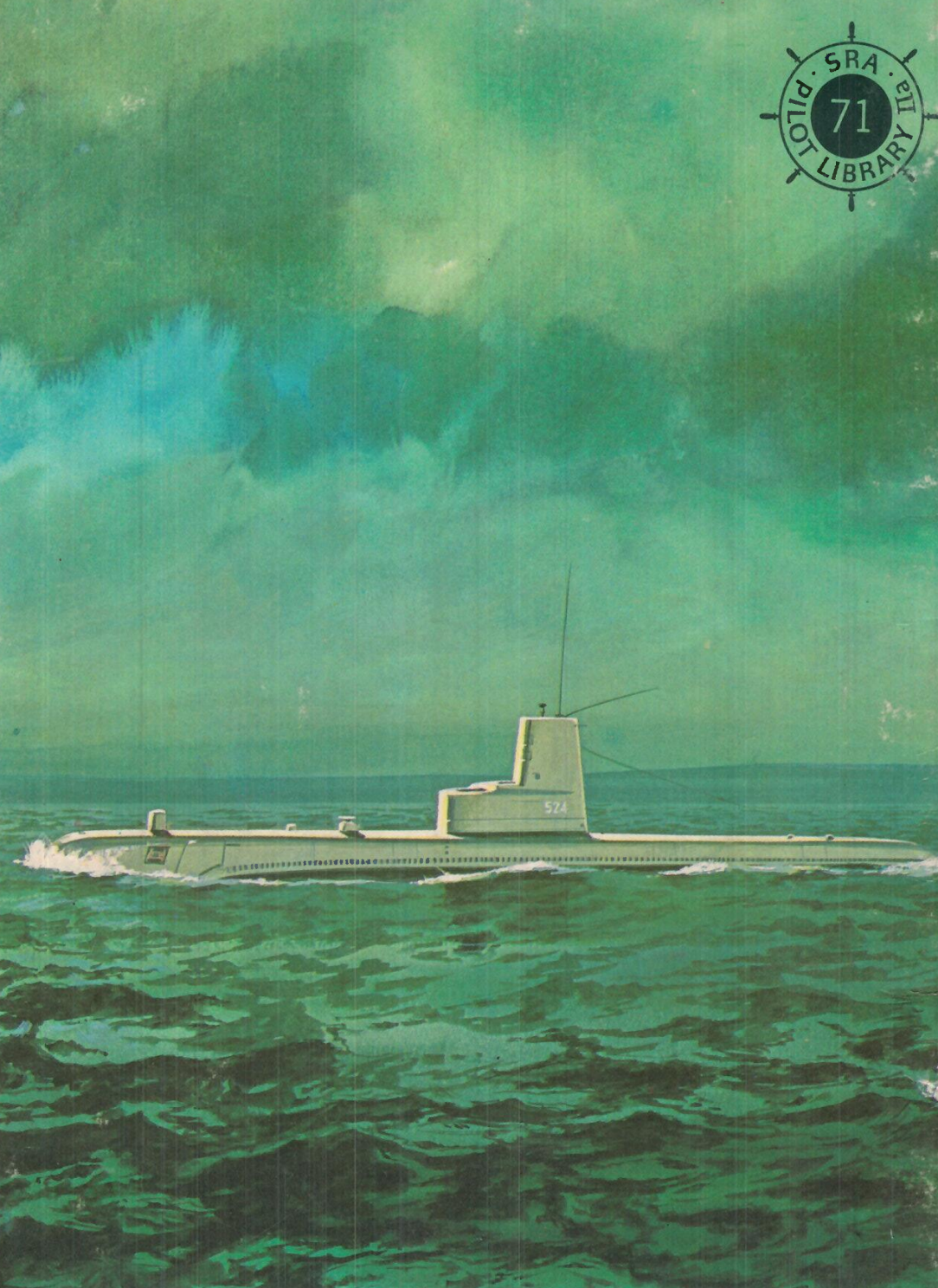
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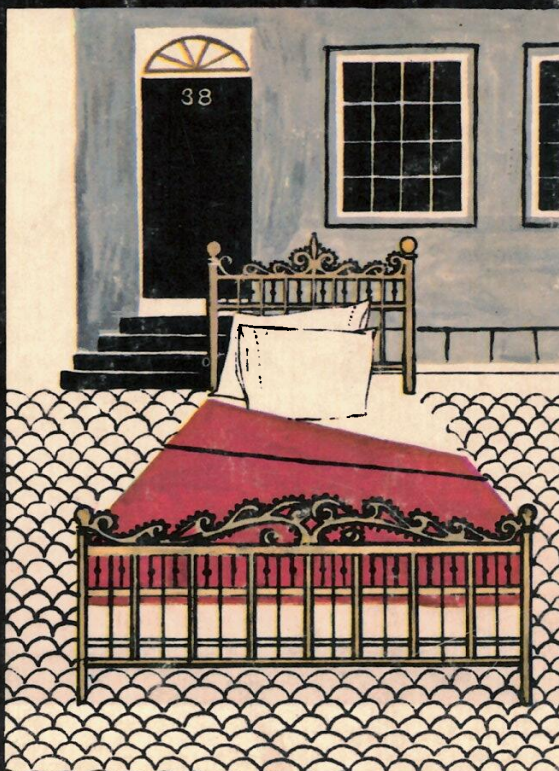
THE MAGIC BED KNOB

Mary Norton



THE MAGIC BED KNOB

by Mary Norton

The children discovered her riding a broomstick—or rather, falling off it. For Miss Price, you see, was only studying to be a witch and was not yet very good at such things.

"It's very difficult, you know," she said.

To be sure that Carey, Charles, and Paul kept her secret, Miss Price gave them a magic bed knob. They had only to make a wish and—*swoosh!* the bed would take them anywhere in the world as quick as that!

Where the children go, and what they do there, proves that there should be moderation in all things —even magic.

THE MAGIC BED KNOB

BY MARY NORTON

Illustrated by BETTY FRASER

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1

HOW THEY MET HER

Once upon a time there were three children, and their names were Carey, Charles, and Paul. Carey was about your age, Charles a little younger, and Paul was only six.

One summer, they were sent to Bedfordshire to stay with an aunt. She was an old aunt and she lived in an old square house which lay in a garden where no flowers grew. There were lawns and shrubs and cedars but no flowers, which made the garden seem grave and sad.

The children were shy of the house, with its big hall and wide stairways; they were shy of Elizabeth, the stern old housemaid; and they were shy of their aunt, too, because she had pale blue eyes with pinkish edges and did not often

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smile. But they loved the garden and the river that ran through it, and the countryside beyond with its tangled hedges and sweet meadow grass.

They were out all day.

They played in the barns, they played by the river, and they played in the lanes and on the hills. They were punctual for meals because they were visitors and good children at heart. One day slipped into another, and all the days were alike—until Miss Price hurt her ankle. And that's where the story begins.

You all know somebody rather like Miss Price. She wore gray coats and skirts, and had a long thin neck with a scarf

round it made of Liberty silk with a Paisley pattern. Her nose was sharply pointed, and she had very clean, pink hands. She rode on a high bicycle with a basket in front, and she visited the sick and taught the piano. She lived in a neat little house that stood in a lane at the bottom of the garden, and the children knew her by sight and always said "Good morning." In all the village there was none so ladylike as Miss Price.

Now, one day, the children decided to go mushroom-picking before breakfast. They awoke almost before the night had drained away from the sleeping house, and tiptoed through the hall in their stocking feet. When they got outside, the garden was very still and drenched in dew, and, as they walked, their shoes left black smudges in the pearly grass. They spoke in whispers because it seemed as if the world, except the birds, was still asleep.

Suddenly, Paul stood still, staring down the slope of the lawn toward the darkness of the cedars. "What's that?"

They all stopped and they all stared.

"It moved," Paul told them. "Come on, let's see."

Carey sped ahead on her long legs. "It's a person," she called back, and then her step grew slower. She waited until they caught up with her. "It's—" her voice was hushed with surprise—"it's Miss Price!"

And so it was, sitting there on the wet ground under the cedar. Her gray coat and skirt were torn and crumpled, and her hair hung down in wisps.

"Oh, poor Miss Price," cried Carey, running up, "whatever's the matter? Have you hurt yourself?"

Miss Price looked back with frightened eyes, and then she looked away.

"It's my ankle," she muttered.

Carey fell on her knees in the damp grass. Miss Price's ankle was indeed the strangest shape. "Oh, poor Miss Price," cried Carey again, and the tears came to her eyes. "It must hurt terribly."

"It does," said Miss Price.

"Run to the house, Charles," ordered Carey, "and tell them to ring up the doctor."

Then a strange look came over Miss Price's face, and her eyes opened wide as if with fright. "No, no," she stammered, gripping Carey's arm. "No, not that, just help me to get home."

The children looked at her, but they were not surprised. It did not even occur to them to wonder what Miss Price might be doing so early in the morning in their aunt's garden.

"Help me to get home," repeated Miss Price. "I can put one arm 'round your shoulders—" She looked at Carey. "And one 'round his. Then, perhaps, I can hop."

Paul watched seriously as Carey and Charles leaned toward Miss Price. Then he sighed. "And I'll carry this," he said obligingly, picking up a garden broom.

"We don't want that," Carey told him sharply. "Put it up against the tree."

"But it's Miss Price's."

"How do you mean—Miss Price's? It's the garden broom."

Paul looked indignant. "It isn't ours. It's hers. It's what she fell off. It's what she rides on."

Carey and Charles stood up, their faces red from stooping, and stared at Paul.

"What she rides on?"

"Yes. Don't you, Miss Price?"

Miss Price became paler than ever. She looked from one child to another. She opened her mouth and then she shut it again, as if no words would come.

"You're quite good at it, aren't you, Miss Price?" Paul went on encouragingly. "You weren't at first."

Then Miss Price began to cry. She pulled out her handkerchief and held it over her face. "Oh, dear," she said, "oh, dear! Now I suppose everybody knows."

Carey put her arms round Miss Price's neck. It was what you always did to people when they cried.

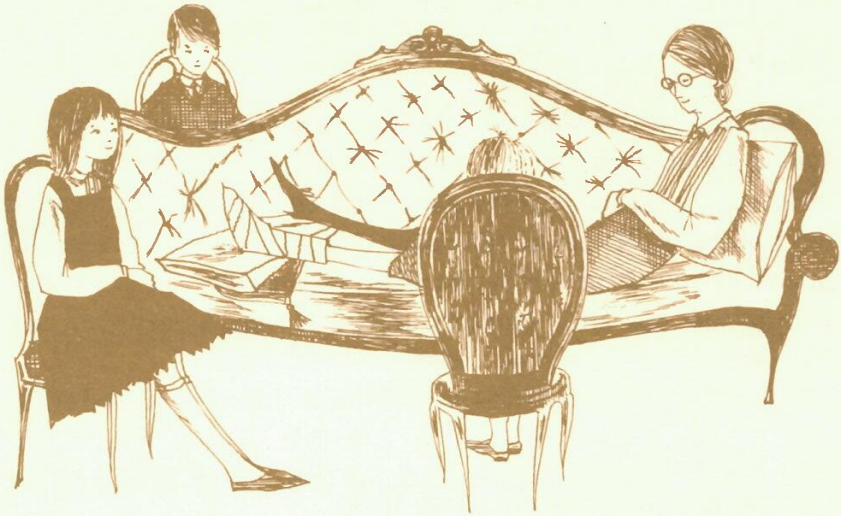
"It's all right, Miss Price. Nobody knows. Nobody knows at all. Paul didn't even tell us. It's quite all right. I think it's wonderful to ride on a broomstick."

"It's very difficult," said Miss Price, but she blew her nose.

They helped her to her feet. Carey felt puzzled and very excited, but she didn't like to ask any more.

Slowly and painfully they made their way through the garden and down the lane that led to Miss Price's house. The rising sun glimmered through the hedgerows and turned the dust in the roadway to pale gold. Carey and Charles went very carefully, and Miss Price flapped between like a large gray bird with a broken wing.

Paul walked behind—with the broomstick.



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MORE ABOUT HER

Afterward, on the way home, Carey and Charles tackled Paul. "Paul, why didn't you tell us you'd seen Miss Price on a broomstick?"

"I dunno."

"But, Paul, you ought to have told us. We'd have liked to see it, too. It was very mean of you, Paul."

Paul did not reply.

"When did you see her?"

"In the night."

Paul looked stubborn. He felt as if he might be going to cry. Miss Price always passed so quickly. She would have

been gone before he could call anyone, and they would have said at once, "Don't be silly, Paul." Besides, it had been his secret, his nightly joy.

His bed was beside the window, and when the moon was full, it shone on his pillow and wakened him. It had been exciting to lie there, with his eyes fixed on the pale sky beyond the ragged blackness of the cedar boughs. Some nights he did not wake up. Other nights he woke up and she did not come. But he saw her often enough, and each time he saw her, she had learned to fly a little better.

At first she had wobbled so, balanced sideways on the stick, that he wondered why she did not ride astride. She would grip the broomstick with one hand and try to hold her hat on with the other, and her feet, in their long shoes, looked so odd against the moonlit sky. Once she fell—and the broomstick came down quite slowly, like an umbrella blown inside-out, with Miss Price clinging to the handle. Paul had watched her anxiously until she reached the ground. That time she landed safely.

Partly, he did not tell because he wanted to be proud of Miss Price. He did not want the others to see her until she was really good at it—until, perhaps, she could do tricks on a broomstick and look confident instead of scared. Once when she had lifted both hands in the air at the same time, Paul nearly clapped. He knew that was hard to do even on a bicycle.

"You see, Paul," Carey grumbled, "it was really very selfish; now Miss Price has hurt her ankle, she won't be flying again for ages. Charles and I may never have the chance of seeing her!"

Later, as they were solemnly eating lunch in the high, dark dining room, Aunt Beatrice startled them by saying suddenly, "Poor Miss Price!" They all looked up, as if she had read their secret thoughts, and were relieved when she went on calmly, "It seems she has fallen off her bicycle and sprained her ankle. So painful, poor soul. I must send her down some peaches."

Paul sat with his spoon halfway to his mouth, and his eyes moved around from Charles to Carey.

Carey cleared her throat. "Aunt Beatrice," she said, "could we take the peaches to Miss Price?"

"That's very thoughtful of you, Carey. I don't see why not, if you know where she lives."

Paul seemed about to burst into speech but was silenced by a kick from Charles; aggrieved, he swallowed his last mouthful of rice pudding.

"Yes, Aunt Beatrice, we do know where she lives."

It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when the children knocked at Miss Price's neat front door. The path on which they stood was gaily bordered with flowers. Through the half-open windows of the sitting room Miss Price's dimity curtains fluttered in the breeze. The door was opened by Agnes, a village girl who served Miss Price for a few hours daily.

As the children entered the little sitting room, for a moment they felt very shy. There lay Miss Price on the sofa, her bandaged foot raised up on pillows. She still looked pale, but now her hair was tidy and her white blouse spotlessly neat.

"What lovely peaches!" said Miss Price. "Thank you, my dears, and thank your aunt. Very kind of her, I'm sure. Sit down, sit down."

The children sat down gingerly on the little spindly chairs.

"Agnes is making us some tea. You must stay and keep me company. Carey, can you open that card table?"

The children bustled around and helped to set the room for tea. A little table near Miss Price for the tea tray and a white cloth on the card table for the scones, the bread and butter, the quince jelly, and the ginger cake.

They enjoyed their tea, and when it was over, they helped Agnes to clear away. Then Miss Price showed Charles and Carey how to play backgammon and lent Paul a large book full of pictures called *Paradise Lost*. Paul liked the book very much. He liked the smell of it and the gilt-edged pages.

When they had finished the game of backgammon and it seemed that it must be nearly time to go home, Carey took her courage in both hands.

"Miss Price," she said hesitatingly, "if it isn't rude to ask—are you a witch?"

There was silence for a moment, and Carey could feel her heart beating. Paul looked up from his book.

Very carefully, Miss Price closed the backgammon board and laid it on the little table beside the sofa. She took up her knitting and unfolded it.

"Well," she said slowly, "I am and I'm not."

Paul sat back on his heels. "You mean, you are sort of," he suggested.

Miss Price threw him a glance. "I mean, Paul," she said quietly, "that I am studying to be a witch." She knitted a few stitches, pursing up her mouth.

"Oh, Miss Price!" cried Carey warmly. "How terribly clever of you!"

It was the best thing she could have said. Miss Price flushed, but she looked pleased.

"How did you first think of it, Miss Price?"

"Well, ever since I was a girl, I've had a bit of a gift for witchcraft, but somehow—what with piano lessons and looking after my mother—I never seemed to have the time to take it up seriously."

Paul was staring at Miss Price, as if to drink in every detail of her appearance. "I don't think you're a wicked witch," he said at last.

Miss Price dropped her eyes unhappily. "I know, Paul," she admitted in a low voice. "You're quite right. I started too late in life. That's the whole trouble."

"Is being wicked the hardest part?" asked Carey.

"It is for me," Miss Price told her rather sadly. "But there are people who have a natural gift for it."

"Paul has," said Charles.

Paul came nearer and sat down on a chair. He was still staring at Miss Price, as if he longed to ask her something. After a minute, he found courage. "Could you just do a little bit of magic for us now?"

"Oh, Paul," exclaimed Carey, "don't worry Miss Price—she can't do magic with a sprained ankle."

"Yes, she could," protested Paul hotly, "she could do it lying down, couldn't you, Miss Price?"

"Well," said Miss Price, "I am a little tired, Paul. But I'll just do a little quick one, and then you must all go home. There you are!"

Carey and Charles looked around quickly, following the direction of Miss Price's eyes. Paul's chair was empty. Paul had

gone—but where he had been sitting perched a little yellow frog.

Before Carey or Charles had time to exclaim, Paul was back again, still staring expectantly at Miss Price.

"Oh," cried Carey, with a gasp, "that was wonderful, wonderful! How *did* you do it?"

She felt breathless and almost afraid. Magic—a spell—she had seen it with her own eyes.

"I didn't see anything," complained Paul.

Carey looked at him impatiently. "Oh, don't be silly, Paul. You turned into a frog. You must have felt it."

Paul's lips trembled. "I didn't feel anything," he said in a squeaky little voice. But nobody heard him. Carey was staring at Miss Price with shining eyes.

"Miss Price," she pointed out almost reproachfully, "you could have done that at the church concert, instead of singing."

Miss Price laid down her knitting. A strange look crept into her face, and she looked hard at Carey as if she were seeing her for the first time. Nervously, Carey drew back in her chair.

"Although you sing so nicely," she added quickly.

But Miss Price did not seem to hear. There was a wild light in her eyes, and her lips moved quietly, as if she were reciting. "There must be some way," she was saying slowly. "There—must—be—some—way . . ."

"Some way of what?" asked Charles after a moment's uncomfortable silence.

Miss Price smiled, showing her long yellow teeth.

"Of keeping your mouths shut," she rapped out.

Carey was shocked. This was far from ladylike. "Oh, Miss Price!" she exclaimed unhappily.

"Of keeping your mouths shut," repeated Miss Price slowly, smiling more unpleasantly than ever.

Paul made a little wriggling movement in his chair. "Now she's getting wicked," he whispered to Carey in a pleased voice.

Carey drew away from him as if she had not heard. She looked worried. "What do you mean, Miss Price? You mean we mustn't tell anyone that—" She hesitated.

"That you're a witch?" put in Paul.

But Miss Price was still staring, as if she neither heard nor saw. "In just a minute I'll think of something," she said, as if to herself. "In just a minute—"

Then Carey did something that Charles thought very brave. She got up from her chair and sat down beside Miss Price on the sofa. "Listen, Miss Price," she said. "We did try to help you when you hurt your ankle. There isn't any need to use any kind of nasty magic on us. If you want to stop us telling, you could do it in a nice kind of way."

Miss Price looked at her. "How could I do it in a nice kind of way?" she asked, but she sounded more reasonable.

"Well," said Carey, "you could give us something—something magic—and if we told anyone about you, we'd have to forfeit it. You know, like a game. Directly we told, the thing would stop being magic."

"What sort of thing?" asked Miss Price, but as if the idea held possibilities.

Charles leaned forward. "Yes," he put in, "a ring or something that we could twist and a slave comes. And, if we told

about you, the slave wouldn't come any more. Couldn't you do that?"

Miss Price looked thoughtful. "I couldn't manage a slave," she said after a moment.

"Well, something like that."

Miss Price sat very quiet. She was thinking hard. "I know," she said after a while. Suddenly, she seemed quite nice and cheerful again. "There's something I've been wanting to try out. Mind you, I'm not sure that it will work. Has anybody got a ring on them?"

Alas, none of them had. Paul felt in his pockets, just in case, but found nothing but the brass knob he had unscrewed from his bed that morning.

"Well, anything. A bracelet would do. It should be something you can twist."

But Carey could not produce a bracelet either. "I have one at home," she said, "but I only wear it on Sundays."

"You can twist this," cried Paul suddenly, holding out the bed knob. "That's just what it does. It twists and it twists and it twists. I twisted it off," he added rather unnecessarily.

Miss Price took the bed knob and held it thoughtfully between her clean, bony fingers.

"Let me see . . ." she said slowly. Then suddenly she looked up, as if surprised. "Paul, I believe this is the best thing you could have given me." Paul squirmed, pleased but bashful. "Now, I could do a wonderful spell with this—but I must think it out very carefully. Now, be quiet, children, and let me think—so that I can get this right." Her fingers closed gently around the shining brass. "This should be very good indeed. Now, quiet, please!"

The children sat like statues. Even Paul forgot to fidget. A bumblebee came in through the window and buzzed heavily about the room. Except for this, the silence was complete.

After what seemed a long while, Miss Price opened her eyes. And then she sat up, blinking and smiling. "There you are, Paul," she said brightly, and handed him back the bed knob.

He took it reverently. "Is it done?" he asked in an awe-stricken voice. It looked just the same to him.

"Yes, it's quite done," Miss Price told him. "And it's a very good spell indeed. This is something you'll enjoy. Only don't get yourselves into trouble."

Carey and Charles were looking enviously at Paul.

"What must we do with it?" asked Charles.

"Just take it home and screw it back on the bed. But don't screw it right up. Screw it about halfway."

"And then?"

"And then?" Miss Price smiled. "Twist it a little and wish —and the bed will take you to wherever you want to go!"

The children gazed unbelievingly at the gleaming ball in Paul's rather grubby fingers.

"Really?" asked Carey with a little gasp.

Miss Price was still smiling. She seemed very pleased with herself. "Well, try it."

"Oh, Miss Price!" breathed Carey, still gazing at the knob. "Thank you."

"Don't thank me," said Miss Price, taking up her knitting again. "Remember the conditions. One word about me and the spell is broken."

"Oh, Miss Price!" said Carey again. She was quite overcome.

"And remember, too, that the spell belongs to Paul. He must be the one to twist the knob."

Slowly, wonderingly, a grin of ecstasy began to stretch itself across Paul's face. His eyes gleamed moistly with an almost holy joy.

Carey and Charles looked at him as though they had never seen him before.

"Well?" said Miss Price rather sharply.

Charles found his voice. "He's sort of young," he pointed out, "for so much responsibility."

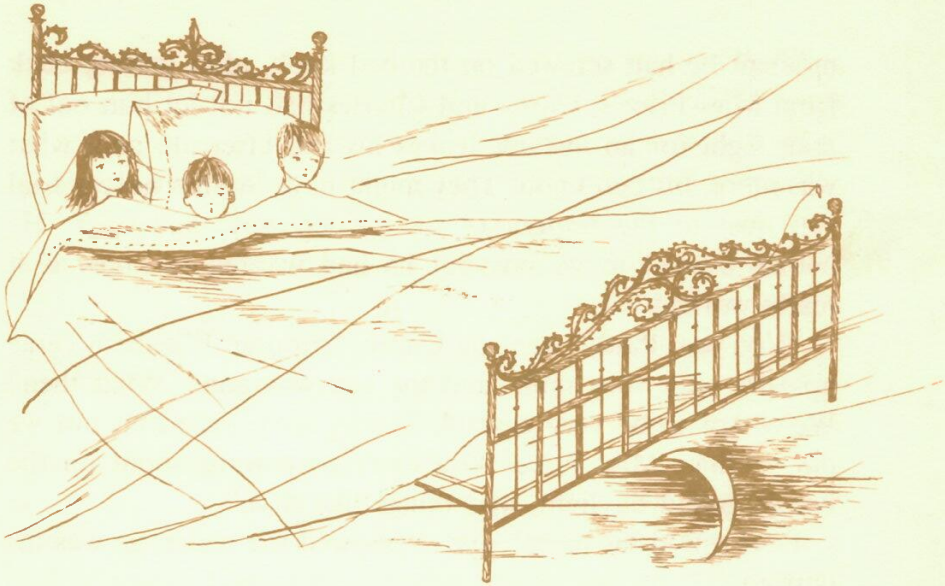
But Miss Price was firm. "The younger the better, as I know to my cost. Now run along, children."

She turned away, but almost immediately she turned back again, lowering her voice. "Oh, by the way, I meant to tell you something else. If you twist the knob one way, the bed will take you where you want, in the present. Twist it the other way and the bed will take you back into the past."

"Oh, Miss Price!" exclaimed Carey.

"What about the future?" asked Charles.

Miss Price looked at him as the bus conductor looks when you ask for a ticket to a place off the bus route. Charles blushed.



3

THE FIRST TRIP

It was hard to get through the rest of the day, but evening came at last. By the time it was Paul's bedtime, anticipation had made them tired and excitement had grown stale.

"Look here, Paul," said Carey suddenly, as Paul was brushing his teeth. "You wouldn't go and do it by yourself. You'll lie still till Charles and I come to bed, won't you?"

Paul looked at her over the slowly revolving brush.

"If you went off on that bed by yourself," continued Carey, "and it went wrong, no one could save you. You might get stuck in the past or anything."

Paul spat into the hole in the basin. He watched the hole, and then, carefully, he spat again. He felt aggrieved. From the

moment he had screwed on the bed knob, after getting back from Miss Price's, Carey and Charles had not let him out of their sight for an instant. It was his bed after all, and, what was more, his bed knob. They might have let him have a trial run, just to the bottom of the garden, say, and back. He hadn't wanted to go far, but he had wanted to know if it really worked.

"You see, Paul," went on Carey, "suppose Elizabeth came upstairs with your milk, and the bed was gone. What then? We've got to be very careful. It may seem deceitful, but we *did* promise Miss Price. You can't go tearing about on the bed in broad daylight, and things like that."

Paul rinsed his mouth and swallowed the water, as was his custom.

"Do you see, Paul? We've got to wait until they're all in bed. Come here, and I'll comb your hair while it's wet."

They followed him into his bedroom. They sat on the bed. They all looked at the bed knob, just above Paul's right ear; it looked just like the other three.

"I bet it doesn't work," said Charles. "I bet you anything."

"Shush," said Carey, as Elizabeth came in with their milk on a tray.

"Don't spill on the sheet, now," she said, panting, "and bring the tray down, Miss Carey, please; it's my evening out."

"Your evening out?" repeated Carey. She began to smile.

"Nothing funny in that, I hope," said Elizabeth tartly. "I've earned it. And no tricks, now; your aunt's not herself. She's gone to bed."

"Gone to bed?" echoed Carey again. She caught back the rest of her smile just in time.

Elizabeth looked at her curiously. "No tricks, now," she repeated. "There's something funny about you children. Butter wouldn't melt in your mouths, but I'm not so sure."

They heard her sigh on the landing. They heard her turn the corner. Then they kicked off their slippers and danced. Noiselessly, tensely, breathlessly, they gyrated and whirled and leaped; then, panting, they fell onto Paul's bed.

"Where shall we go?" whispered Carey, her eyes shining.

"Let's try a South Sea island," said Charles.

Paul bit deeply into his bread. His cheeks bulged and his jaws moved slowly. He was the calmest of the three.

"The Rocky Mountains," suggested Carey.

"The South Pole," said Charles.

"The Pyramids."

"Tibet."

"The moon."

"Where would you like to go, Paul?" asked Carey suddenly. Happiness had made her unselfish.

Paul swallowed his mouthful of bread and butter. "I'd like to go to the Natural History Museum."

"Oh, Paul," said Carey.

"Not that kind of place. You can go there any time."

"I'd like to see the Big Flea in the Natural History Museum," said Paul. He remembered how Carey and Charles had gone with an uncle, without him, when he, Paul, had been in bed with a cold.

"It was only a model. Think of another place, Paul. You can have first turn, as it's your bed. But somewhere nice."

"I'd like to go to London," said Paul.

"But you can go to London almost any time," Charles said.

"I'd like to go to London to see my mother."

"Don't say 'my mother.' She's our mother, too."

"I'd like to see her," repeated Paul simply.

"Well, we'd like to see her," admitted Carey. "But she'd be kind of surprised."

"I'd like to see my mother." Paul's lips began to tremble, and his eyes filled with tears.

Carey looked worried.

"Paul," she tried to explain, "when you get a thing as magic as this, you don't make that kind of wish, like seeing your mother and going to museums and things. You wish for something absolutely extraordinary. Don't you see, Paul? Try again."

Paul's face turned crimson, and the tears rolled out of his eyes and down his cheeks.

"I'd like to see my mother or the Big Flea." He was trying not to sob aloud. He closed his lips, and his chest heaved up and down.

"Oh, dear," said Carey desperately. She stared down at her shoes.

"Let him have his turn," Charles suggested in a patient voice. "We can go somewhere else afterward."

"But don't you see—" began Carey. "Oh, all right," she added. "Come on. Get on the bed, Charles." She began to feel excited again.

"Let's all hold onto the rails. Better tuck in that bit of blanket. Now, Paul, take hold of the knob—gently. Here, I'll blow your nose. Now, are you ready?"

Paul knelt up, facing the head of the bed and the wall. He had his hand on the knob. "What shall I say?"

"Say Mother's address. Say, 'I wish to be at No. 38 Markham Square' and twist."

"I wish to be—" Paul's voice sounded thick. He cleared his throat.

"At No. 38," prompted Carey.

"At No. 38."

"Markham Square."

"Markham Square."

It was horrible. It was a swooshing rush, as if the world had changed into a movie film run too quickly. A jumble that was almost fields, almost trees, almost streets, almost houses, but nothing long enough. The bed rocked. They clung to the railings. The bedclothes whipped around Carey and Charles, blinding them, choking them. A great seasick lurch. Then bang . . . bump . . . clang . . . and a sliding scrape.

They had arrived.

They felt shaken and breathless. Slowly Carey unwound a blanket from her neck and head. Her mouth was full of fluff. The eiderdown was blown tight around Charles and hung through the brass rails of the bed. Paul was still kneeling on the pillow. His face was scarlet and his hair was blown upright.

"Gosh," said Charles after a moment. He looked about him. They were indeed in Markham Square. The bed had come to rest neatly alongside the pavement, nearly touching the curb. There was No. 38 with its black front door, its checkered steps, and the area railing.

Charles felt extraordinarily conspicuous. The bed was so very much a bed and the street so very much a street, and

there was Paul crossing the pavement in his bare feet to ring the front door bell. Paul, in his pajamas and with such untidy hair, standing on Mother's front steps in broad daylight—a warm, rich evening light, but nonetheless broad daylight.

Charles prayed for the door to open quickly. He was by nature extremely retiring.

A red bus rolled by at the end of the square. For the moment, the pavement was empty.

"Ring again," he cried fervently. Paul rang again.

They heard the echo of the bell in the basement, a polite, regretful, empty sound. The dark windows stared blankly.

"There's no one at home," said Carey when they had waited a minute or two longer. She uncurled her legs. "Mother must have gone out to dinner," she announced, standing up. "Well, we'll have to wait. Let's tidy the bed."

As they made the bed, drawing up the blankets, turning back the sheets, plumping up the pillows, Charles marveled at Carey's and Paul's lack of concern. Didn't they think it odd, he wondered, to be making a bed there in a London street? He glanced longingly toward the area steps. "Shall we try the back door?" he suggested—anything to be away from the bed, and down below the level of the pavement. He couldn't go far because he hadn't any shoes on.

They crept down the area steps. They rattled and pulled at the tradesmen's door. It was locked. They peered in at the kitchen window. A cup and saucer lay on the drainboard; the rest of the kitchen was curiously tidy and deathly still. The window was fastened. Even breaking it would have done no good. It was barred against burglars.

"We must just sit on the bed and wait," sighed Carey.

"Not on the bed," said Charles hastily. "Let's stay down here, where no one can see us," he added.

They all squeezed together on the bottom step, facing the dustbin. The area smelled of wet tea leaves, and the step was cold.

"I don't call this much of an adventure," said Charles.

"Nor do I," agreed Carey. "It was Paul's idea."

It grew darker. Looking upward, they saw that the light was draining quickly from the street above. There was mist in the air.

They began to hear passers-by. The footsteps always paused at No. 38, and the children, listening, realized how much grownups think alike. They nearly all said, with deep surprise, "How funny! A bed!" or "A bed! How funny!" Always they heard the word "Bed—bed, bed, bed" and footsteps.

Once Charles spoke for them. As he heard the footsteps pause, he said aloud, "How funny, a bed!" It was almost dark then, and a form peered down at them over the area railings. "Some children," muttered a voice, as if explaining to a second person. As the footsteps died away, Charles called after them, "And a bed."

"Don't, Charles, it's rude. You'll get us into trouble."

It became quite dark, a darkness laced with mist.

"River fog," said Charles, "and if you ask me, I think Mother's gone away for the week end."

Paul was already asleep against Carey's shoulder. Carey had a sudden brain wave.

"I know!" she exclaimed. "Let's get into the bed! It's quite dark now. If it's foggy enough, no one will see us."

They went up the steps again and crossed the pavement. Ah! It was good to crawl under the blankets and to pull up the eiderdown. Above them the sky looked grayish between the steep black roofs. The stars had disappeared.

"I honestly don't call this much of an adventure," whispered Charles.

"I know," Carey replied. "But it's the first time. We'll get better at it."

Between them, Paul breathed deeply, exuding a pleasant warmth.

Carey must have been asleep for some time when the shock came. At first, shaken out of a dream, she lay quite still. Damp darkness . . . her legs felt pinioned. Where was she? Then she remembered.

"Please!" she cried, with an agonized squeak. The fog had deepened. She could see nothing.

There was a hoarse gasp. "Well, I'll be—"

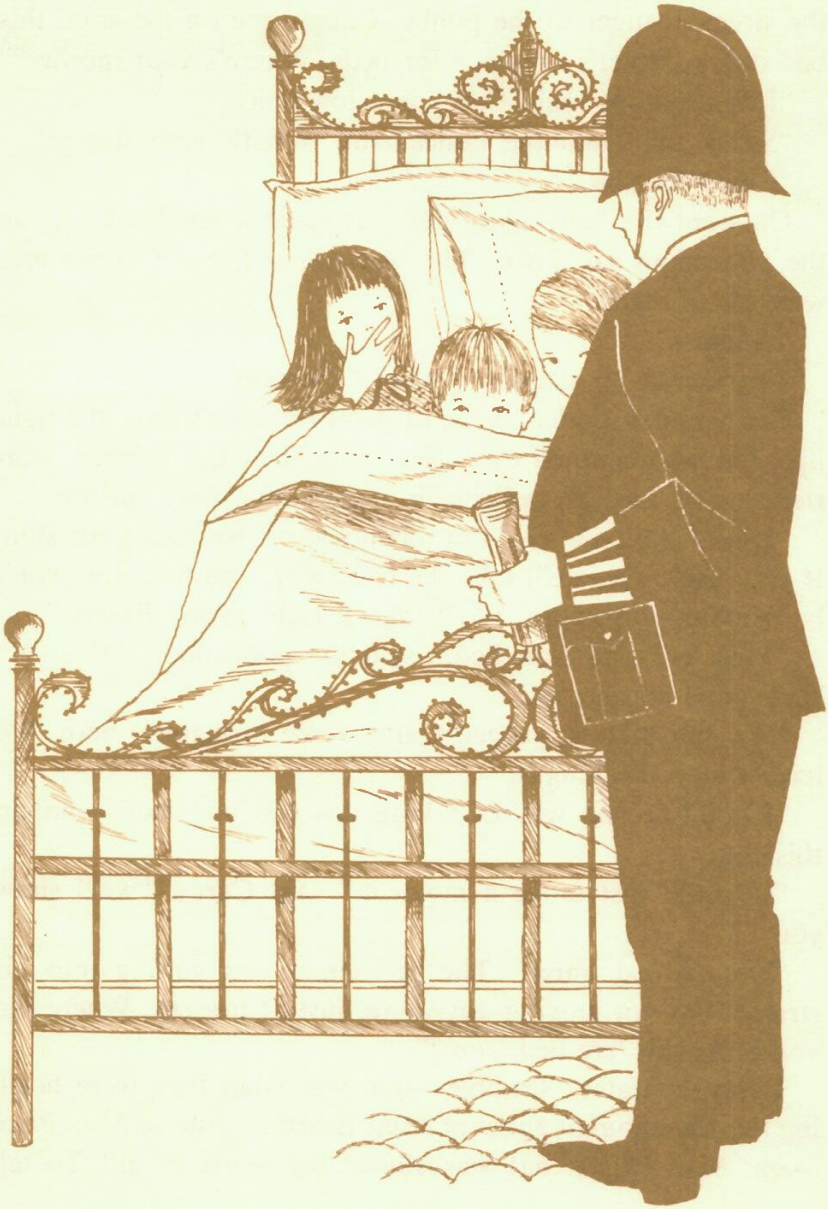
"Please," cried Carey again, interrupting. *"Please* get off my foot."

A light flashed on, a terrifying dazzling circle; shining straight in their eyes as it did, it felt like a searchlight.

The gruff voice said again, "Well, I'll be blowed—kids!"

The weight lifted itself, and thankfully Carey curled back her legs, blinking at the glare. She knew suddenly, without being able to see a thing, that behind that light was a policeman. She felt a policeman, large and tall and fat and creaking.

He switched off his flashlight. "Kids!" he said again in a surprised voice. Then he became stern. "Can't 'ave this, you know." He breathed heavily. "Can't 'ave beds, like this, in



the street. Danger to the public. Caught me on the shin, this bed did. A street's no place for beds. Where's your mother?"

"I don't know," said Carey in a low voice.

"Speak up," said the policeman. "What's your name?"

"Carey Wilson."

On went the light again and out came a notebook. Again the policeman sat down. The bed creaked, but Carey's toes were out of reach.

"Address?"

Charles sat up sleepily. "What?" he said.

Carey had a sudden vision of Aunt Beatrice's face, the tight lips, the pink-rimmed eyes. She thought of her mother, worried, upset. Letters, policemen, complaints, fines, prison.

"Look," said Carey, "I'm terribly sorry we hurt your shin. If you just move, we'll take the bed away, and then you won't be troubled any more. We'll take it right away. Really."

"This 'ere's an iron bed," said the policeman. "This 'ere bed's good and heavy."

"We can take it," urged Carey. "We brought it here. We have a way of taking it."

"I don't see no way of taking this bed anywhere—not in this fog."

"If you'd just move a moment," said Carey, "we'll show you."

"Not so fast, miss." The policeman was getting into his stride. "I'm not moving anywhere, just at present. Where did you bring this 'ere bed *from?*"

Carey hesitated. Trouble—that was what they were heading for. She thought again of Aunt Beatrice. And of Miss Price —oh, Miss Price, that was almost the worst of all! To tell

about Miss Price would be the end of everything—yet no good ever came of lying.

"Well," said Carey, trying to think quickly.

"We brought it from my room," put in Paul suddenly.

"Oh," said the policeman heavily. He had adopted a slightly sarcastic tone to hide his bewilderment. "And where might your room be?"

"Next to Carey's," said Paul. "At the end of the passage."

The policeman, who had switched off his light, switched it on again right into Paul's eyes. Carey and Charles, who up to that moment had thought little or nothing of Paul's looks, suddenly realized that he had a face like an angel. Two little wings could have been tied to his back and they would not have looked out of place. Even a halo would have suited Paul.

The policeman switched out his light. "Poor little shaver," he muttered, "dragging 'im round London at this time o' night."

This was more than Carey could stand. "Why," she cried indignantly, "it's all his fault. It was all his idea—"

"Now, now," said the policeman. "That's enough. What I want to know is, where did you get this 'ere bed? What part o' London, to be exact?"

"It didn't come from London at all," said Charles.

"Then *where* did it come from?" thundered the policeman.

"From Bedfordshire," said Carey.

The policeman stood up. Carey heard him catch his breath angrily. "Joke, eh?"

"Not at all," said Carey.

"You mean to tell me you brought this 'ere bed all the way up from Bedfordshire?"

"Yes," said Carey.

The policeman sighed. Carey felt him trying to be patient. "By train?"

"No," said Carey.

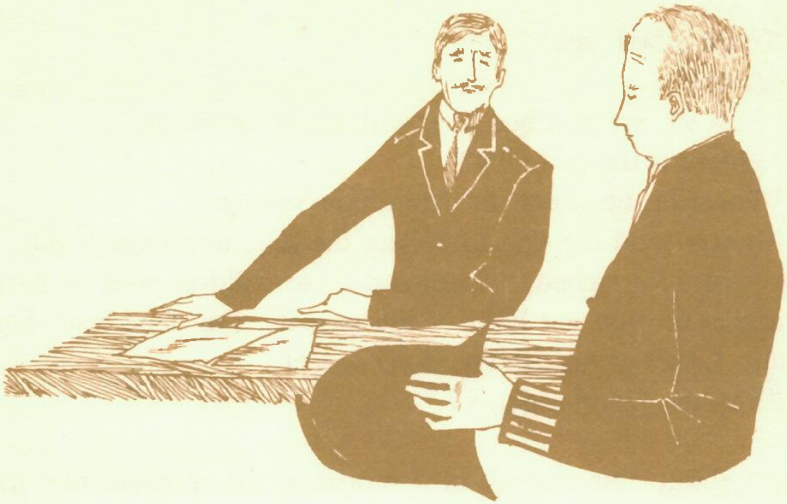
"Then how, may I ask?"

"Well—" said Carey. She thought again of Miss Price. "Well, we can't really tell you."

"You tell me how you brought this bed up from Bedfordshire or you come along with me to the police station—where you're coming anyway," he added.

"All right," said Carey, feeling the tears sting into her eyes. "I'll tell you. If you want to know, we brought it up by magic."

There was a silence. A terrific silence. Carey wondered if the policeman was going to hit her with his truncheon, but when at last he spoke, he spoke very quietly. "Oh, you did, did you? By magic. Now I'll tell you something. You've 'eard of the law, 'aven't you? Well, the law is just and, in a manner of speaking, the law is kind, but there's one thing the law can't be—" He took a deep breath. "The law can't be made fun of. Now, all three of you, get out of that there bed and come along with me to the station!"



4

MAGIC IN THE COURTYARD

They were in the police station almost before they knew it. There was a long counter, a green-shaded light, and a gray-haired policeman without a hat. He had a tired, thin face, a soldier's face. Carey felt herself trembling.

"Well, Sergeant?" said the gray-haired officer wearily. "I thought we were through for tonight."

"Well, sir, these 'ere children, sir. Thought I'd better bring 'em along. Out in the street, with a bed, sir. Obstructing traffic —public nuisance as it were."

The inspector was reaching for his cap, which hung on a peg. "Well, take their names and addresses and get hold of the parents." He paused and turned slowly. "Out in the street with a what?"

"With a bed, sir."

"A *bed!*"

"Yes, sir, an iron bed like, with brass knobs on."

"Where is the bed now?"

"There in the street, sir. Markham Square."

"Better send the van to collect the bed, and have it put in the yard." He sighed. "And hand these children over to Mrs. Watkins till you get hold of the parents. I'm dead beat, Sergeant. Court at nine-thirty, don't forget."

"Yes, sir. Good night, sir."

At about nine o'clock next morning, the sergeant and the inspector faced each other across the inspector's desk. The sergeant was standing. His hat was in his hand and his face was very red.

". . . and that's all I know, sir," the sergeant was saying.

"But how did they get away?" asked the inspector. "I'm afraid I don't follow you, Sergeant. How did they get into the yard to start with?"

"Mrs. Watkins took 'em down to the yard. She quite took to those kids, sir. She thought they'd like to see the bird."

"The bird?"

"I got a canary down there, sir. I was putting it out, like, in the sun, early this morning."

"And you left the children alone in the yard?" the inspector asked sternly.

"Well, sir, the gate was locked, sir. Roberts was on duty outside. I'd just slipped in the passage to sip a cup o' tea Mrs. Watkins 'ad there waiting."

"Well, go on. How long were you sipping this tea?"

"No time at all, sir. I just took the cup like from Mrs. Watkins, put in a bit of sugar, stirred it, and came right out to the door—"

"And then—?"

"Well, I couldn't see the children. I thought at first they was round be'ind the pillars." The sergeant wiped his face with his handkerchief. "But no," he added.

"They'd gone?"

"Yes, sir, they'd gone."

"And the bed, too."

"Yes, sir, and the bed, too. We searched the premises. The yard gate was still padlocked. Roberts 'adn't seen nothing."

The inspector stared at his fingernails. "Very peculiar. Mrs. Watkins took to them, you say?"

"Yes, sir. They were nice kids, sir, well brought up. I got sort of sore with 'em last night. 'Urt my leg on that there bed of theirs. But they weren't bad, not at 'eart they weren't."

The inspector leaned back in his chair. "You took to them yourself, in fact?"

"Not last night I didn't. But this morning—well, sir, they were so pleased like to see my little bird."

"You regretted perhaps," said the inspector slowly, fixing the sergeant with his eye, "having brought them in at all."

The sergeant stared back at the inspector. His eyes became very round and blue in his red face. He opened his mouth with a gasp. "You think I went and let them out, sir?" Then his fat face became stern and dignified. He swallowed. "I wouldn't do a thing like that. I know my duty, sir." He looked hurt, and stared at a spot on the wall above the inspector's head.

The inspector smiled. "I'm sorry, Sergeant, if I've misjudged you. But you've told me a very tall story, you know. If the front gate is locked, there's absolutely no way out of the yard."

"I know, sir."

"And there's this business of the bed. . . ."

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

"These children couldn't be considered in any way as delinquents. They were just having some prank, isn't that so?"

"Yes, sir." Suddenly a curious, half-shy look came into the sergeant's eyes. He twisted his hat around in his hands. He looked at the inspector as if he hardly dared put his thought into words.

"Something just occurred to me, sir." The sergeant was blushing.

"Well?"

"The little girl, when I asked 'er 'ow she brought the bed up from Bedfordshire . . ." The sergeant dropped his voice. "She said she brought it up by magic."

For a moment the inspector did not speak; then, "Really, Sergeant—" he said weakly.

The sergeant's blush became deeper. "I know, sir," he said humbly.

"Really, Sergeant," went on the inspector, standing up and beginning to gather together the papers he would need in court. "You're a grown man, now. You must curb these fancies."

Have you enjoyed this first adventure with Carey, Charles, and Paul? Would you like to go along with them to a cannibal island in the South Seas? Would you like to see Miss Price matched against a witch doctor? You can, by reading Mary Norton's book *Bedknob and Broomstick* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1957).

You may also want to read:

The Borrowers
by Mary Norton (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1953)

The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe
by C. S. Lewis (Macmillan, 1961)

The Children of Green Knowe
by L. M. Boston (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1955)

Mary Poppins
by Pamela L. Travers (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1934)

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RATE BUILDER

KEY

Directions for Using This KEY Booklet

1. Turn to the KEY of the color you are working in.

2. Look across the top row of numbers and find the number of the Rate Builder that you just did.

3. Now look down the column of numbers on the left-hand side. These are the numbers of each comprehension check (question) of the Rate Builder that you just did.

EXAMPLE:

Suppose you have just finished Rate Builder No. 4 in BROWN color. You will find No. 4 in the row of numbers along the top. Underneath this number, you will find the answers to each of the comprehension checks in Rate Builder No. 4.

BROWN KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
1	A	B	C	A	B	B	C	A
2	A	C	B	B	B	C	C	
3	B	A	A	C	C	C	A	
4	C	C	A	A	A	B	B	
5	B	A	B	C	B	A	A	

The number of each comprehension check (question) is here.

You can see that the answer to Comprehension Check No. 1 is A, to No. 2 is B, to No. 3 is C, etc.

4. If your answer is like the one in the KEY, do nothing. If it is different from the answer in the KEY, draw a circle around your wrong answer and write the correct answer above it. Then, LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKE.

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BROWN KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	A	B	C	A	B	B	C	A	C	C	C	B
2	A	C	B	B	B	C	C	B	B	A	C	A
3	B	A	A	C	C	C	A	A	A	A	A	B
4	C	C	A	A	A	B	B	A	B	B	B	A
5	B	A	B	C	B	A	A	C	B	C	A	B

GREEN KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	B	B	B	B	A	B	A	A	A	B	A	C
2	B	A	C	A	B	A	C	A	B	B	B	B
3	A	C	A	B	B	A	B	A	B	A	A	A
4	B	B	A	A	C	C	C	C	C	C	C	C
5	B	B	B	B	B	C	C	B	B	B	A	A

RED KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	A	A	D	A	D	A	B	B	D	C	D	B
2	D	B	A	A	D	B	D	D	A	D	B	C
3	C	B	B	B	B	C	B	D	A	C	C	B
4	B	C	B	B	D	C	C	A	C	C	C	D
5	B	A	C	A	B	D	C	C	B	C	C	D

TAN KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	C	D	B	A	B	B	A	B	C	A	C	B
2	A	B	A	D	B	B	B	B	A	B	B	D
3	B	C	B	B	A	B	D	D	B	D	D	A
4	C	A	C	B	A	C	A	A	C	B	B	B
5	C	B	D	D	D	B	A	C	A	A	B	A
6	A	B	C	C	A	C	D	C	A	D	B	D

GOLD KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	C	B	B	C	B	A	B	C	A	D	C	D
2	B	A	B	D	A	C	D	B	A	C	B	B
3	A	B	B	B	C	B	B	B	A	A	A	B
4	B	C	B	B	B	B	B	C	B	C	C	A
5	B	C	B	B	B	D	A	D	D	C	D	A
6	C	C	C	D	A	A	C	D	A	C	A	C

AQUA KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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2	C	A	C	D	B	D	C	B	C	D	C	B
3	D	B	A	B	C	A	C	D	B	D	D	C
4	A	A	B	D	D	C	B	C	D	C	D	D
5	C	B	C	C	D	C	B	A	D	D	D	C
6	C	D	C	C	B	C	C	D	A	C	A	D

PURPLE KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	A	B	D	C	C	D	A	A	C	C	D	C
2	B	C	C	B	B	B	B	D	B	D	A	D
3	A	B	A	C	C	C	C	D	B	C	C	B
4	B	B	B	D	C	B	C	C	D	D	B	C
5	C	D	C	A	D	A	D	A	D	B	C	B
6	B	A	B	C	B	D	A	D	A	D	A	D
7	D	D	A	D	D	D	B	B	D	C	A	A
8												
9												

ROSE KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	C	D	B	D	B	C	C	D	B	B	C	A
2	C	B	D	D	D	C	D	C	B	C	A	A
3	B	C	B	D	D	B	A	B	D	A	D	A
4	D	A	D	C	B	D	A	C	A	D	A	D
5	D	D	C	C	C	B	D	D	D	B	C	C
6	A	C	D	D	B	C	B	B	A	A	C	C
7	C	D	B	A	A	D	B	C	C	C	C	D
8												
9												

SILVER KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	C	B	B	A	C	C	C	D	C	C	A	C
2	A	D	A	A	B	C	B	D	B	C	C	D
3	C	A	C	A	D	D	B	B	D	B	B	D
4	D	C	C	C	A	A	C	D	B	B	D	A
5	B	A	C	C	D	B	D	C	B	D	B	D
6	D	C	A	D	D	D	B	C	A	D	A	B
7	A	C	D	D	C	B	A	D	B	A	C	D
8	B	A	C	B	D	C	A	C	B	D	C	C
9												

ORANGE KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	D	D	B	A	D	D	D	C	B	B	C	D
2	C	C	B	B	C	C	B	D	A	C	D	B
3	A	A	A	A	A	D	D	C	B	D	B	C
4	B	A	D	D	D	A	A	B	D	B	D	C
5	C	A	B	A	D	C	B	A	C	A	A	B
6	C	C	C	C	C	B	C	D	C	C	A	A
7	B	B	A	D	B	D	B	A	B	B	C	D
8	A	D	B	D	A	C	A	C	D	B	B	D
9												

OLIVE KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	B	C	C	D	A	B	D	B	C	B	A	B
2	D	B	C	D	C	D	D	A	A	D	B	A
3	D	D	C	D	C	C	D	A	C	B	C	B
4	B	B	C	A	C	D	C	A	B	C	D	C
5	D	B	A	B	C	B	B	B	C	A	C	A
6	A	B	C	C	D	B	A	C	C	C	A	C
7	D	B	B	B	A	C	D	D	B	C	A	D
8	B	A	C	D	D	D	C	D	C	B	D	D
9	C	B	C	D	A	C	A	C	C	C	D	B

BLUE KEY

Comprehension Check No.	Rate Builder 1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1	C	B	C	B	D	A	D	B	D	C	A	A
2	A	C	C	B	A	C	B	A	B	C	D	B
3	A	B	B	C	B	C	C	A	D	D	A	D
4	B	D	D	B	B	D	A	B	A	B	C	B
5	D	D	A	C	D	B	B	B	B	D	A	A
6	B	A	C	D	A	A	D	B	B	A	A	B
7	C	C	B	A	D	B	D	D	C	A	B	C
8	A	A	B	B	D	A	C	C	A	A	A	C
9	D	D	C	C	A	D	D	A	B	B	C	B

LEARN FROM YOUR MISTAKES

Make your mistakes work for you to improve your reading and thinking skills. When you study your mistakes, ask yourself:

1. Did I read the Comprehension Checks too hurriedly?
2. Did I consider *all* possible answers and choose the *one best* answer?
3. Did I read the selection so fast that I really did not understand it?
4. Did I jump to conclusions before thinking through all the facts given?
5. Did I use what I already know in working out the *one* really *best* answer?